

THE WEEK:

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A STUDY IN AMERICAN POLITICS.

IN the history of the Republican Party, three facts are important as bearing upon the merit or demerit of the career of that party, and as illustrating fundamental and universal tendencies in the working of popular government.

First, a tenure of power stretching over an unbroken space of twenty-four years is something new in the experience of latter-day constitutionalism. Secondly, the feebleness of opposition during nearly the whole of the long term of office is, in its way, quite as anomalous. Thirdly, the fidelity of the electorate to one party, and one and the same set of leaders, for so protracted a period, is a political curiosity, only explicable by peculiar circumstances in the life or the organisation of the community.

A party in office for close upon a quarter of a century, and invested with practically absolute authority, might reasonably be chargeable with the doing of great things for the public good. Give Mr. Chamberlain or Lord Randolph a strong and constant majority for twenty years, and he will change the social aspect of Britain and compel every Cabinet in Europe to review and recast its policy.

Still, it is doubtful if any leader, or any party, could usefully wield power continuously for twenty years, or even the half of that period, under any real constitutional system. The legitimate birth of a party results from a strong desire in those who engender it to remove some especial evil or introduce some particular good. The specific object attained, the normal and healthful operation of the mechanism of politics requires that there shall follow dissolution and reconstitution. Under the parliamentary system this result is practically, if not ideally, effected; under the Presidential system the operation is dilatory, cumbrous, and inefficient. The difference is fundamental in its origin. The British Constitution takes note of, while the American Constitution ignores, the modern scheme of government by the agency of parties. To say this is not to condemn the American Constitution, or those who made it; but one may question the soundness of all the fine things said of it and them. One may even suggest that the much-lauded conservatism of the American people and their undeniable patience are due to the difficulty of inducing political change after the desire of change has crystallised in the public mind. The Executive is in for a fixed term, and so is the Legislature, and there is no correlation of tenure between them. Members of the House of Representatives are chosen thirteen months before their services are required, and they and the questions involved in their election are often forgotten before they take their seats; but if they were assembled as soon as the conflict should be over, it would make no difference, for on one side of them would be an immovable and equally powerful second chamber, and on the other an Executive completely independent of them. One may conceive of the confusion of British politics should the hereditary chamber begin to turn its nominal functions into realities. Here there is not

confusion, because things have been always as they now are, but there are intervals of stagnation of political thought, and action highly injurious, and sometimes deeply menacing, to the public weal. We proceed to practical illustration.

The Republican Party was brought to birth by men who felt that the time had come, in the public interest, to lay a firm hand upon Slavery and compel it to return to and keep its lawful and natural place in the body politic. It had a legal right to exist within such States as chose to have it within their borders, and it had a natural right to live and prosper, so far as it could, in fair competition with the opposite system of free labour. It had no right of any sort to constitute itself the touchstone, and even the cornerstone, of American politics, and dominate the creeds and morals of the whole country. But the slaveholders, knowing that privilege and not equality was necessary to the preservation of the cherished institution which they deemed essential to their prosperity, resolved to fight for privilege, and this resolution the leaders of the new party met with courage, ability, and success. The cause of the strife having perished in the struggle, it became the right and duty of the Republican Party to bestow a legal status of equality upon the Freedmen, and to arm them with the ballot as the best practical means of protecting them against the resentment and prejudice of their late owners. This done, the mission of the party was fully ended, and its dissolution was desirable by reason of the urgency of great financial and economic questions alien to its origin, and as to which it was equally destitute of training and authority. But the heads of the party were those who had toiled for power in the cold atmosphere of opposition, who had laboured without cease or reward when power came yoked with peril, and they now wished rest and refreshment in the place of ease and greatness, as it had now become through their endeavours. In England, peerages and pensions would have discharged the nation's debt of gratitude; in America it had to go unpaid, or be liquidated at a heavy cost to the national interests.

Glaring with like ferocity upon their natural opponents and such of their followers as favoured moving with the times, the Republican leaders organised the negro voters they had created with good intent into a pretorian guard for themselves, and, to make that vote effective in Federal elections, ruthlessly arrested the returning peace and prosperity of the lately insurgent States by overturning their local Governments and disfranchising the intelligent part of the electorate. Having thus secured the South to their own ends, they turned to the North and fanned into flame there the fast-dying embers of the distrust and hatred that had not unnaturally been kindled by the long and bloody civil war. And thus it came about that a party, whose dawn was glorious and forenoon bright, went to its setting in cold and inky shadow.

During three-fourths of the period of its incumbency, the history of the Republican Party is one mainly of selfishness and corruption. The Civil Service was turned into an army of mercenaries, obstructing the progress of the country and eating out its substance. Questions vital to the general welfare were obscured, ignored, or postponed. The public conscience was deadened and the popular intelligence dulled by a succession of combats fought without principle and ended without result of public good. The political tone of the country continually fell in quality amid such blighting and corrupting surroundings. Few men in public life to-day, or seeking entry to public life, are equipped with reasons, convictions, or resolves that bear upon any question of high concern to the fortunes or morals of the country. The present salvation and future hope of our political system lies in that body of private men who are determined to be of no party till party government is restored to its true lines and limits. The official campaign book of the Democratic Party, besides reciting such passive services as bringing to an end a long catalogue of Republican misdoings, invites the suffrages of the people for the candidates of that party at the approaching Congressional election chiefly upon the ground that the Democratic Administration has granted larger and speedier pensions, appointed more Union soldiers to office, listened more readily to the wishes of "Labour," distributed better seeds among the farmers, is more concerned in promoting trade with North, South, and Central America, and readier to deal with the railway problem of equality of rates for long hauls and short hauls, than can be claimed or shown by the party opposite. What the Democratic Party is prepared to do about such great questions as the double standard of value, the tariff that plethorises the Treasury and starves the people

and the neutralisation and establishment of the Civil Service, cannot be officially learned till after the election. Equally dumb are the Republican oracles. The voter will have to choose his ballot, so far as he chooses it upon public considerations, according to the way he feels personally towards Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Blaine, who, between them, represent all the practical politics that the country has in stock at the moment. B.

PARTIES IN ENGLAND.

THAT part of Lord Palmerston's reported prophecy as to the result of Mr. Gladstone's leadership which related to the fortunes of the Liberal Party in England, though its fulfilment has been delayed, as the fulfilment of political prophecies is apt to be, has at last come true with a vengeance. Not only is the Liberal Party divided against itself, but it is losing ground altogether, as might be expected when its leader makes himself the general organ of anti-patriotic sentiment, the traducer of the country before the world, and the apostle of national disruption. The tide, not only of Unionism, but of Conservatism, pure and simple, is now evidently running high in England. It is natural that the nation, threatened with dismemberment by the confederates of a foreign conspiracy, should rally round the existing symbols of its unity, and entrust power to the party which, if it is at all true to its professions and traditions, can, of the two parties, be best trusted to resist disruption. Nor will any rational Liberal repine at a pause in legislative progress, which is necessary in order to avert irretrievable disaster. The greatest question of reform may wait, but the Union once surrendered can never be restored, or can be restored only by war. The thing to be lamented, even from a Liberal point of view, is not that the Conservative Party is for the present in the ascendant, but that it has not leaders more worthy of national confidence and more equal to the situation. In this respect the country is most unfortunate. Lord Salisbury, with great abilities and all the prestige of rank and wealth, is morally not strong, as his failure to control Lord Randolph Churchill proves. He has also the fault common among aristocratic politicians, and signally exemplified in the late Lord Derby, of fancying that rank without labour will make a statesman. He takes up politics as his natural domain, but he has never studied them as a science. On economical questions he never touches without showing he has not given his mind to them. When he is not in office or engaged in a campaign, instead of turning his thoughts to the political problems which he will have to solve, and trying to forecast the future, he devotes himself to chemistry, in which he has conceived the vain ambition of rivalling regular men of science. It is impossible, therefore, to feel sure that his action is part of a well-considered policy, or anything more than the mere tactic of the hour. Nothing great has ever been achieved in politics or in war, any more than in science, without steady and concentrated thought. This Wellington knew when he broke his violin. But Lord Salisbury, buried in the House of Lords, can hardly be said to be Prime Minister. The real Prime Minister is the leader of the House of Commons; and the leader of the House of Commons is a man about whom a plain opinion has been more than once expressed in these columns, and our estimate of whom remains unchanged. During the few months which have elapsed since his sudden elevation, Lord Randolph Churchill has been on his good behaviour, but, if we mistake not, he is Lord Randolph Churchill still. He is still the man who rose, not by honourable means, but by caballing and conspiring against his chiefs; by traducing Sir Stafford Northcote, and by an infamous intrigue with the Parnellites. He is still the man whose mutiny and treachery the respectable organs of his party denounced, and with whom the respectable men of his party refused to appear upon the platform. He is still the man whose nerve failed him, as the nerve of boasters is apt to fail them, in council, and who, by his timorous advice on the Irish Question, brought Lord Salisbury's first Government to an ignominious end. He is still the man who had the effrontery to avow in print that he regarded distinctions between wholesome and unwholesome victories as unpractical, and that his maxim was to win in any way you could, and let criticism say what it pleased. The theory of "wild oats" may apply to indiscretion—it does not apply to dishonesty. He who sows wild oats of dishonesty always reaps what he sows. The London *Spectator*, while it congratulates itself somewhat prematurely, as we think, on the conduct of the new leader of the House of Commons towards Liberal Unionists, admits his "political dishonesty," his "unscrupulous time-serving," and his "impudent" disregard of consistency. Never before were such things said by an impartial critic of the leader of the British House of Commons. The Dartford speech is instinct, like all the other acts and productions of its author, with the spirit of intrigue, with selfish vanity, and with disloyalty to colleagues, whom it is the evident object of the speaker to thrust aside and eclipse,

so that he may appear to be the whole Government in himself. Radicals applaud, of course; but the silence of misgiving prevails in the Conservative press, and the *St. James's Gazette* asks whether the principles of Latter Day Radicalism have really been adopted by the Conservative Government. The answer is that there is no Government, and power has been allowed to fall into the hands of a political adventurer, who will do anything, and avows that he will do anything, to gain or keep place. Even supposing the Union itself to be safe in such hands, its preservation would be dearly bought by turning public life into a gambling-table for unscrupulous ambition. What England needs, above all things, for the present conduct of her affairs, and what it seems hard that she should not be able to get, is simple integrity combined with moral courage. She wants a high-minded and patriotic English gentleman, who, scorning trickery and intrigue, will walk steadily in the path of honour. Lord Randolph Churchill's partisans talk of his "go." There is plenty of "go" and plenty of "cheek"—probably there is even a sufficiency of "the gift of the gab" in places which are not supposed to be seminaries of statesmen.

THE EASTERN CRISIS.

THERE could be no use in attempting to follow the shifting outline of the war-cloud in the East, or in chronicling the rumours which the daily press feels bound to supply. At Cabinets there may be a representative of the *New York Herald* under the table; but Foreign Offices still usually know how to keep their own counsel. The Austrian press, which would be the likeliest source of information, is entirely in the hands of Jews who are always playing their own game. We can do no more than note the general objects and attitudes of the Powers concerned. Russia is manifestly bent on extending her supremacy, if not her actual sway, over the Danubian Principalities. To prevent that extension must certainly be the first object of Austria, whom the progress of Pan Slavism threatens with dissolution. France wants to reassert herself, to find balm for her wounded self-esteem, and to gratify the temper which, next to vanity, is the most powerful motor of French action. This she can best do at the present juncture by throwing herself into the arms of Russia, and into the arms of Russia we need not doubt that she has thrown herself. That Germany should desire the aggrandisement of Russia is impossible: it is a constant menace to herself; but the exact line taken by her Government remains a mystery. It is always to be borne in mind that, powerful as Bismarck is, the Emperor still has the last word; and the Emperor is believed to be bent, above all things, on maintaining peace. The loquacity of Lord Randolph Churchill has not failed to proclaim upon the streets the policy of England which he wishes to be considered as entirely his own, and the world is informed that the flag of jingoism has been hauled down.

