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Per year, post paid.

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A MONTHLY
REVIEW

THE BYSTANDER

OF

CURRENT EVENTS

CANADIAN AND GENERAL.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
The Tariff Question	377	European Affairs	391
The Attitude of Our Government ..	379	The Potato Blight in Ireland ..	392
The Report of a Dissolution ..	380	Lord Coleridge on Journalism ..	392
Surrendering to the Papacy ..	381	The Cession of Heligoland ..	393
The Commercial Situation ..	382	The Spread of Socialism ..	394
The Exodus	384	The Criminal Class	396
Mortgage Debt in Ontario ..	385	Electrocution	397
Salaries and Nepotism	386	Anglophobia	398
Libel Suits	387	John Henry Newman	400
High Schools	387	John Ruskin	402
General Middleton's Address ..	388	Prof. Corson on Shakespeare ..	404
Mutiny in England	390	Literary Journalism in Ontario ..	407

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THE BYSTANDER.

SEPTEMBER, 1890.

IN the fiscal region the clouds, heavy as they look, are decidedly breaking, both here and in the United States. At the time of our writing the McKinley Bill seems sure to pass, possibly with a breach in its principle made by the reduction of the duty on barley. But to buy its passage, its framers have been compelled virtually to abandon the Force Bill, and they would hardly have deemed that compromise necessary if they had not known that the obstruction with which the Democrats threatened their Tariff Bill would have had public opinion to back it. Before the McKinley Bill left the House for the Senate it had been seriously scarred by the protest of Mr. Butterworth which drew forth expressions of sympathy from all parts of the Union. Mr. Blaine, the Republican chief, is declaring for the principle of Reciprocity, and is at open war with the hoggish monopolism of Mr. Reed. He applies his principle at present only to the relations with the South American Republics, but the McKinleyites see plainly enough that in its scope it comprehends all quarters of the compass. Mr. Blaine is not a manufacturer, and he is the shrewdest, if not the most scrupulous, man of his party. He discerns that the game of keeping alive war-passions for the purpose of sustaining the war-tariff approaches its end, and that when it comes to wasting surplus revenue in pensions, to the extent of a hundred and thirty millions a year, besides squandering other public money, for the purpose of staving off reduction, the sufferance of the people is likely to be pretty well ex-

hausted. The McKinley Bill was not directed against Canada: it was an attempt to give the American farmer an apparent interest in protection, and it is a proof of consciousness on the part of its framers that the farmer, slow as is his intelligence and fast-set as he is in his party lines, begins to see through the fraud which has long been practised on him, and to suspect that he is paying for the manufacturer's gains. Among the leading manufacturers themselves, some, we are assured, are becoming aware that the system cannot last, and will subscribe to the bribery fund no more. Mr. Dawes, the Massachusetts Senator, declares for free iron and coal. New England, her monopoly having been fatally infringed by other States, both West and South, whose competition the monopolist likes just as little as that of the foreigner, is now herself coming to reason, and it would not be surprising to see her before long pass over openly to the side of Free Trade. Under the heading "light from Kansas," American journals are reproducing a remarkable editorial from the *Champion*, a leading journal of Kansas, which is the banner Republican State. The *Champion* formally avows its conversion to Tariff Reform and its renunciation of Protection, which it has hitherto supported, but which it finds to be a fraud, enriching the East only by impoverishing the West. Wherever you turn in the United States you find signs of a movement of opinion. Cleveland, it should be remembered, though he missed the Presidency, had a popular majority over Harrison, and it was only bad tactics on his part, combined with a lavish use of money in corruption by the monopolists, that prevented his re-election. Yes, the clouds are breaking: the night of monopoly is far spent; the day of liberation is at hand. It is the day of liberation for industry as well as for commerce; for how without the free disposal of the products of industry can industry itself be free? We repeat that the McKinley Bill is a measure of internal policy, not of hostility to Canada, while Mr. Hitt's Resolution pointing to Commercial Union, though its progress has been blocked by other business, is so far from

having been laid aside that the framer looks forward to pushing it, as soon as he has the opportunity, with full confidence in its ultimate success.

—Our own Protectionist Government has been confronted by the same necessity as the McKinleyites, and has met it in the same way. The farmer here, as in the United States, is beginning to see through the imposture and to perceive that he is the sheep whom everybody is shearing. Something must be done to make him think that he has an interest in Protection. In the Tariff Act there was a standing offer to the Americans of reciprocity in natural products. This, and the avowal of principle which it embodies, are now shamelessly thrown over and farm products are subjected to protective duties in the pretended interest of the farmer. Nothing more than this somersault was needed to show that the object of the Government in its fiscal policy is party victory, not the material welfare of the people. Thus politicians play their game and the people pay for it. Protectionism itself was adopted by Sir John Macdonald and Sir Charles Tupper manifestly from a political motive. Both of them were for Reciprocity till after the election of 1878. Sir John Macdonald's watchword was Reciprocity of Trade or Reciprocity of Tariffs, implying that he was for Reciprocity of Trade if he could get it. Up to the time of the election he expressly disclaimed Protection, declaring that his policy was not Protection but Re-adjustment. He embraced Protection only when he saw, or thought that he saw, that the manufacturers' vote and the manufacturers' funds would carry elections for him and keep him in power. He will go into the next contest with great advantages on his side; with the influence of a party long entrenched in office, and with an election fund swelled not only by manufacturers' subscriptions, contracts, government grants for works, and such aid as he may draw from the C. P. R., but by the subsidies to Provinces, which a fatal blunder in our

Constitution permits, and of which promises will no doubt be lavishly held forth. But Tariff Reform has in its favour, we feel assured, a great preponderance of opinion as well as the manifest interest of the community. If the people can only be got in any tolerable measure to vote as they think, Dagon will come down.

