

THE WEEK.

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The Week,

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TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

AFTER the triumph of "brute majority" in the Ottawa Parliament the other night, the followers of Party no doubt broke up in the sweet assurance of a night well spent upon earth. When the tension of excitement has passed away, however, may we not hope that Ontario members, who voted the "straight ticket" on the Canada Pacific loan, will put to themselves the question: "Why contravene public sentiment in voting to throw enormous burdens upon Ontario, by acquiescing in legislation to promote the interests of a railway in the construction and maintenance of which the Province has little to gain and much to lose?" In this political tramway across the Continent, which, so far as Ontario is concerned, may be said to run along the confines of the Arctic regions, what interest has the Province, and wherein is her commerce to be benefited by its construction? The road if tributary to anything will be tributary to the sea, and any gain to be got out of it will not be Ontario's but Quebec's. In this view of the matter, had it been our own members, rather than those of the Lower Province, that withstood the Government and demanded "better terms" as the price of their vote, we could have comprehended the situation, and, in a measure, justified the act. As it is, Ontario has not only the delightful outlook of having to pay her already large share of the public burdens of this costly political railway, but the prospect of having to contribute her heavy proportion of an alarming additional amount, plus the "better terms" extorted by Quebec and those yet to be demanded by, and no doubt ceded to, other Provinces equally eager to drain the public chest. Such are the drawbacks imposed upon the Province whose privilege it is to be consumingly rich!

To the above picture we have to add the pleasing setting of the wholesome and elevating influence upon public morals of a section of the country's legislators deliberately selling their vote, though happily for something more than a mess of pottage. Noble patriots! to wrest from the administration at a time of crisis that which may entail the ruin of the country. One would have thought that the Province they represented was getting enough in bringing the line of the road by Ontario's back door direct to the St. Lawrence. Just weigh the matter for a moment in the scales of the two older Provinces. Quebec has no interests the railway will not

help; she has hardly a trade it will not stimulate and develop; she has no farms it is likely to impoverish, nor lusty yeomen to be taken from the soil. Ontario, on the contrary, has interests the railway will dwarf, and a commerce which the position of the line precludes from aiding. She has farms the North-West has harried, and towns and villages which have suffered more than from the most rigid conscription. When, we may ask, shall we have done with this drain of men and treasure, and for what is the country despoiling itself? To give continued power to the mere seekers and retainers of power, and to imperial flatterers the gratification of having a military highway from sea to sea. For the present *divertissement* of party, it will be well if some day the tax-payer has not to wring his hands. Yes, by all means, hurry the road recklessly to a conclusion, but don't let the people of the Province delude themselves with the idea that it is for Ontario's benefit. Ontario has as much interest in this military highway as Texas has in the line of the Northern Pacific.

THE proposal to strengthen boards of police commissioners by adding to each two members, to be elected by the city councils, is fraught with danger. A petition praying for this change was adopted by the St. Catharines city council, endorsed by that of Hamilton, and placed in the hands of Mr. Meredith for presentation to the Provincial Legislature. As at present constituted, a police commission includes the County Judge, the Police Magistrate, and the Mayor of the city employing the force. The first two, by virtue of their offices, are supposed to be preëminently fitted for the position of commissioners, and are compelled by statute to serve, such duties being included in their salaries as judge and magistrate respectively. The third commissioner, the Mayor, is supposed to represent the city, which of course has to provide funds necessary for the preservation of the peace. It is contended by those who advocate the change that the city ought to have control of the disbursement of so large a sum as this requires, and that object can best be attained, they suggest, by increasing the boards to five members, three of whom would be directly answerable to the tax-payers through the council. But there seems no valid reason why a commission as at present constituted should be guilty of extravagance which would result in no personal gain except in case of a conspiracy between all three members—a most improbable result. Two at least out of the three are directly interested in the efficiency of a force that is intimately related with their own duties. If the control of such commissions passes into the hands of men who are elected in the interests of party, the police force would become a hot-bed of jobbery and corruption—a force into which men would be pitch-forked as a reward for political services, and so subject to never-ending mutations. This proposal is not the outcome of a popular cry. The tax-payer has not originated it, and if brought about it would not be his friends who would get the loaves and fishes. But it would be used by the ward-representative for his own purpose.

THE floods in the West reached terrible proportions. The Ohio rose from two to three feet higher than last year. Various towns along the river bank are still under water. In some instances they have been entirely abandoned by the inhabitants. We have not yet heard the worst. Sickness will follow, with sufferings which no generosity of the government and no sympathy from the general public can relieve. Homes have been destroyed which have cost the labour of a lifetime to secure, and with their destruction energy, enthusiasm, hope have gone also. An urgent appeal is made to the country at large for aid. It does not alleviate the distress to know that the country has brought it upon itself by its own folly. Years ago it was foretold that if the forests were destroyed at the headwaters of our rivers, sudden thaws would make sudden floods, and spread ruin and desolation. But men believed it as little as they believed the warnings of Noah in the days that preceded the flood. If our own experience were not enough we might be taught also by that of France, whose government has attempted to stop the destruction of the forests in order to prevent similar floods. Will this disaster make any impression on the New York Legislature, who are now considering what measures, if any, should be taken to preserve the Adirondack forests? Will our Dominion Legislature learn the lesson that may be so plainly read in the American floods and in the minor but significant floods of London, Ontario, and other Canadian towns? Or must we learn in the same bitter school of experience in which Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, and Illinois are taking their lessons?

CURRENT EVENTS AND OPINIONS.

THE debate on the Pacific Railway resolution was, as it was sure to be, a faction fight. Had the two parties in this "deliberative assembly" deliberated with their fists, nothing would have been lost in wisdom, while something perhaps would have been gained in justice. Apart from the general expediency of the enterprise, there were points which might have been discussed with great advantage to the country. It might have been considered whether the increase of speed in construction, which forms the special ground of the demand for further assistance, was worth the increased cost. It might also have been considered whether the opportunity should be taken of stipulating, in the public interest, for any modifications of the original agreement. But nothing connected with the public interest was considered or discussed; nothing connected with the public interest really weighed a feather in the wavering scale. The magnanimous patriotism of Quebec had embraced the opportunity of levying a handsome tribute on the confederation, and whether the Government would be able to make a bargain with Quebec was the only practical question. The situation must have been edifying to devotees of party government when the Prime Minister was seen sitting anxiously expectant in the House while the Ministerial contractor for Section Q was higgling in the name of the Cabinet behind the scenes. It is due to the Prime Minister to say that he seems to have held out to the last extremity. A point of melodramatic interest was reached when Mr. Costigan, by suddenly decamping, showed, or was supposed to show, that to a well-informed and careful observer the Ministerial ship appeared in a sinking condition. At last, however, it transpired that the price had been settled. Quebec filed in as *per contract*, and the fate of twenty-two millions and a-half of the earnings of Canadian labour was settled by a straight party division. It seems that fees are to be paid to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick also. Such is Confederation! Such are the elements which, if we are to believe (and who does not believe?) Professor Foster, a railway is to weld into a nation. That Mr. Blake also made a corrupt offer to Quebec it would be difficult as well as disagreeable to suppose, though everything is possible in the delirium of these frays; a flag was certainly waved by the principal organs of Mr. Blake's party. But the indignation of Mr. Ouimet is hardly intelligible, unless it is intended as a blind. Why should it be dishonourable to entertain from one side a proposal which it was not dishonourable to embrace when it came from the other? Was it that the bribe offered by Mr. Blake was comparatively paltry and such as it would have been derogatory to so high a power even to consider? What remains of the honour of Quebec protests through the lips of Mr. Joly, but the sound is that of a death-rattle.

The Opposition was in every way weak, because the ground on which it fought was false. Fatally trammelled by its own past acts, as well as led by generals who are not over fond of broad issues, it declined the main question and made safe though unjust attacks upon the Company. The chiefs of the Company are no more responsible for the treaty with British Columbia, or any of the consequences in which it has involved the nation, than they are for the Treaty of Berlin. They are merely national contractors on a vast scale, and in the opinion of all impartial judges they have done their work well. If the work proves far more costly than was expected, that is no fault of theirs, any more than it was their fault that Parliament in the first instance deluded the people by assuring them that the road would be built without any addition to taxation. Conceived in recklessness, the undertaking shows its character as it advances. In the struggle with the Grand Trunk for an Eastern continuation, there have no doubt been minings and counterminings of the kind with which the railway market and the stock-exchange are familiar, but which would not adorn the pages of the moralist or the poet. If the politicians wanted to prevent this, they ought themselves to have secured the Transcontinental character of their line by assuring to it a communication with the sea, instead of leaving its eastern end in the air. That which they omitted to do the Company has had to do with its own resources, by hard fighting; and what are denounced as speculations outside the contract are virtually as much within the contract as anything between Nipissing and the Pacific. Mr. Blake in his censures of the Syndicate kept himself within bounds and dealt more in insinuation than in statement, but his delicacy was not imitated by his lieutenants, who flung upon some of the most honourable names of Canadian commerce imputations which there is nothing whatever to sustain. The strongest point of the Opposition leader was the relation between the Pacific Railway Company and that somewhat mysterious body, the Construction company, which as he put the matter certainly wore a questionable aspect. But he is mistaken if he thinks that the Construction company consisted of the directors and their friends. If he will look more closely into the facts he will find, it is believed

that every shareholder in the Pacific Railway Company had a proportionate share in the Construction company, and would have participated in any profit that might have been made by the contract. It seems to have been the aim of the Company to build the road with the proceeds of common stock, without mortgaging; in other words, to build it without debt. To induce the public to take shares, it was deemed absolutely necessary to afford assurance that the road could be built for the sum stated in the President's official circular of December, 1882; and this could be done only by making such a contract as that which was made and by which the construction of the road was secured, the cost being the subsidy still to be received from the Government, the balance of the money to come from the land grant bonds and \$45,000,000 of common stock. There had at that time been no survey of the line through the mountains, nor any close estimate of the cost of the Lake Superior division, so that nobody could tell whether the bargain would prove a good or bad one for the contracting Company. Financial difficulties arising out of a failure to sell the land bonds intervened, but the arrangement, when correctly stated, though complicated, presents nothing sinister. The whole responsibility rests on the shoulders of the politicians who without a proper survey or estimates plunged the country into the undertaking, and not least upon the shoulders of those who seeing the true interest of the country wanted the courage to uphold it. Vituperation of the Company is impolitic as well as unjust. Already the one great advantage which the country promised itself in assenting to the agreement has been lost. The connection between the Government and the Railway has been renewed, perhaps in a more dangerous form than ever. To assail the Company is to drive it still more completely into the arms of the Government, and to establish an alliance which, especially if any compact should be made with the Grand Trunk, may become truly formidable to the State.

An eloquent speaker to whom reference has already been made exhibited his classical learning in the debate by alluding to Cassandra as a false prophetess. According to the common version of the story she was a true prophetess who failed to obtain credence. Her warning voice was raised in non-political circles at the time when Parliament promised that the road should be built without taxation; it has been raised at each stage of the expanding outlay. But it has not been nor was it likely to be heard. The die was cast and expostulation became useless when the Mackenzie Government accepted and practically ratified, though with evident misgiving, the policy of its predecessor. Nature apparently has dedicated this Continent to popular government, to a unity which is perfectly consistent with local freedom of self-development and to peace. Imperialism inspired by aristocracy is determined by the creation of an anti-continental empire to set bounds to the growth of democracy, to introduce division and to establish a balance of power with the possibility of eventual war. Nature has placed the commercial outlet of each of the territories in the Dominion to the south; the policy of Imperialism requires that the outlet should in each case be wrenched round to the east and west. The Canadian Pacific Railway in the west, like the Intercolonial in the east, is the force by which Imperialism hopes to vanquish nature. Which of the antagonists is the stronger, experience alone can show. Thanks to the energy of the Pacific Railway Company the decision is not likely to be long delayed.

THOUGH the Government majority voted solid at last, a rift was distinctly seen in it, and through the rift a glimpse was caught into a troubled and chaotic future. Sir John Macdonald may be the Prince of Darkness; with some of its imps he is certainly far too familiar. But an angel of light would perhaps not have been so successful in holding together the motley and discordant elements, local, ethnological, religious, social and personal, on a combination of which the Dominion government has been based; or if he had, it would not have been without detriment to his seraphic purity. Not Cavour or Bismarck was more singularly fitted for his special part than Sir John. The means which he has used, it is true, have savoured and do still savour strongly of corruption and intrigue. But if he has employed Walpole's arts, he has been able to plead Walpole's excuse. He has had always to deal with what have been happily called sinister interests, and with men of whom the shrewdest of his compeers used to say that it was not difficult to buy them, but the worst of it was that they would not stay bought. Could he have appealed to the disinterested patriotism of the politicians of Quebec? When this man is gone, who will there be to take his place? What shepherd is there who knows the sheep or whose voice the sheep know? Who else could make Orangemen vote for Papists, and induce half the members for Ontario to help in levying on their own Province the necessary blackmail for Quebec? Yet this is the work which will have to be done if a general

break-up is to be averted. Things will not hold together of themselves. In what sense Quebec is attached to the Confederation we have just seen? Nor is it much otherwise in the Maritime Provinces. Give us Government railways is the cry in New Brunswick, or solid advantages of some kind. What has Confederation been to us? A delusion. Fifteen years have been lost to us. We have not retained even the natural growth of our population. We expected larger markets and we have gained only more formidable competition. The Intercolonial Railway was to have done great things for us; it has done nothing. Our last hope is to be made the winter port, but for this privilege others are competing. We have given our energies and paid our taxes to build up the North-West. What is the North-West to us? It was not for the sake of the Prairies or of British Columbia that we entered Confederation, but to advance the interests of our own Province. We were better off as we were with our old Provincial spirit and our energies directed to the improvement of our own land. In Nova Scotia and New Brunswick they still speak of Canada as a different country, and only in an official sense call themselves Canadians. Quebec remains utterly unassimilated, more French in fact than ever, and a complete non-conductor of national feeling between the Maritime Provinces and Ontario. When the shears of fate cut the thread of Sir John Macdonald's public life, what bond of union will be left? To raise the question whether a system which is kept in existence only by one man's statecraft is really worth preserving would be to enter on a field of enquiry at once wide and perilous.

EXCEPTION has been taken in several quarters to the statement that the chief burden of a wasteful policy was borne by Ontario. The phrase may not have been precisely accurate, but nobody could take the writer to mean that the import duties were higher for Ontario than for the other Provinces. Ontario is the largest taxpayer because she is the largest consumer, not only in the aggregate, but in proportion to her population. Moreover she does not receive back a part of her taxes in the form of better terms. What will she gain by the Pacific Railway? Merely, as it would seem, the gratification of staring like a cow at the passing train. The traffic will be carried past her to the seaboard. That her manufacturers will long be able to retain exclusive possession of the North-West market, nobody who has marked the rising spirit of the North-West will be inclined to believe. She has lost and is losing not a few of her best farmers, while the value of her lands has declined. In England the Pacific Railway Company does, and cannot be blamed for doing, all in its power to divert the best class of emigrants—those who are prepared to purchase farms—from all other parts of Canada to the North-West. Its endeavour is seconded by a hundred agencies, while for Ontario scarcely a voice is raised or a finger moved. All the leading representatives of Canada from the ex-Governor-General and the Prime Minister downwards, with one accord cry up the North-West; naturally enough, since it is the prominent topic in their minds, and their reputation is bound up with its success. Yet anyone who knows the English farmer, his Conservative habits and his dependence on the neighbourhood of the mechanic and on all the appliances of English civilization, can well doubt that he is more likely to be successful and happy as the purchaser of a farm in a cultivated and peopled district than as a pioneer, even on the fertile prairie. Ontario and her Government must bestir themselves if the Province is not to pay for her own depopulation, which she is in imminent danger of doing.

