

THE WEEK.

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The Week,

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TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

At last the humiliation of Peru is complete; the articles of peace are signed, and await merely the ratification of the Peruvian Congress. Chili has the right of a conquering power to impose her own terms, and the terms she imposes do not quite amount to annihilation. Like Carthage, once, in a similar evil case, Peru might suffer the bitterness of her rage at the crushing terms dictated to goad her into a renewal of hostilities; but for that she is too hopelessly beaten. It looks as if she might fairly thank America for bringing her to her present plight. American interference, when she was already beaten by Chili's superior energy and resources, maintained in her an attitude of defiance. She was confident, and not unnaturally so, that America would dictate the terms of peace. But American interference lasted just long enough to exasperate the Chilians to the last degree against their beaten antagonist, and was then, on an afterthought, withdrawn. The prolonged resistance put Chili to such expenses as enable her to claim an enormous indemnity; and misguided Peru, who has now learned to put not her trust in princes or in American Secretaries of State, must pay the piper alone. She loses absolutely and forever the wealthy province of Tarapaca. Tacna and Arica, with their rich revenues, she hands over for ten years, and for ever if the inhabitants of those provinces at the end of that time desire it. And a protocol binds her to maintain a Chilian army of occupation, at a cost of \$300,000 a month, until all the terms of the treaty are ratified.

THERE appears to be a new field opening for the Irish dynamiters. The field is a large one, and for the sake of their more temperate fellow-countrymen it is to be hoped these most uncomfortable characters may find it attractive and be induced to withdraw their operations thither. This new sphere of usefulness lies in Germany, and is to be entered by means of an alliance with the Nihilists. It is somewhat strange that an alliance of this sort has not earlier been consummated. Birds of so nearly identical feather are wont to flock together more promptly. The object of

the alliance, we believe, is to wield explosives systematically against the Emperor William and the unhappy Czar. It augurs well for the spread of a truly cosmopolitan spirit when we observe the unselfish readiness with which the dynamiters of two such widely separate countries as Ireland and Russia unite for the deliverance of a third nation from the intolerable bonds of law and order. We doubt if Mr. Parnell and the other leaders of the Irish Nationalists will congratulate themselves upon this Nihilist addition to the already rather unmanageable tail of their party.

ON the heels of the announcement of this alliance comes the news that Prince Bismarck has been officially notified of the existence of a deep-laid plot against the Czar and Czarevitch. If any Irish dynamiters be concerned in this, we may safely predict that none, at least of Mr. Rossa's private brigade, will be found to have gone into anything so perilous as a dynamite operation is apt to prove in Russia. In allying themselves with their Hibernian compeers, we imagine that the Nihilists would draw the line sharply at that Irish-American wing of the explosive party which has the doubtful honour of being led by Mr. Rossa. There is a slight incongruity in the idea of unflinching and desperate men, who carry on their machinations and carry out their designs in the very jaws of death, working as comrades with these fellows, who, in the easy security of their New York lodgings, deriving a comfortable revenue from the pious donations of patriotic and enthusiastic serving-maids, bark, indeed, rabidly enough, but manifest little relish for the hazards which must accompany any attempt to bite.

AN international copyright bill has been introduced in Congress by Mr. Dorsheimer. It is designed for the protection of foreign authors in America and of American authors abroad. At the same time the American Copyright League prints a letter by Mr. Charles Dudley Warner on the subject of authors' rights. The letter is an able and urgent appeal, but it is to be feared that neither logic nor energy expended on this subject will much impress the House, until the people at large are brought to see that this question is one of national morality. The old cry of "cheap books" is not yet dead. When men perceive that they should blush to raise it, then Congress may be expected to lend an ear to the demands of justice in this matter. It is in no way remarkable that stolen goods should be cheap. It really looks, at first sight, strange that there should not be found some statesmen of repute who would defend the stealing of dress fabrics from foreign nations on the ground that the American people might thereby be supplied with the incalculable blessing of cheap clothing.

To the Reform party in the House have been added two able public men: some weeks ago Sir Richard Cartwright, and within the past few days Hon. David Mills. Sir Richard has already begun to lay the lash upon his opponents, and Mr. Mills, it is said, has in course of preparation a strong constitutional utterance. Sir Charles Tupper upon the Government side is in eminent and conspicuous readiness for assault from any quarter whatsoever.

THE first tilt of the session has been between Sir John Macdonald and Mr. Blake. The leader of the Opposition, lured from the modern custom of brief criticism of the Address, delivered himself of a lengthy and, in many respects, a telling speech on the several measures of policy referred to. Sir John replied in one of his most effective speeches, meeting and overthrowing many of Mr. Blake's points, but silently passing by others with which his experience taught him he had better not wrestle. For example Sir John most effectually disposed of the Reform leader's criticism of the Pacific Railway matter, but Mr. Blake, on the other hand gave the rival statesman too hard a nut to crack, when, with bland sarcasm, he marvelled that the ministry this year had departed from the good and time-honoured practice of referring, in the Speech, to recent decisions of the Privy Council.