—A belief prevails that the next session at Ottawa will be early and short, and that it will at once be followed by a dissolution, the Prime Minister thinking that the time has come again for snapping a verdict. Perhaps he deems the moment favourable while the irritation caused by the McKinley Bill is fresh and before the pressure of that measure and of his own equally noxious policy has been felt. We heartily concur in the protest which some of our contemporaries are raising, and which we have ourselves more than once raised, against this abuse of the prerogative of dissolution. It is a manifest violation of popular right, the Constitution having empowered the people to elect their representatives for a term of five years; it is destructive of the independence of Parliament, which is thus made to sit with the sword of a penal dissolution always hanging over its head; and it may be employed to perpetuate in power, by tricky trading on circumstances comparatively accidental, a Government which has lost the settled confidence of the country. Parliament, unless close to the end of its legal term, ought to be dissolved only when a constitutional crisis renders it impossible to carry on the Government without an appeal to the people. Such is still the doctrine of the best constitutional authorities even in England where the restraining force of tradition and the more responsible character of the statesmen would make an unlimited power of dissolution less dangerous than it is here. In spite of all the vaunts of democracies about their freedom, their servility is sometimes astounding. Let the power of intrigue or corruption once get them down and it may do pretty much what it likes with

them. Is it not enough that a Prime Minister should be allowed to fill one branch of the Legislature with his personal retainers, and virtually to barter seats in it for contributions to his election fund, but the other must be reduced to a mere creature of his will by making its tenure dependent not on the law but on his pleasure? The Governor-General, it is alleged, can do nothing to guard public right: he must obey without questioning the order of his nominal servant. Such was not the view taken at all events by Sir Edmund Head. If it be the true view, we can only express our wonder that any British nobleman, when he can live in honour at home, should think it worth his while to come here merely for the purpose of lending his name and his ostensible authority as a sanction and mask for the practices of unscrupulous politicians.

—The attention of Equal Rights men is exultingly called by the Liberal allies of Ultramontaniam to the dealings of the British Government with the Pope, and especially to the announcement which is stated to have appeared that Cardinal Manning is to take rank as a matter of courtesy after the princes of the blood and before the Lord Chancellor and the Anglican Prelates. We are tauntingly asked what we have to say to this. What we have to say is that if the announcement is true the nation is dishonored. When it is remembered that the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill was always believed to have been passed specially to satisfy the indignation of the Queen herself at Papal aggression, we may measure the humiliation which the Court undergoes. We are desired at the same time to note that the British Government has accredited an envoy to the Pope, though the Pope is no longer a political sovereign. We do observe it, and we pronounce it a policy as weak as it is ignominious and a dereliction of principle, which is sure, like all derelictions of principle, to recoil upon its authors. In politics, we say once more, the name

of priest is perfidy, as all will find who seek his treacherous aid. It is a day of shame for England when she owns that to preserve order in her realm and save the Union from disruption she is fain to crave the assistance of a foreign priest. It is precisely against the policy of this sort that the friends of Equal Rights here have taken up arms, which they do not mean to lay down, let who will waver or turn tail. The wretched necessities of the British Government with its rebel Ireland are not ours. We have a word of warning to address to the quarter from which this taunting appeal comes. The leaders of the Liberal party know well that in consenting to the endowment of Jesuitism and in supporting Separate Schools they are bartering Liberal principles for the French and Catholic vote. They might at least have the grace to be silent and to abstain from forcing their apostasy upon our notice. This, prudence as well as decency enjoins on them. They are on the eve of a struggle in which they will unquestionably have to contend against formidable influences, and will need every vote they can muster. There are people who prize very highly the advantages of free trade with the Continent but who prize still more highly the great organic principles of our moral civilization; and common as indifference to principle may be, there are probably enough of these "fanatics" in not a few constituencies to turn the scale even by abstention. The worst thing that can possibly happen in the eyes of a genuine Liberal is the advent of false Liberals to power. The Equal Rights movement has triumphed in the North-West and wrested from priestly rule that realm of promise: it has no intention of dying here, however convenient to the Machinists its death might be.

—The dullest summer's business known for many years is the report of the country store-keeper, not a few of whom have had to cast the burden on their creditors, by whom debts have been compromised, sometimes in forgetfulness of the stern fact

that the overcrowded ranks will have to be thinned. Large importations from abroad, overproduction at home, and facility of bank accommodation lead to laxness in crediting and unsoundness. Had the harvest been bad there might have been a crash. Happily the harvest is good. Yet the farmer will not have much to spare. In addition to interest on mortgages, the insidious vendors of parlour organs, sewing machines, patent churns, beehives, washing machines, and notions of all kinds, willing to sell for a promissory note at a long date, have been busy and their notes have to be met before the store-bill can be paid. Shareholders in cotton mills have little reason to bless the Protection which has turned capital into unproductive channels, and English capitalists are little inclined to take such unpromising investments on their hands. At least three mills are in liquidation, and of the remaining twenty-one not more than two or three are paying dividends in spite of the combine. Combines are the order of the day. Among them are one to keep up the price of salt, one to keep up the price of agricultural implements, and one to keep up the price of imported plate glass. For the lumberman the prospect, bright in the spring, has since become dull. The lumber business is sluggish both in the home and foreign markets, and the South American field has been almost closed this year. The business is mostly in the hands of firms enriched by former operations which can tide over a dull year. Yet it cannot suffer without evil consequences to thousands engaged in this industry or dependent on it. The pressure for money has enabled the banks to employ all their available funds during the summer at good rates, and values of stocks generally have improved under the influence of a bull movement inspired by good harvest prospects and high prices for grain. The land boom in Toronto happily is over and the inflow of money from a distance has ceased. There is as yet little shrinkage in values, and speculators in suburban property, if they can afford to hold, may yet come off scatheless. The bricklayers' strike was a blessing in disguise, as it checked the speculative building. There are

too many vacant houses, but the winter influx of residents may reduce their number. If Toronto grows, however, it is at the expense of the smaller towns. We must not forget that British money has been pouring in, and its incoming, while it gives a stimulus and creates an appearance of prosperity for the time is in the end an increase of debt.