IN the division on Sir Stafford Northcote's motion of censure, the majority of the Gladstone Government was evidently pared down to the quick. The Irish, as usual, condemned the policy of conciliation by voting with their old oppressors the Tories against the author of Disestablishment and the framer of the Land Act and the Arrears Act. But extreme Radicals and Free Lances, such as Mr. Cowen, also voted against the Government. From a hundred to forty-nine is a fall; still forty-nine is a fully sufficient majority; the Whigs dragged on for years with less than half of it, and Palmerston's majority of seventy in its day was thought prodigious. The majority will be held together, as was said before, by the unwillingness of the Radicals, who are the doubtful wing, to bring on a general election before the Franchise Bill has been passed. The Government has also the advantage of an Opposition weaker in men than a great party has ever been in English history. Of that, the prominence of Lord Randolph Churchill is proof enough. The two best men, Mr. Edward Gibson, and Mr. Plunkett have not the social position which, saving in case of extraordinary genius, Conservative caste requires in its leaders, and the lack of which was always the source of some weakness even to Peel. Mr. Gladstone on the other hand, is supported by some administrators of the highest quality. He will in all probability remain master of the country so long

as his strength lasts, and in this parliamentary struggle he has evidently shown no sign of decay; as a speaker he appears even more powerful than ever. Yet the end must come and the minds of all men in England are occupied with speculations about the future. The principle forces seem clearly to be working towards the formation of a Liberal-Conservative party in which the section of Conservatives which now follows Sir Stafford Northcote will find itself allied with the Liberals whose types are Lord Derby and Lord Hartington, while the extreme wing will be thrown off on either side. Land-owners and property owners of all kinds must begin to see that it is not a question of special institutions or of policies domestic or foreign, much less of personal pretensions, but of property and order; and that it would be suicide to withhold support from any government by which those fundamental interests could be sustained against the advancing tide of socialism and revolution. A Tory Government pledged to the defence of an unreformed House of Lords, a State Church on the present footing and a Jingo foreign policy, if in the chapter of Parliamentary accidents it should be called for a moment into existence, would be the last as well as the most short-lived of its kind. But a Franchise Bill impends, and it must call to the exercise of power some classes at least whose political tendencies are unknown and will probably not for some time be disclosed. Zadkiel alone can pretend to cast the horoscope of a nation which is about to take another great leap in the dark.

THE *Globe* suit, among many things which concern only the suitors or the lovers of personal gossip, has brought to light one thing which is interesting to the public at large. It has been clearly proved that to convert a journal from a public intelligencer and instructor into the iron flail of a personal despotism and to use it in destroying all independent opinion, is a policy which, whatever may be its moral merits, commercially does not pay. The *Globe*, which, in the position which it had attained by skilful management in its early days, ought to have been a splendid property, had actually been reduced to a state of complete financial rottenness, from which it has been with difficulty rescued by the present management. Its master would not be content to live and let live; he must needs crush everything which was not under his sway; he lost sight of the proper objects of commercial enterprise, launched into reckless outlay and at the same time provoked dangerous rivalries. In this way he seems to have brought himself to desperate straits; for it now becomes manifest that the dividend at the rate of sixteen per cent. declared on *Globe* stock a few years ago, which sent the stock, as appeared from the quotations published with transactions, up to 140 and more, was not earned, but was declared probably for the purpose of selling the stock, the bulk of which must have been then in the manager's hands, and obtaining advances from a bank. The numberless reputations, from that of Sir Edmund Head downwards, against which the *Globe* appears as a witness before the tribunal of Canadian history, are entitled to the benefit of the fact.

MR. GEORGE went to England to receive a shower of roses. A shower he has received, but not of roses. The Tories of course pelt him as a revolutionist; the Radicals pelt him still harder to clear their own characters of any connection with "a Californian mail robber;" the Irish, melancholy to say, pelt him hardest of all, as they were sure to do as soon as they understood what it was that he really proposed. For comfort he turns to the Skye crofters, among whom it appears he is trying to get up an agitation. It will soon be necessary to have a new chapter of International Law written for the special benefit of our friends in the United States, defining the limits within which citizens of one country are to be at liberty to gratify their malice or vanity by kindling sedition in another. But the object of the Skye crofters is the same with that of the Irish land-leaguers, and they are just as little likely to welcome the glad tidings that their farms belong not to the occupants but to the nation; or as Mr. George if he were consistent would say, to humanity at large. Mr. George has brought out a new volume of essays under the title of "Social Problems," but he does not meet the objections, moral and economical, which have been advanced against his theory. Above all, he does not attempt to show that under his system the land would produce more bread for the people. His book is one long Jeremiad. Nor does the New World escape his denunciations any more than the Old. Government in the United States is utterly corrupt, and has passed out of the hands of the people into those of unscrupulous rings. Yet it is to this Government that Mr. George proposes to transfer all the landed property of the country after taking it away from its present owners. If political scoundrelism were the universal proprietor, no doubt the race would be blest. A vast generalization always takes the world by storm. One theorist accounts for every thing in heaven and earth by a mechanical formula, and he at once

becomes the great philosopher of the age. Another is enthroned as prince of economists for resolving all social phenomena into a question of land tenure, and tracing all social evils to the general abandonment by the civilized world of the system which lingers in its pristine beneficence among the barbarians of Afghanistan. The light of Mr. George is evidently declining in the west; but in the east rises another luminary, Mr. Hyndman, a disciple of Carl Marx, and one of a band whose object is to slay the two great oppressors of labour, Christianity and Capitalism. The condition of labour when Christianity came into the world almost universally was Slavery; and that Christianity had a large share in the emancipation of the slave is a fact as certain as the existence of Mr. Hyndman. The great crimes of Christianity in the eyes of the Nihilist are that it preaches self-reform and makes people content with their lot. If it prevented people from improving their lot, it would stand condemned; but the answer to any charge of that kind is the social and economical condition of Christendom compared with that of the heathen world.

A BYSTANDER.

HERE AND THERE.

LORD LANSDOWNE is evidently a man shaped to the times. He appears to have made up his mind to understand the people and the institutions of the great colony in which he represents her Majesty, and is consequently rapidly becoming popular. "He is the best Governor we've had in a long while," said a member as he came out of the office the other day. "He is the first one that's talked to me in many years. Lorne used to talk at a person, not to him, and you always felt that the conversation was on a formal basis. Dufferin talked with you instead of to you. He always seemed to be saying to himself 'Ain't I doing this nicely? Here I am, a lord and a great genius, and I am actually indulging in a free and easy chat with a plebian.' But Lord Lansdowne talked to me just as you do; frankly, pleasantly, and with an evident interest in what I told him." If the Ottawans see much of Lord Lansdowne it will be more than they saw of his predecessors. It is the custom of the Governor-General to stay at Rideau Hall most of his time, and to go to his office only when he pleases. He gives two balls, the A to M ball and the M to Z ball, each winter. The first one takes in half the members of Parliament alphabetically and their ladies. The next takes in the other half. The ball-room is not big enough to hold them all, or he would give an A to Z ball and have done with it. He and his wife give occasional drawing-rooms, also, throughout the season, and in spring they go to the other official residence, in the Citadel of Quebec, whence they make trips to Montreal, up the Saguenay, or into the country, salmon fishing.

A New York correspondent who has been "doing" Ottawa says:

Rideau Hall is nothing but a patchwork. It is not a creditable establishment for a country as rich as the Dominion, which in population is as considerable as the State of New York. The only modern parts of it are the wings that Dufferin built. The one as you approach the hall from Ottawa is the ball room. The other is the tennis court. Three staircases meet in the portico. The two at the sides lead to the wings; the centre one leads to the original main hall-way. This hall-way, which ends in the great and beautiful conservatory at the further end of the house, is the best feature of the building. The parlours are at the one side and the dining hall at the other. Visitors like this floor because it is so warm in colours and cosily comfortable in its general effect. It is neither grand nor pretty, but it is what the English call "jolly." The big ball room, with its modern lambrequins and portieres of gay-hued satin, is a fine apartment. On the top floor are the bedrooms, but nobody who is not a prince, a lord, or a lackey ever enters them.

MONTREAL as seen by a representative of the *New York Sun* during Carnival-tide was a revelation, judged by the impressions he gives to the world. Everything tended to convince the visitor he was in a foreign country with a frigid climate. Snow was omnipresent, and furs were as plentiful as telegraph-poles in New York. The Canadian's one idea was to keep out the cold, and with a fur cap, a fur or double-cloth great-coat, thick under-clothes, and rubber-coated feet, cold did not avail nor did a tumble out of a sleigh hurt. Montreal is a city of magnificent limestone structures, and its American critic is bound to confess the public buildings are all as fine as any in New York. He was struck with the prevalence of French manners, but his impression was that the Gauls are generally carters, servants, small shop-keepers, privates in the militia, clerks, and labourers, whilst the wealth and enterprise of the city are more with the Scotch element. At the period of his visit "everything went on runners." The horses were tough Canadian ponies that rushed like mad along the streets. Hot Scotch and Canadian rye whiskey were the favourite tipples. It depends he thinks upon who you are as to how you are treated in Montreal, and "caste and aristocracy are not empty words" there. "There is not one smooth male face in one hundred in the streets, except among the boys. The old men let their beards grow all over their faces, and the young men wear side whiskers and moustaches. The Canadians say they can tell a New Yorker by his smooth face, his round hat, fat and well-

fed appearance. It certainly is a fact that the Canadians are spare as a rule."

PORTIONS of the New York and German presses continue to condemn the action of Prince Bismarck in returning to the House of Representatives of the United States the resolution of condolence on Herr Lasker's death. The more moderate and thoughtful American journals, however, perceive the absurdity and ill-breeding of the whole affair. Probably no other representative body in the world could have been guilty of such a breach of international courtesy. The resolution was simply the expression of American sympathy with the deceased gentleman as the representative of a party, with whom Prince Bismarck and the German Government have continually been at issue. It would be interesting to know how the United States would have received a resolution from the late Napoleon III., sympathizing with the disappointment of Jefferson Davis at the issue of the civil war. And yet the one incident is in the same execrable taste as the other would have been. What Germany wants from America just now is pure pork, not specious sympathy.

THE advocates of cremation in the United States have of late displayed renewed aggressiveness, and now seem to be surely gaining ground. An association was a few weeks ago formed at New York, others have more recently been formed at New Orleans and in Kentucky, and within the week the New England Cremation Society has been organized at Boston, with Nathan Appleton as the pervading spirit, and means to build a crematory at once. The leaders in this Boston movement report that the cremation idea is steadily growing in favour throughout New England, and that many women even are joining the society. The enlistment of women in this cause is a noteworthy indication of the breaking down of the opposition to incineration. It has long been clear, says the *Springfield Republican*, that this dislike has almost wholly grown up from the sentiment of the burial-ground. An urn full of ashes on a dusty shelf is not as poetic an object as a flower-strewn grave under green trees. But sentiment must gradually give way to the conviction of hygienic necessity, and the opinion is gaining ground that cremation is altogether the cleanliest and healthiest method of decomposition. And besides these considerations, the recent horrible cases of living burial have tended to bring the present mode of interment into disfavour.

MATTHEW ARNOLD won the eternal admiration of the *Buffalo Advertiser*—not by his lecturing or by his writings—not by his philosophy—but because, when discordant strains from an adjoining hall interrupted his lecture in that city, the apostle of sweetness and light "calmly polished the end of his nose and continued." The fact that Mr. Arnold practised the philosophy he preaches instead of hurling himself like a bull at a red rag showed, the *Advertiser* thinks, "his title to greatness clearer than ever." Had M. Frechette profited by the acquaintance he claimed with Mr. Arnold's writings, the unfortunate Montreal incident would have been avoided, and the poet would not have been forward to take offence at the repetition of an opinion he must have often read.

THE elaborate discussions upon the red sunsets of the past two months have brought two prominent theories before the laity who take an increased interest in the determinations and speculations of the scientists. The favourite theories as to the highly coloured and protracted glow in the western skies are that it is caused either by a vast accumulation of volcanic dust from the active volcanoes of the earth, or an excessive amount of meteoric dust in the atmosphere of our earth. The sunlight falling through this fine powder, produces the beautiful colour effects. Dr. Siemens, the distinguished scientist, holds that all interstellar and interplanetary space is filled with something more than imponderable ether; that vapour of water and gaseous compounds of hydrogen and carbon are universally diffused, and this material gas is drawn to the sun with great energy by the whirl of its vast mass; then bursting into flame, it is turned back into the compounded state, recombined by combustion, and gives back to the sun the heat generated by their reunion. The heat is thus used over and over again, the combustible vapours being sucked into the sun, utilized and liberated. It is possible that an excessive amount of energy in the sun, noticeable during the period of sun-spot frequency, may produce upon this pervasive material-vapour the effects observed of late at sunrise and at sunset. Sir Robert Rawlinson attributes the ruddy sunsets and sunrises to the existence of vast areas of space free from clouds. Anyone who has noted the effect of evening sunlight on clouds of dust will at once conclude that the peculiar colour effects in the western sky are due to the action of sunlight on material matter of some kind, like dust.

"LORD LANDSDOWNE spoke sensibly when he told the Canadians that he hoped they never would be 'a military nation in the sense in which some of the great European powers are military nations.' No greater curse could come upon Canada or any other as yet free country than to be saddled with the crushing burden of militarism. Canada, however, is in no danger of that, and will doubtless go quietly on her way until her people conclude that manifest destiny calls for consolidation with the United States." So says the *Tribune*, and so far as the first sentences of the excerpt are concerned it reëchoes the sentiments of truly patriotic Canadians. But the concluding words will find no response.

PROFESSOR E. RAY LANKESTER is more distinguished for his scientific knowledge than for his urbanity; but a New York contemporary has shown that his erudition is not infallible. Mr. Lankester dubbed the over-rated "white" elephant "Toung," and the "priests" attending him, "impudent frauds—American inventions." He further runs a-muck of spiritualists, thought-readers, quack-doctors, and queens of comedy—all of which, he says, are also American inventions. The New York *Tribune*, after denying the soft impeachment, says: "If his reference to us be not all we could wish, it is flattery itself compared to what he says of others. The Burmese imported by Mr. Barnum may not be priests, but would Professor Lankester, who is a zoölogist and has studied ethnology, tell us when and how the people of Burmah became 'niggers'? When he has done that he will perhaps find leisure to spread before the London public further details of that 'conspiracy' into which, as he alleges, the London press and the Zoölogical Society have entered to delude the British public. 'Absolute nonsense,' 'conspiracy' and 'mendacity' are surely less innocent and better deserve exposure than the mere "inventions," which he imputes to America. That we should be accused of nothing worse than inventiveness cannot be attributed to any poverty in Professor Lankester's vocabulary of vituperation. In the course of his short communication we find the words 'conspiracy,' 'delude,' 'impudent,' 'showman's frauds,' 'gulled,' 'absolute nonsense,' 'mendacity,' 'humbug,' 'niggers,' 'showman's invention,' 'wanton mendacity,' 'credulity' and 'impudent fraud'—a fair assortment for a dozen lines or so."