It is difficult to imagine anything more disastrous than a gratuitous provocation of Russian enmity, such as went on under Palmerston and Beaconsfield, followed by a sudden fit of peace-at-any-price. A Europe armed to the teeth seems to be always on the verge of war: yet these vast armaments have in a certain sense a pacific tendency, because the consequences of a quarrel are so tremendous that each Government shrinks from incurring them, especially if it has to render an account to its people. Complicated as the imbroglio is, the chances would still, we venture to think, be greatly in favour of peace were it not for the personal violence of the Czar. If the report of his shooting an officer, in a transport of wild alarm, is to be believed, this man, who, by a single word, can launch havoc on mankind, is in such a state of savage panic as hardly to be master of himself. This the world owes to Nihilism, with which some of the friends of liberty have allowed themselves to sympathise, but which has paralysed the party of reform in Russia, intensified the military despotism, and made the despot more than ever a terror and a scourge, not only to his own people but to all nations. The interests of humanity are not to be served by crime.

A very sinister report is now current respecting the special attitude and intentions of France towards England. That part of the report which represents the French Government as preparing for an armed descent on Egypt, and as having communicated its design to Bismarck, is totally incredible; but the rest of the report is only too likely to be well-founded. While a French soldier who fought at Gravelotte or Sedan lives, France will not challenge another trial of strength with Germany. No one knows better than a Frenchman when he is beaten; and it is one thing to declaim about revenge, or crown with wreaths of immortelles the statue of Strasburg on the Place de la Concorde; it is another to face again the legions of Von Moltke. But if Sedan cannot be avenged, possibly Waterloo may: at any rate the critical situation in which England is at present placed by the combination of the trouble in Ireland with the

Russian difficulty seems to afford an opportunity for playing the bully which French magnanimity can hardly be expected to forego, especially as the favour of Russia may be purchased at the same time. That, considering the relations between France and England in the early stages of the Egyptian Question, and the fact that France was duly invited to share in the intervention and drew back at the last moment, hostile action on the part of France towards England must involve the utmost baseness and perfidy is, unfortunately, not a sufficient reason for believing that French diplomacy would abhor such a course. The spirit of Talleyrand and of his Corsican master does not animate French councils much the less because France has become a Republic.

There is no doubt that Boulanger, an able man, albeit not strong on the point of veracity, has largely increased the numbers and improved the organisation of the French army, though the most competent observers report that its *morale* has not yet been restored. It seems possible, at all events, that the British people may be called upon to show their national spirit. Nor would the necessity be altogether evil, if it would reawaken patriotism and make the factions, for an hour at least, forget their wretched rivalries in their common duty to the country. Unfortunately, there is now a large portion of the British public in which no national spirit resides, and to which national honour is an unmeaning, or rather an odious, name. It is there, not in Boulanger's new regiments, or in any force that an enemy can bring from without, that the real danger lies. The constituencies of Messrs. Jacob Bright, Labouchere, Bradlaugh, John Morley, and Shaw Lefevre, would see, it is to be feared, with Chinese apathy, a French conqueror installed at Westminster, so long as wages did not fall.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

ALL Paris is revelling in a glorious Indian summer. *En revanche*, the repairing of the Champs Elysées throws this favourite drive into a most melancholy condition. The paving with wood of such an avenue is no small undertaking. Now the stream of carriages, confined to one narrow side or the other, makes even the most adventurous pedestrian hesitate to cross a road unguarded by policemen, and at the mercy of that peculiar type of humanity, the Parisian *cocher*, whose chief aim seems to be to run over as many of his fellows as he safely can.

If you expect a Frenchman to move one hair's breadth from a sphere marked out for him by any law, you do not know the Gaul. Only the other day a murder was committed, and the murderer escaped, though the gendarme heard cries, but, these not being on his beat, he paid no attention to them. Fair stranger, if you think a stalwart guide is going to pioneer you across the dangerous way, or stop the impetuous steeds, that you may pass in safety, you are very much mistaken—the law does not demand it.

Children, fools, and foreigners hold places by no means far apart in the French mind; were it otherwise, these latter might suffer for some of their eccentricities. As it is, people only remark, "*C'est un étranger*," and all is said. The longer you live in Paris, the more is Parisian narrowness and self-infatuation forced upon you. In a recent article the audacious writer affirmed that here only could an artist receive his spurs, and that, away from the inspiring capital, both author and artist felt lost. Oh, that the French would travel! Now are they returning from their insipid little *villes d'eau*, to which as much of Parisian scandal, air, and life have been whiffed as the deserted city could furnish. With less decoration, and more geography and "globe trotting," our Gaul might be made quite an attractive personage—but, alas!

The *plat du jour* is the Duc d'Aumale's offer of his Chateau of Chantilly to the Institut de France. Without the consent of the State this offer cannot be accepted. Not till Wednesday will a decision be made. The gift is magnificent, but it will be no easy task for the Government to take it from the hands of one so lately exiled. With almost pathetic care does the Duc insist—indeed, it is one of the conditions under which he makes the bequest—that neither in house nor grounds must anything be changed; books, pictures, and the thousand objects of art must be kept intact, and the resting-place of the hearts of the Condés watched over. In the chapel mass must be celebrated on Sundays, fêtes, and anniversaries. It is to be hoped that this artistic nation will have some power over those Vandal hands they would fain persuade us belong to strangers, and save the Chateau of Chantilly from the sad fate of so many of its fellows.

The reforms of the Minister of War continue. A reduction of five thousand francs has been made on the sum set aside for the maintenance of cats which it is found necessary to keep in the establishments where the bread-baking for the army is carried on. A profitable economy on all sides.

Once again are the French privileged to see "Hamlet," but the Prince

has changed his scene of action; it is to the Theatre Français that his soul is now revealed. After unsuccessful attempts to gain admittance, the doors have at length opened to our favourite hero. Dumas père and Paul Meurice are the authors of the verse into which "Hamlet" has been translated. Truly, if the noble Dane has waited long outside, his present reception is a right royal one. The dresses are gorgeous, the *mise en scène* beautiful. It is interesting to mark our progress from the days of 1780, when at Berlin *Ophelia* appeared with powdered hair and plumes, à la Marie-Antoinette, and her lover was dressed in the latest French style; a striking contrast, their present rich, grave costumes of the Renaissance. Another thing worthy of remark is that for the first time at the Theatre Français changes of scenery take place without the dropping of the curtain. But, after all, the French at heart are little changed from the days of Voltaire. No incompetent judge, and, seemingly, a most appreciative Frenchman, expressed his opinion the other day, that perhaps fifteen in the audience, excluding, of course, foreigners, could understand and take interest in what was passing upon the stage. With the exception of Molière's heroes, it is something so new to witness in this scene any other save the strutting nonentity of the modern French society-play, or the tiresome, declaiming Greek; no wonder *les belles dames* yawned and their cavaliers groaned with ennui. Strange how well these very same *amateurs* can support *le classique*, but then it is *their* classique, and the *bon ton* requires that you do not fidget in the presence of Racine—however much you may desire to do so. After all, an honest yawn is not unpardonable, especially when the feelings of the fair delinquent who indulges in it are shared by a great number of her erudite male friends. But don't let us hear any more of the love and passion of the French—they understand neither the one nor the other. As far as the Frenchman can touch, and see, and hear, so far he goes. That intensity of feeling, those aspirations which lead us on into the mysterious regions where the melancholy Dane wandered like some outcast spirit, are unknown to him. A Frenchman could no more have written "Hamlet" than he could have written "Faust." This great blank wall of *matter* against which—alas! we use our battering rams in vain, never distresses him in the least, and when we come to a point where we ask, And after this? "Why, after this," he cries, "we must recommence!"

On all sides the praises of M. Mounet-Sully are ringing. Doubtless his success in the conception and interpretation of the rôle of *Hamlet* is owing in no small degree to an inspiration arising from its very study and contemplation. For six years he has lived in such close intimacy with the Prince that now, even in private life, he sometimes wonders which is which! Mounet-Sully is artist to his finger-tips. His face, his form, and a melancholy something, very un-Frenchman-like, conspire with his talent to make a wonderful *Hamlet*.

Strange that such a man as Got should share the vulgar idea existing here of the buffoon-like character of *Polonius*, and play rather the jester than the worldly-wise old gentleman.

Apropos of Coquelin as the grave-digger—

Lady to her son-in-law—"Why does he sing so merrily?" Ans.—"I think it is because he is burying his mother-in-law."

"And on the whole," wrote a critic, after speaking of the first performance, "the evening proved a great success for Dumas, Meurice, and Shakespeare." Shakespeare, doubtless, would feel highly gratified.

Paris, October 6, 1886.

L. L.

JOTTINGS OFF THE C. P. R.

ON Tuesday morning, August 31, our three pack and two saddle horses arrived at eleven o'clock in charge of the Indian boy who had been engaged to pilot us to Kootenay. We were much disappointed at being obliged to accept a lad of eighteen as a substitute for a man, but he turned out to be so excellent a youth that our regret soon passed off, and we began to think it would have been difficult to improve upon him. The adult Indians were all engaged at this season in salmon-fishing in the Columbia, and no money would entice them away from their favourite pursuit; hundreds come down many miles from the interior of the country for this purpose, many of whom we passed upon the road.

My horse, which was sent to me from a gentleman's ranche on the Columbia Lakes, and was his own private property, proved to be a sturdy blue roan pony, standing between twelve and thirteen hands high, and up to any weight. I jumped on his back, while the other horses were being packed, to try his mettle and paces over a nice bit of grass near the river, and found he travelled in the easy lope, or slow canter, which is the peculiar gait of all western horses, and was, moreover, bridle-wise, as indeed are all the animals in this part of the country, a fact which only an equestrian can thoroughly appreciate; I may explain, for the benefit of the uninitiated, that to be bridle-wise means a horse is broken to guide simply by the pressure of the reins on the neck, without any reference whatever to the bit; consequently, the slightest motion of the hand, right or left, will

direct his course from one side to another. All the Eastern horses I have ever mounted, and their name is legion, require to be guided by the bit alone, and can seldom, or ever, be ridden with one hand. Most of the Indian women ride their ponies with a noose of rope through their mouths only, and some dispense even with this, and simply guide them with a piece of stick, which is applied, like the reins, to each side of the neck. It must be said, however, that the majority of horses in this country are very tractable, and can be easily handled, as indeed is necessary from the nature of the work required of them, and the cayuses are, it is universally conceded, the meanest of brutes; they are all wonderfully sure-footed, and can travel day after day over hundreds of miles of country with enormous loads, feeding only on the native bunch-grass, and never tasting corn or oats. Mules are, I believe, extensively used in packing, but I saw very few of them in my travels.

We got off soon after twelve o'clock, very sorry to bid adieu to our kind friends of the *Duchess*. We had two miles of tedious riding along the grass bluffs (western, benches) on the east bank of the Columbia; the trail followed the river as far as Lilacs' Landing, where it turned off inland. It was a very warm day, but the sun, fortunately for us, was obscured by a cloud of smoke which hung between earth and sky, and did not conceal the scenery, but veiled it in a silver mist which, combined with the perfect silence of nature, lent a strange ideal beauty to the country. Dust was a great drawback, and lay several inches deep along the trail; on the face of the cliff, where there was no alternative but to follow the beaten path, it was most oppressive. When we turned our backs upon the Columbia, however, we found ourselves in a fine grass region stretching away for miles, and could get off the dusty trails on to the turf and canter along at our pleasure. We made eight miles only the first afternoon and camped for the night at Windermere on the ranche of the Hon. F. Aylmer, which is beautifully situated near the base of a fine peak of the Rocky Mountains. We pitched our tent just above a large creek which rushed noisily through a wooded dell below us, but was completely concealed from view by a thick growth of trees. It faced two magnificent mountains, while behind us rose grass benches dotted with groups of evergreens. The pack and saddle horses were soon relieved of their loads, and turned out for the night to graze. This was my first experience of being under canvas. I found that a tent, comfortably arranged by skilful hands, was an abode not at all to be despised in favourable weather. Our Indian boy did not appear with the horses until noon the next day, having asked permission to go salmon-spearing in the Columbia the previous night, and been beguiled by that fascinating sport. It was one o'clock before all the horses were packed and ready, though Baptiste was assisted by another boy called Dave, a half-breed, whom we had also engaged, as we found that our work would require more than one youth to attend to it.