—It was not THE BYSTANDER but the Government Report which said that the value of farm property in Ontario had fallen thirty-three per cent., though we have verified the statement for ourselves and believe it to be not at all over the mark. We are told that land in New England, also, has fallen off in value, that many farms there are being deserted, and that there is a migration from those districts as well as an exodus from Canada. This is true; but the soil of much of New England was poor from the beginning and has been largely worked out, whereas the soil of Ontario is good and has been comparatively little worked out. Besides the United States do not lose the men, who only move from the Eastern to the Western parts of the country, as people are moving from the rural districts to the towns in Great Britain, whereas Canada does lose the men, and to a nation which Loyalists always describe as hostile. The emigrants, it should be observed, leave just at the age when their value is the highest, after the country has been at the expense of rearing them. A local journal finds that it has three hundred subscribers on the other side of the line, and believes that in fifteen years it must have lost a thousand in that way, while in the county in which it is published, and which is one of our choicest, population had been almost at a standstill. We commend this to the attention of Government organists when next they seek to console Ontario for its losses by pointing to those of New England. The fact is that the present system of government in this country owes its continuance in no small measure to the constant elimination of the most active and inde-

pendent spirits by the exodus, of which the policy of the Government is largely the cause. We say largely, not wholly; there are other causes at work; but the main cause, where the land is good and not worked out, is a policy which precludes the farmer from either selling or buying in the best market and at the same time prevents the development of the natural resources of the country. If our mineral wealth could be developed, the farmer would have a larger population to feed, and he would not have to pay for its creation as he has to pay for the creation of any additional number of consumers offered him by Protection. But how can the mines be worked without a market for the ore and without liberty to import machinery? "Develop our mineral resources," Restrictionists cry; as though any resources could be developed when the products cannot be sold.

—Our lively contemporary, the *Bobcaygeon Independent*, ascribes agricultural depression to mortgage debt, and describes the farmer as toiling only to feed a "privileged" and non-producing class. This language surely is strong. Whatever there may be in feudal communities, there cannot be said to be any privileged class in a community like ours. If the lists of the shareholders in the Loan Societies were published they would be found to contain people of all classes, including a good many of the farmers themselves. Nor have we many non-producers unless that term is applied, as the labour journals are apt to apply it, to all who do not work with their hands. A civilization sustained only by people who worked with their hands, our contemporary will admit, would not be high. If a man wants to improve or stock a farm and has not the money, he must borrow; and if he borrows he must pay. We believe it will be found that taking any large area the value of the properties has been increased by the money put into them far beyond the amount of the loan. Of course if the prices of produce fall and the value of the land falls with them

the weight of the debt increases in proportion, and this, we fear, is now the case. Moreover, there is danger from the redundancy of capital seeking investment in mortgage, and especially from the mass of British capital which has been pouring in of late years. The rival Loan Societies in their effort to get out their money can hardly fail sometimes to thrust it unduly on the farmer. So long as the borrower comes to the lender you are pretty safe, but when the lender solicits the borrower peril begins. So far, we believe, the number of foreclosures compared with that of loans has been very small.

—Curious inquirers have been reckoning up the salaries of the Tupper family and profess to find that the aggregate charge amounts to as much per head of the Canadian population as the cost of the British monarchy to the population per head of Great Britain! Suppose it did; if work is done and well done there is no ground for complaint. The salaries of our public servants are too low and their relationships do not add to the cost. Provided there are no illegitimate gains we may pay the regular salaries without grudging. The amount which the whole Tupper family is alleged to receive from the public is not much more than is paid to a single member of the British Cabinet. The High Commissionership in itself is we venture to think an office of doubtful utility to this country; it is a pipe through which partisan views of an extreme kind about Canada and her affairs are being always poured into the British Government and the British public. But the pay considering the expensiveness of London society is not too high. As to our official stipends, we repeat, there is no ground for complaint. What is really objectionable is the indefinite gain made by nepotistic influence or by a monopoly of backstairs business with government departments. Nor is it well that the son of a Minister, and of a Minister of Railways, should be in receipt of a large salary from a railway which is an applicant to the Government for legislative favour. Wages we

should be glad to see reasonably raised, if we could be sure that other emoluments would be foregone.

—Mr. John King pleads for the better protection of journals against vexatious libel suits brought by irresponsible plaintiffs. His plea is just, though libel unfortunately is not the only legal field in which we are exposed to litigation at the hands of people who cannot pay the costs. But there is also something to be said on behalf of those whose reputation is exposed to the attacks of journalists trading in libel and enabled to defy its penalties by their lack both of character and of cash. People need not greatly tax their memory to recall flagrant instances of this kind in our own community. It is said that such libels may be safely treated with contempt. General abuse may be safely treated with contempt; but it is doubtful whether a specific charge can: it is remembered and repeated when its source is forgotten. Citizens have a right to reputation, and that right is at present not in all cases effectually guarded. Perhaps to guard it effectually in the case of public men, so long as a jury is the tribunal, would hardly be possible. One of the most eminent of Canadian judges was heard to say that in the trial of a libel suit brought by a party politician, no efforts of the presiding judge could secure justice against appeals to the political prejudice of the jury. The result of a system which morally constrains the plaintiff in a libel suit to go into the witness box too commonly is that instead of the libeller being tried for libel the man libelled is tried for his general character. A journal ought not to be allowed to bring charges without evidence, and then wring out evidence from the accused person himself by cross-examination: it ought to be compelled to make good the charges with evidence of its own. Honourable journalism would be no gainer by a lax law of libel.

—Education has been holding its summer meetings. Our parting word to it shall be, Improve the High Schools. More

than once we have expressed the conviction that at the High Schools the education of youths destined for business or ordinary callings ought as a rule to end. It is a mistake to bring on to the University any boy who has no aptitude for learning or science and there practically bid him work or be idle as he chooses, with too many chances in favour of his being idle. If we are right in this, the High School is for youths in general the finishing-place of education, and its importance and that of its headmaster are great. Improve the High Schools, get thoroughly good men for the headships and masterships, and, that the incomes may be such to draw ability, increase the fees, which are now absurdly small, to a reasonable amount, retaining perhaps a few places as bursaries for pupils from the Public Schools. Let the High Schools be perfectly organized and used as places of Secondary Education for the community at large, not, as is too much the case at present, employed merely to qualify teachers, male and female, for the Public Schools. From the Report of the recent Departmental Examinations, it would seem, that considerably over three-fourths of the candidates make use of the High Schools for the means of professional training, two-thirds of the number being women; and the same thing, we believe, happens every year.