THE fact that all the eleven bridesmaids who were present at the wedding of the Marquis of Leinster and Lady Hermione Duncombe, the beautiful daughter of Lord Feversham, were brunettes, is considered indicative that the reign of the blonde is over in England, and that her dark-haired sisters have come once more to the front. There seems to be no fixity of idea in the human mind as to what constitutes beauty. It is within the recollection of many that the shades of hair disparagingly called "red" were considered abominable, and dark hair-dyes were in great demand. Then came the pre-Raphaelite craze, during which the once-despised shades were the highest beauty. And now the ever-revolving wheel has brought round the taste for raven tresses once more, and with it weeping and wailing amongst foolish devotees of fashion who have half ruined naturally black hair in their endeavour to make it auburn.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S language with regard to the forthcoming English Reform Bill is much more moderate than his opponents expected. So far from being grateful to him for this, however, the more truculent Tories, feeling the ground has been cut from under their feet, continue to assail him with most venomous invective. Speaking to his constituents, the junior member for Birmingham said: "We are going to interfere as little as possible with existing arrangements. We are going to proceed, as my right honourable friend here (Mr. Bright) has advised us to do, on the old lines of the Constitution, and we are going to disturb as little as we possibly can existing rights and existing privileges. We shall have to put a stop to faggot-voting, by which persons with no interest either of property or responsibility in the constituencies are brought in on the day of election to swamp the votes and nullify the action of the real electors of the place. But even the Tories do not defend this particular abuse. Why then should they oppose our modest little Bill?" The *Spectator* considers the very "modesty" of the Bill its greatest drawback, since its want of thoroughness will necessitate the early re-opening of the question. It is objected that there would be no necessity for this continual tinkering if an element of finality were introduced into the contemplated Reform. In this connection the *Spectator* would prefer the scheme of Mr. Forster who practically is at one with Mr. Morley in advocating "one man, one vote." This would involve the splitting large constituencies into sections, each returning one member. "Why," asks our contemporary, "should an elector in one constituency have twice the voting power of an elector in another constituency" because the former resides in a town large enough to have two members and the latter in one for which one is thought sufficient?

MR. CHAMBERLAIN has also provoked the enmity of Mr. W. T. Marriott, M.P. for Brighton, a gentleman professing to be a Liberal, and who recently delivered a furious attack upon the Government on their Egyptian policy. Mr. Marriott is a member of the local bar in the pleasant but somewhat shoddy watering-place he represents, and is said to be the proprietor of of a pink social paper published there. He has caused his friends considerable anxiety by his extraordinary conduct since entering the House, and one of his latest eccentricities is the publication of a pamphlet indicting Radicals in general and Mr. Chamberlain in particular with conspiring to send the country to the dogs. But though Mr. Marriott falls into the error of blaming Mr. Chamberlain for becoming more moderate with age and office—greater than he have been guilty of that—he scores a point in the following:

Mr. Chamberlain endeavours to turn the mind of the public away from the miseries of the poor to the iniquities of landlords. "The expense of making towns habitable for the toilers who dwell in them must be thrown on the land which their toil makes valuable." This proposition sounds very simple, but why is not the wealth which their toil creates to share the expense? Charity begins at home, and Mr. Chamberlain's connection with Birmingham is sufficient to induce him to consider the condition of his poorer neighbours there. An eminent American, Judge Kelley, the father of the House of Representatives at Washington, has recently been travelling in England and taking notes of the condition of its people. Speaking of the midland capital he says: "At Birmingham and its environs there are three principal industries in which women are largely employed, that is to say, chain-making, brick-making, and the galvanizing of iron. The last trade is one which ruins the health of workwomen more than any trade I know of, and yet it is the one which they for the most part prefer, because they can gain one shilling a week more than they can at brick-making, the wages of the galvanized-iron workers being seven shillings a week." Amidst these hard-worked and underpaid poor women, and probably by their very aid, Mr. Chamberlain made the enormous fortune which he now enjoys. No one wishes to say that he is to blame for the condition of these unfortunate women. Causes which neither men nor laws can affect are probably at the bottom of it. But he is quite as much responsible for it as is the landlord for the condition of the labourer or for that of the poor of London. Were Mr. Chamberlain himself an anchorite, or a monk living on plain fare and wearing mean apparel, and distributing his goods to the poor, nobody would condemn the jeremiads he preaches against wealth and the wealthy, however useless they might consider them. But for one who is clothed in purple and fine linen, and who fares sumptuously every day, to denounce purple, fine linen, and sumptuous fare strikes people as somewhat incongruous. Yet as he himself has a princely income, for which "he toils not, neither does he spin," as he lives in a stately mansion, which he has recently built at a cost that would supply a hundred artisan families with model dwellings; and as that mansion is furnished and appointed with a luxuriousness and sumptuousness infinitely greater and more costly than that of the houses of nine-tenths of the landlords of this country, he must not be surprised if the working classes, when they realize these facts, as they will do, look upon his declarations as nothing more than examples of glaring hypocrisy.

UNDISMAYED by the grave disaster met by Baker Pasha in Egypt, with which the tribes whom General Gordon has undertaken to pacify must be acquainted, English journals still hope that brave soldier will escape the perils surrounding his mission. No man of the day is the centre of so much interest, and everyone has confidence in his judgment, in his resource, and above all in his extraordinary power over other minds. These great qualities may enable him to overcome obstacles which would baffle any man of less genius.

THE expected visit of M. Clemenceau to England with the object of studying the constitution and working of trades' unions, and other social subjects, is creating considerable interest amongst the leaders of unionism in the metropolis, and it is probable, if the time at the disposal of M. Clemenceau will permit, the London trades will, in some public form—either by deputation, reception, or banquet—give expression to their sympathy with the efforts of the French deputy to ameliorate the social condition of their fellow-workmen across the Channel.

THE most enthusiastic admirers of the British Constitution will not deny that the machinery of government is complex, in many respects anomalous, and is very little understood outside the charmed circle. For instance, in spite of its political importance, the Cabinet is not recognized by any court of law in the Kingdom, and no record is kept of its decisions. It is informally summoned by a card calling "Her Majesty's servants to meet to-day." Its deliberations are also purely informal, no votes are taken, and the greatest secrecy is observed as to whatever transpires. No Masonic secret is more religiously kept than the result of a meeting of the Cabinet, it being a strict point of honour with its members not to reveal its proceedings. This is absolutely necessary, as it is imperative for it to present an appearance of solidarity to Parliament. It was originally a meeting of the most trusted members of the Privy Council who assembled in the King's "Cabinet" or private room. Since the time of the early Hanoverian kings, who did not attend because of their ignorance of the English language, it has not been customary for the reigning monarch to be present. *Vanity Fair* thus writes:—

A Cabinet Council may meet when, where and how it pleases, yet, as a matter of convenience, its meetings are commonly held in what is called the Council Chamber of the house in Downing Street used as a private residence by the First Lord of the Treasury. The Prime Minister and the Secretary for Foreign Affairs really rule the Cabinet; these two alone know everything; these two alone get all the important despatches, though each Minister is supreme in his own department. Tradition assigns the members their seats. The Premier sits at the centre of

the table, facing the fire, and with his back to the window. On the right sits the Foreign Secretary, and opposite to him the Lord Chancellor. As no one else, under any pretence, is allowed to enter the room, the junior members of the Cabinet are seated nearest the door, so that they may themselves bring in any despatch-boxes which may arrive.

In a corner stands a table bearing a few captain's biscuits and some plain water—the only refreshment allowed to be taken in or ever introduced into the room. There is no oratory; the opinions of the Ministers are expressed briefly and plainly, and each man is expected to say what he really thinks, without ambiguity and concealment, for he is taken at his word by his colleagues.

DR. CULLIMORE, of the Northwest London Hospital, writes what the English journals call a very sensible letter on the evils attending children's parties in winter. The subject is one which may well receive the thoughtful attention of parents and all who are solicitous for the welfare of the young. Dr. Cullimore's principal objections, which are based on physical grounds chiefly, are urged for the benefit of children under seven years of age. It is impossible not to recognize that the so-called "pleasure" of a children's party involves a very large measure of excitement both before and after the event; so that, apart from the exposure to the chances of "chill" and improper food and drink on the occasion, there is an amount of wear and tear and waste attending these parties which ought to be estimated, and the estimate can scarcely be a low one. It may seem ungracious to strive to put a limit on the pleasures of the young; but it must not be forgotten that early youth is the period of growth and development, and that anything and everything that causes special waste of organized material without a compensatory stimulus to nutrition ought to be avoided. The amusements of young children ought to be simple, unexciting, and as free as possible from the characteristics of the "pleasures" of later years. As a matter of fact, "children's parties" are in no way necessary to the happiness of child-life.

It is suggested that if the search in the Gulf of Salamis for relics of the Greek and Persian galleys sunk there 2364 years ago is successful, the Archæological Society might institute a careful search after Pharaoh's chariots lying in the neck of the Gulf of Akabah. Or could not the "Anglo-Israelites," who believe the English people to be Jews, use their spare cash—they have plenty, for they are most of them Anglo-Indians—in that exploration? They might find something that would support their theory, a prophetic tablet, for instance, written by Aaron and bearing testimony to Lord Beaconsfield, or a square stone with inscriptions showing that Moses established representative government, joint-stock banks, and trial by jury, and must therefore have been the first Englishman. That would not be a whit more wonderful than some of their discoveries, and the chariot-wheels would be irresistible evidence.

ENGLAND'S OLDEST COLONY.—IV.

DESPATCHES.

THAT light which brightens and dwindles every half minute, a curious spectacle from 'board ship, what is it? The revolving white light of Cape Race. Near to and in connection with it is worked a telegraphic station whence to St. John's, it may be over the continent, day by day, is flashed word of such casualties as happen, state of the atmosphere thermometric and barometric, rate and direction of the wind, number, class and condition of sails that pass, and whether inward or outward bound. But important as it may be to-day as a meteorological and shipping outpost, Cape Race was much more important before the cable which spans the Atlantic was laid, before steamers had risked a more southerly route. Then all vessels made the Cape to shorten the passage, get into higher latitudes the nearest way or keep there as far as possible; the mail steamers, in addition, to drop their despatches. In setting out from Liverpool or Glasgow, these despatches, chiefly market reports of the day of sailing and such general news as now comes by cable, were packed in cylindrical, water-tight cans made of tin or zinc, about three feet six inches long, ten inches in diameter, with a conical cover painted red from the apex of which sprang a short staff with a small red flag attached. These were flung overboard on reaching Cape Race, floated flag uppermost, being weighted for the purpose, and were picked up by the *Victoria*, a small but powerful steamer which the local authorities maintained there. The cans brought to shore were opened and their contents sent broad-cast over the wires. In this manner readers of the *Globe* twenty-five years ago obtained their telegraphic news from Europe.

Of the *Victoria* and her master, Sluyter, his doings and experiences, innumerable stories illustrative of that time are current in the island. I cull one which rests on good authority. You may picture the Captain as a robust, bushy, representative salt, rough and ready, inured to toil and

hardship, a man who never knew what fear means, in a strong but not most admirable, sense "no respecter of persons," and one, who, amid all his rollicking mischief and practical jokes, had still a steady eye to the main chance. To many persons of middle age it will be no news that, before the civil war, the United States had a foreign, as distinguished from a coastal, merchant navy; that much emulation was manifested between British and American ship-builders, owners, master, sailors, shippers *et omne hoc genus*, and that such emulation grew stronger year by year. The point of contention between them was not safety, the interest of the general public, nor carrying capacity which an increasing commerce loudly demanded, but speed rather. Hence the clippers of New Brunswick and of Maine in the early years of this century. Now, from sailing tables and otherwise, it became known along the Atlantic seaboard that, by a fortunate concurrence of circumstances, the *Vanderbilt* of the Collins line, afterwards transferred to the Pacific route to escape blockade runners, was timed to sail and would sail from Liverpool on the same day, if not at the same hour, with the *Persia* of the Cunard Company. What fairer field for a race than the wide sweep of the Atlantic? What better test of long-disputed, never-settled points could there be, modes of building, rigging, navigating? What ships more representative than these of their rival nations and rival styles?

As the appointed and long-looked for time wore on, enthusiasm grew into excitement. The set-to of Heenan and Sayers drew forth small interest compared with the ebullition which the great race commanded. The millionaire betted his thousands, not a school boy but lost or gained top or knife on the result, jack-tar, whose impecuniosity has for centuries been proverbial, fought out the cause within the precincts of his tavern. Looking back one may see that sides were taken and wagers were laid along lines patriotic, that the conflict was international. What precise relation shipbuilding holds to allegiance I am not aware that any man has fully explained, but who would be niding, turn Turk upon his country? Not Sluyter by any means, over whose birth the stars and stripes are said to have flapped in their merriest mode early one May morning. He had not only shares in all pools that offered or he could find out, but had private bets to the extent of his ready cash, to the extent of the borrowable money of his friends, to the full extent of his credit. The form of the wager was secondary, which should first pass Cape Race, which first reach Sandy-hook, which first docked in New York. For all and sundry whether at odd or even, Sluyter was not only ready but eager, and with wonderful resources. As he was reported to be reckless, he was freely accommodated. By way of proving his loyalty to his land he made a dash at the sublime, and, to the amazement of the old hands, laid heavy sums that the *Vanderbilt* would be ten hours in dock before the *Persia* reached New York harbour. 'Twas afterwards found out that he never hedged.

The passing of Cape Race, that is Raze or shaved cape, as the opposite point of the island is called from its appearance Ray (Raie) or split cape, was in all respects critical. More than half the voyage would then be over, and both vessels would have a straight run of nine hundred and thirty miles to New York harbour. Newfoundland's interest concentrated on her own shores. Many of the betting fraternity in New York and Brooklyn wished to be there, and envied that select few to whom Sluyter sent a card of invitation to spend a week in the *Victoria*, to intercept the rival steamers.

Early one morning Sluyter, always on the alert, mounted deck and before breakfast time detected on the far horizon, about N.E., a narrow streak which grew into a dark ridge of smoke. "The *Vanderbilt*," said he, put his boat about, made for it, and shook up his slumbering guests. No breakfast was to be served then, as his little steamer rushed over the waters. The surmise proved right, it was the *Vanderbilt*. After salutation up to the mast-head ran the signals: "Any word of the *Persia*?" "Passed four hours ago," was the *Victoria's* placid answer. But how Sluyter roared with laughter and careered along deck, much to his friend's astonishment, when he saw the *Vanderbilt* jerk her despatches overboard, crowd sail, for the wind was fair, send forth denser volumes of smoke, and drive wildly ahead, determined to win at all hazards. The steward, dragged heels first from bunk, served them champagne instead of coffee; for this was a red letter day in the diary of Sluyter. He picked the cans up, made with them to the station, and gave word of the *Vanderbilt* passing to every hamlet on the North Atlantic coast, word which, may be, reached Toronto street.

About five o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, the *Persia* was sighted. Being signalled, "The *Vanderbilt*, any tidings of her?" Sluyter answered, "None," gathered his despatches and again made for the Cape. In high glee, confident of success, the unsuspecting *Persia* pursued leisurely the even tenor of her way. Four days afterwards, what was her surprise

to find that her rival had beaten her by fifteen hours, and that Snyter had won every wager he had made!

He was a daring man in Newfoundland and a proper object of ridicule, who would question the infallibility of the captain's deliverance on ships, their build and speed, for years after. But, little by little, the knowing ones came to suspect and then to see that he had held the key of the situation, and had not been backward in making use of it. He, nevertheless, pocketed and kept the money. I never heard that any question was raised upon the matter. Why should there? Was race ever more fairly run? Was bet ever more honestly earned? To hold otherwise would it not overturn the whole stock exchange?

T. B. BROWNING.

PREHISTORIC AMERICA.