A western camp outfit was certainly a novel and picturesque sight. First came two well-mounted riders, behind them three Indian ponies (cayuses), not twelve hands high, without bridles, bearing two packs slung on each side of a pack saddle, and secured by strong ropes; the leader of these animals was decorated with a sonorous bell, and they were driven by our two Indian boys, attired in coats and trousers, who rode good stout ponies, and had excellent Mexican saddles and bridles. The cayuses were most aggravating beasts, often rushing off the track into the bush to snatch a mouthful of grass, and rubbing the packs against the trees with such violence that it was a marvel they stayed on at all; the dust and noise made by the after part of our outfit were so unpleasant that we found it advisable to keep well ahead. We had now seven horses in our party, and made quite an imposing train as we stretched out across the open country.

We made eight miles in pretty good time, as the riding was excellent, and stopped to dine by a brawling creek, which supplied the requisite water for our cooking and our horses. A Kootenay Indian joined us here, and shared our frugal meal of salmon, bacon, tea, and bread. The Mountain Indians struck me as a much finer race than their brethren of the plains; the one in question was a handsome man, well armed and well mounted; he wore a semi-civilised costume, consisting of a gray flannel shirt, and cloth waistcoat, a draped blanket fell over his lower limbs, which were encased in deer-skin leggings; a red cotton handkerchief bound round his head, and tied in a knot on the forehead, lent a brilliant touch of colour to the whole. In the course of an hour we were in the saddle again, and made seven miles during the afternoon. We camped that night on Geherry's Ranche (which is the legitimate and licensed stopping-place on the road, corresponding to the tavern of civilisation), and partook in his house of an excellent supper of partridges, cooked by his Chinaman in a novel and tempting manner, and paid for at a reasonable rate. The country we had passed through during the day had been so hidden by smoke that it was impossible to form any idea of it beyond the fact that it was hilly and wooded, with intervals of open park country.

E. S.

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE used to visit with Grenville a good deal after his marriage, although the veteran statesman was then past his ninetieth year. Grenville told him that in middle age his health threatened to give way. "I could not imagine the cause. I thought first that perhaps I had been taking too much exercise; but I soon found that that had nothing to do with it. I read too much, perhaps, so I shut up my books. Again, it might be that I had accustomed myself to sitting up too late, so I went to bed earlier. But the results were worthless. When, all at once, by a sort of providential instinct, it flashed across my mind that for the last thirty years I had been drinking, day after day, at least a bottle and a half of port wine, and that possibly it was to that practice I might refer the threatened break up of my constitution. Accordingly, I dropped it at once, and speedily recovered my strength."

"CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK."

It is said that the revelation of the real sex of the writer who had been contributing such unique and admirable short stories to the *Atlantic Monthly*, over the massive masculine signature of "Charles Egbert Craddock," was as great a surprise to Thomas Bailey Aldrich as was the discovery of Miss Evans, under the disguise of "George Eliot," to the bewildered and abashed Mr. Blackwood, who thereupon began to anxiously cudgel his memory in the fear that some of his numerous letters might not have been just what he would have liked best to have written to a rather prim-looking young lady. Seeing that the day of small things for the gentler sex has altogether passed away, so far as literature is concerned, it is not very easy to understand just why genius of so striking and powerful a stamp as Miss Evans's, or Miss Murfree's, should seek to disguise its femininity by appropriating masculine appellations, and, in the case of the latter, a most masculine chirography also. If Miss Evans ever explained her action, I have not seen her explanation. Miss Murfree, I believe, when asked for her reasons, stated that she preferred not revealing her identity when making her first venture, and while looking about for a *nom de plume*, bethought herself of one "Charles Craddock," the hero of a story she had begun but never finished, and throwing in Egbert, because it was a favourite name of hers, behold her literary mask was complete.

I cannot vouch for the accuracy of this any more than I can for the other story, that when the delightful news came of her first attempt upon the "charmed circle" of the *Atlantic* having proved successful, she arrayed herself in her best attire and sailed proudly in upon the astonished family with the pregnant missive held aloft, resolved that so signal an event should be fittingly heralded.

Whatever be her true reasons, Miss Mary N. Murfree, having once assumed her cumbrous pseudonym, seems as loath to part with it as was her prototype, and there are no doubt scores and hundreds of her readers who still remain in blissful ignorance of the fact that the writings they so keenly enjoy are the products of a woman's pen.

Moreover, there is nothing in these writings to undeceive them, or arouse a questioning within their minds. On the contrary, if Miss Murfree will pardon me for saying so, her work is so strong, so vivid, so intense, and the power is so steadfastly maintained throughout, never relaxing for a single scene or sentence, that it is not easy to credit a woman with having produced it. There is no comparing the types she has drawn with such masterly skill from the wild fastnesses of the Tennessee Mountains, and, putting one sex against the other, saying: "Ah! the woman's touch is unmistakable here: only a woman could have written this," without the next moment being moved to make precisely the same remark, only substituting "man" for "woman." She knows her men not less well than she does her women. Sometimes one is inclined to think that she spends more time over the opposite than over her own sex, and this perchance might be regarded as affording a clue of some value in penetrating her disguise.

The biographical details concerning Miss Murfree which have thus far become public property are unfortunately so slight as to throw very faint illumination upon her early life. The town of Murfreesboro', Illinois, is entitled to the credit of being her birthplace, and a prominent lawyer to the renown of being her father. Her intimate acquaintance with the Tennessee Mountains and their quaint out-of-the-world denizens is due to her having spent the summers of some sixteen years in that cool and airy locality. Rarely, indeed, have summer saunterings been put to better purpose, for Miss Murfree could hardly have spent an hour there that did not leave some impression upon her camera-like brain, from which in later days a picture should be struck whose beauty would appeal to all.

Just how Miss Murfree learned to clothe her thoughts in so rich and splendid a garb of language; whether she trained her pen by years of silent secret practice, or burst into the literary arena full panoplied like another Minerva; these and other questions, which rise naturally within the minds of her readers, have yet to be answered. It is only known that the boast has been made on her behalf that no proffered contribution has ever been rejected, while each one of the four volumes she has given the world have won immediate and permanent success.

Some seven years ago a story, entitled "The Dancin' Party at Harrison's Cove," appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and sent "a thrill of joy prophetic" through the readers of that exclusive and eminently respectable periodical. Altogether unknown as was the name of the writer, and novel the field into which the first glimpse was thus given, there was nothing uncertain or immature about the hand which held the pen, and as "Electioneerin' on Big Injun Mounting" and other stories followed, the conviction deepened that a new power had arisen in literature which promised the jaded palates of fiction readers *bonnes bouches* of such piquancy, originality, and potency as had hardly been enjoyed since the star of Bret Harte arose in the West. No one discerned more clearly the rare worth of these stories than Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and when he succeeded Howells in the editorial chair of the *Atlantic*, one of his first steps was to order some more from "Mr. Craddock," as, in his innocence, he supposed the author's name to be. After some six or eight had thus found their way into print, Mr. Aldrich strongly counselled their being gathered together into one volume by the publishers of the *Atlantic*. To this Messrs. Houghton and Mifflin somewhat hesitatingly consented, fearing that the market for short stories was overcrowded, but the result amply justified the editor's foresight, as no less than sixteen editions have gone off in two years, and the book still sells steadily.

The causes of its popularity are not hard to find. In the first place, the field chosen by the writer was absolutely fresh, and she had all the

advantage which a writer thus obtains. Then she had perfectly mastered the dialect of the curious people whose lives she photographed for us, and in her hands it became flexible and poetic to a degree that must have astonished its original possessors, if they chanced to read it in print. Again, there was thrown upon the somewhat sombre, monotonous lives of her characters a sunny gleam of humour, tempered with a gentle sympathy, which could not fail of being irresistibly attractive, while an active dramatic instinct, a picturesque portrayal of character, and an admirable management of dialogue, combined to make up a *tout ensemble* that held the reader a willing and delighted captive.

And even yet the most brilliant facet of Miss Murfree's genius has not yet been indicated, to wit, her surpassing skill as a depicter of nature through the medium of words. Though finding expression in prose, her thoughts are those of the poet and artist, and the descriptions of scenery, with which all her works abound, constitute one of their chiefest charms. Here are some specimens, chosen almost at random, but sufficient to illustrate the writer's rare genius for work of this sort:

"Lost Creek sounded some broken minor chords as it dashed against the rocks in its headlong way. The wild grapes were blooming. Their fragrance, so delicate, yet so pervasive, suggested some exquisite unseen presence—the dryads surely were abroad! The beech trees stretched down their silver branches, and green shadows. Through rifts in the foliage shimmered glimpses of a vast array of sunny parallel mountains, converging and converging till they seemed to meet far away in one long level line, so ideally blue that it looked less like earth than heaven."

And again:

"Now and then the faint clangour of a cow-bell came from out the tangled woods about the little hut, and the low of homeward-bound cattle sounded upon the air, mellowed and softened by the distance. The haze that rested above the long narrow valley was hardly visible, save in the illusive beauty with which it invested the scene—the tender azure of the far-away ranges; the exquisite tones of the gray and purple shadows that hovered about the darkening coves, and along the deep lines, marking the gorges; the burnished brilliance of the sunlight, which, despite its splendour, seemed lonely enough, lying motionless upon the lonely landscape, and on the still figures clustered about the porch."

Both the above have been taken from "In the Tennessee Mountains." Here is one other from "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains":

"The shadows were beginning to creep slowly up the slopes of the Great Smoky Mountains as if they came from the depths of the earth. A roseate suffusion idealized range and peak to the east. The delicate skyey background of opaline tints and lustre made distinct and definite their majestic symmetry of outline. Ah! and the air was so clear! What infinite lengths of elastic distances stretched between that quivering trumpet-flower by the fence, and the azure heights which its scarlet horn might almost seem to cover! The sun, its yellow blaze burned out, and now a sphere of smouldering fire, was dropping down behind Chilhowee, royally purple, richly dark. Wings were in the air, and every instinct was homeward. An eagle, with a shadow scurrying through the valley like some forlorn Icarus that might not soar, swept high over the landscape. Above all rose the great 'bald,' still splendidly illumined with the red glamour of the sunset, and holding its uncovered head so loftily against the sky that it might seem it had bared its brow before the majesty of heaven."

A regal chaplet of such gems might be quickly strung, although Miss Murfree has so far given the world but four volumes. Nature, indeed, has but rarely so poetically sensitive, or so eloquent an interpreter.

The same year that the stories of the Tennessee Mountains issued from the Riverside Press, the Ticknors published "Where the Battle Was Fought," which is, so far as bulk goes, much the most considerable of Miss Murfree's works. It is a novel. The scene is laid in Tennessee, but not among the mountains, and the people are of the conventional kind. The construction of the story is essentially conventional too. There is an impulsive hero, a lovely heroine, a very designing villain, a heavy father, and the usual proportion of secondaries and supernumeraries. Nevertheless it is a very strong and original piece of work, and intensely interesting, albeit its almost uniformly sombre atmosphere, for the shadow of the great war lies heavily upon it. Marcia Vayne presents a very attractive type of womanhood, and one gets to admire her so warmly as almost to wish her better luck than marrying Estwicke, even if dramatic consistency does demand it. General Vayne is clearly a study from life, and no doubt a very accurate one too. Brennett, the villain, is remarkably well drawn. But with all its good qualities, the relative merits of the book, as compared with the Tennessee Mountain stories, are very clearly shown by the fact that, although published in the same year, the latter has reached the sixteenth edition while the former is only in its sixth.