—A perusal of General Middleton's Parting Address will we are sure convince any fair-minded reader that the General's crime was nothing worse than a blunder, the chief responsibility for which moreover rests not on the military commander but on the civil assessor whom the Government placed at his side, and whom if the members of the Parliamentary Committee had been intent on justice, they would not have failed to call before them. The indictment against the General, as his Address says, comprised four particular charges, which were put forward by Mr. Lister, M.P., as a series collectively sustaining the general charge of peculation and connivance at pillage. Of these the Committee at once dropped three, ostensibly be-

cause they had no authority to investigate them, but really knowing that there was not a shadow of ground for anyone of them; if it was authority that they wanted they might have had it by stepping across the hall. The spoil which, had the General's hasty and ill-advised order about mementoes taken effect, would have fallen to his own share was not furs to the value of \$5,000, as his traducers assert; but a fraction of one-eighth of a lot, about the value of which he could know nothing, and the whole of which probably was not worth half \$5,000. Does anybody believe that he would sully his reputation and risk professional ruin for such a piece of pelf as this? A British officer, in a country where he had few friends, some enemies, and we fear not any very good adviser, without skill in fence of tongue or pen, having his character made the sport of politicians whose motives were too apparent, was an object of natural sympathy to men who would abhor the thought of apologizing for dishonour. The politician with whom charges of corruption and malversation are the every-day weapons of party warfare, and who by familiarity has grown callous to them, hardly knows what a wound they inflict upon a soldier's breast. It is surprising that any Canadian who wears a uniform should have failed to feel for the General in the cruel position in which he was placed. The question whether the command ought to be held by an Englishman or a Canadian was perfectly irrelevant and its introduction could only serve to pervert justice. Happily it signifies little who commands, as there is not the slightest chance of war with the only nation which would be likely to attack us on land; otherwise our troops would run no small risk of immolation on the altar of Nativism if they were to be commanded by a native general who had never seen service or perhaps handled a brigade. If there is any question about payment for the furs the responsibility surely rests upon the Government, through its agent Mr. Hayter Reed; not that anybody, so far as we can see, has very much to answer for. If a man renounces the protection of the Government and its laws by going into a rebel

camp, his goods and chattels must take their chance; and there was against Bremner, as General Middleton shows, a strong *primâ facie* case. The country will hereafter look back on this affair with anything but pride.

—There have now been three mutinies in the British army, once the paragon of discipline and duty. At the same time there have been disturbances in the English police. If the public force were to become untrustworthy utter confusion would set in, and it will be surprising if the prospect of such a catastrophe does not make even faction pause. In his eagerness to bring back the reign of the political Messiah, to which he regards any other government as an unhallowed obstacle, Mr. Gladstone has filled the country with anarchical as well as with disunionist sentiment and set the spirit of disturbance everywhere at work. People in England are beginning to compare the state of the army with that of the French army in 1789, and to fear a repetition of the same train of events. The case is not so bad as that; yet it must be owned that there are some ugly traits of similarity between the condition of England at the present hour and that of France on the eve of the great deluge. One of them is the growing hatred of all authority. Another is the levity with which people of the higher and wealthier class seem to be dabbling in revolution, and which reminds us of Philippe Egalité and the doomed triflers of his train. In the case of Philippe, vanity, the satiety of pleasure, and the desire of a new excitement were the moving causes: in the case of the English there is mingled with these perhaps an impulse of a higher kind; but the social symptom is not the less alarming. Together with mutiny there is industrial war on the largest and most menacing scale. Professional incendiaries are licensed to indulge their malignant ambition by throwing a whole section of the realm into confusion, paralysing trade, wrecking or depreciating a vast amount of property, and depriving thousands for a time of

their bread, besides breaking up social order and poisoning the heart of the community. Soon it will become a question how far society is bound to suffer its most vital interests to be the sport of agitators like these. The House of Commons adjourns after a session lost in obstruction and marked in ever-increasing measure by factious violence, disorder and even outrage. Nor is there the slightest reason for hoping that this assembly, now the depositary of supreme power and in effect the sole government of the nation, will meet again in any better temper or more fitted to legislate and rule. Too little is seen anywhere of the courage of conviction: the sinew of the nation seems to have been unstrung for the time by scepticism and the failure of the beliefs on which character has hitherto been formed and action based. Hardly any man of mark, except Mr. Balfour, comes forward on either side: and when Mr. Gladstone is gone, if the Radicals win, we may see the destinies of the greatest of nations committed to Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Labouchere, and Mr. John Morley. However, there is still great store of force in England and national peril may bring it forth.

—The opinion seems to gain ground that there is a secret understanding between France and Russia. If there is, there will most likely be war, for such an understanding can have no peaceful object. On the other side will apparently be a firm union of England and Germany cemented by Lord Salisbury's diplomacy, the success of which even Home Rulers are compelled to acknowledge. With them will be Austria, thanks to the wise moderation which Bismarck knew how, on occasion, to unite with daring. From the field of Sadowa the Stephans-thurm was almost in view, and the victorious army cried, "On to Vienna!" But Bismarck at once called a halt. Having rid Germany of Austrian domination he took from Austria not a rood of land, he subjected her pride to no sort of humiliation. Thus of his defeated enemy he made at once a fast friend. If

the old hero shows less calmness than we could desire in his fall, let it be remembered that not only has he lost power but he sees his work in danger of being undone by the rashness of an unbalanced youth. To make matters worse, the youth, it seems, has now fallen under the influence of an intriguing woman, the organ of a family grudge against the statesman who, in making Germany a nation, had to discrown the King of Hanover. The young George III., Bute and the Princess Dowager cashiered Chatham, but their act has not been ratified by national gratitude.

—The sad news seems to be true that there is going once more to be a potato blight, with disease as usual in its train, over part at least of Ireland. Thus, while politicians are wrangling about their Land Tenure Bills and their Home Rule projects, the finger of nature points to the fundamental evil. The Celt is not a farmer, in the proper sense of the term, in Ireland any more than he is here. His crop is the potato, grown with little toil, the treacherous plant of indolence and thriftlessness. Upon this he heedlessly multiplies till its periodical failure brings famine. What change of land laws or political institutions can cure this? Under the same laws and institutions, with the very same political relations to Great Britain, the Teuton of Ulster is a prosperous man.