THERE has issued from the Parisian press in recent months a large and elaborately illustrated work from the pen of the Marquis de Nadaillac, entitled "L'Amérique Préhistorique." The author has dealt in a previous work, with primeval man and Europe's prehistoric times, and he takes for his motto for this later work: "The New World is a great mystery." To the French student of American archæology the work will be of value as a *résumé* of much that has been embodied in the voluminous issues of the American press in recent years. But it contributes little that is novel either in facts, illustrations, or induction. Here and there the student familiar with the subject recognizes a novel contribution to its illustrations, as in Fig. 203, "Armes et bijoux des Chibchas," from the Musée de Saint-Germain, and the "Aymara Mummy," Fig. 177, from the Museum of Natural History of Paris. But with the rarest exceptions, the illustrations are from works very familiar to New World students; and the same is true of the facts adduced in the text. The "Crane de Calaveras" produced by Mr. Whitney, the State Geologist, in 1866, from the auriferous gravels of Sierra Nevada, overlaid according to him by ancient lavas and other seeming evidences of remote prehistoric antiquity, is reproduced here; but only to acknowledge the unsatisfactory nature of this and other attempts at establishing evidence of the American man of the Tertiary epoch. The Pemberton inscribed-axe reappears, though long since recognized as spurious. With a very little research, and at no great increase of cost, the work might have presented novel features, for the galleries of the Louvre are rich in examples of Peruvian and Mexican pottery and terra-cottas; and the Museums of Berlin and Vienna furnish many valuable illustrations of American art. Especially is this the case in Vienna, where some of the rarest hieroglyphic codices have been preserved from an early date, when Dominican fanaticism was destroying such valuable historical material as Pagan incantations and books of sorcery. As it is, the author has travelled anew over the old trail, already traversed again and again with untiring zeal by a host of American writers, who seem never to weary in reproducing the oft-told tale; and he winds up once more with the conclusion, which he borrows from an American *savant*: "La terre d'Amérique est un grand mystère."

No doubt this is true, but the solution of the mystery seems to lie in another direction than that in which it is the fashion to seek it. Though the discoveries of Professor Whitney and others, in the auriferous beds of California and Nevada, of implements and human bones, have ceased to carry any weight as evidence of ancient arts or races of the New World, the researches in the drift of New Jersey have been more successful; and the rude "turtle-back celts" of the Delaware Valley are generally accepted as evidence of the existence of post-glacial American man.

If, then, it be true that man has existed on this American Continent through all the unnumbered centuries which preceded the memorable year 1492, when Columbus revealed the New World to Europe, what a strange disclosure of unprogressive humanity does the archæology of America reveal to us. Africa, Asia, and Europe, alike present successive stages, from the rudest arts of a stone period, to polished stone and carved bone and ivory; and so to metallurgy, architecture, letters, and to art in its highest sense. Prolonged as the Old World's centuries have been, we witness in them a steady process of evolution in which the rational and intellectual element is ever actively present, until at last we look on man as—

"The heir of all the ages in the foremost files of time."

In America it is altogether otherwise, and the farther back the archæologist carries the date of man's presence on this continent, the more perplexing becomes the problem which he undertakes to solve. Peru has its ingenious pottery, its imperfectly developed metallurgy, its cyclopean architecture, its crude infantile astronomy, and its equally rudimentary quipus as the primitive system of chronicling and computing. Central

America had got beyond this in the important step of hieroglyphics, in which a pictorial ideography is seen to be passing into abbreviations, and so to arbitrary word-signs akin to those of China. There too a barbarous yet imposing architecture, and a partial skill both in metallurgy and ceramic art, contrast strikingly with the highest efforts of any tribe north of the Gulf of Mexico. But the experienced student, familiar with the archæology and early science of the Old World, is more and more tempted to confirm the verdict of Humboldt, and trace all such indices of the beginnings of American civilization to an Asiatic source.

In Mexico we witness the meeting of the wild untutored barbarism of the North with this incipient civilization; but all beyond this, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic Circle, reveals only diverse phases of savage life. Man is there little better than a part of the wild fauna of forest and prairie, gregarious, predatory, hunting, warring, and differing more noticeably from the lynx or the wolf in this than in aught else, that his endless exterminating feuds find no satisfaction in the supply of any natural appetite. They serve only as the gratification of an inextinguishable fury, which seems through unnumbered centuries to have rendered progress impossible. The ravages of wolves are reasonable, for they are in search of food, and can be satisfied. The hereditary feuds of Mohawks, Crees, or Blackfeet are insatiable, and no less detrimental to themselves than to their foes. Yet throughout the North American Continent we look in vain for any trace of man in a higher condition than this predatory savage.

This fact defines, but it does not account for, "the great mystery of the New World." Here man appears to have occupied its vast prairies, and the regions of lake and river, fertile in soil, and abundant in game; and through all the centuries reaching ever more remotely into an unknown past, he has remained unprogressive as the wolf, less ingenious than the beaver, more irrational—considering the gifts which he thus abuses,—than the wild moose, the buffalo, or the grizzly bear.

D. W.

DEATH OF AN ENGLISH QUARTERLY REVIEWER.

THE death in London, on the 2nd inst., at the age of eighty-one, of Mr. Abraham Hayward, Q.C., one of the most notable of the modern English essayists and reviewers, and author of perhaps the best English translation of Goethe's "Faust," deserves to be chronicled. Only to a few in Canada, we fear, is Mr. Hayward known by name, though his two volumes of Collected Essays have had some sale on this side of the Atlantic, and his biographical and literary contributions to the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, though unacknowledged, as the rule is with those periodicals, have doubtless had many readers. Mr. Hayward is another and notable instance of a man who, though he had a fine professional career before him, deserted law for letters. His was a conspicuous figure, during a long life, in the literary and social circles of London, where his conversational powers, his varied gifts, and, above all, his wonderful memory for faces, events, and all the gossip of English county and metropolitan club life, made him a welcome guest and a great acquisition at the dinner table or in the *salon*. Few could rival him as a *raconteur*, and his literary and dramatic instinct enabled him to tell a story with capital effect, while his remarkable powers of observation and retentive memory supplied him readily with the facts. What he says in his critique on Sydney Smith may not inappropriately be said of himself: "He never came into society," says Mr. Hayward of the great divine and wit, "without naturally and easily taking the lead as, beyond all question, the most agreeable, sensible, and instructive guest and companion that the oldest living person could remember."

Besides his published essays, his edition of "Faust," and the "Letters and Literary Remains of Mrs. Piozzi (Thrale)," Mr. Hayward's literary work embraces extensive contributions to the higher class English journals, and, at an early period of his career, to a legal periodical, the *Law Magazine*, of which, we believe, he was the founder. The pungent article in the *January Quarterly*, on Mr. George's "Progress and Poverty," is understood to have come from his pen, and it is, we surmise, his last contribution to literature. His style is sparkling, and his work is marked by acuteness of thought, aptness of illustration, and rare felicity of expression. The charm of his writings, however, lies more perhaps in the wealth of personal reminiscence, which abounds in his essays, and in the quality and flavour imparted to his writings by his scholarly tastes and wide acquaintance with cultured society in London. He is one of the first exponents of modern literary and social life in England, and as such his death, and the close of a long career as critic and reviewer, will leave a blank not easily filled by the literary men of a younger generation.

G. M. A.

OTTAWA NOTES.

THE week now almost closed has been one of the most exciting known in the Parliament Buildings since Confederation. For some time the fate of the Government hung in the balance. The preponderating influence of the French Canadian members was withdrawn, and all waited with breathless interest to see into which scale it would be thrown.

Just for the sake of making a complete story, and not with a view to imparting information, it may be worth while to go over the facts of the case. The trouble culminated on Tuesday evening last. The Government's resolutions in favour of loaning the Canadian Pacific Railway Company twenty-two and one-half millions, and making other modifications in the contract with that corporation, had been before the House of Commons for two weeks. On the Friday previous the House had declared by resolution that the discussion upon the question should have precedence from that time. This was generally taken to mean that the difficulties in the Ministerial ranks had been settled, and that a majority for the Ministry was assured. These difficulties had arisen through demands of the French Canadian Conservatives of Quebec for large grants to that Province. One of these grants being toward paying something to the construction of the Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa & Occidental Railway, which it is contended is as much a part of the great through-line as is the Canada Central, which was subsidized by the Mackenzie Government, a settlement of the whole question would naturally be pressed for before the Canadian Pacific was allowed to handle more millions of the public money. Monday evening the French Canadians held a caucus in Room No 8, at the western end of a long corridor leading from the main lobby. Hour after hour passed and still no definite result was arrived at. At two o'clock, shortly after the adjournment of the House, the meeting broke.

Next morning the air was full of rumours. It was said that the claims of Langevin and Chapleau had been discussed with a good deal of acrimony, and that on a vote being taken Sir Hector's supporters were found to number only four, while Mr. Chapleau could claim forty-two. The demands to be formulated to the Government were said to be in some respects most reasonable, and in some respects nothing short of attempted public robbery. The question was whether the Government would accept or reject. Three o'clock, the time for the meeting of the House, came and passed. The fact that the Speaker did not take his seat then excited no comment, for the Ministers are not generally in their places ready for the Speaker's entrance until twenty minutes past the hour. Quarter past three, half past, and even a quarter to four came, and the bells which announce the Speaker's entrance remained silent. A few minutes later, however, the mace was borne down the corridor, the Speaker followed and and took his place. The galleries were soon thrown open and were quickly crowded, for Sir John had vowed a vow, and had it recorded in the Hansard, that early or late, for or against the resolutions, the question had to be decided that day, and it was expected that the session would be a lively one. On the opening of the sitting the most conspicuous people were the French Canadian Conservatives, for, except for the Ministers, they were all absent. It was known that they were again in caucus, deliberating upon the results of an interview of their spokesmen with the leading men in the Ministry. Rumours were current that the great majority of their number had resolved not to be satisfied with the vague promises they had received, but to hold out until a definite proposition was made. Failing a definite proposition—well, they didn't like to do anything unpleasant, but they feared Sir John would have to go.

Looking down at the House from the gallery, there was little to indicate that a crisis had come up with the suddenness of a tropical storm. The Ministers, except two, looked unconcerned. The two were Sir Charles Tupper and the "Chieftain." Sir John looked paler than usual, and less satisfied. Mr. Blake spoke rather angrily about the waste of time in the late opening of the House, and resumed the look and attitude customary to him—of a man who needs rest. The only anxious looking man on the Liberal side was Mr. Trow, the chief whip and organizer-general of the party. The Liberals refrained from speaking; they would have compelled the Government either to trust a vote with their difficulties still unsettled, or to put up speakers to talk against time, while they made peace with the Quebec contingent. Some Liberals thought this good policy, and would have been glad to see it acted upon. The difficulty was, that the men whose turn it was to speak could not be induced to retain their seats. Thinking that he was entitled to speak, Mr. Charlton gravely proceeded until a few minutes to six, when he asked that it be called six and recess taken, as he had yet an important point to deal with. Meantime the Quebec Conservatives had remained away, whispered conversations had taken place between Sir John and Sir Hector, Sir John and Mr. Caron,

Sir John and Mr. Chapleau. There had been a busy time in the lobbies, and at six o'clock the situation was at least no more unfavourable for the Government than at the opening of the House.

When the House resumed its session Mr. Charlton resumed his speech, and the Ministers and their go-betweens and helpers resumed their negotiations. Sir John's face was even paler than ever, and its lines expressed weariness and determination. Mr. Blake leaned forward on his desk with his head on his arms and his characteristic "slouch" hat pushed back upon his neck. This is his usual attitude at the night-sittings, and he has an undoubted right to indulge in it, even during a crisis. But, wonder of wonders, early in the evening Sir John himself leaned forward in much the same way, and there were the leaders both apparently asleep, Mr. Charlton still talking, the Bleus still in caucus, and the trouble coming nearer every moment.

It was strange to notice how the name by which the Premier was spoken of changed in the mouths of many who spoke about him. Usually he is called "Sir John." That night the man who talked about him and what he ought to do, spoke about him more frequently as "the old man." As the vote came nearer that was to decide the fate of his Government, even his opponents seemed to feel more kindly toward him. It soon became known that a final answer was awaited from the discontented ones at nine o'clock. By this time Mr. Charlton had given place to Mr. Dawson and the Liberals had Mr. Paterson in reserve, many of them praying devoutly that he would not speak at all. Shortly after nine the rumours were to the effect that a truce had been patched up and that all would be well.

But this was discredited, for a new influence had made itself felt. Learning of the troubles in the Government ranks, a prominent official of the Grand Trunk, and the burly French Canadian known as "King" Senecal, had come up by special train and were ready to do what they could to influence the Bleus against the Canadian Pacific interests. As the French Conservatives swarmed out they were "lobbied" in the most approved style. They kept to the front lobby and, crowded as it was with tired and excited men, the scene was one not soon to be forgotten.

In the House, Mr. Dawson had taken his seat and Mr. Paterson had the floor. After him came Mr. Ross, of Manitoba, elected by the Liberals but regarded by them always with suspicion. He came out square in support of the resolutions, and his speech was greeted with cheers by the Government supporters. Then came Mr. Mulock with the shortest speech of the debate, then Mr. Laurie, and at one o'clock the division.

As the bells in corridors and rooms vibrated clamorously the French members filed in. They were not enthusiastic, but rather sullen. They voted to a man against the amendment of Mr. Cameron, which had to be decided before the main motion came on. Then the House adjourned, and thus ended a memorable night.

ED. RUTHVEN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F.—Your communication is unavoidably carried over until next week.
 W. H. STEVENS.—The subject is exhausted.
 GEO. T. DENISON.—Next week.
 S. A. C.—Next week.
 H.—"Luminous Skies" next week.

CO-EDUCATION.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—In the last number of *THE WEEK* a writer takes "A Bystander" to task for what he is pleased to call his "somewhat stereotyped warnings against the evils of co-education," and with an air of infallibility worthy of the Vatican, he pronounces the opinion that the time is close at hand when every one who opposes his dictum "will be regarded as a fossil anachronism."

Now it is somewhat odd, in view of this sweeping verdict of "fossil anachronism," that not only Oxford, Cambridge, Harvard, and other ancient seats of learning and science, but Owen's College, Manchester,—the youngest and, as one might fancy, the most radical of all,—has, after mature deliberation, decided against co-education. The writer refers to 120 Universities and Colleges in the United States in which co-education is practised. How many of them will compare with a second or even third-rate Ontario High school? Even at Oberlin the actual students, as compared with those pursuing mere rudimentary studies, or engaged in music and other "accomplishments," are a mere handful. There, however, the blessings of co-education are enjoyed to the full. Its president describes love-making as the normal condition of things and matrimony as the M.A., which precedes and supersedes the time-honoured bit of "fossil anachronism" styled Bachelor of Arts.

But Canada we are assured has its own examples. Is there not the Normal School where young men and women study together? And we would ask, did not Dr. Ryerson recognize the exceptional character of such co-education by the rule that the young gentlemen and ladies were

not to speak to one another,—not even if they met on the street? How the system works it may be well to carefully enquire. But such an exceptional case is no more to be taken as our model, than that of young men and women sharing the same dissecting-room.

Again, our Collegiate Institutes are appealed to, and you are told that "no intelligent master of a secondary school could now think of separating the sexes." We recognize the radical difference between the boys and girls in secondary schools, and young men and women at the critical age from nineteen to twenty-three. Yet the fact is notorious that it is in this, just as in the higher institutions, as Principal Eliot says: "For the collegiate education of the two sexes together there is but one respectable argument, viz., *poverty!*" Go into any of the public schools of Toronto; it will be found that boys and girls are to a large extent kept apart. Still more, let your correspondent visit the Model Schools of Toronto, and its Collegiate Institute. It is perhaps a slight on one who sets down all who venture to differ from him in such *ex cathedra* fashion to suppose he can be ignorant of the fact that the young men and women in the Collegiate Institute of Toronto never even see one another except during the brief opening prayer of each day, when they sit on opposite sides of the public hall. I can add, moreover, from personal knowledge, that there are those among experienced Canadian Institute and High School teachers who would most heartily welcome a change that enabled them to re-organize their schools on the same system.