Miss Murfree's second novel, "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains," formed a leading attraction in the *Atlantic Monthly* during 1885, before coming out in book form. As the title implies, the writer is in her own field again, and, as a natural consequence, her work is of the deepest interest. Very much of what has been already said with reference to "In the Tennessee Mountains," applies with equal appropriateness to the "Prophet," and need not be rehearsed. The same remark holds good also for "Down the Ravine," a serial story which, after running its course in *Wide Awake* was republished by Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

As a novel, the story of "The Prophet," it must be confessed, is not entirely satisfactory, despite its picturesque realism. The characters remain to the end elemental forces vaguely clad in the garb of humanity. They are true to nature so far as they go; but for the novel they do not go far enough. They move and have their being in the transforming power of romance. Notwithstanding this, they take fast hold upon our imaginations, and seem

real enough so long as we linger in the aerial precincts of the Great Smokies. It is only when we close the book and come down to the level of every-day life that we realize how near they are to being little more than abstract conceptions.

Miss Murfree's latest work, "In the Clouds," which is at present the chief serial of the *Atlantic*, promises better in this respect. The characters stand out more distinctly from their mystic environment, and seem to have more flesh and blood about them. But of course it is still too early to pass judgment upon the whole story.

After a careful reading of what Miss Murfree has put forth, one cannot, however, help being struck with the fact that she is guilty of repetition and parallelism to a degree that arouses some apprehension as to her future. Take for instance Cynthia Ware and her mother in "Drifting Down Lost Creek," and Alethea Sayles and her mother in "In the Clouds," as we come upon them talking together, with the young girl's lover in each case as the subject of their conversation. The heroines differ but slightly in personal appearance, for, although Cynthia's hair is "auburn, of a brilliant rich tint," and Alethea's "yellow, with a soft sheen," the eyes of the former are "luminous brown," and those of the latter "bright hazel," which is but another way of stating the same thing, while they are both so fair and refined of face, and graceful of form, as to seem strangely inconsistent with the stolid unloveliness of their mothers, and their rude mountaineer surroundings. The mothers, too, resemble one another so strongly in their physical and mental characteristics that the same model must surely have served for both.

Again, in the complication of their humble love-dramas, a clear kinship may be easily established between Dorinda Cayce, the high-souled heroine of "The Prophet," and Alethea Sayles of "In the Clouds." Both maidens have, with the pathetic perversity of womankind, bestowed the prize of their affections upon utterly unworthy objects, while in each case a suitor, altogether appropriate and meritorious, stands ready to kiss the very hem of their linsey-woolsey gowns. Rick Tyler and Reuben Lorey, *alias* the "Mink," may not be otherwise alike than in their manifest inferiority to the women whose hearts they have won, but Amos James and Ben Doaks are akin in more than their common experience of the sorest disappointment that ever falls to the lot of man. They are both sure, solid, worthy men, who would, undoubtedly, have made the women of their choice most excellent husbands, even if such a disposition of the heroines might perchance have commended itself more favourably to our sense of practicality than of romance. And in that most touching and beautiful of all the Tennessee Mountain series, "The Harnt that Walks Chilhowee," it is impossible to resist the current of sympathy which sets so strongly in favour of Simon Burney, as opposed to Tom Pratt, in the contest for Clarissa Giles's hand, for much the same reason as makes us partisans of James and Doaks.

The most striking case of parallelism, however, is that which can be made out between the story of "Drifting Down Lost Creek," and the two novels of "The Prophet" and "In the Clouds," the central point of interest in all three turning upon precisely the same thing—to wit, the tribulations endured by the hero because of his being undeservedly suspected of having committed a murder.

This is somewhat unfortunate, to be sure, and so too is the pedantic tendency which tempts Miss Murfree into sending her readers off for Webster, bewildered by such phrases as "sub-acutely amazed," "rayonnant circle," "luculent enchantment," and "sequelae of an accusing conscience;" but these are, after all, very slight spots upon an otherwise splendid constellation.

There is much more which seems necessary to be said about Charles Egbert Craddock, but for considerations of space, I must content myself with unreservedly commending her works to every reader who desires to keep pace with what is purest and best in the literature of our sister nation.

J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

Ottawa.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BRANT CELEBRATION.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I beg to suggest that, as a memento of the unveiling of the Brant statue, what could be more acceptable to the Canadian people than a good, tasteful edition of Miss E. Pauline Johnson's poems? From THE WEEK alone could be selected sufficient to make a handsome volume, and there is no question of how welcome the collection would be.

A preface might be added by Mr. W. D. Howells (Miss Johnson's cousin), for instance, or Principal Grant of Queen's University.

Trusting that the suggestion will, sooner or later, and in some way or other, be carried out, I remain, yours very truly,

Richmond, Que.

J. C. SUTHERLAND.

THE Duke of Wellington told the following story, in his own characteristic language, to Sir F. H. Doyle's father, when dining at Apsley House: "After the battle of Talavera I wanted the Spanish force to make a movement, and called upon Cuesta to take the necessary steps, but he demurred. He said, by way of answer, 'For the honour of the Spanish Crown, I cannot attend to the directions of the British General, unless that British General go upon his knees and entreat me to follow his advice.' Now, I wanted the thing done, while as to going down upon my knees I did not care a twopenny d—n, so down I plumped."

The Week.

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

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It is a red-letter day in the annals of Canadian education on which the first step is taken towards University Confederation by the transfer of the Methodist College from Cobourg to Toronto. The first step is not likely to be the last. Trinity College will, in time, find that its basis is too small for a separate University; the abler and the more active-minded are the members of its staff, the more conscious they will be of that fact; and though it seems to be anchored to its present site by its new and beautiful chapel, even that tie will hardly prevail in the end over the vital interest of the institution. Queen's will probably be more obstinate, but Queen's will come in at last: it cannot possibly hold its own in the end against a great Provincial University. While Principal Grant lives, his vigorous personality will probably remain unsubdued: then softer influences will steal over the heart of Queen's; otherwise Knox will expand and become the Presbyterian College. It is needless to rehearse the arguments which have prevailed in the case of Victoria, or to demonstrate again that a combination of our resources is indispensable to the production of anything really worthy of the name of a University. The lingering fear as to the danger to be encountered in the scientific lecture-rooms of a secular University by religious faith will, we are persuaded, prove unfounded. At Oxford and Cambridge, the Universities of the Anglican Clergy, there is sufficient sensitiveness on this point, yet we are not aware that there has been any complaint, though the tendencies of scientific thought are exactly the same in these as in other professoriates. Among other safeguards, a professor, even though he may be heterodox, is a cultivated man and a gentleman, and his natural disposition will be to avoid giving offence to his audience. Nor, on the other hand, do we share the apprehension of undue clerical interference with scientific teaching. Public opinion is now too strong in favour of giving free course to scientific truth. Something, perhaps, in this respect, and with regard to the working of the scheme generally, will, for a time, depend on the Chancellor, and it is to be desired that, for the future, he should be non-political, and free from any but Academical influence. It would be difficult, perhaps, to find words entirely acceptable in which to congratulate the Methodist Church on the redemption of its ministers from local and exclusive education. But the Province may be congratulated on the transfer of a body of students, destined to wield so much influence, from the close atmosphere and the dusky shade of the local Seminary to the free air and broad daylight of the National University. A special vote of thanks is due to Dr. Dewart and Dr. Potts, the latter of whom, we rejoice to see, has accepted the Educational Secretaryship of the Methodist body. It must be extended to Dr. Nelles, in spite of his mysterious change at the last.

As an offset against the happy accession of Victoria to the Provincial University, we are sorry to observe that another local and denominational college, the Baptist College, at Woodstock, is about to apply for a University charter. The Government cannot possibly believe that the application ought to be granted. Their own conduct with regard to Confederation shows that they are of the opposite opinion; but they may be hampered by the consequences of their weakness as in the case of London. The concession of University powers to London was not untainted with nepotism; and the conditions of efficiency which were imposed upon the grant were, as might have been expected, completely evaded by colourable endowments. Are institutions sometimes scarcely superior in equipment to a High School to be invested with the power of granting degrees, upon their own examinations, in all the departments of human knowledge? Can there be a more palpable fraud? If it is deemed that degrees are obsolete, or aristocratic, or in any way unsuited to the circumstances of Canadian society, let them be abolished, and let each place of education stand on its own commercial footing, and be judged simply by results. But if degrees are to be retained, and the State is to stamp them as certificates of proficiency in learning and science, let them be genuine, and not as a great mass of them here and in the States are now—impositions on the public. In the States, the system of "one-horse" and sectarian Universities is the despair of all the friends of high education. It is also a social evil, inasmuch as the ease with which sham degrees are obtained tempts a number of ambitious and ill-advised

youths away from business or the farm to intellectual callings in which they cannot be useful or happy. A Government which propagates it here, and at the very moment when we are struggling not unhelpfully to get out of it, will have little claim to the gratitude of the friends of Provincial education.

At the distribution of prizes in Upper Canada College, the Lieutenant-Governor came out boldly in favour of the preservation of the College. Nor is it likely that the position which he has taken will ever bring him into conflict with his constitutional advisers. The trembling balance in the scales of which hung life and death for Upper Canada College has turned in favour of life. That the position of the College is anomalous, and a survival of the state of things which existed before the foundation of High Schools, is true. But a survival, even though it be also an anomaly, is not necessarily an evil. The Collegiate Institute in this city, being a most excellent and flourishing institution, cannot complain that it is blighted by the presence of Upper Canada College. Divided among the High Schools, the endowment of Upper Canada College would be a mere dribble, while that which was torn down could never be rebuilt. To call the College a Canadian Eton is fantastic; the conditions of Canadian society are such that an Eton, for good or evil, can never exist here. But besides an antiquity which here is respectable, and the associations which have gathered round it, it has an educational character of its own. It is in some degree independent of the machine, and of the political influences by which the machine is worked. M. Victor Duruy, the French Minister of Education, boasted that at the word of command given by him the same lesson commenced at the same moment in all the schools of France. The effect of this intense centralization and of this monotonous uniformity on the French mind has not been entirely good. But at all events the Minister of Education in France is a Duruy, a man taken from the highest rank of intellect and thoroughly qualified for his office. We cannot always command such men as Provincial Ministers of Education, and, therefore, a spark of freedom with us is the more to be prized.

It was in the latter days of the Second Empire that M. Victor Duruy was inspecting a school, the show boy of which was called upon by the master, in compliment to the Minister, to mention the principal glories of the Empire. The boy glibly answered, "The Mexican Expedition and the Crédit Mobilier." The Mexican Expedition had then failed, and the Crédit Mobilier had collapsed. The boy, who was supposed to be a budding Republican indulging in impertinence against the Empire, was promptly taken aside and punished. On reference to the authorised text-book, however, it was found that he had simply repeated what was there set down. Our school text-books are not compiled under the influence of an Empire, but they are occasionally compiled under other influences; and their availability as engines of propagandism has not been entirely overlooked.

PREPARATIONS are being made for the commencement of the new Parliament Buildings, and the day of doom for Toronto's park has come. It is too plain what will happen. More buildings, in course of time, will be wanted, and the ground for them will be taken. Probably the legislators will desire a hotel near at hand, instead of having to return after midnight to the Queen's and the Rossin, and a hotel near at hand they will have. Toronto's park is not the queen of parks; but it is much better than none. Our people enjoy it in the summer afternoons, though the Prohibitionist preacher with his sulphurous declamation may vex the sweet summer air. Above all, it is the playground for the boys, and without a playground boyhood can be neither happy nor healthy. The mischief is irreparable, for High Park, even if it were properly laid out, is too far from the dwellings of those who want a park most, and it is too hilly for a driving park or for a playground. Why could not the Parliament Buildings have been rebuilt on their old site, in the centre of business, where they ought to be? If it had been necessary to drop a session of the Legislature, nobody would have been the worse, and the money thus saved would have been something towards the cost of the new building. If the whole sum had been provided in this way, perhaps no great calamity would have ensued.