—Lord Coleridge has been fluttering the British Press by warning his friends against blind deference to the opinion of journalists. He says he has known many journalists and that if they had talked to you over a dinner table you would have thought nothing of them. The criterion is characteristic of a famous diner-out. A man may be silent or dull in company and yet be a great statesman or publicist. Lord Coleridge has an easy task in arguing that blind deference ought to be paid to the opinion of no man or journal. He may also do good by admonishing people to clear their minds of all false glamour

belonging to the editorial "We," and take the editorial for what it is worth. But he will hardly deny that used not as oracles but as helps to political thought and sources of political information the editorials of the London Press are worth a good deal. They are worth at least as much as most of the speeches in Parliament, which in truth are reproductions of the editorials. The Press has superseded Parliament as the forum of national debate. A man who reads only one paper and treats it as his oracle is a slave: in the rural districts there are still such people; but in the cities most men see two papers. Among the educated class the power of the Press, moreover, is now divided with the daily journals by the magazines. On the whole we are pretty well guarded against journalistic dictatorship. Ontario suffered from it twenty years ago: she now suffers from it no more. The serious question—one of the most serious for civilization—is, what is behind the Press? How many journals are there which are free from clandestine influences alien to the common weal? If Lord Coleridge would turn his inquiries that way he might be of great service to the State.

—The cession of Heligoland is as minute a thing of the kind as there could be, but the point of a pin suffices to prick a bladder, and the cession when it is seen to be followed by no bad consequences to the prestige any more than to the strength of England may suffice to put an end to the notion that her greatness depends on her blind and unreasoning retention of everything which by any means and under any circumstances has come into her hands. A general who, finding his lines too much extended, should make it a point of honour not to contract them would show as much good sense as those who protest in the name of national pride against the abandonment of a dependency which has ceased to be a source of strength and become a mere source of danger. What can be more ridiculous than Lord Rosebery, vapouring in the high Imperialist strain

about Heligoland while he is conspiring with Mr. Parnell and the Clan-na-Gael to break up the United Kingdom? In fact, a great deal of the exaggerated Imperialism now afloat in England is salve for the honour of those who would surrender Ireland to Parnell. They seek to delude themselves and the country by pretending that the sacrifice of union at home is to be merged in the ampler and grander union of a Confederated Empire. England has repeatedly ceded by treaties of peace conquests made in war and has been none the worse for the transaction. She has ceded two kingdoms, for her kings long bore the title Kings of France, and one of them was for a few years King of Corsica. Her strength lies in herself; her weakness lies in distant and defenceless dependencies: to this conviction when the reign of gasconade is over her statesmen will return and Heligoland will not be the last useless and exposed outpost from which they will draw back their forces to guard the heart of the Empire.

—A writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* speaks of the astonishing spread of Socialism. Every one now, he says, calls himself a Socialist. This would be startling news, and we should think that society was coming to a grand crash or to a grand transformation, if Socialism were not so equivocal a term. What the Socialist proper seeks is a forcible redistribution of property, together with a confiscation of industrial liberty, which would probably carry with it other liberty, by the State. We doubt whether there is one person among ten thousand in France or in any other country who seriously believes this to be either practicable or desirable. No man at all events can suppose that it could be brought about without the most desperate of civil wars. But the term Socialism is used in the most equivocal manner. It is applied, as we before had occasion to remark, to mere extensions of the powers of government in the field which already belongs to it. It is applied to Factory Acts, to Liquor Legislation, to sanitary

reforms, to compulsory education, and a number of other measures, not one of which, we repeat, is so Socialistic as the law requiring us to keep the seventh day as a day of rest. Each of these measures ought to be discussed on its own merits and with reference to the needs and aptitudes of the particular community. It is quite conceivable that there may still be a number of matters which can better be settled by collective than by individual action. As to this there are only two things to be said; first, that man, having after a struggle of ages against kings and priests won a certain portion of liberty and some power of self-development, we do not want to see him at once deprived of either by tyrannical philanthropists; and secondly, that before we give the State much larger powers we should like to know who is to be the State.

To talk of Christian Socialism seems absurd and somewhat Jesuitical, though the phrase was invented we believe by Frederick Maurice, one of the best and most beneficent of men. Christianity has nothing to do with Socialism. The primitive Church of Jerusalem, though its members had all things in common, was not Socialistic. It did not question the right of property. Ananias's field, as Peter told him, was his own until he chose to bring it into the common stock. Nothing is more certain than that the Church in becoming the religion of the Empire accepted the institution of property, whatever rhetorical passages against wealth or the claims of its possessor may be culled from the declamations of the Fathers. Nor were the fraternities of Monks Socialistic. They held the corporate property in common, but they maintained the right of the abbey against all outsiders. Property and liberty, with duty and charity, may be said to be the doctrine of the Christian Church, which looks to the gradual ascendancy of duty and charity over selfishness in the use of property and liberty for the social transformation which the Parisian Socialist seeks to bring about at once and by sharper instruments. So far the Church though slower in her processes may fairly be said to have been surer than the Jacobins. The Socialist proper is not

to be cajoled by the phrase Christian Socialism. He knows very well that Christianity is his enemy. It destroys his motive power by teaching that happiness is spiritual, not material, and by bidding men look forward to another life. It discredits his method by commending as the great instrument of improvement not revolution but self-reform.

—A work of some interest has just appeared on the Criminal Class by Mr. Havelock Ellis. The writer, rather in his own despite, proves that there is no such thing as a criminal class in the sense of a class by nature predestined to crime. Neither by the shape of the head, the countenance, the complexion, the size of the brain, nor by any other bodily mark, can the man who will commit crime be identified. This baffles two sets of theorists, those who, like the late Mr. Cotter Morison, propose to get rid of crime by summarily putting to death such as are disposed to it, and those who wish to treat criminals as ill-starred and irresponsible beings, objects not of righteous resentment but of pity and the tenderest care. Criminals in the main are simply people who give way to temptations which other people resist. Their progress in crime is usually gradual, which shows that they set out like other people with a moral sense over which their evil passions or propensities are by degrees allowed to prevail. Education and circumstance of course make an enormous difference and must in the eye of God indefinitely diminish guilt; but even the pupils of Fagan know that they are doing what the community condemns, otherwise they would not run away from the police. The argument against capital punishment on the ground of irresistible predisposition would be equally applicable to all punishment, and in every case alike it is met by the retort of Bishop Butler: if the murderer is but the instrument of fate so is the hangman. We are not particular about names, and if those who object to the name of justice, as implying free-will on the part of the community, prefer that of “social reaction against

crime," we are content to let them have their way, provided that social reaction against wilful murder takes the form of setting the murderer on a scaffold with a halter round his neck and suddenly withdrawing the bolt. It is a good feature at all events in the new Act of the State of New York that it transfers the keeping of the condemned in the intervals before their execution from the local to the central prison, where it is to be hoped they will not be quite so open to morning calls, donations of flowers, and other tributes of the maudlin sentimentality which, as the example of the Rousseauists teaches us, is often as little connected with real tenderness of heart as it is with good sense, and which can only pervert the mind of the criminal by masking from him his real position. If this is a moral world, genuine kindness to the condemned would lead us to let him be fully sensible of the awfulness both of his act and of its punishment, that he may prepare himself as well as he can to go before the Court of Divine Justice.