Many old-fashioned notions will doubtless give way to growing intelligence; but it seems probable that, as long as the world lasts, wise and thoughtful parents and teachers will realize the critical issues involved in bringing young men and women together in all the seductive freedom of College competition at the most critical period of life. Probably even some who slight its other dangers will doubt whether the fascinations most tempting to such a condition of students' life will be either the old classics—read though they may be with a new gloss—or the muse of cube and triangle. Is there no objection in the minds of thoughtful parents to their daughters mixing freely with some three or four hundred young men in the familiar intercourse which College life involves? A good many fathers are likely to think long and seriously before they send their sons to taste the fruits grafted on this modern branch of the tree of knowledge.

Toronto.

AN OLD TEACHER.

CO-EDUCATION IN UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—My remarks on this question in the last number of THE WEEK—especially about "Bystander's" dogmatic style of treatment—seem to have given some offence. I need hardly say that to offend was no part of my purpose. Respect for his personal character, and admiration for his unrivalled form of expression, would of themselves prevent me from showing him any intentional rudeness. But they cannot prevent me from feeling that in this matter he is entirely wrong, and that his mode of discussing it is unsatisfactory and disappointing. I have characterized it as dogmatic, and, with all due respect for "Bystander's" feelings, I must be permitted to stick to the expression. It may be that I also have dogmatized; but I can at least say that I have made an earnest effort to arrive at the truth, and that I have made no assertions which I am not prepared to support by an appeal to the teachings of experience.

"Bystander's" reference to the fact that I have publicly given in my adherence to the movement to secure the franchise for women is an unfair attempt to injure an opponent's case by an appeal to prejudice. There is no necessary connection between co-education and the franchise, and I decline to be lured away from the point at issue by so clumsy a device. I firmly believe in the franchise as a potent means of elevating the character and improving the position of women, and I shall always be as ready to give the reasons which impel me to take this stand as I am now to give the reasons which induce me to believe that women should be admitted to the Provincial University on precisely the same footing as men. But one subject at a time, and to the latter I now address myself.

"Bystander" reiterates his former statement that co-education as a general system is a failure. In my former article I characterized that statement as ludicrously incorrect, and challenged him to produce any proof of it. It was open to him to ignore altogether what he is pleased to call my "intervention in the debate respecting co-education"; it was not, and is not, open to him to attempt to reply to me by a mere repetition of unsupported expressions of opinion, whether his own or President Eliot's. I challenged particularly his implied assertion that co-education has proved a failure at Cornell University, and as he is, or ought to be, intimately acquainted with the internal condition of that institution, the proof of his assertion should be easy, if it is capable of being proved at all. As he has chosen to pass the matter by, I am entitled to claim that his assertion is, in this particular case, unfounded, as I can easily prove it to be by appealing to the testimony of Dr. White, the President of Cornell. I can also prove, by appealing to experience, that his assertion as to general failure is equally unfounded. I have before me the emphatic testimony of the President and Faculty of Michigan University where the experiment of admitting women, undertaken fourteen years ago, is regarded by those in charge of the institution, as an unqualified success. The opinion of President Eliot of Harvard is more than offset by that of President Barnard of Columbia College, New York. For many years the latter has endeavoured to induce his trustees to open the college to women, and with a view to convincing them of the expediency of doing so, he has procured all the information that is procurable on the subject, and, unlike Dr. Eliot, has given the reasons for his belief. The fact that the attendance of women at Cornell is not above fifty, proves nothing except that prejudice dies hard, and

of this we can find abundant evidence without going to Ithaca to seek it.

"Bystander" complains that I have misinterpreted his attitude on the question; and though he does set me down, in the next breath, as one of a fanatical, petulant, and tyrannical minority, I am not disposed to insist that the inference I and others have drawn from his previous utterances is correct. I prefer to take him in what he now defines to be his attitude and endeavour to meet him on ground of his own choosing. His position is analogous to that of a man who has tumbled over a precipice, and, without knowing that he is not likely to be hurt by the fall, distresses himself needlessly by hanging to a jutting rock. We have all passed through his present experience, and it is a humiliating as well as a painful one. Our prejudices are dear to us, and it is only after we have trampled them under foot and learned to approach social questions with a calm determination to get at the truth that we find ourselves on a safe footing. If he will only let go his hold and allow himself to fall, I can assure him not merely of the absence of danger, but of a safe footing when he reaches the ground. He is willing now to have co-education of the sexes, but wishes to have female students "placed under some special guardianship." Why should they require this any more than young men do? And why should both "Bystander" and the Council of University College argue that if harm results from co-education the responsibility must rest on the young women? Must we assume that the position of the sexes will be then reversed, and that the men will be the tempted and the women the tempters? The covert slanders on the weaker sex which are implied, and half-expressed, in the vague innuendoes of the opponents of co-education are not argument; if they are to have any effect except that of insulting the pure and gratifying the prurient there must be some plainer talk than has yet been used in discussing the subject.

The only other point in "Bystander's" paper which I shall notice is his curious assumption that there is a necessary antagonism between "domestic affection" and "intellectual ambition," that those whom he calls "sexual revolutionists" place the latter above the former, and that the practice of co-education is the result of a refusal to recognize the existence of sex. This mode of dealing with the question is not new. I have read, I think, every line written by "Bystander" on this subject, and I am now so familiar with his method that I know exactly what to expect when he touches it. I for one do not admit that domestic affection and intellectual ambition in the same woman are incompatible. If I were forced to do so I would be forced to abandon all hope for the social and intellectual improvement of the race. Mothers have more than fathers to do with the education of their children, and every educated man will prefer a wife who is both intellectual and affectionate to one whose heart has been cultivated at the expense of her mind. A clinging vine is in its own place an interesting object, but the woman who can stand alone and even support others is likely to be more useful as a wife and mother. So far from refusing to recognize the existence of sex as instituted by nature, I claim that only those who favour co-education take account fairly of this great physical and psychical fact. "Bystander" and those who side with him are the real "sexual revolutionists." We are merely pleading for a return to a more natural system than the artificial one which has been handed down to us from the Middle Ages. And there are abundant indications that the long and bitter controversy is drawing to a close, that the time is near when sex will be no longer regarded as an insuperable barrier to the enjoyment of educational opportunities, and that very soon those who cannot surrender their prejudices will find themselves condemned to silence for want of an audience.

WILLIAM HOUSTON.

CATHOLIC VOTE.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—I shall gladly avail myself of the privilege extended by you, Mr. Editor, to parties holding views opposed to contributed articles appearing in your journal.

In your last issue "A Bystander" drew a pen-picture of the impending ruin into which our ship of state is drifting by reason of the unification of the Catholic votes. Not here alone, we are told, does the evil exist, but in every Anglo-Saxon colony, imperilling the well-being and even the existence of the State. Our own beloved Canada, we are told, is in danger of disruption unless the Protestant horse is mounted by some modern Don Quixote, who shall marshal the phalanxes that "A Bystander" thinks necessary for the neutralization of so terrible a phantom. In dealing with the position of such Catholics, the fact is altogether ignored that as far as Canada is concerned our catholicity has become largely Canadian, the distinctively Irish element having passed on by at least one generation. Those possessing the franchise have won it by persevering industry, and desire to exercise the rights of citizenship for their own advancement. The admission of "A Bystander" that those very Catholics are enabled to hold their own against overwhelming odds, and to tread their way upward against that boasted supremacy of intellect which Protestant ideas are supposed to give, is no doubt cause for serious and melancholy forebodings; yet it is at the same time a tribute of praise from an unwilling pen.

Had "Bystander" been a close observer, he might have assured himself that Catholic voters are not as Irish as were their fathers; but they are not the less Catholic for being Canadians. The writer makes his greatest mistake in supposing that Catholics are led or influenced by their priests in the use of this franchise. I beg to assure him that Catholics possessing the franchise can neither be led by priests nor purchased by politicians, any more readily than Protestants.

In the past, we are free to admit that Irish Catholics did not identify themselves with the living, moving spirit of the country; but then, as now, men were found with pens dipped in gall, ready to array race and creed

against each other to the disadvantage of the State. To-day we are identified with the moving spirit of the nation. Our roots are deep in the earth, which is the best guarantee of our loyalty to Canada; the two great parties recognize our citizenship, and accord to us an equality of rights, the possession of which only the free-born sons of the soil can appreciate, and which we will be slow to relinquish, even though warned to do so by the prophecy of "A Bystander."

CANADIAN.

THE ADVENTURES OF A WIDOW.

By EDGAR FAWCETT, author of "A Gentleman of Leisure," "A Hopeless Case," "An Ambitious Woman," "Tinkling Cymbals," etc.

VI.—Continued.

"Well, I abominate her, and she knows it. I rarely abominate anybody, and I think she knows that also. To my mind she is a conscienceless, hybrid creature. She is a result of a terrible modern license—the license of the Press. There is a frank confession, for a newspaper man like myself. But, between ourselves, I don't know where modern journalism, in some of its ferocious phases, is going to stop, unless it stops at a legislative veto. Miss Cragge would sacrifice her best friend (if she had any friends—which she hasn't) to the requirements of what she calls 'an item.' She thinks no more of assailing a reputation, in her quest for so-called 'material,' than a rat would think of carrying off a lump of cheese. She knows very well that I will never forgive her for having printed a lot of libellous folly about a certain friend of mine. He had written a rather harmless and weak novel of New York society, New York manners. Miss Cragge had some old grudge against him; I think it was on account of an adverse criticism which she believed him to have written regarding some dreary, amateurish poems for whose author she had conceived a liking. This was quite enough for Miss Cragge. She filled a column of the *Rochester Rocket*, or the *Topeka Trumpet*, or some such sheet, with irate fictions about poor Edward Foster. He had no redress, poor fellow; she declared that he had slandered a pure, high-minded lady in society here, by caricaturing her in his novel. She parodied some of poor Ned's rather fragile verses; she accused him of habitually talking fatuous stuff at a certain Bohemian sort of beer-garden which he had visited scarcely five times within that same year. Oh, well, the whole thing was so atrocious that I offered my friend the *New York Asteroid* in which to hurl back any epistolary thunderbolt he should care to manufacture. But Ned wouldn't; he might have written a bad novel and worse poems, but he had sense enough to know that his best scorn lay in severe silence. Still, apart from all this, I have excellent reasons for shunning Miss Cragge, and I have told you some of them. She is the most aggravated form of the American newspaper correspondent, prowling about and seeking whom she may devour. I consider her a dangerous person, and I advise you not to allow her within your *salon*."

"Oh, I shan't," quickly answered Pauline. "You need not have counselled me on that point. It was quite unnecessary. I intend to pick and choose." She gave a long, worried sigh, now, which Kindelon just heard, above the conversational hum surrounding them. "I am afraid it all comes to picking and choosing, everywhere," she went on. Aunt Cynthia Poughkeepsie is perpetually doing it in *her* world, and I begin to think that there is none other where it must not be done."

Kindelon leaned his handsome crisp-curled head nearer to her own; he fixed his light-blue eyes, in which lay so warm and liquid a sparkle, intently upon the lifted gaze of Pauline.

"You are right," he said. "You will learn that, among other lessons, before you are much older. There is no such thing as not picking and choosing. Whatever the grade of life, it is always done by those who have any sort of social impulse. I believe it is done in Eighth Avenue and Avenue A, when they give parties in little rooms of tenement-houses and hire a fiddler to speed the dance. There is always some Michael or Fritz who has been ostracized. The O'Haras and the Schneiders follow the universal law. Where two or three are gathered together, the third is pretty sure to be of questionable welcome. This isn't an ideal planet, my dear lady, and 'liberty' and 'fraternity' are good enough watchwords, but 'equality' never yet was one;—if I didn't remember my Buckle, my Spencer, my Huxley and my dear old Whig Macaulay, I should add that it never *would* be one."

Just at this point Kindelon and Pauline found themselves face to face with two gentlemen who were both in a seemingly excited frame of mind. Pauline remembered that they had both been presented to her not long ago. She recollected their names, too; her memory had been nerved to meet all retentive exigencies. The large, florid man, with the bush of sorrel beard, was Mr. Bedlowe, and the smaller, smooth-shaven man, with the consumptive stoop and the professorial blue spectacles, was Mr. Howe.

Mr. Howe and Mr. Bedlowe were two novelists of very opposite repute. Kindelon had already caught a few words from the latter, querulously spoken.

"Ah, so you think modern novel-writing a sham, my dear Howe?" he said, pausing with his companion, while either gentleman bowed recognition to Pauline. "Isn't that rank heresy from the author of a book that has just been storming the town?"

"My book didn't storm the town, Kindelon," retorted Mr. Howe, lifting a hand of scholarly slimmness and pallor toward his opaque goggles. "I wish it had," he proceeded, somewhat wearily. "No; Bedlowe and I were having one of our old quarrels. I say that we novelists of the Anglo-Saxon tongue are altogether too limited. That is what I mean by declaring that modern novel-writing is a sham."

"He means a great deal more, I'm sorry to say," here cried Mr. Bedlowe,

who had a habit of grasping his sorrel beard in one hand and thrusting its end toward his hirsute lips as though they were about to be allured by some edible mouthful. "He means, Kindelon, that because we haven't the shocking immoral latitude of the French race, that we can't properly express ourselves in fiction. And he goes still further—Howe is always going still further, every fresh time that I meet him. He says that if the modern novelist dared to express himself on religious subjects, he would be an agnostic."

"Precisely!" cried Mr. Howe, with the pale hand wavering downward from the eerie glasses. "But he doesn't dare! If he did, his publisher wouldn't publish him!"

"My publisher publishes *me*!" frowned Mr. Bedlowe.

"Oh, you're a pietist," was the excited answer. "At least, you go in for that when you write your novels. It pays, and you do it. I don't say that you do it *because* it pays, but..."

"You infer it," grumbled Mr. Bedlowe, "and that's almost the same as saying it." He visibly bristled, here. "I've got a wholesome faith," he proceeded, with hostility. "That's why I wrote *The Christian Knight in Armor* and *The Doubtful Soul Satisfied*. Each of them sold seventy thousand copies apiece. There's a proof that the public wanted them—that they filled a need."

"So does the *Weekly Wake-Me-Up*," said Mr. Howe, with mild disdain. "My dear Bedlowe, you have two qualities as a modern novel-writer which are simply atrocious—I mean, plot and piety. The natural result of these is popularity. But your popularity means nothing. You utterly neglect analysis—"

"I despise analysis!"

"You entirely ignore style—"

"I express my thoughts without affectation."

"Your characters are wholly devoid of subtlety—"

"I abhor subtlety!"

"You preach sermons—"

"Which everybody reads!"

"You fail completely to represent your time—"

"My readers, who represent my time, don't agree with you."

"You end your books with marriages and christenings, in the most absurdly old-fashioned way—"

"I end a story as every story *should* end. Sensible people have a sensible curiosity to know what becomes of hero and heroine."

"Curiosity is the vice of the vulgar novel-reader. Psychological interest is the one sole interest that should concern the more cultured mind. And though you may sell your seventy thousand copies, I beg to assure you that..."

"Had we not heard quite enough of that hot squabble?" said Kindelon to Pauline, after he had pressed with her into other conversational regions, beyond the assault and defense of these two inimical novelists.