WE sometimes imitate English fashions when they are not applicable to our country, and we had better strike out a course for ourselves. Let us imitate them when they are good. Heavy dinners with a multiplicity of courses are going quite out of fashion in London. Lighter and simpler repasts are taking their place. This is an improvement in every respect. Among other things, by diminishing the cost of entertaining, it enables more people to entertain, and thus promotes sociability, of which, in spite of the growth of Toronto, we have too little. Small parties are also now the

fashion in England, and this change is not less to be commended than the other. With a large party, general conversation is impossible: you can only speak to the neighbour whom fate happens to assign to you: with the rest of the party you have no more social intercourse than you would have if you were dining within the same four walls at a restaurant. We take the liberty of putting in a word or two, once more, in favour of the English fashion of small kettledrums. A small kettledrum is an extremely sociable and pleasant thing in its way. An evening crush, in the afternoon, crowded and hot, with a babel of voices against which you strive to make yourself heard by the person who happens to be jammed against you, is, we respectfully submit, neither sociable nor pleasant: it may be the easiest and most compendious way of doing your friends honour, but it is the hollowest of all mockeries of hospitality.

THE DUKE OF SAXE-ALTENBERG has instituted an order of merit for domestic servants who have been thirty years in the same service. His Serene Highness would not find many claimants for his order on this side of the Atlantic, where domestic servants seem to make it almost a point of honour to assert their independence by constant changes of places as well as, in too many instances, by troublesome conduct in any place in which they may be. Much more effective than any order here is the example of Mr. William Gooderham who, when a faithful and attached domestic is married, gives her a house and a lot for a wedding present, and himself attends the wedding. In this democratic society of ours there is a feeling against domestic service which, false and irrational as it may be, cannot fail in some degree to disquiet the minds of all but the most sensible members of the calling. To combat the sentiment with reasons is vain; no social sentiment is ever reached by argument. The way to counteract it is to make domestic servants feel as much as possible that they are not merely hired helps but members of the household, and that their zeal and attachment will be thoroughly appreciated and gratefully rewarded. They should be regarded as having a claim second only to that of the members of the family itself. Their names ought to appear in wills far more often than they do. Liberal remembrance of them is not only a personal duty but will improve and sweeten, as nothing else can, a relation which is indispensable, but which it is daily becoming more difficult to maintain.

UNDER the Scott Act, power was ostensibly given to counties and municipalities to decide for themselves whether they would adopt the Act or not. But it was not intended that they should really use the privilege. They were expected simply, in a spirit of devout submission, to register the will of the promoters of the Act. Some of them, however, have been so misguided as to fancy their freedom real, and decide the question for themselves. Thereupon it is proposed at once to coerce them by a Provincial plebiscite. Such is the notion which some people have formed of liberty!

THE *Globe*, the other day, in noticing Mr. John Verschoyle's paper on "The Condition of Kerry," in the *Fortnightly*, expressed the opinion that "There is good common sense, and good morality, too, in the advice of the National League to Irish tenants—though Mr. Verschoyle accuses the League very severely in this connection. That advice is to eat sufficiently, and clothe themselves sufficiently out of the product, before paying rent, and to give the landlords the remainder, if any. If the people act fairly on that advice they will do all that any reasonable moralist or economist can call their duty. To hold a contrary doctrine is substantially to allege that landlords are entitled to exact everything from their tenants but enough barely to keep body and soul together." Now, whether these landlords and tenants be in Kerry or Toronto is only a difference of circumstance which does not affect the principle laid down, that whosoever finds himself in straitened circumstances may in good morality eat sufficient and clothe himself sufficiently—and he is to be the sole judge of what is sufficient—before paying his debts. That is, in plain words, he may steal anything he may consider necessary to his well-being. He cannot do this with impunity as respects supplies he usually has to purchase, because those supplies would be soon stopped; but with respect to anything he has in his power to withhold from the owner—such as rent—it would be good morality to consume all of it he fancies he needs, handing over to his landlord, or to his creditor, the remainder, if any. Our moralist does not tell us what the landlord or creditor is to do—whom he is to rob—to adjust the balance, or, supposing the owner, as is often the case, to be a widowed woman with a family to support, and without other resources, how they are to subsist if her tenant or debtor uses her property to feed and clothe himself to any extent he may deem necessary. Happily the working classes of Toronto, however poor, are not likely to favour the teaching of Mr. Verschoyle; there is a

fund of honesty in Canadians that will forbid that; but yet it may be usefully remembered that the state of things in Kerry to-day is largely the result of such preaching of public plunder as has been endorsed by our contemporary.

THE decided victory of the Quebec Ministerialists in Chicoutimi, though it adds only one to their number, has, under the circumstances, more than a numerical importance; and it may be said to have brought the contest between the parties to a tie. What will now follow we know just as well as under the old system of elections in England people knew what would happen when the numbers were equal on the last day of the poll. We shall be lucky if the local patronage suffices for the inevitable operation, and we are not called upon to find out of Dominion funds, in the shape of some local job, the means of deciding the wavering convictions of Quebec patriots. There are those who think that Dr. Ross owed his reverse in part to the economical character of his administration. The French do not want economy; they want expenditure: if they are in difficulty they have only to go to the Dominion. While politicians are carrying on their intrigues with this or the other connection in Quebec, there is undoubtedly growing in Ontario a wish that we had remained clear of French connection altogether. As a group of British colonies, enjoying in common the citizenship of the Empire, under one flag and the same military protection, we possessed the chief practical advantages of Confederation. Our military security was even greater than it is at present. What have the British Provinces gained by a closer union with an alien nationality which cares nothing for them, but only for what it can get out of them? The inquiry comes too late, and if pursued might lead to a disagreeable conclusion.

SYMPTOMS appear of a deliberation in Ministerial Councils as to the expediency of holding a general election this Fall. What inducement there can be to the adoption of that course since Quebec has revolted, it is not easy to see, unless it be that there would be an advantage in going to the country while the patronage of Quebec is still in Dr. Ross's hands. A notable reason that for the exercise of Her Majesty's prerogative! It is time that a protest should be entered against this constitutional abuse if the right of the people to elect their legislators for a certain term of years is not to be entirely overridden, and the tenure of members of Parliament to be made absolutely dependent on the will and pleasure of the Minister. The last dissolution of Parliament was wholly unwarrantable. No constitutional crisis had occurred to render in any way requisite an appeal to the people. The pretence that it was necessary to take the verdict of the nation on the results of the new financial policy was evidently a mere subterfuge. There could be no more necessity for taking a national verdict upon that than upon any other legislative measure, especially as the question had actually been before the people at the polls. The real motive was the belief that, just at that moment, the wind was in the right quarter for the Government. This has now become the practice in which Governors-General seem helplessly to acquiesce. It is obvious that the consequence must be most injurious to the independence of Parliament, the members of which will hold their seats not for a legal term but at the sufferance of the Prime Minister, who may at any time, if they cross his will, inflict upon them a penal dissolution. British example may, no doubt, be pleaded: encroachment has flourished during a female reign, and the dissolution of Parliament by Mr. Gladstone in 1874, coupled with the offer of a bribe to the constituencies in the shape of a reduction of the income tax, was perhaps the most flagrant instance of all, while the result was most disastrous to the Ministry. The bad effects of the practice were miserably illustrated in England the other day, when, on the Irish Government Bill, a question concerning the very life of the nation, many members of Parliament notoriously voted against their consciences, and against the convictions which they expressed in private, under the threat of a dissolution. Still our law is clear: it gives the people the right of electing representatives for a term of five years. A defeat of the Government, rendering necessary an appeal to the people, or a deadlock between the two Houses, justifies the use of the prerogative of dissolution; the tactical convenience of the party in power does not; and the habit which has now crept in is a very patent and a very noxious usurpation. Is the Governor-General impotent? If he is, and if all the prerogatives of the Crown have passed into the hands of the leader of the party in power, the sooner that fact is avowed, and the forms of our constitution are brought into accordance with the reality, the better, because the forms at present are highly misleading. If he is not impotent, and if there is any justification for his drawing a salary of \$50,000 a year, with \$50,000 more for casual expenses, let him guard the law and the constitution. In doing so he will have the people on his side.

It is a wise adage which bids you, before you get on horseback, know whither you are going to ride, and if the horse happens to be hot and hard-mouthed, the wisdom of the proverb is enhanced. Politicians who are astride upon what they are pleased to call the Liberal principle of Home Rule, will do well to consider at once to what conclusions that steed will carry them. To angle for the Irish vote by advocating the dismemberment of the Mother Country may be a safe and pleasant practice, at least for those who care nothing for the greatness of the race, or for the integrity of its historic centre. But how far does the principle extend? Is any Province of the Dominion to be at liberty, whenever it pleases, to withdraw from Confederation? This is already a practical question in the case of Nova Scotia, and is likely to become a practical question in the case of Quebec, if ever she should cease to be able to draw upon the treasury of the Dominion. That as soon as the Reformers get into power, and virtue reigns instead of vice, Separation will cease—that Nova Scotia will at once become content with Confederation, and Quebec will no longer have any views of her own, is a cheerful but visionary expectation. To pretend that national disintegration is a fundamental and time-honoured principle of the Liberal party surely borders pretty closely on effrontery. The Liberals brought about the unification of Italy. The Liberals brought about the unification of Germany. Republics have shown themselves particularly tenacious of their integrity. To preserve the Union, the American Republic went into the most tremendous of all civil wars. To preserve the Bund, the Swiss Republic, when the Catholic Cantons attempted to secede, coerced them without compunction. If any of our Liberals are Jacobins, or admirers of Jacobins, they will remember "the Republic one and indivisible," and the summary fashion in which its devotees dealt with all who dared to advocate a federal system. Decidedly, if we look to political history, we shall find that centralisation has been the Radical tendency, rather than disruption. The disruption principle, which styles itself Home Rule, is entirely novel, and its origin can be distinctly traced. It came into being when Mr. Gladstone, finding himself in pressing need of the support of "plunderers," men "whose steps were dogged by crime" and "disintegrators of the Empire;" declared for an Irish Parliament. From that moment the "principle" was embraced, and inculcated by all whose strategical exigencies happen to be the same as those of its inventor. Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Blaine, and Mr. Blake are all wooing the same mistress, who, in this case, has smiles for them all. Well and good. But there are Liberals like Mr. John Bright, Mr. Chamberlain, and Sir Charles Trevelyan, who, having held the principle of national unity all their lives, refuse to turn round in a moment at the bidding of a party leader or a caucus. Do people suppose that a man with such a record as John Bright is going, for the sake of victory in a faction fight, hypocritically to profess a doctrine, which by breaking up great nations would wreck the most powerful organs of human progress?

COLONEL INGERSOLL, it seems, has been delivering himself of the opinion that a lawyer is a professional strumpet. A professional strumpet undoubtedly that lawyer was, who in defending the perpetrators of the Star Route frauds, though he must have known his clients to be guilty, resorted to solemn protestations of belief in their innocence, and lachrymose appeals to the feelings of the jury. But an advocate who performs his duty by stating the case of his client not only does not prostitute himself, but does nothing that can in any way conflict with the finest sense of honour or endanger in the slightest degree the integrity of his moral character. What do these purists want? Do they wish that when there are two litigants before the bar of justice, the case of one of them should be left unpleaded, or that a man accused of murder should be hanged without being heard by counsel? Under the English system, which separates the functions of the solicitors from those of the advocate, the advocate may be in some danger of having thrust upon him a brief which his professional duty requires him to accept, but which his personal sense of justice would have led him to decline. Even under these circumstances, he is not responsible for the decision to go into court; the keys of public justice are not committed to his hands, and he has only to present fairly any arguments that there may be, in a strictly professional manner, without sophistical tricks or hypocritical protestations. But under our system a case can hardly find its way into court unless the legal firm to which the advocate belongs shall have satisfied itself that there is at least a substantial ground for the contention. To fancy it can ever be the interest of a legal firm to let a case go into court without a leg to stand upon is absurd: the fees for which all lawyers are supposed to crave so ravenously, could never make up for the forfeiture of professional reputation.