—It is commonly stated on contemporary and respectable authority that seventy thousand persons suffered the death penalty during the thirty-eight years of the reign of Henry VIII., and the statement, incredible as it seems, derives some confirmation from a document preserved by Strype, in which a justice of the peace complains of the laxity with which the law is administered in his county though forty malefactors had been put to death there in a year. Madame de Sévigné, in letters overflowing with sensibility towards people of her class, talks with revolting levity of scores of peasants hanged or broken on the wheel. The modes of execution were not less barbarous than the numbers of victims were appalling. The details of the execution of Damien for slightly wounding Louis XV. sicken the reader, yet over that hellish spectacle gloated the rank and fashion of France. We may thank Heaven at all events for the progress of humanity, even when humanity, running into humanitarianism, assumes grotesque and irrational forms.

There can be no doubt that the adoption of "electrocution," as it is called, by a name not less hideous than the thing, instead of hanging, had for its motive humanity. The result however has been a scene at once ridiculous and revolting at which, and at every incident of which, two hemispheres have looked on, for the clause of the Act forbidding the publication of details has, as might have been expected, been totally set at naught. In the days of barbarism a brutal crowd gathered to see an execution: in our more civilized days the whole community is brutalized by an elaborate report embracing not only the bodily pangs of death but the moral tortures which precede it, and which in Kemmler's case appear to have been enhanced in the attempt to relieve them by concealing from the doomed man the hour fixed for his execution. After divers experiments in the abolition of capital punishment, the world seems to have come round to the conclusion that nothing will prevent murder but the terror of death; and if this is so, there is little reason in striving to divest death of all its terrors. Any one of the ordinary modes of execution is painless compared with the modes in which murderers usually kill their victims. Kemmler had chopped a woman to pieces with a hatchet. *Que messieurs les assassins commencent.* We do not want to torture the murderers, but we need not be at such desperate pains to make their exit from life more agreeable than they make ours. When a man has been convicted of a deliberate and perhaps mercenary murder, there is a good deal to be said for the ancient practice of hanging him, provided it be done with solemnity, and that the reporters be kept under real control.

—To punish us, we suppose, for our irreverent treatment of Mr. Cabot Lodge some one sends us *The Illustrated American*, a journal of high typographical pretensions, with as laboriously venomous a libel on British character as we remember ever to have read. The paper, though styled American, and bearing on its cover the eagle screaming at the uni-

verse, shows signs of Hebrew ownership or inspiration. But this would only add to the significance of the article. The Hebrew studies the market and he finds that what suits the American market is Anglophobia. Of course he seasons high. An Englishman, according to this writer, is never really "a gentleman;" he never possesses the refinement of character, the delicacy of taste, the grace of manner and the freedom from ostentation in the use of wealth which the writer and his compatriots display. Moreover, unlike them, he is given to "making his pile and skipping," to carrying his country upon the sole of his foot. American Anglophobia is a thing the existence of which some may be ashamed to admit, but no one who knows the American Press can seriously deny. Mr. Carnegie, who affects to treat it as an illusion, himself actually feeds it by his irrational and demagogic invective against aristocratic and monarchical institutions. Though disagreeable, it is not dangerous, so long as the question is merely between Great Britain and the United States. It only makes the negotiations about the Fisheries and Behring Sea more acrimonious and tedious than they would be if Great Britain were not concerned. The danger will arise if Great Britain goes to war with any European Power, especially Russia, to which the Americans have always shown a singular and somewhat servile attachment, winking hard at Poland and Siberia, while they passed resolutions of sympathy with oppressed Ireland. Anglophobia would then too probably tempt to breaches of neutrality which a popular government would have neither the wish nor the power to control. That the most offensive manifestations of Anglophobia are not genuine expressions of American feeling, but hypocritical tributes to the Irish vote, is true; but this would not mend the matter. A war between Great Britain and Russia or France would be the opportunity of the Clan-na-Gael. It bodes ill for the success of the Peace Society that the Geneva arbitration has had little effect upon American sentiment even as regards the particular injuries for which so full an atonement was made.

—John Henry Newman, now restored by death from the Cardinalate to humanity, was a man of the highest moral and spiritual aspirations, of rare intellectual gifts, of fine sensibilities and of exquisite culture. The example and influence of a life in which these were displayed are his contributions to the store of mankind. His intellect was rather keen and subtle than powerful and robust. His training included no science, nor anything which could take the place of science, like mathematics or the critical study of history. Philosophy he had studied; but in the school of Aristotle and under strong theological influence. Thus he was well-equipped both by nature and education for literature, devotional and general, but not so well-equipped for the pursuit of truth. Truth, indeed, in the strict sense of the term, he never pursued, though he earnestly strove to attain the best system for the salvation of souls. What he set out to seek, in his "Tracts for the Times," was not truth but a basis for clerical authority independent of the State, the power of which was falling into the hands of Liberals and Dissenters. That basis he found in Apostolic Succession and the power of the Sacraments, with which he combined a vision created by his own poetic imagination, with little reference to history, of the Medieval Church. The training which he underwent in building up his Catholic theory of the English Church, propagating it and accommodating the facts of history to it, was not favourable to his intellectual veracity. It was hardly possible that any man of intellect should sincerely believe that the doctrine and ritual of a State Church, formally designated by the State as Protestant, had remained without interruption Catholic, that the Prayer Book not the Articles was the canon of doctrine, that the Articles meant the opposite of what they plainly said, and that the Reformation had been the act of the clergy and not of the Royal Will. Newman's hollow theory, of course, at last broke down under him; the more ardent of his disciples, such as Ward, pressed on to the logical conclusion; and one day he found himself on his knees before a Roman priest praying for admission to the Church to