"I rather enjoyed it," said Pauline.

"They would have presently dragged us into their argument," returned Kindelon. It was just as well that we retired without committing ourselves by an opinion. I should have sided with Howe, though I think him an extremist."

"I know some of Mr. Bedlowe's novels," said Pauline. "They are very popular in England. I thought them simply dire."

"And Howe is a real artist. He has a sort of cult here, though not a large one. What he says is true enough, in the main. The modern novelist dares not express his religious views, unless they be of the most conventional and tame sort. And how few fine minds are there to-day which are not rationalistic, unorthodox? A man like Bedlowe coins money from his milk-and-water platitudes, while Howe must content himself with the recognition of a small though devout circle... Did you meet the great American dramatist, by the way? I mean Mr. Osgood Paiseley. He is standing over yonder near the mantel... that slender little man with the abnormally massive head."

"Yes, I met him," returned Pauline. "He is coming this way."

"Have you any new dramatic work in preparation, Paiseley?" asked Kindelon, as the gentleman who had just been mentioned now drew near himself and Pauline.

"Yes," was Mr. Paiseley's reply. He spoke with a nasal tone and without much grammatical punctilio. "I've got a piece on hand that I'm doing for Mattie Molloy. Do you know her at all? She does the song-and-dance business with comedy variations. I think the piece'll be a go; it'll just suit her, I guess."

"Your last melodrama, '*The Brand of Cain*,' was very successful, was it not?" pursued Kindelon.

"Well," said Mr. Paiseley, as he threw back an errant lock or two from his great width of swollen-looking forehead, "I'm afraid it isn't going to catch on so very well, after all. The piece is all right, but the company can't play it. Cooke guys his part because he don't like it, and doesn't get a hand on some of the strongest lines that have been put into any actor's mouth for the past twenty years—fact! as sure as you're born! Moore makes up horribly, and Kitty Vane is so overweighted that Miss Cowes, in a straight little part of only a few lengths, gets away with her for two scenes; and Sanders is awfully preachy. If I could have had my own say about casting the piece, we'd have turned away money for six weeks and made it a sure thing for the road. I mean for the big towns, not the one-night places; it's got too many utility-people to make it pay there. But I shan't offer anything more to the stock-theatres; after this, I'm going to fit stars."

Pauline turned a covertly puzzled look upon her companion. She seemed to be hearing a new language. And yet, although the words were all familiar enough, their collocation puzzled her.

"You think there is more profit, then, in fitting stars," said Kindelon, "if there is less fame?"

Mr. Paiseley laughed, with not a little bitterness. "Oh, fame," he said, "is the infirmity of the young American dramatist. I've outgrown it. I used to have it. But what's the use of fighting against France and England in the stock-theatres? Give me a fair show there, and I can draw bigger money than Dennery or Sardou—don't you make any mistake! But those foreign fellows are always crowding us natives out of New York. The managers hem and smirk over our pieces, and say they're good enough, but they've got something that's running well at the Porte Sang Martang or the Odeun in Paris. The best we can do is to have our plays done by a scratch company at some second-rate house, or, if it's a first-class house, they give us bad time. No, I fit travelling stars at so much cash down, and so much royalty afterward—that is, when I can't get a percentage on the gross. I don't work any more for fame; I want my dinner...."

"Your friend takes a rather commercial view of the American stage," said Pauline to Kindelon, after they had again moved onward.

"I am sorry to say that it is almost the only view taken by any of our dramatists. Paiseley is thoroughly representative of his class. They would all like to write a fine play, but they nearly all make the getting of money their primary object. Now, I do not believe that the lust of gain has ever been a foremost incentive in the production of any great mental achievement. Our novels and poems are to-day better than our plays, I think, because they are written with a more artistic and a less monetary stimulus. The rewards of the successful playwright may mean a fortune to him; he always remembers that when he begins, and he usually begins for the reason that he does remember it...."

Pauline had glimpses of not a few more individualities, that evening, before she at length took her leave.

"Well, how have you enjoyed it?" asked Kindelon, as they were being driven home together.

"I have not entirely enjoyed it," was the slow answer.

"You have been disappointed?"

"Yes."

"But your purpose of the *salon* still remains good?"

"Indeed, it does!" she exclaimed, with eagerness. "I shall begin my work—I shall issue my invitations, in a few days. Mrs. Dares has promised to supply me with a full list of names and addresses."

"And you will invite everybody?"

"Oh, by no means. I shall pick and choose."

"Beware of calamity!" said Kindelon. And his voice was so odd a blending of the jocose and serious that she could ill guess whether he were in earnest or not.

(To be Continued.)

AS OTHERS SEE US.

THE *English Economist* has an exhaustive article upon "The Condition of Canada," in course of which the following remarks appear:—

It is in times like these that protectionists begin to realize the fact that their boasted development of internal industries may prove far from an unmixed blessing. Canada since 1879 has greatly developed her internal industries; and apart from agriculture, cattle-breeding and lumbering, which ought to be her great mainstays, she has now her cotton mills, woollen mills, ironworks, and so forth. These manufactories are placed in a position to keep away foreign interference, and to extort from Canadian consumers prices in excess of what would be possible were British goods admitted on equal terms. That Canadians, as consumers, suffer from protection, there can be little doubt; while, as to their gain as manufacturers, the record of cotton companies' stocks during 1883 is the reverse of encouraging. The Canadian stock fell 62½ per cent. in value during the year; the Dundas fell 55, and the Montreal 82½ per cent. during the same period.

Canadian manufacturing concerns have undoubtedly fallen most; but the financial establishments have also suffered—the giving way of prices from September to the close of the year being rapid and continuous. Here is a comparison of some of the leading institutions of this nature:—A fall of \$29 per share was experienced by the Bank of Montreal securities between the months of January and December; the Merchants' Bank of Canada stock depreciated \$16.50; Canadian Bank of Commerce, \$15; Molson's Bank, \$17; Union Bank, \$24; Federal Bank, \$32; British American Assurance, \$11; Western Assurance, \$43; Montreal Loan Company, \$41.

Thus, it may be said, the record is all one way. So long as fresh capital could be attracted to the country for land, loan, and other purposes, and the excitement caused by the previous rise in values could be kept up, the inflation of the markets, commercially and financially, was maintained. But Canada had been going far too fast—Australia appears to be now—and though protection acted as a powerful lever to force up prices so long as credit held firm; no sooner did that fulcrum show signs of being overstrained than the collapse was the more striking. Although the depression showed itself mainly towards the close of the year, the failure list of 1883 exhibits a very distinct expansion. In 1882 there were 755 stoppages, with an aggregate \$8,139,000 liabilities—showing some increase as compared with 1881. In 1883, however, the failed estates numbered 1,464, and the liabilities reached \$22,155,000—the increase over 1882 being 709 in number, and \$14,012,000 in amount. In Manitoba especially, the defalcations were heavy. The national revenue, after the great expansion of 1880-1-2, now shows an unmistakable shrinkage, the receipts of 1883 being some \$2,000,000 less than those of 1882, while the expenses were \$1,000,000 greater; and as showing the strain recently placed upon Canadian capitalists, the Government a month or two back offered a 4 per cent. loan for \$4,000,000 in the Dominion at par, and had only about one-fourth of it applied for. Here she would have had the loan taken up eagerly at 2 or 3 per cent. above par.

But in all this, and more which might be urged to the same effect, it may be said we are painting a picture, which, however based upon present appearances, and indeed, upon actual figures, has derived its gloomy aspect from causes apart from those we have assigned, and that some of those causes are temporary. In the first place, the Canadian harvest of 1883 was deficient, and although that of Manitoba and the North-West was not, railroad facilities are as yet too limited and too dear to make that fact of much importance to the outside world. Then, again, the lumber trade has suffered from the fall of prices in Europe, where there are increased supplies of Swedish and Norwegian timber offering. Beyond this, it is impossible for a country like Canada to remain unaffected while a giant neighbour like the United States has passed from a period of great inflation to one of equal depression and a contraction in trade.

If Canadian manufacturers are suffering, so are those of the United States; and Canada could not well have escaped from the contagion, whether her trade were fettered or free. Then, again, the Canadian Pacific Railway will in 1884 reduce its tariff to the advantage of Western settlers. There is, we admit, weight in these arguments, although the fact that both the United States and Canada are now protected places them more on a level than they would otherwise be. The fact, however, remains that the severest depression just now in both countries is in those channels wherein protection has been most distinctly enforced, and consequently it is there the depreciation of capital is now heaviest. Canada's main road to wealth lies in placing the products of her rich soil and of her forests in foreign markets as cheaply as possible. To enable her to do this, not only must land be cheap, but labour and carriage must be cheap likewise, and all that tends to make them dearer, and the cost of living dearer, is detrimental to Canadian interests. As it is, the tariff of 1879, while increasing the cost of living, has involved her in an outlay of a very unproductive description.

Looking to the future, there is a feeling of despondency in Canada and in Manitoba, which cannot be concealed here. The failure of the American Lumber Company is a matter affecting British investors as well as Canadian trade. Then, the very severe depression in all our Canadian railway and land securities must certainly check our investments in the colony, and that at a time, too, when it is of the utmost importance that their great national work, the Canadian Pacific Railway, shall be pushed on rapidly towards completion. The rumours current here within the last few days, that the Canadian Government will give more substantial financial aid to that undertaking than that involved in the recently-arranged ten years' guarantee, have now taken shape—Sir John Macdonald having, on behalf of the Dominion Government, introduced resolutions to the House of Commons at Ottawa, which are of very material importance. These resolutions defer for some years the payment of \$7,380,912 due by the company to the State; while, on the other hand, the Government are empowered to advance \$22,500,000 out of the Consolidated Revenue Fund to the company for seven years at 5 per cent. interest. Of this advance, \$7,500,000 is to be made at once, to extinguish the floating debt, and the balance as the work of construction proceeds. As security for these sums, amounting to, say \$30,000,000 and interest, the Government receive a first lien upon the entire property of the company. At the same time, the \$35,000,000 in the company's shares now held by the Government are to be made available for the purposes of the railway, as opportunity may offer. It has become apparent that, for the time being, nothing short of a Dominion guarantee would have found favour amongst us, and hence the desire is that the company should be placed in a position which will enable it to avoid applications to the markets for a considerable time to come.

EVENINGS AT HOME.

WOMEN OF SHAKSPERE'S TIME.

THE changes of type which took place in the prominent female characters of Shakspeare's plays as the poet passed from youth to manhood, and from early manhood to riper maturity, would form an interesting subject for detailed study. The emotional women of the early plays, if not turbulent and aggressive, are still deficient in delicacy of heart, in refinement of instinct, impulse, and habit. The intellectual women who stand by the side of these are bright and clever but over-confident, forward, or defiant. In the early historical plays appear terrible female forms—women whose ambitions have been foiled, whose hearts have been torn and crushed, who are filled with fierce sorrow, passionate indignation, a thirst for revenge. Such are the Duchess of Gloster, Margaret of Anjou, Queen Elinor, Constance. As comedy succeeds comedy, the female characters become more complex, more subtle, more exquisite. Rosaline's flouting of Berowne becomes Rosalind's arch mockery of Orlando, or the sportive contests of Beatrice with Benedict. In Portia of "The Merchant of Venice," intellect and emotions play into one another with exquisite swiftness, brightness, and vital warmth.

Just at the close of the period which gave birth to Shakspeare's most joyous comedies, and at the entrance to the tragic period, appear types of female character which are distinguished by some single element of peculiar strength, Helena, Isabella, Portia of Julius Caesar (type of perfect womanly heroism, yet envired by the weakness of her sex); and over against these are studies of feminine incapacity, of ignobleness, Ophelia, Gertrude, Cressida. It is as if Shakspeare at this time needed some one strong, outstanding excellence to grasp and study himself by, and had lost his delight in the even harmony of character which suits us, and brings us joy when we make no single, urgent, and peculiar demand for help. Next follow the tragic figures, Desdemona, the invincible loyalty of wifehood; Cordelia, the invincible filial loyalty; sacrificial lives which are offered up and which sanctify the earth, lives which fall in the strife with evil, and which falling achieve their victories of love; and as these make the world beautiful and sacred, even while they leave it strange and sorrowful, so over against them appear the destroyers of life, Lady Macbeth, and the monsters Goneril, Regan.

Finally, in Shakspeare's latest plays appear upon the one hand the figures of the great sufferers, calm, self-possessed, much enduring, free from self-partiality, unjust resentment, and passion of revenge, Queen Katharine, Hermione; and on the other hand are exquisite girlish figures, children who have known no sorrow, over whom is shed a magical beauty, an ideal light, while above them Shakspeare is seen, as it were, bowing tenderly. Miranda, Perdita! How great a distance has been traversed. Instead of the terrible Margaret of Anjou we have here Queen Katharine. Shakspeare in his early period would have found cold, and without suitability for the purposes of art, Katharine's patience, reserve, and equilibrium of soul. Instead of Rosaline here is Perdita. A death-bed glorious with a vision of angels, and the exquisite dawn of a young girl's life, these are the two last themes on which the imagination of the poet cared to dwell affectionately and long.—From a critical study of "Shakspeare's Mind and Art," by Edward Dowden, L.L.D.

LIONEL TENNYSON has written for the *Chicago Current* a poem called *Mutatis Mutandis*. It is alleged to be humorous. The subject may possibly be not unconnected with a recent occurrence in the family history.

THE PERIODICALS.

THE March *Atlantic Monthly* opens with two more chapters of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's fresh story, "In War Time." Mr. Crawford's "A Roman Singer" is in these chapters big with portent; one feels bitterly aggrieved when he comes to the end of the instalment. "Drifting down Lost Creek" is one of those admirable dialect stories for which the name of Mr. Charles Egbert Craddock is becoming noted. An article just now of special interest to Torontonians is Mr. Henry A. Clapp's paper on "Henry Irving." Papers of value and interest are those on "The Discovery of Peruvian Bark,"—Henry M. Lyman; "Don John of Austria,"—Alexander Young; "Texts and Translations of Hafiz,"—E. P. Evans; and "The Journal of a Hessian Baroness." A delightful story is E. D. R. Bianciardi's "A Pisan Winter." From Mr. Richard Grant White we have more concerning Mansfield Humphreys—the last of him, probably, as his fate is decided in this paper. Holmes contributes a poem on "The Girdle of Friendship;" the most striking verses of the number are those by Mr. H. C. Bunner, entitled, "The Way to Arcady."

PARTICULARLY *apropos* of his visit to this continent is an article on "Henry Irving," by J. Ranken Towse, in the current *Century*. It is headed by a capital wood-cut of the tragedian as "Hamlet," from the statue by E. Onslow Ford. Helen Zimmern has a paper on "Count Von Moltke," which materially assists in the comprehension of the taciturn military giant. Of the other topics, possibly Sarah Freeman Clarke's "Notes on the Exile of Dante," will be most interesting. The illustrations, upon which the success of this magazine so much depends, are well up to the average.

WITH the March issue, *Outing and the Wheelman* completes Vol. III. The publishers announce that the forthcoming volume will be "the leading illustrated magazine of the world devoted wholly to the literature and art of out-of-doors."

BOOK NOTICES.

LIFE OF HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN; by Sarah Tytler. Toronto: George Virtue, Adelaide Street, East.