THERE is no doubt that the whole of the Socialist, Communist, and Anarchist votes at New York, competed to amount in the aggregate to

18,000 or 20,000, will be thrown for George as mayor. Not that George is deemed up to the Anarchist, or even the Communist mark, but he is with perfect justice regarded in a general way as an apostle of social revolution and public plunder. His supporters will be almost entirely foreigners, and generally foreigners fresh from the naturalisation mill. It does not seem that the progress of opinions having an affinity to those of Mr. George is more rapid among Canadians than it is among native Americans. At least the response to the appeal of one of our Labour contemporaries for subscriptions in aid of the great cause appears up to the present time to be six dollars, the most prominent names among the contributors being those of Mr. A. F. Jury and Mr. William Houston.

AMERICANS declare that they are not going to bear "this fooling with anarchy." There seems reason to fear that the resources of the technicality and quibbling by which American law guards the lives of convicted murderers are not yet entirely exhausted; but if the Chicago Anarchists meet their deserts, the declaration will be made good. England will have to make up her mind on the same point if the Socialists carry out their intention of making a grand demonstration of turbulence on Lord Mayor's day. Authority has of late been relaxed, and disorder has been encouraged to the most fatal extent. Ireland has been allowed to preach by example that people may best obtain what they want by defiance of the law and by outrage. An ex-premier and the leader of a party the other day welcomed with fulsome compliments a deputation from an Irish city which is in open revolt against the Government since it refuses to pay a fine which has been legally imposed on it. The natural consequences of such philanthropy in high places have now to be faced, and they have to be faced unfortunately with a large party in the governing assembly ready to take the side of Mr. Hyndman's mob.

IN a few days the gift of the French to the American people will be unveiled, and a theme of infinite jest afforded to the American humorist. The affair, in fact, offends the practical good sense of the American people; and therefore an undercurrent of levity has always been observable in the main drift of American opinion about it. Congress adjourned without providing for the entertainment of any representative at the inauguration of the nation that made the gift; and the nation that receives it laughs over the goddess, transformed by the comic papers into an indignant wife, with a candle held on high, receiving her belated spouse. The sex of "Liberty" has also, it appears, inspired the woman-suffragist of New York with a determination to assert herself: if liberty be free, woman should be free; and therefore in the coming celebration a prominent place is woman's right. This appears to be the one serious aspect in which this affair is considered: who knows but that the rearing of this statue may be the signal for an awful uprising of the unfranchised sex?

BEFORE long the United States will be in the vortex of another Presidential election. Never was a wiser thing done than the framers of the Confederate constitution did in lengthening the President's term, and forbidding re-election. No commonwealth can bear for ever without injury a moral civil war which rages during two years out of every four. It seems now pretty certain that Mr. Blaine will again receive the Republican nomination, notwithstanding the prejudice against the renomination of a beaten candidate. His chief competitor is Logan, a demagogue of the coarsest and most violent type, who hesitated, it is said, at first between the Federal and the Confederate side, but having embraced the Federal side, became an incarnation of its party passions. The lack of education betrayed in Logan's speeches probably only serves to endear him, as a genuine representative of the masses, to the audience to which he plays. He is said, by his admirers, to be what Mr. Blaine certainly is not—incorruptible; but corruption itself might be practically less noxious than his stolid violence. Mr. Cleveland, according to all appearances, will again be the Democratic candidate, so that we shall have the same battle fought over again. It will be, as it was before, a battle between Reform and Corruption. All the opponents of Reform in the Civil Service and all the sinister interests, including the High Tariff men, will be ranged on the side of Mr. Blaine. His speeches on the Irish Question, and the belief that he will pursue a spirited foreign policy, that is, a policy of insult and menace to England, will probably secure to him on this occasion the entire Irish vote. On the last occasion the Irish vote was pretty equally divided, a part of it, notwithstanding Mr. Blaine's Anti-British attractions, having been still kept by old association in the Democratic ranks. The Mugwumps—as the men who are so misguided as to prefer their country to their party are called—will no doubt adhere to Mr. Cleveland. Nothing has occurred to diminish the objection which on

grounds of public morality they entertained to Mr. Blaine. Mr. Cleveland may not have always done what they would have wished: as the nominee of a party, he has had to give way a good deal to party demands and considerations. But they must know that he has done his best, and that his cause, on the whole, is the cause of purity and reform. Whether the country and public morality will be preferred to Party by a number of citizens sufficient to re-elect Mr. Cleveland is a question, the answer to which will be expected with the utmost anxiety by all well-wishers of the Republic.

SOCIETY, charity, and art at Toronto alike lament the departure of Mrs. Alexander Cameron, who has taken up her residence at New York.

ON the inauguration of the Statue of Liberty at New York:

From Marat's land to Tweed's abode I roam,
An exile still. Where shall I find a home?

S.

Paris.

E. G. GARTHWAITE.

THE N. Y. *Tribune* is responsible for the astounding statement that the wages of the negroes at the South is "over 100 per cent. less" than that of whites at the North. How this can be is a puzzle. Manifestly, if you take 100 per cent. from a sum you leave nothing: does the *Tribune*, or Mr. Blaine, for whom it speaks, mean to tell us that the wages of the negroes is less than nothing?

THERE is a delightful specimen of the best French humour in Daudet's "Tartarin sur les Alpes," where, a party being in a crevasse, a suicidal Swede among them hangs by one listless hand at the head of the line, discussing the temptation to pitch off into the abyss, while Tartarin (aware that if one goes all go) expends his best eloquence in combatting the untimely pessimism of his neighbour.

THE handsome gift to the University College of \$2,000 by an anonymous donor, to found a scholarship in the Natural Sciences, must be very gratifying to the friends of the College; and the perpetual association with this scholarship of the name of the learned President of the College is a fitting recognition of the long and devoted services rendered to it and the cause of higher education by Professor Daniel Wilson.

MUCH religious agitation has been caused in India, and ill-feeling between the Hindoos and Mahomedans, by the alleged adulteration (with pigs' fat) of butter for the use of the Mahomedans; and this agitation culminated on Oct. 7 in a riot at Delhi, in which several persons were killed. Greased cartridges brought about the Sepoy Mutiny: and in view of the inflammability that seems always to prevail, it would be interesting to know how the Home Rule proposed as a substitute for the present Government, by the Indian babus, who pretend to represent all India in London, will keep these races from flying at one another's throats?

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Ottawa Journal*, who is described by that journal as a well-known and respected Liberal, and an adherent of the present Liberal (Repeal) Ministry, has this to say of the attitude of the Ministry: "It is impossible to say what the platform of the Liberal Party here will be. The Repeal cry in the local elections was largely an election kite. A few leading men were sincere, but the majority were not. The fact is, the Liberals are afraid to run the Dominion elections on the Repeal cry, not because they fear the results of an appeal to the people, but for what their position would be afterwards. It will undoubtedly be brought into the campaign, but whether they are enough in earnest to make it a vital issue, I am doubtful."

WE have several times of late observed most practical and sensible suggestions relating to Canada and colonial matters made through the columns of the *Times*, by Captain Edward Palliser; and in the issue of the 20th ult., we find another which strikes us as being very well worth attention: "Now," he says, "that the autumn manœuvres of foreign armies are attracting attention I am afforded the looked-for opportunity of pointing out the advantage it would be to the Empire if Australian and Canadian officers were invited by the Imperial Government to represent England on such occasions. Having served on the Staff during the late campaign in Canada, I can say that the Empire would be worthily represented. There would be no lack of means, style, and knowledge of languages. No doubt Australia is ready to say the same. It would be a new feature in the military aspect of England, proving to foreign Powers that this country does not now stand alone."

SONNET.—RETROSPECTION.

HAD I but measured by the midnight oil
The hours that have most foolishly been spent
In mad carouse and careless merriment,
Fame might have recompensed the nightly toil,
And of my Soul Sin's fingers should not soil
With fatal touch the fairness innocent;
Nor would I stagger, like an old man bent
Beneath the weight of years, from this recoil.

Lost years of youth! how beautiful ye seem,
As from life's length of faith and fear we look;
How doth Remorse reproach us that we took
The first false step that stirr'd us from the dream!
One sorrow vain for all is born of that fair scene—
That we might be but now the men we might have been.

SAUNTERINGS.

HAS it occurred to nobody, in his struggles to keep abreast of the tide of new activity that sets in fiction, as in every other department of modern thought, to cast one deploring glance over his shoulder at the lovely form of the heroine of old-time, drifting fast and far into oblivion? It would be strange indeed if we did not regret her, this daughter of the lively imagination of a bygone day. By long familiarity, how dear her features grew! Having heard of her blue eyes, with what zestful anticipation we foreknew the golden hair, the rosebud mouth, the faintly-flushed, ethereal cheek, and the pink sea-shell that was privileged to do auricular duty in catching the never-ceasing murmur of adoration that beat about the feet of the blonde maiden! Wotting of her ebon locks, with what subtle prescience we guessed the dark and flashing optics, the alabaster forehead, the lips curved in fine scorn, the regal height, and the very unapproachable demeanour of the brunette! The fact that these startling differences were purely physical, that the lines of their psychical construction ran sweetly parallel, never interfered with our joyous interest in them as we breathlessly followed their varying fortunes from an auspicious beginning, through harrowing vicissitudes, to a blissful close. So that her ringlets were long enough, and her woes deep enough, and her conduct under them marked by a beautiful resignation and the more becoming forms of grief, it never occurred to us to cavil at the object of Algernon's passion, because her capabilities were strictly limited to making love and Oriental landscapes in Berlin wool. Her very feminine attributes were invariably forthcoming; and if the author by any chance forgot to particularise the sweetness of her disposition, the neatness of her *boudoir*—they all had *boudoirs*—or the twining nature of her affections, we unconsciously supplied the deficiency, and thought no less respectfully of Araminta. She was very wooden, this person for whom gallant youths attained remarkable heights of self-sacrifice, and villains intrigued in vain; her virtues and her faults alike might form part of the intricate and expensive interior of a Paris doll; and we loved her perhaps with the unmeaning love of infancy for its toys. She was the painted pivot of the merry-go-round—it could not possibly revolve, with its exciting episodes, without her; yet her humble presence bore no striking relation to the mimic pageant that went on about her. She vanished with the last page, ceased utterly with the sound of her wedding-bells; and we remembered for a little space, not the maiden, but the duels in her honour, the designs upon her fortune, and the poetic justice that overtook her calumniators.

But extinction in time overtook this amiable damsel. Mere complexion began to be considered an insufficient basis upon which to erect a character worthy of public attention in the capacity of a heroine. So we were introduced to the young creature of "parts"—the parts consisting of an immoderate desire to investigate the wisdom of the ancients, as Plato has expressed it, an insatiable appetite for metaphysical conversation, and a lofty contempt for the frivolities of her sex. To keep the balance between these somewhat laudable peculiarities and proper womanly accomplishments, she was usually invested with a powerful and melodious vocal organ, whose minor notes frequently depressed her frivolous associates of the drawing room to tears, and reduced the hitherto invincible heart of the interesting woman-hater of the volume to instant and abject submission. To preserve the unities, charms of feature and philosophical tendencies being somewhat incompatible, she was given a rather wide mouth, and a forehead too high and thoughtful for beauty's strict requirements; while her dark expressive eyes and straight nose sufficed to secure our regard from an æsthetic standpoint. Then came that daring innovator who gave us a countenance all out of line, with freckles on it, a look of restless

intellectuality, and a vague charm that was beyond his power to analyse or ours to conceive. The conduct of this young person was usually characterised by the wildest vagaries. She held communings with herself, which she reluctantly imparted to the interesting youth in whom she recognised her mental superior, and therefore her fate; and the sole end of her existence appeared to be to make his as wretched as possible. The plot, of which this ingenuous maid was the centre, usually turned upon a mood of hers—the various chapters, indeed, were chiefly given over to the elucidation of her moods, and their effect upon her unfortunate admirers.