which Apostolic Succession, the High Church view of the Sacraments, and priestly authority belonged. He took the step as we suspect reluctantly; for he could hardly fail to enjoy his brilliant leadership of the Tractarian party and probably had a vision of the Church of England restored to Catholicism by his teaching and under him reunited to Catholic Christendom. But having taken the step he showed the usual zeal of the neophyte, flung himself into the most extreme Romanism, attacked both with argument and mockery the Church which he had left, and did despite to his reason by frantically proclaiming his belief in the most monstrous legends and impostures, such as the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, the House of Loretto and the Holy Coat of Treves. We may surmise that he provoked the smile of an old-stager like Cardinal Wiseman, and still more of an old-stager like Cardinal Antonelli. But this mood in time subsided. Newman, no doubt, soon found that the modern Rome of the Jesuits was a very different thing from the Church of the Middle Ages, far more from his poetic reproduction of it. When the Vatican Council was held Newman was found formally accepting Papal Infallibility but practically paring it down to nothing. The old-stagers viewed him with suspicion, and preferred to his high philosophies of Development, wisely after their generation, the low and safe ambition of Manning. The "Apologia," which like most autobiographies is full of self-deception, seems to show that the autobiographer was not entirely at peace with his own intellect. The "Grammar of Assent" furnishes an apparatus for quieting your belief of things of which there is not sufficient evidence and of the truth of which you do not at heart feel assured. That Newman reconciled himself as he did with the Anglicans and Oxford may have been merely a proof of softened feeling, combined with literary sympathy; but it may also have been an indication of his having grown less confident that there was no truth or salvation out of the pale of Rome. He however accepted the Cardinal's hat which, having been withheld by Pio Nono,

was conferred by that fanatic's more liberal and statesmanlike successor, and whatever may have been working in a mind by nature restless and sceptical he remained outwardly a devout son and an exemplary prince of the Papacy. From the spectacle of a gifted intellect and a fine nature thus perverted to the service of a reactionary chimera and prostrated before the Holy Coat of Treves, the moral to be drawn is that whatever doubts may beset us and whatever storms of controversy may shake the world around us, our only hope is to remain firm in our allegiance to the truth. Whether weak man finds the truth cannot possibly signify to Omnipotence. The only thing which can possibly signify to Omnipotence, and which, if this is a moral world, does signify, is whether he seeks it.

—In Ruskin we shall lose the high-priest of the Beautiful: of the beautiful in Painting and Architecture: to Sculpture he paid less attention, his genius having been cast in the mediæval and religious, not in the classical mould, while statuary belongs to Greece, and is even in the eyes of mediævalists tainted with heathen worship of the body. As a critic of particular works of Art or particular masters, we must leave him to the judgment of experts, who, we believe, do not bow to his authority: certainly he is variable in his criticism as well as extreme, and in his antipathies sometimes extravagant. But more than any other man he has taught us to love and study beauty; beyond any of his contemporaries, perhaps beyond any other writer, he has opened its mysteries to us; the enhanced delight in it and the growing passion for possessing embodiments of it, which are everywhere seen, even in these commercial communities of the New World, we owe in great measure to him. We owe to him likewise a deeper and more intelligent appreciation of the beauties of nature, which he opened to us through the study of Art. His insight and enthusiasm were seconded, and he was able to propagate his æsthetic religion, by an incomparable gift of descriptive language, which has placed him high

among English writers and on a level with the other two great masters of our tongue in his day, Macaulay and Carlyle, though on a pedestal of a widely different kind. Above all other teachers of æsthetics he has connected the æsthetic with the ethical. The "Seven Lamps of Architecture" is in its way unique as well as exquisite. Probably, like most discoverers and enthusiasts, he carried his theory too far. History would have told him that genius for Art may exist apart from virtue. His Venice, at the very time when she produced St. Mark and the rest of the "Stones," was a city of harlots, and his own Turner was as far as possible from being ethically the counterpart of his divine works. Yet exaggeration does not annul truth, and the connection of the Beautiful with the Moral is a truth the profound significance of even Ruskin's pen has not exhausted. In virtue of his power of enforcing and illustrating morality in its æsthetic aspect, Ruskin may be numbered among the moral teachers of the age. It was the sense of his power in this respect, probably, that at last tempted him to leave the domain of which he was monarch, and, laying comparatively aside Art Criticism and the Philosophy of Beauty, to assume the part of a Social and Economic Prophet. In that field, alien to his gifts and his training, he still had a following, even an enthusiastic following. This he owed not only to the talisman of his style but to the loftiness and fervour of his own social aspirations, seconded though they were neither by special aptitude nor by knowledge. He had contracted a dangerous belief in his own infallibility and he forgot that if intuition has a place in æsthetics, in politics and in economics it has none. It is needless to dwell on the difference in value between his writings on his own subject and those in which his æsthetic soul dashed itself almost insanely against the tendencies of a scientific and economic age. Towards the end probably some of his utterances had begun to betray the progress of the disease to which he succumbs. If the poetic youth of the world is over, and its scientific manhood has come, the last pulse of youth could hardly have found more admirable expression than in the writings of John Ruskin.

—In the present century the influence of Germany has made itself felt not merely in the sphere of arms and politics, but also in nearly every department of thought and culture. Not least in the domain of Shakespearean scholarship have German ways of thinking been potent in marking out the lines and methods of work. This influence has not been wholly beneficial, although much is due to German diligence and German examples. The prevailing bent towards generalizations and abstractions has, doubtless, in some measure, turned the study of Shakespeare from its proper objects and given birth to much that is useless and a good deal that is absurd. Against this false tendency, Professor Corson's recently published *Introduction to Shakespeare* protests, and seeks to exemplify truer and more fruitful aims and methods. Much German criticism is occupied, for example, with establishing such theses as that Shakespeare's aim in writing the *Merchant of Venice* is to show forth man's relations to property, or to exemplify the legal maxim, *summum jus summa injuria*; that *Romeo and Juliet* is intended to instil the lesson of moderation; that *Coriolanus* is a political pamphlet to expose the weakness of democracy; while *The Tempest* is an allegorical presentation of contemporary history. It might be hinted that if such be the purpose of these dramas, they are striking failures. Many generations have enjoyed the power and beauty of *Romeo and Juliet* or *The Merchant of Venice* without carrying away the lesson. Nay, if *Romeo and Juliet* be a warning against the impetuosity of passion, the poet has awkwardly aroused our sympathies on the wrong side. It is certainly more complimentary to Shakespeare's power to suppose that the effects at which he aimed were those actually realized on the audiences gathered at the Globe Theatre and on the majority of his hearers and readers since—the pleasure and elevation of feeling roused by the contemplation of human personages depicted with unflinching fidelity, and of human passions displayed in their highest manifestations.