Parts I. and II. of this work are just to hand. It is somewhat remarkable that the first biography of the Queen should be published in Canada, and that before the close of Her reign. At the same time the contention of the talented author must be conceded: "A biography written in the lifetime of its object has certain advantages of familiarity with the sayings and doings of the generation—with the very atmosphere around." Lord Ronald Gower, F.S.A., has undertaken to edit the work, for which he is to write an introduction. Without seeing this, and until we have had an opportunity to read beyond the opening chapters, it would be precipitate to offer an opinion upon the literary merits of the biography. Its typographical get-up is first class. It is not possible to say the same of the illustrations; that of Her Majesty in Part I. does not bear the faintest resemblance to its royal subject, and the engraving of the Prince Consort in Part II. is scarcely better. The plates of Balmoral, the Albert Memorial in Hyde Park, and the landing of Prince Albert at Dover are, however, really good. The publishers announce that the "Life" will be completed in fifteen parts, each of which will contain two steel engravings.

ABORIGINAL AMERICAN AUTHORS. BY DANIEL G. BRINTON, A.M., M.D., No. 115 SOUTH SEVENTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

This work is an enlargement of a paper upon the literary productions of the American Aborigines, which was read by Dr. Brinton before the *Congress International des Americanistes* during its session in Copenhagen in August last. Upon all the subjects connected with aboriginal American literature, Dr. Brinton is the highest authority in America. This, as he observes, is a chapter in the general history of literature which has been hitherto wholly neglected. Dr. Brinton says in his introduction: "When even a quite intelligent person hears about 'Aboriginal American literature,' he is very excusable for asking: What is meant by the term? Where is this literature? In fine, is there any such thing? Indeed, it will be a surprise to many to learn that any members of these rude tribes have manifested either taste or talent for scholarly productions. All alike have been regarded as savages, capable, at best, of but the most limited culture. Such an opinion has been fostered by prejudices of race, by the jealousy of caste, and in our own day by preconceived theories of evolution. That it is erroneous can, I think, be easily shown." He goes on to prove the existence in the native mind of the literary faculty—instancing the vivid imagination of the Indians, their love of ornate narrative, the resources of their languages, and their facility in acquiring foreign languages. He enumerates many highly creditable works that have been produced by Indian writers, in English, Spanish, Latin, Aztec and Mayan. Chapter 3 treats of their narrative literature; 4, Didactic; 5, Oratorical; 6, Poetical; 7, Dramatic; and in conclusion Dr. Brinton says that his object is to engage in the preservation and publication of the work of native American authors the interest of scholarly men, of learned societies, of enlightened governments, etc., throughout the world. He says: "The languages of America, and the literary productions in those languages, have every whit as high a claim on the attention of European scholars as have the venerable documents of Chinese lore, the mysterious cylinders of Assyria, or the painted and figured papyri of the Nilotic tombs."

POEMS IN PROSE. By Ivan Tourguéneff. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co.

The collective title of those small but brilliant scintillations from the genius of him who may be truly called the incarnate genius of Russia, is

the happy after-thought of their author, who at first had designated them "Senilia,"—the fruits of his old age. Each tiny creation is perfect in itself; there is no suggestion of a gathering together of chips and experimental fragments from the workshop of the artist. Some of the compositions hardly seem well fitted by the appellation of poems; but if creative imagination, a vision definite and flawlessly clear, direct simplicity of utterance, emotional intensity held in restraint, unity and symmetry of design, and ever present consciousness of the supremacy of the spirit of beauty, of the law of art, suffice to make a poem, then to most of them the name does rightly apply. Where will one find idyls more exquisite than "The Village," and "The Nymphs?" The latter may almost be set as the final expression of that yearning toward the "glad Greeks" which goes out continually from these self-conscious and self-sick days. We cannot help feeling a certain kinship of Tourguéneff's genius, as it finds expression here to the spirit which reaches us and fertilizes us through the work of Maurice de Guérin, unlike as were these two men in their major characteristics. The prose-poems are so widely dissimilar in subject, in treatment, and in fashion of mind, that it injures their effect to read them continuously. Their author himself said of them:—"The reader must not skim over these poems in prose one after the other; that would probably tire him, and he would soon cast the book aside. But let him read each one separately,—one to-day, another to-morrow, and then perhaps one or more of them may sink into his soul and bear fruit." Next to such a limpid stream of loving description as "The Village," comes the naked strength of the soul-appalling sketch called "The Old Woman," which cannot be remembered without a shiver. Beside the titanic imagination, the immeasurable calm, of the "Dialogue" between the Jungfrau and the Finsteraarhorn, we find the biting sarcasm of "The Blockhead," or the simple pathos of "Mascha." Here is surely infinite variety, and almost infinite riches in little room. The translation is for the most part unaffected and direct, though here and there is a tendency to expansion, and to a species of grandiloquence utterly foreign to Tourguéneff's style.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

IRVING'S VISIT.

MR. HENRY IRVING and his company have come and gone. They received what he himself described as "a right royal Canadian welcome." There can be no question that for sheer adequacy in every particular which goes to make up a perfect performance, nothing even approaching to that of "The Merchant of Venice," given last Friday, has ever been witnessed in this city. The nearest approach to it was that of "Julius Caesar," at the Royal Opera House some years ago, with Messrs. Davenport, Lawrence Barrett, F. B. Warde, and Collier in the principal parts. No play ever put upon the stage lends itself more readily to legitimate spectacular and ictorial devices than "The Merchant of Venice"; and of this advantage Mr. Irving's genius for stage management has availed itself to the utmost.

If the setting was worthy of Shakspeare's great dramatic poem, the acting was no less so. From the most difficult parts down to the smallest there was not one weak exponent. It is a pleasure of no common order merely to hear the English language spoken as it is by the members of Mr. Irving's company,—the voices of the men, rich, manly, and ringing; those of the women soft, sweet, and musical; and the elocution of both, clear, simple, natural, and unforced. The only conspicuous offender in this particular is Mr. Irving himself, his natural voice being somewhat heavy and muffled in tone, and his elocution at times verging on the fantastic.

The "Merchant of Venice" has been selected for special notice here not because it was more perfectly presented than the other plays produced, but because it was by far the finest given, and the only one which allowed the stage management to display its immense resources, and gave the company an opportunity to show its full histrionic strength. The other plays given were Mr. Lewis's "Bells," a dramatization of Erckmann and Chatrean's story of "The Polish Jew;" "The Belle's Stratagem," of Mrs. Cowley, compressed into two acts; Mr. W. G. Wills's "Charles I.;" and Casimir Delavigne's fine play, "Louis XI.," as adapted into English by that consummate master of stage business and dramatic dialogue, Mr. Dion Boucicault. Each and all of these were produced with the same histrionic power, the same careful regard to the minutest details, the same earnest desire for truth in local and historic colour. In "The Bells," where the scene is laid in the house of a burgomaster in Alsace in the beginning of the present century, the quaint, old-fashioned furniture, the antiquated box-stove with its rickety stove-pipe, and the general rather unlovely surroundings sufficiently evinced the determination of the management not to sacrifice truth and realism to mere stage glitter. Even in the other plays, which allowed more scope for scenic display, there was the same manifest desire not to step outside the path of nature, but to give a faithful representation of the reality.

Of Mr. Irving's acting so much has been written that there is little left to say. Mannerisms he has, no doubt. To his queer elocution at times, there is added a curiously stilted gait. The actors, however, who have been free from mannerisms are few in number; and when the world gets hold of that rare prize—a really great actor—it is only too glad to accept him, mannerisms and all, to care to make very much out of trifling blemishes. That Henry Irving is a great actor, those at least who saw his *Louis XI.* can have no particle of doubt. A more terrible display of ghastly realism has surely never been witnessed on any stage. To make it endurable the author apparently felt himself obliged to resort to the same artifice as that adopted by Shakspeare in his *Richard III.*, that is, to lighten

it up with flashes of grim humour. Here, at any rate, Mr. Irving's mannerisms totally disappear. So completely is his identity sunk in that of the character portrayed, that it is at first difficult to recognize the actor. In place of a man of vigorous vitality in the prime of life, we have a poor, feeble wretch, who, notwithstanding occasional flashes of pristine strength, is tottering on the verge of the grave—a miserable creature, with blanched face, sunken cheeks, toothless; with bent back, shrunken frame, and tottering limbs; the hands, even, attenuated and bony, with the fingers—at times of momentary doubt—lifted to scratch the right temple or cheek, and—at other times, when some specially diabolical piece of cruelty is being hatched—spread out like the claws of a vulture. The voice and manner of speech also are changed. Instead of being slow and measured, they are now quick, irritable, waspish, or brief with epigrammatic gibe. The inner character of the man is portrayed with a verisimilitude equally startling. His utter selfishness, his duplicity, his low cunning, his suspicion of every one around him—even of his own son—his craven fear of death, his grovelling superstition, his loathsome cruelty and still more loathsome hypocrisy, his spasms of semi-maniacal terror when confronted by his dread enemy, De Nemours, dagger in hand; all these and more, together with the final death-scene, combine to make up a characterization which, for fearful and appalling realism and power, has certainly never been matched on the Toronto stage. And what makes the impersonation still more wonderful is, that there is a vein of kingly majesty running through it all, which never lets the spectator forget that the man before him is the monarch of a great kingdom.

Next to *Louis XI.* the part most characteristic of Mr. Irving is *Matthias* in "The Bells." Unlike *Louis XI.*, however, of whom so complete and striking a portrait is given by Casimir Delavigne (and by Scott, also, in "Quentin Durward"), *Matthias* is not a man individualized, so much as a personification of one particular emotion—criminal fear. Besides this, only one other quality goes to make up the character—love for his wife and daughter. It is in the final act, with its harrowing dream, the shock of which brings about the death of *Matthias*, that Mr. Irving finds his opportunity, and it is needless to say that he makes the most of it. The power displayed here is so striking that the less obvious but more subtle artistic touches which characterize the two earlier acts have hardly received the recognition which they deserve. The eager, half-fearful way—to give but a single illustration—in which, while alone, he counts over the money which is to form his daughter's dowry, gives a quite thrilling impression of the vague, ever-haunting terror with which the man's mind is possessed. The effect produced here and at other points in these two acts is precisely the same in kind as that produced by Poe in his weird stories, notably in "the Fall of the House of Usher," and in an inferior degree by Wilkie Collins in the earlier and better days which gave us his "Woman in White."

Mr. Irving's impersonation of *Shylock*, though noble and impressive, especially in the trial scene, is not very strikingly superior to others which have been witnessed; and his *Charles I.*, while regal, dignified, and pathetic, is hampered by the circumstance that the character is by no means strong in a dramatic sense. The author, in spite of his courageous efforts, and his perversions of history, has found it impossible to galvanize the weak and perfidious Stuart into a hero. The pathos, even, of the King's final parting from his children is considerably mitigated by the recollection that, in the persons of Charles II. and James II., they turned out to be about the most worthless sovereigns that ever sat upon the English throne.

Of Mr. Irving's company we have already intimated our opinion that it is by far the finest that has ever visited Toronto. Miss Ellen Terry, the leading lady, is altogether the most delightful actress we have had here since Neilson was last among us. She does not possess quite the same emotional and tragic force as her dead rival, but in brilliant comedy she is fully her peer. In *Portia* she had a noble part, and it was worthily filled. No figure brighter or more beautiful has ever fitted across our stage. In *Queen Henrietta* and *Letitia Hardy* she was equally good, though of course in different ways. Of the rest of the support it is possible to particularize only two or three of the more important. Mr. Terris was superb both as *Basanio* and as *De Nemours*. In the latter character, the fearful scene with the king was acted by him with such magnificent power as fairly to carry the house off its feet, and he was twice recalled after the fall of the curtain. The *Antonio* of Mr. Wenman and the *Prince of Morocco* of Mr. Mead were equally fine; and Mr. Tyars gave a very vigorous and natural rendering of *Cromwell*; and as *President of the Court* in the dream scene of "The Bells," when impeaching the miserable *Matthias*, his solemn tones reverberated through the Court as though they had been the voice of doom.

MISS TERRY had her first toboggan ride at the Toronto Tobogganing Club's weekly meet on Saturday last, and expressed herself delighted with the experience.

MADAME MODJESKA will not play in America next season. She is booked to sail to Europe in June. Her engagements there cover a period of two years, and take her as far as St. Petersburg.

"PRINCESS IDA" is not an unqualified success in New York. The critics are divided as to its merits, the general opinion being unfavourable—that it does not sustain the reputation of its joint composers.

HENRY IRVING'S two sons have been distinguishing themselves at Leigh Vicarage, Tunbridge, in tableaux and recitations, particularly in the "School for Scandal." Henry playing *Joseph Surface*, and his brother Lawrence *Charles Surface*, both showing talent, which evidently "runs in the family."

At the Toronto College of Music on Friday evening, Mr. J. Davenport Kerrison gave his second lecture, which dealt with Haydn and Mozart. The lecture was particularly interesting, and received illustrations when necessary by the aid of the piano. After the lecture Mr. Kerrison played the first sonatas of Haydn, and from Mozart the Symphony in G minor. Especially fine was his rendering of this beautiful symphony, and the exquisite sonatas two and four. The next lecture will be upon Beethoven.

MR. DION BOUCICAULT met with flattering receptions and, what is more to the point, full houses on his three days visit to the Toronto Grand Opera House last week. Mr. Boucicault has been so long before the public that this was not wonderful, though probably the announcement that his daughter Miss Nina Boucicault was to play "Moya" to her father's "Conn" was the means of drawing many to see "The Shaughraun" again. Seeing that Miss Boucicault only recently made her *debut* at the Louisville Opera House, it would be manifestly unfair to pass any opinion upon her as an actress, and it will be sufficient only to wish her every success in her profession.

THE concert given by the Toronto Quartette Club on Thursday evening last, at the rooms of Messrs. Mason & Risch, was a treat to lovers of fine music. The Beethoven quartette in E-flat major, was executed with brilliancy and expression. Sympathetic and delicate was the rendering of the D minor quartette of Schubert. Mrs. Petley's singing of Schubert's appealing "Ave Maria" cannot be too much commended. Her voice was exquisitely rich and pure in tone, her interpretation was faithful, her vocalizing artistic. In the more unimpassioned music of "The Violet," both her voice and her rendering were much less effective. Mr. Jacobsen's violin solo displayed fine technical skill, and was received enthusiastically. In the earlier part of it he was a trifle defective in his management of the upper notes of the highest string, which lacked precision and acquired a slight bluntness of tone.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE leading British reviews and quarterlies are all to be regularly reprinted in this country by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company.

AMONG mementos left by Wendell Phillips are two canes formerly carried, one by Charles Sumner and the other by Daniel O'Connell.

BRINSLEY RICHARDS is engaged on an answer to "John Bull and His Island." He gives a description of France and a characterization of its people.

THE British Museum possesses the only authentic manuscript of Raphael, the manuscript being a sonnet written on a sheet containing sketches for some of the figures in the "Dispute of the Sacrament," which was painted in the Vatican about the year 1508.

WE believe that we may count on a new volume of poems from Mr. Browning this season. It will probably be of the same size as his late volumes—"Jocoseria," "Dramatic Idyls," etc.—but will differ from these in being a continuous poem, though in separate short flights.

THE publication of a new weekly, to be named *Exchange and Mart* is contemplated by a lady in Toronto. It is intended to run it on similar lines to the London *Bazaar*, as a medium for exchanging or selling articles for which subscribers to the new venture have no further use or need.

BOSTON has now another new weekly journal, edited by Howard M. Ticknor, and published and managed by Cyrus A. Page. It is called *The Beacon*, and will be devoted to literature in that comprehensive sense which includes personal paragraphs, art news, literary intelligence, sermons, satirical cartoons. February 16 is the date of the first publication.