Just about here, in the development of the heroine, do we begin to see that she is not a fixed quantity in the problems of the novelist, but varies with his day and generation. Araminta was the product of an age that demanded no more of femininity than unlimited affection and embroidery. The advent of the blue-stocking suggested the introduction of brains into her composition, though her personality was not seriously affected by them, as the blue-stocking was but a creature of report in the mind of the story-teller, the feminine intelligence not being popularly cultivated beyond the seminary limit. As dissatisfaction with her opportunities infected the modern young lady, her appearance in fiction with a turned-up nose and freckles, solely relying upon her yearnings after the infinite for popular appreciation, followed as a matter of course.

We are not talking, O captious soul—with a dozen notable heroines of the past at your fingers' ends!—of the great people in the world of fiction, but of the democracy of that populous literary sphere. We are discussing those short-lived Ethels and Irenes who have long since gone over, with their devoted Arthurs and Adolphuses, to that great majority whose fortunes are to be traced only at the second-hand book-stalls now; but whose afflictions formed the solace of many an hour in the dusty seclusion of the garret, while the rain pattered on the roof, and the mice adventured over the floor, and the garments of other days swayed to and fro in dishevelled remembrance of their departed possessors. Ah, Genevieve and Rosabel, Vivien and Belinda, how fare ye now whose yellow-bound vicissitudes were treasured so carefully from the fiery fate that awaited them at the hands of stern authorities diametrically opposed to "light reading!" By what black ingratitude are ye reduced, alas! to the pulp of the base material economy of the age on which, perhaps, the fortunes of damsels less worthy and less fair are typographically set forth for the fickle amusement of a later generation!

Hardly less complete is the evanishment of Rosabel and Belinda than that of their successors in fiction, and the time-honoured functions they performed. A novel without a heroine used to be as absurd an idea as the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out. But the heroine of to-day's fiction is the exception, not the rule. The levelling process the age is undergoing has reduced women with their own knowledge and consent to very much the same plane of thought and action as men. It has also raised them to it, paradoxical though the statement be. The woman of to-day is no longer an exceptional being surrounded by exceptional circumstances. She bears a translatable relation to the world; and the novelists who translate it correctly have ceased to mark it by unduly exalting one woman by virtue of her sex to a position of interest in their books which dwarfs all the other characters. It has been found that successful novels can be written without her. The woman of to-day understands herself, and is understood in her present and possible worth. The novel of to-day is a reflection of our present social state. The women who enter into its composition are but intelligent agents in this reflection, and show themselves as they are, not as a false ideal would have them. SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

AFTERNOON TEA.

How necessary and how dear a thing is sentiment, after all! We who have been born in this great unmellowed, unhallowed continent, and have lived in colourless dearth of history and tradition for more than two centuries, are prone to mock at Sentiment, to rob her of her celestial robes and dress her in the unmeaning garments of some Audrey whom fools trifle with. Yet despite our ill-usage she asserts her gentle supremacy again and again, to our half-ashamed delight and satisfaction. At the distribution of prizes in the public hall of Upper Canada College last Friday afternoon, for instance, how she possessed the place, and arose in the person of every distinguished occupant of the platform to sway us all with the magic of her retrospective wand! All about us, the youth of to-day, brimful of the possibilities of to-morrow; on the dais before us, men who represented the authority of government, the elevation of letters, and the dignity of the church. High over the door, the old colonial governor who founded the College looked down in his red coat and gold lace and wrinkled top-boots, upon his labours as half a century has affected them.

And the reverend gentleman who first assumed the arduous task of instructing the young idea, as it was subjected to him in this honourable seat, gazed benignly over his cravat at some of the very boys upon whom his eye was sterner once—gray-headed boys now, but full of vigour and enthusiasm for the halls of their youthful correction still. And the sun, slanting through the green blinds, fell upon and glorified the gilt-lettered scroll of head boys' names for years and years—names, some of them, of Canada's bravest and best. The years have done their best to tarnish them on the walls where their fame began; but they are lettered in history by an undiscoverable alchemic process that brightens them with time. Names, some of them, eminent in professional, or weighty in business life; names, some of them, that stand for brilliant failures; names, some of them, alas! to be found elsewhere only in a faithful heart or two, and on some churchyard slab. Truly, one thought, as one listened to the words of approbation that must have thrilled the boyish hearers, and heard the hearty enthusiasm of Lieutenant-Governor Robinson, and mentally congratulated young Macdonald, the bright-faced victor of the year,—if Upper Canada College continues to exist but by grace of sentiment its lease of life will be long.

THE drawing-room at the Government House was the scene of rather a novel phase of gubernatorial hospitality last Friday afternoon, when Lieut.-Colonel Macdonald, Indian Agent and Interpreter, and his Cree Chiefs, called to pay their respects to His Honour and Mrs. Robinson. According to the urbane introduction of their guide, philosopher, and friend, the visitors from the far Saskatchewan were Oh-tah-ta-coop, which being interpreted, is Star Blanket, Kah-wis-ta-haw, or Flying-in-a-circle, Osoup, which is more euphonious than Black-fat, and Mis-ta-was-sis, who, though the smallest of all, was Big-Child. Mis-ta-was-sis must have disappointed the promise of his early infancy.

Considering their doctrinal differences—for one was a Methodist, one a Presbyterian, one a Catholic, and one a Pagan—the most remarkable unanimity appeared to prevail among them. The Pagan wore his hair in ringlets, but his ancestral faith did not distinguish him otherwise. He was dressed like his fellow chiefs, in somewhat antiquated red military coat and trousers, of Saskatchewan conventionality; and he was as silent, as dignified, as unabashed as they.

After the exchange of necessarily somewhat limited civilities with Mrs. Robinson, His Honour took his Indian guests to the hall, dining-room, and ball-room, where hangs the very admirable and perfect collection of portraits of former colonial dignitaries, for which Government House is justly noted. Their interest in these was very apparent, and several times when their genial host audaciously joked his painted predecessors, their dark faces relaxed into a grin of appreciation. Returning to the drawing-room, the orator of the party, Kah-tee-wis-ta-haw, presented his compliments to Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Robinson in a manner that left nothing to be desired but a knowledge of Cree, and this deficiency was entirely supplied by Col. Macdonald. One is struck by the simplicity, the directness, the poetry of the Indian, when he aspires to rhetoric. Living as he does in constant contact with primeval nature, intimately familiar with her every mood, and blissfully unaware of the necessity for originality in interpreting her, the beauty of the red man's metaphors is not hard to account for. Among these painted people of the forest many a Cædmon must have lived and died. Pointing to a little granddaughter of Mrs. Robinson, a fairy-like little creature with long floating fair hair and blue eyes, Kah-tee-wis-ta-haw called her "The Star Child," and wished for her that the days that had passed since his name had been given him might be added to hers. No poet laureate could have named her more appropriately. Kah-tee-wis-ta-haw, though apparently unimpressed by the splendour of Government House, was of the opinion that had his brother Indians known before what he would tell them on his return, there would have been no war, in which he was gutturally endorsed by his companions. His Honour then expressed, in his own unmistakable way, the sincerity of his good will, "as Chief of this great Province," toward his distinguished visitors and the people they represented. Mrs. Robinson delighted their aboriginal hearts by presenting them with pretty silver brooches and bangles for their respective squaws, and pipes for themselves. Col. Macdonald was also honoured by a remembrance of the occasion in the shape of a handsome meerschaum. Whereupon the Crees testified to their progress in civilisation by gravely presenting their cards! and after shaking hands with great ceremony with every one present, disappeared down the drive with a farewell whoop—a social observance that had the merit of originality in Toronto, the impressions of our friends in England to the contrary notwithstanding.

Rose Coghlan laid siege to the heart of Toronto's theatre-going public last week, first in the character of *Lady Teazle*. As might have been

expected, that very well fortified citadel of dramatic affections capitulated at once, and Miss Coghlan's entry was as victoriously triumphant as her occupancy was regrettably short.

It would be difficult to imagine a more perfect personation of Sheridan's wilful heroine than Miss Coghlan's. Physically, she is well adapted to it; her buxom figure and piquant face might have suggested *Sir Peter's* country bride to Sheridan's wit, had that famous playwright been favoured by the sight. Her own abounding spirits, her quick appreciation of the ludicrous, her volatile temperament, and, above all, her delicious femininity, give Miss Coghlan the vast advantage of being true to herself in her faithfulness to Sheridan's conception. Her acting as the spoiled wife of the old baronet was not better than as the half-willing listener to *Joseph Surface's* dishonourable philosophy, nor was either phase of the character less perfectly presented than *Lady Teazle's* contrition and humiliation in the discovery scene. Especially in the episode of her interview with *Joseph*, so fatal to the moral equipoise of the average *Lady Teazle*, is Miss Coghlan's delicacy of interpretation to be commended. She is neither fatuously frail nor inconsistently repellent, and she emerges from her indiscreet situation very little the loser in the respect of her audience.

The Walcoots, as *Sir Peter Teazle* and *Mrs. Candour*, were, as usual, inimitable; and Mr. Frederic de Belleville's *Charles Surface* left little to be desired in that dashing youth. The fluent and musical quality of Mr. de Belleville's speech, and the grace and ease of his every movement, are the qualities of his acting most to be admired. His facility is greater than his force. Mr. W. H. Loonard, as that small mincing compendium of vanity, arrogance, and affectation, *Sir Benjamin Backbite*, gave the character as Toronto audiences have seldom seen it before. Miss Coghlan and Mr. Loonard, by the way, appeared to be the only members of the cast who knew anything about the minuet, which graceful old measure was danced as badly as possible.

As *Pauline* in "The Lady of Lyons," Miss Coghlan was charming, well-bred, and intelligent. Her personation was interesting and agreeable. But the emotional scale of this actress is that of *Lady Teazle*, and *Pauline* is a person of entirely different mould. Miss Coghlan can be as intense and dramatic as *Lady Teazle*, but *Pauline* finds her unable to rise to the occasional heights which the character demands. Nor is Mr. de Belleville the ideal *Claude Melnotte*. He is much too courtly for a gardener, even a gardener of lofty aspiration and refined tastes.

Miss Coghlan's *Rosalind* has the very appreciable merit, in her case, of originality. It is long indeed since we have seen so delightfully individual a *Ganymede* as she who fled to the mimic Arden at "The Grand" last week. Miss Coghlan has adapted the part to her own sweet, whimsical, graceful personality, rather than endeavoured to make her personality conform to any traditional idea of the part. This result is a fresh sensation for jaded playgoers, and a standard for less experienced critics that coming *Rosalinds* will find hard to reach. Mr. de Belleville, as *Jacques*, was rather overshadowed by the very handsome Mr. A. S. Lipman as *Orlando*, whose youthful impetuosity quite took his audience by storm. Mr. Lipman lacks sustained power. The impulse that carried him splendidly through the first three acts left him comparatively limp and lifeless during the last two. On the whole, Miss Coghlan is supported by an exceptionally strong cast, the individual members of which will not fail to be remembered with lively interest in Toronto.

At the Toronto Opera House the play last week was "The World," a spectacular drama that aroused great enthusiasm when first produced. It has an ingenious plot and a number of effective situations, but the company by whom it was given at the Toronto Opera House cannot be said to have done justice to either the one or the other. The female parts were especially badly taken, and none of the acting deserved any special commendation, except possibly that of the comedian of the piece, a German Jew, whose rascality was tolerably amusing. This week, Marie Prescott, a lately arisen American star, plays at the Toronto Opera House in "Czeka," "Ingomar," and "Pygmalion and Galatea." At the Grand, that Celtic favourite of Euphrosyne, Mr. Joseph Murphy, amuses crowded houses from Monday till Saturday in "Kerry Gow" on the first three nights of the week, in "Shaun Rhue" on the last three.

GARTH GRAFTON.

HERE is a story of Carlyle, in which he got decidedly the worst of it. He once began abusing Lord Falkland:—"Puir, meeserable creature, what did he ever do to be remembered among men?" "Well," replied Murphy, a brilliant Irish barrister and friend of the sage, "at least he put on a clean shirt to be shot in, which is more than ever you would have done, Carlyle."

OF YE HEARTE'S DESIRE.

WYTHE some it is shippes and golde;
Wythe some it is palaces faire;
Wythe some it is blossoms that folde
Theire beautie away fromme the aire;
Wythe some it is castles in Spaine,
That tower through a rosie cloude;
Wythe some it is visions of paine
That compass them here like a shroud.