What we know of Shakespeare's life and of himself, what the candid student can gather from his works, all goes to show that he wrote to please. His audiences wished to have their interests awakened and their feelings kindled by representations of human life. They did not go to the theatre to be taught lessons in moderation, or the principles of law or government; nor is there anything to show that the poet, on his side, had any bent towards the didactic or any desire to unfold philosophical ideas. Shakespeare was indeed primarily artistic. His mind did not work by processes of reasoning. He did not first grasp abstract truths and then proceed to illustrate them by concrete examples. It was the concrete world that interested him. He lived and saw and felt rather than studied and reasoned. "When the transcendent power of the Plays is considered," says Mr. Corson, "the learning, strictly speaking, which is exhibited in them, is surprisingly little. The Plays bear more emphatic testimony than do any other masterpieces of genius, to the fact that great creative power may be triumphantly exercised *without* learning (I mean the learning of the schools)." Shakespeare's works afford quite remarkable evidence of his lack of bookishness, of his disregard of the student's point of view. His false geography and history prove great ignorance or great indifference—probably both. If it be argued that he shared that indifference to historical accuracy with his age, this only shows how ages differ and how unsafe it is to transfer from our own time to his either the historic sense, or the tendency towards generalizations and abstractions. But if the age of Elizabeth had but little of our passion for the generalizations of experience, it had, in a degree far beyond us, the desire for representations of concrete life. And for the gratification of that desire, no one could have been better qualified than Shakespeare. Shakespeare had the fundamental requisite for artistic work, the power to see and to feel. He also had the second—the power to reproduce his perceptions in an artistic medium, so that others can share them. The best study and criticism of Shakespeare

is that which enables us to do this. Analytic methods are good only so far as they contribute to this result—so far as they open our eyes to the significance and richness of his pictures. They are but the scaffolding which we erect to get a nearer view of the building; when this has served its end it must be got rid of; we must fall back and take in the structure as a whole. If we wish to look at Shakespeare's plays as he looked at them, we must consider them concretely, as embodiments of life, not of abstract principles. The best commentary on a play of Shakespeare is to see it well put on the stage. Of course, the actor's interpretation is always inadequate, often faulty, not seldom positively false. The true lover of Shakespeare will accordingly find usually a keener delight in reading the plays for himself. His perceptions are probably finer than the best actor's, as actors usually go, and there is besides much subtle beauty and power which no stage rendering can reveal, which need the leisure and microscopic examination of the study. Notwithstanding, the pleasure afforded by the truest appreciation of Shakespeare is of the same kind as that which the theatre-goer gets, and the true way to regard Shakespeare is as a delineator of human life, not as a theorizer upon it.

What then are we to say of the philosophic truths which have been drawn from Shakespeare's plays, and of the lofty moral lessons which seem to be so patent in many of them? Are these non-existent—arbitrarily read into the plays by the critics? No; they are implicit. The great principles of morality are generalizations of experience amended and confirmed by the observation of successive generations. And as Shakespeare's work is the result of unwonted clearness of vision for the facts of nature and life, so those great fundamental principles underlie his plays, as they underlie the events of the actual world. Shakespeare's work is profoundly wholesome. He neither misrepresents nature, in the fear of undermining, or with the aim of encouraging what the sense of men call right, nor for a moment does he blink the stern penalty which is exacted on the inner nature, though often not on the external

fortune of the weakling and the evil-doer. "Shakespeare is always, and pre-eminently, and exclusively, the dramatist; but as a dramatist he is distinguished from all the contemporary dramatists, in his working more strictly than any of them under the condition of moral proportion (and by moral proportion I mean that which is in harmony with the permanent constitution, with the eternal fitness of things), and this he did because, as must be inferred, he felt more than did any other of the contemporary dramatists the constitution of things, and knew that the constitution of things could not be violated with impunity. To unite moral proportion with a more or less unrestrained play of the passions is the great artistic achievement of Shakespeare, in his tragic masterpieces. And when a critic looks into his plays with an eye for the doctrinal, he can easily find it there, because the best results of human philosophy in its several departments have been induced and deduced from careful observations of the permanent constitution of things, and therefore correspond more or less with the philosophy concretely embodied in the plays. The concrete philosophy and the abstract philosophy are based on, or derived from, the same permanent constitution of things.

—THE BYSTANDER has already explained that the object of the series which this number closes was to fill, as well as we could, a dangerous gap in the advocacy of a commercial policy which we hold to be essential to the interests of the whole Dominion and absolutely vital to these of the North-West. For the general objects which THE BYSTANDER was originally intended to promote, independence in the discussion of public affairs and interest in literary questions, provision is now happily made on a larger scale by the growth of an independent press and by the establishment of a literary journal. We are glad to hear that *The Week* is likely to be re-stocked and sent forth on its course with renewed vigour. The effort to give Canadian intellect an organ in the shape of a magazine or a

literary paper has been arduous and costly ; much labour has been expended on it, not, presumably, without sacrifice of other work, nor has its course been unchequered by failure. The area is small and poor, being practically confined to Ontario and Montreal, and there is no use in denying the fact that the literary products of a dependency are at a discount in the dependency itself. The struggle against the literary journalism of the mother country and still more against that of the United States is almost desperate. But those who have taken part repine neither at the expenditure of money and labour nor at the limited character of the success. Whatever political destiny may be in store for us, whether Ontario is always to remain apart or to be united with the English-speaking race of this continent, there is no reason why she should not be made and always remain a centre of intellectual life. Those who have been unsparing in their efforts to bring this about may fairly plead that they have shown patriotism in their way, albeit their way may not be that of the Jingo. One at least, though perhaps not the most important of the elements of nationality, they have done what was in their power to produce.

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