It is known that George Cruikshank was engaged for years before his death on his autobiography, for the illustration of which he executed no less than fifty etchings on glass. This interesting mass of material was entrusted to Dr. Richardson of London, to give to the world in a complete form; but it is said that "pressure of business" prevents that gentleman from executing the task, and there is considerable feeling shown by Cruikshank's friends on the subject.

SUGGESTED, no doubt, by Messrs Blackwood & Sons enterprise, "Ancient Classics for English Readers," the Messrs. Trubner, of London, are about to issue a series of volumes illustrating the literatures of the principal nations of the East, under the general title of "Eastern Classics for Western Readers." The first series will be devoted to Indian Literature, under the editorship of a well-known Sanskrit scholar, and will consist of manuals of, The Veda, The Drama, The Fable, Proverbs, Lyrics and Epics. The second series, if the first be successful, is to deal with Asiatic and Russian, and the third, with Chinese and Japanese literature. The price of each volume, it is announced, is not to exceed five shillings sterling.

THE Springfield *Republican* says: "One of Matthew Arnold's unexpected remarks in this country was that he had not learned enough of America to write a book about it. He has changed his mind, and word is cabled from London that he will publish his 'Impressions of America' along with the lectures which he delivered here. His publishers might append this rhyme from *Punch* to the lecturer's remarks about the saving qualities of the 'remnant':—

"Who shall be sure that he's in this minority?
So that he's truly among the elect.
Let him dissent from all men in authority,
Scoffing at everything others respect.
That's how the ethical trick can be done—
Matthew's minority's just Number One!"

ONTARIO INDUSTRIAL LOAN AND INVESTMENT CO., LIMITED.

The third annual general meeting of the Shareholders of this Company was held at its offices on Thursday, the 21st day of February, at one o'clock, p.m. The President, David Blain, Esq., occupied the chair, and Mr. J. Gormley, the Managing Director, acted as Secretary. There were present also a large number of Shareholders both from the country and city. The President read the following

REPORT.

To the Shareholders of the Ontario Industrial Loan and Investment Company:

The Directors beg to submit for your information the following report of the business of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1883, with the financial statements, duly audited. The subscribed capital at that date amounted to \$472,900.00, on which had been paid \$220,796.22; the balance of the authorized capital still unsubscribed (\$27,100) represents that portion of the allotment made at the close of last year, which, not having been taken up within the prescribed time, reverted to the Company. The item of \$213,977.35 represents the amount actually invested in real estate, inclusive of \$20,000 already expended on the Arcade Building; the item of \$72,394.17 mentioned in the Balance Sheet represents loans made by the Company on real estate mortgages, showing an increase over the amount so invested at 31st December, 1882, of \$26,353.53; the item of \$28,691.35 represents loans made on personal security additionally secured by collaterals. The real estate and other securities of the Company have been carefully inspected and examined by a special committee appointed for that purpose. Reference to the "Profit and Loss" account will show the net profits for the year (after deducting the expenses of management) to have been \$24,179.05, out of which two half-yearly dividends, at the rate of eight per cent. per annum, have been declared, amounting to \$16,327.02. The Directors recommend the placing of \$7,000 to the "Reserve Fund," and the carrying forward of the balance to the credit of Profit and Loss Account. The profits on sales of real estate as shown amount to \$13,309.60; this, while not quite realizing the anticipations of the Directors formed at the beginning of the year, may (taking into consideration the almost universal inactivity of the real estate market) be considered satisfactory. Although for a while unavoidably delayed, building operations on the "Arcade" are now progressing favourably. Numerous applications for accommodation have been received, and the prospects of the success of the enterprise are most encouraging.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

D. BLAIN, President.

J. GORMLEY, Managing Director.

The following statements were also laid before the meeting:—

GENERAL BALANCE SHEET.

LIABILITIES.		
Capital stock paid up	\$220,796 22
Deposits	64,332 81
Sundry accounts payable	608 75
Dividend No. 5, payable 2nd January, 1884	8,663 64
Reserve fund, as at 1st January, 1883	\$20,000 00
Added this year	7,000 00
Profit and loss account, carried forward	27,000 00
		2,783 62
		\$324,475 04
ASSETS.		
Real estate	\$342,648 88
Less remaining on mortgage	128,671 53
		213,977 35
Loans, mortgages	72,394 17
Loans, bills receivable, and collaterals	28,691 35
Interest accrued	1,517 93
		102,603 45
Cash in bank	6,375 41
Cash on hand	128 74
		6,504 15
Office furniture	111 68
Sundry accounts and rents receivable	1,278 41
		\$324,475 04
PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.		
Dr.		
To cost of management	\$4,231 30
Interest paid bank and depositors	3,241 95
Net profits for year	\$24,179 05
Add balance at credit from last year	1,931 59
		\$28,110 64
Appropriated and proposed to be appropriated as follows:—		
To Dividend No. 4, at 8 per cent. per annum, paid 3rd July, 1883	\$7,663 89
Dividend No. 5, at 8 per cent. per annum, payable 2nd Jan., 1884	8,663 64
Added to reserve fund	7,000 00
Carried forward to credit of profit and loss account	2,783 62
		26,110 64
		\$33,589 89
Cr.		
By Balance at credit 1st January, 1883	\$3,447 59
Less voted to President, Directors and Auditors	1,516 00
		\$1,931 59
Interest on investments, loans, real estate, rents, etc.	16,889 27
Interest accrued	1,479 43
Profits on sales of real estate	13,309 60
		\$33,589 89

AUDITORS' REPORT.

We hereby certify that we have audited the books of the company for the year ending 31st December, 1883, and find the above statements to be correct as shown thereby. We have also examined the securities and vouchers relating thereto, and have found them in good order.

Toronto, 12th February, 1884.

CHARLES B. PETRY, } Auditors.
JOHN PATON, }

The President, in moving the adoption of the report, gave a short resume of the business of the company and its continued success since its organization.

Mr. E. H. Duggan, the First Vice-President, seconded the resolution, and briefly referred to the investments of the Company, notably the Arcade.

The motion was carried unanimously.

The usual vote of thanks having been passed to the president, directors and management, the meeting proceeded to elect ten directors to serve for the ensuing year.

At the close of the poll the scrutineers, Messrs. L. Bolster and W. H. Best, declared the following gentlemen elected:—D. Blain, Esq.; E. H. Duggan Esq.; Jas. Langstaff, Esq., M. D.; C. B. Robinson, Esq.; James Robinson, Esq.; John Harvie, Esq.; John J. Cook, Esq.; A. McLean Howard, Esq.; Alfred Baker, Esq., M.A., and James Gormley, Esq. The meeting then adjourned.

At a subsequent meeting of the Board David Blain, Esq., was re-elected President, and E. H. Duggan, Esq., and Jas. Langstaff, Esq., M.D., Vice-Presidents.

BRITISH AMERICAN ASSURANCE COMPANY.

The annual general meeting of the shareholders of this company was held in the company's offices, Front street, on Wednesday, the 20th inst., the Governor, Mr. Morison in the chair. Present: Messrs. J. Morison, H. R. Forbes, H. S. Northrop, John Lyman, T. R. Wood, John Leys, George Boyd, J. Y. Reid, W. J. Macdonell, W. S. Lee, E. H. Rutherford, C. C. Baines, A. Meyers, Barlow Cumberland, G. M. Kinghorn, Rev. J. Douse, S. J. Vankoughnet, O. Gilpin, Alexander Mills, Dr. H. Robinson, Alexander Smith, W. A. Sims, and others. Mr. W. J. Frederick acted as secretary. Minutes of last meeting were confirmed. The annual report and statement were read by the secretary.

REPORT.

The Directors beg to submit the annual statement of this Company's assets and liabilities, ending the 31st December, 1883. The Directors regret that the business of the past year business of fire and marine insurance in Canada and the United States has not been satisfactory. The aggregate loss among the various companies, in fire alone, in these countries, has been estimated at over (103) one hundred and three million dollars, a far greater waste-ratio than has occurred for years. The Directors are assured the stockholders will share with them the pleasure they feel to know that this company's liabilities with English companies, under certain treaties in Europe and other foreign countries, have been greatly reduced. The Directors look with confidence for a more satisfactory business for the year just entered upon, on account of increased rates having been established in many parts of the country.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

J. MORISON, Governor.

SILAS P. WOOD, Secretary.

Toronto, 20th February, 1884.

STATEMENT OF ASSETS AND LIABILITIES AT THE 31st DECEMBER, 1883.

ASSETS.		
Cash in hand and in banks	\$39,547 90
Debentures and mortgage on real estate	67,395 58
Bills receivable	17,874 39
Agents' balances	59,191 87
Real Estate	90,000 00
Bank and other dividends paying stock	81,270 30
United States bonds and special deposits	756,620 80
Office furniture	11,590 44
		\$1,123,491 00
LIABILITIES.		
Capital stock	\$500,000 00
Losses under adjustment	116,557 40
Dividend No. 79 (balance)	2,455 33
" " 80	25,000 00
Sundry accounts payable	7,943 44
Balance	471,524 83
		\$1,123,491 00
PROFIT AND LOSS.		
Fire losses	\$368,814 58
Marine losses	46,197 43
Commission and charges	257,000 26
Re-assurance	65,269 78
Unsettled losses	110,717 40
Balance	11,238 52
		\$859,297 97
Premiums received—Fire Department	\$718,245 52
Premiums received—Marine	86,931 99
Interest on investments	40,717 43
Increase in value of investments	11,888 11
Rent account	1,514 87
		\$859,297 97
SURPLUS FUND.		
Dividend No. 79	\$25,000 00
" No. 80	25,000 00
Balance	471,524 83
		\$521,524 83
Balance from last statement	\$510,286 31
Profit and loss	11,238 52
		\$521,524 83
RE-INSURANCE LIABILITY.		
Balance at credit of surplus fund	\$471,524 83
Reserve to re-insure outstanding risks	298,333 57
		\$173,191 46

AUDITORS' REPORT.

To the Directors of the British America Assurance Company:

GENTLEMEN—We beg to report that we have carefully audited the books and accounts of the Company up to and including the thirty-first of December last. The vouchers and securities have also been examined and found to agree with the statement, and balance hereto annexed.

R. R. CATHRON, R. C. FITZGERALD, Auditors.

Toronto, Feb. 15th, 1884.

Moved by the Governor, seconded by Deputy-Governor, "That the report now read be adopted and printed for distribution among the shareholders." Carried.

Moved by Mr. E. H. Rutherford, seconded by Mr. W. J. Macdonell, "That the thanks of the shareholders are due, and are hereby tendered to the Governor, Deputy-Governor, and Directors of this Company for their attention to the interests of the Company during the past year." Carried.

Moved by Mr. John Lyman, seconded by Mr. A. Meyers: "That Messrs. W. S. Lee, W. J. Macdonell, and C. C. Baines be appointed scrutineers for taking the ballot for directors to serve during the ensuing year, and that the poll be closed as soon as five minutes shall have elapsed without a vote being taken." Carried.

The following is the scrutineers report:

We, the undersigned scrutineers, appointed at the annual meeting of the British America Assurance Company, on the twentieth day of February, 1884, declare the following gentlemen unanimously elected Directors: Messrs. John Morrison, H. R. Forbes, Hon. Wm. Cayley, H. S. Northrop, Geo. Boyd, J. Y. Reid, John Leys, Henry Taylor, and G. M. Kinghorn.

WALTER S. LEE, C. C. BAINES, W. J. MACDONELL, Scrutineers.

Moved by Mr. Barlow Cumberland, seconded by S. J. Vankoughnet: "That the thanks of the shareholders be presented to the scrutineers, and that they be paid the sum of five dollars each." The meeting then adjourned.

At a meeting of the board, Mr. John Morison was re-elected Governor, and Mr. H. R. Forbes Deputy-Governor.

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FOR PRICES and CONDITIONS OF SALE and all information with respect to the purchase of Lands, apply to JOHN H. McTAVISH, Land Commissioner, Winnipeg. By order of the Board. CHARLES DRINKWATER, Secretary.

THE FEBRUARY MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY

CONTENTS.

FRONTISPICE. Portrait of George W. Lane, late President of the New York Chamber of Commerce. From a photograph.

OUR TWENTY-ONE PRESIDENTS. George Cary Eggleston. I. The First Ten—Washington to Tyler. Illustrations: Portrait (rare) of Washington—Portrait of John Adams (executed in London in 1783)—Portrait of Jefferson—Portrait of Madison—Portrait of Monroe—Portrait of John Quincy Adams—Portrait of Jackson—Portrait of Van Buren—Portrait of Harrison—Portrait of John Tyler.

THE HOUSES OF THE MOUND BUILDERS. Cyrus Thomas, Ph. D. With an illustration. TRIBUTE TO GEORGE W. LANE, late President of the New York Chamber of Commerce. Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D.

THE GRISWOLD FAMILY OF CONNECTICUT. I. Professor Edward E. Salisbury. An exhaustive sketch—historical, biographical and genealogical—showing the part taken in public affairs by various members of this notable family during successive generations from the beginnings of settlement in Connecticut. Fresh information from English and other sources adds greatly to the interest and value of the contribution. It will be completed in March.

ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS. Sir Henry Clinton's Original Secret Record of Private Daily Intelligence. Contributed by Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet. Introduction and Notes by Edward F. De Lancey. Chapter V. (Begun in October.)

MINOR TOPICS. Letter from Lyon Gardiner Tyler—Cavalry Fights with the Comanches. NOTES. A Wall Street Incident—Historic Silver—Funeral Expenses in the Olden Times—Mrs. Volkert P. Douw.

QUERIES. Washington Buttons, illustrated—De Wolf—U. S. Ensign. REPLIES. Is it the First American Coin?—Colonel David Crockett—Lafayette's Regrets.

SOCIETIES. New York Historical Society—Maine Historical Society—Buffalo Historical Society—Wisconsin Historical Society—Rhode Island Historical Society—Chicago Historical Society—New England Historic, Genealogical Society—Massachusetts Historical Society.

BOOK NOTICES. Library of Aboriginal American Literature. No. III. The Guegience, a Comedy Ballet, edited by Dr. Brinton—The Lord is My Shepherd, the Twenty-third Psalm, in Song and Sonnet, by Rev. Dr. Wm. C. Richards—Memorial of John Farmer, A.M., by Le Bosquet—Archives of Maryland, edited by William Hand Browne—Maryland in the Beginning, by Neill—Appleton's Guide to Mexico, by Conkling—Autobiography and Letters of Orville Dewey, by Mary E. Dewey—The Andover Review.

"The matter furnished in this periodical is valuable for all time, as presenting historical facts not accessible in books of history. The illustrations and papers are of the finest, and the numbers during a year make two elegant bound volumes."—The Indianapolis Journal.

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WHAT IS CATARRH ?

From the Mail (Can.) Dec. 15.

Catarrh is a muco-purulent discharge caused by the presence and development of the vegetable parasite ameba in the internal lining membrane of the nose. This parasite is only developed under favourable circumstances, and these are—Morbid state of the blood, as the blighted corpuscle of uerlebe, the germ poison of syphilis, mercury, toxin from the retention of the effeted matter of the skin, suppressed perspiration, badly ventilated sleeping apartments, and other poisons that are germinated in the blood. These poisons keep the internal lining membrane of the nose in a constant state of irritation, ever ready for the deposit of the seeds of these germs, which spread up the nostrils and down the fauces, or back of the throat, causing ulceration of the throat; up the eustachian tubes, causing deafness; burrowing in the vocal cords, causing hoarseness; usurping the proper structure of the bronchial tubes, ending in pulmonary consumption and death.

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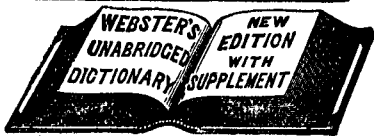
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