Wythe others 'tis feasting and fun,
The thyng they call "lyfe," no doubt;
Wythe some it is fame well-done
And garnished with puffes about;
Wythe some it is places highe;
Wythe some it is stockes and shares;
Wythe others 'tis kites to fie;
Wythe some it is fancie faires.

Wythe some it is grace to walk
Through lyfe aright to the grave;
Wythe some it is yearning to talk
Wythe the friend beyond the wave;
Wythe some 'tis to make new friends,
With others to keep but one;
Wythe some 'tis to make both ends
Meet as they never have done.

None of these wyses are myne.
Lovers who guess my plight,
Reading between each lyne
Lo, ye have guessed aright!
Only my hearte's desire—
To feel that my love forgives,
That his hearte will never tire
Of loving me while he lives!

Toronto.

SERANUS.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

ROBERT FULTON. By Thomas W. Knox. New York and London: G. P. Putman's Sons. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

In combining a biography of Robert Fulton with a history of steam navigation, and doing it with a view to the instruction of youth and enthusiasm, as well as of age and experience, Mr. Knox has performed a task for which he will receive the gratitude of his own generation, and, until his book is supplanted by a better one, of generations to come. Even in the crowded world of semi-scientific literature there was room for this book, and its admirable form unites with its valuable contents to ensure its welcome. For the book is excellently bound, profusely illustrated, and printed in large and most readable type upon the best paper.

Mr. Knox deals fully and pleasantly with the story of Fulton's life, enriching his pages with anecdotes of him by various biographers, and letters illustrating the progress of his idea until it culminated in the launch and trial of the "Fulton the First." Mr. Knox winds up the biographical part of his volume by forcibly calling the attention of Fulton's compatriots to the fact that his body has lain for seventy-one years in the Livingstone vault in Trinity Churchyard, unhonoured by so much as a memorial slab. The history of steam navigation, to which the author devotes three-quarters of his book, is quite as interesting and much more valuable than his sketch of Fulton, however. It is written with special reference to the development of the modern war-ship, and includes tables of the naval statistics of all nations of distinguished achievements upon the high seas, as well as much useful information regarding the progress of the constructive idea among peoples by whom it has been but recently assimilated. The chapters which Mr. Knox devotes to submarine engines of destruction, though by no means exhaustive, are of quite fascinating interest.

GLOBE READINGS FROM STANDARD AUTHORS. The Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics. By Francis T. Palgrave. London and New York: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

This neat and inexpensive reprint of Professor Palgrave's admirable "national anthology of three centuries" will be a boon to a great many people. The labour of editing such a work is rarely supplemented by the thorough scholarship, the fine appreciation, and the wise discrimination which combine to render Professor Palgrave's so valuable. The "Golden Treasury" is divided into four books, which consist of selections from the Elizabethan period, the last eighty years of the seventeenth century, the eighteenth, and the first thirty years of the nineteenth, chronologically arranged. In the appendix of this edition we find not only careful and exhaustive notes, but a brief critical summary of the

literature of each period indicated. In addition to this there is an index of writers, with dates of birth and death, and a similar convenient exponent of first lines. With the merits of the selection most people are familiar. It is more purely lyrical than any other, and is made upon lines the strictness of which one is sometimes inclined to deprecate. But one's occasional disappointment at the exclusion of a favourite is more than compensated for by one's frequent and pleasurable sensation of discovery.

HOW TO STRENGTHEN THE MEMORY; or, Natural and Scientific Methods of Never Forgetting. By M. L. Holbrook, M.D. New York: M. L. Holbrook and Company.

The value of this book lies chiefly in the judicious use which its author has made of the researches and opinions of others upon its subject. It contains a valuable chapter by Professor Gaillard, the eminent linguist, upon "The Best Methods of Cultivating the Memory for Words." Another, long out of print, by Professor Edward Pick, "How to Learn a New Language," and another, by Edward Spring, the sculptor, on "Memory of Forms and Faces." In addition to his liberal offering of borrowed thought, Dr. Holbrook contributes not a few sensible suggestions of his own, which are adapted to the most limited intelligence, and may be followed by a wayfaring man, though a fool, no doubt with profit. The book is written, however, in the most poverty-stricken English; its arrangement is loose and ineffective, and its construction is careless in the extreme.

LA FRANCE. Par A. De Rougemont. New York: The Writers' Publishing Company.

The idea of this little book is an especially good one. It is that of introducing the young student to the French language through channels of French association. The book consists of brief chapters upon the French, their origin, character, and history. Almost every phase of national development is lightly touched upon, and if the reader upon closing the covers of Professor De Rougemont's enthusiastic Gallic sentiment, is not vastly the wiser by its perusal, he has at least received a spur to further investigation. It is written in easy French, although sufficiently idiomatic to be really useful to the tyro in the language, and its neat and inexpensive form adapts it very well to the use of the junior classes of our schools.

We have received also the following publications:

ATLANTIC MONTHLY. November. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.
TOWN AND CITY GOVERNMENT OF NEW HAVEN. By Charles H. Levermore, Ph. D. Johns Hopkins University Studies, Fourth Series, No. 10.
HARPER'S MAGAZINE. November. New York: Harper and Brothers.
ART INTERCHANGE. October. New York: 37-39 West 22nd Street.
ST. NICHOLAS. November. New York: The Century Company.
LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. November. New York: J. B. Lippincott and Company.

MUSIC.

TREBELLI-MUSIN CONCERT.

The high reputation of Mme. Trebelli as an artistic singer, and the popularity of Monsieur Ovide Musin, the Belgian violinist, served to attract a large audience to the Pavilion Music Hall on the 20th inst., when the so-called English ballad concert was given. The two celebrated artists were assisted by Mr. Whitney Mockridge, tenor; and Mr. Randolph King, of Boston, pianiste. English ballads constituted but a small part of the programme, but the audience showed no disposition to find fault on that account. Mme. Trebelli received a very cordial welcome, and obtained several recalls during the evening. She was not in her best voice, but her excellent method and the perfection of her art made amends for her physical indisposition, and did much to conceal it. An aria from an almost forgotten opera by Gluck, and the "Berceuse," by Gounod, were her principal numbers. M. Musin, by his violin-playing, created a sensation only a little less profound than on the occasion of his last visit with the Lehmann Concert Company. He gave a selection of brilliant concert pieces from the repertoire with which Toronto concert-goers are familiar, and dazzled his audience by executive feats which led always to the inevitable *encore*. Mr. Mockridge sang most artistically a beautiful aria from Goring Thomas's opera of "Esmeralda." While evidently still suffering from weakness of the vocal chords, he sang with much smoothness and finish, and added another to his list of triumphs. Mr. King played a couple of piano solos which called for no special comment. The artists who compose the company have all been heard in Toronto on previous occasions, and as the programme was of an ordinary character in regard to the selections, an extended notice will not be considered necessary.

CLEF.

The late Archbishop of Canterbury once remonstrated with a celebrated Parsee for worshipping the sun. "Ah! your Grace," was the reply, "you should see it once."

A GREAT ENTERPRISE

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, with its enormous circulation (edition of November number is a quarter of a million) and great resources, has never undertaken a more important work than the one which will be its leading feature during the coming year. This is a history of our own country in its most critical time, as set forth in

THE LIFE OF LINCOLN,

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This great work, begun with the sanction of President Lincoln, and continued under the authority of his son, Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, is the only full and authoritative record of the life of Abraham Lincoln. Its authors were friends of Lincoln before his presidency; they were most intimately associated with him as private secretaries throughout his term of office, and to them were transferred upon Lincoln's death all his private papers. Here will be told the inside history of the civil war and of President Lincoln's administration—important details of which have hitherto remain unrevealed that they might first appear in this authentic history. By reason of the publication of this work,

THE WAR SERIES,

which has been followed with unflinching interest by a great audience, will occupy less space during the coming year, but will by no means be entirely omitted. Articles on Gettysburg, Chickamauga, Sherman's March, etc., with stories of naval engagements and prison life, will appear.

NOVELS AND STORIES

include a novel by Frank R. Stockton, two novelettes by George W. Cable, stories by Mary Halleck Foote, "Uncle Remus," Edward Eggleston, and other American authors.

SPECIAL FEATURES

(with illustrations) include a series of articles on affairs in Russia and Siberia, by George Kennan, author of "Ten Years in Siberia," who has just returned from a most eventful visit to Siberian prisons; papers on the Labor Problem; English Cathedrals, by Mrs. Van Rensselaer; Dr. Eggleston's Religious Life in the American Colonies; Men and Women of Queen Anne's Reign, by Mrs. Oliphant; Clairvoyance, Spiritualism, Astrology, etc., by Rev. J. M. Buckley, D.D.; Astronomical Papers; Articles on Bible History, etc.

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CONTAINS:

FIRST CHAPTERS OF THE LIFE OF LINCOLN.

Described above, including the editorial presentation and author's preface, with a new frontispiece portrait of Lincoln, and nineteen illustrations. This instalment, entitled "Lincoln as Pioneer," gives the ancestry of the President, and the relation between the Lincoln family and Daniel Boone; also Lincoln's boyhood and early manhood, and a graphic account of the frontier States in the earlier days.

OLD CHELSEA.

By Dr. B. E. Martin. Describing a picturesque suburb of London, once the home of Queen Elizabeth, Nell Gwynn, George Eliot, Carlyle, and other famous characters; illustrated by Seymour Haden and Joseph Pennell.

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A story by Mary Halleck Foote, author of "The Led-Horse Claim," "John Bodewin's Testimony," etc., with one full-page illustration by the author.

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THE DEPARTMENTS

include editorials on "The American Militia," "The Congressional Balance-Sheet," etc.; there are open letters on "A Siberian Tragedy," by George Kennan, "Time-Reckoning for the Twentieth Century," by Principal Grant, of Kingston; "Genius and Matrimony," "The Architectural League of New York," with short verse, a satire by Bill Nye, etc., in "Bric-a-Brac."

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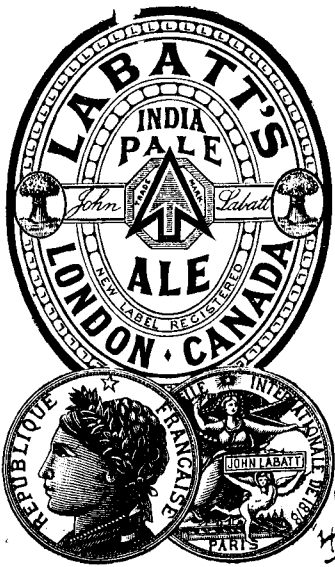
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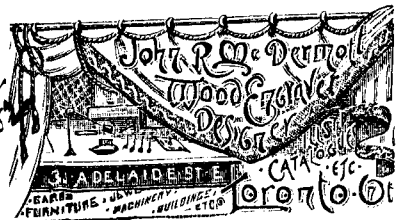
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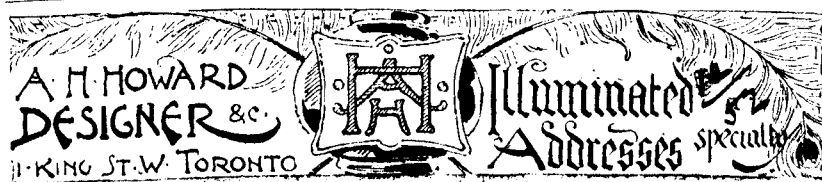
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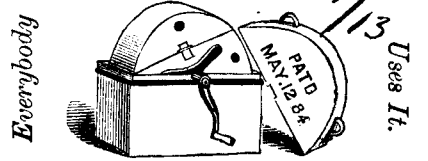
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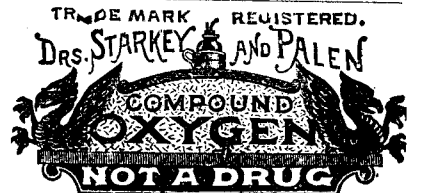
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