WHEN mention was made at Ottawa, the other day, of the existence of a soup-kitchen in London, Ontario, members of Opposition beat their desks violently with delight; and Sir John Macdonald, taking advantage of the occurrence, asked with apparent wonder if the fact that destitution made it necessary to found such an establishment was a matter for such heartfelt

jubilation. The cheering was indeed a sorry spectacle, and teaches us once more that it is not the welfare of the country that always influences not a few of our public men. But readers of THE WEEK must not suppose that the Conservative politician, under similar circumstances, would be incapable of rejoicing in the destitution, and the soup-kitchens of his opponents.

DESPATCHES from Khartoum state that the dwellers on both banks of the Blue Nile have declared in favour of the False Prophet, and that communication with Sennaar has been stopped. Still more serious is the report that the Sheikh Senussi, whose influence is strong all through the Syrian desert and among the tribes about the Suez canal, has adhered to El Mahdi. If this be true it is a serious menace to Egypt.

CURRENT EVENTS AND OPINIONS.

A DOUBLE feast of reason is spread by the nearly simultaneous opening of the Dominion and Ontario Sessions. At Ottawa there seems to have been rather more than the usual amount of full dress and general tinsel, though there is no reason to believe that the New Governor-General gave the word. Ever since the reign of Lord Lisgar, which was sensible and simple, the amount of tinsel has been on the increase. There has been, at the same time, a tendency to turn into a little Court that which under Lord Lisgar was the household of an English nobleman. Lord Dufferin changed, and, as his admirers think, improved the style. He it was that first talked about Vice-royalty, and opened the Vice-regal Era. No man of sense wants Sansculottic nakedness. Let us have ceremony and costume too, if you will, provided that they are symbolical and expressive of real feeling. Genuine stateliness exalts. Tinsel does the reverse; but there are many people to whom it is an unspeakable delight, and therefore, like high heels and tight lacing, it will defy censorious cavil. From Foot, and Dragoon Guards, Ottawa may advance to Beefeaters, to Equerries, to a Gold Stick. Happily Ottawa is not even the political, much less the moral, bond that connects us with the Mother Country. The real political bond, as all rational loyalists ought ever to bear in mind, is community of citizenship.

AMONG the paragraphs of the Speech from the Throne, by far the most important was that which announced the failure of the Pacific Railway Company, notwithstanding the guarantees to obtain, by the sale of its stock, money for the immediate prosecution of the work. The leader of the Opposition, swerving from the main question, on which he must feel that his own position is far from strong, fixes at once upon the Company, and accuses it of having misapplied its resources to objects beside its contract. But the Pacific Railway was to be a line from sea to sea, and it could not have fulfilled the purpose of its construction if one end of it had been left in the air. A connection with the Atlantic seaboard and winter ports was indispensable, and if the purchases and extensions against which Mr. Blake's censure is pointed, have been really ancillary to the main line, they cannot be condemned as a whole; nor is it likely that, having been made by men of excellent judgment in these matters, they will be found open to much exception in detail. It is on a much more vital point that public attention ought to be fixed. The enterprise, in the conception of which the company had no part, while for its execution they seem to have done all that could possibly be done, is disclosing its real character, and showing, by the financial difficulties which it encounters, that it is political, not commercial. It is the policy of a certain party in the Imperial country and here, by means of a vast connecting line of political and military railroads, to form the scattered and disjointed series of territories, extending from Cape Breton to Vancouver's Island, into an Anti-continental Empire antagonistic in interest and sentiment to the United States, and thus to introduce into this continent the Balance of Power, with its attendant possibility of war. There are eminent and estimable persons to whom this undertaking seems beneficent as well as patriotic. There are other persons to whom, though they question not its patriotism, it seems the reverse of beneficent, who hold that its aristocratic patrons in England, instead of introducing division and war into this continent had better try to exclude them from their own, and deprecate the expenditure, on an enormous scale, of the earnings of the people of Canada in a struggle against nature, which, if successful, will bring the people loss in the way of commercial isolation, as well as in that of military and frontier expenditure. But as to the fact that the object of the enterprise, and the line of railroad, by the construction of which the object is to be obtained, are mainly political and military, not commercial, there can be no diversity of opinion. A Commander-in-Chief truly spoke of the Pacific railway as "our great political and military road." It is the Western wing of the line of which the Inter-

colonial is the Eastern wing. Nobody would call the Intercolonial a commercial line. With its annexations, it will have cost nearly forty millions: it barely pays its way; good authorities have pronounced that on the average of years it will be worked at a loss, but when the line through Megantic is opened, as in spite of all delays it must soon be, such traffic as there is will infallibly take the shorter route. But the commercial loss is faced for the sake of a political and military advantage. Nobody expects to sell the stock of the Intercolonial, any more than we expect to sell the stock of a fortress or of a park of artillery. It is the same, in a measure, with the Western continuation. The Prairie Section is commercial inasmuch as it traverses a very rich country; but in its direction it is political, and this is the justification for the so-called Monopoly Clauses, without which the company would have been in danger of being ruined by the competition of strictly commercial lines. It is also political in the speed with which it has been hurried westward in advance of the necessities of immigration, which it has scattered, when, economically, concentration was to be preferred. But the Mountain and Lake Superior sections are wholly political and military. Once more, by the failure of the Company's means, which again is the inevitable consequence of the political necessity of speed, the country is summoned, virtually, to deliberate on the question whether these unremunerative sections shall be constructed, and the political struggle against nature and the dictates of commercial interest shall be forced on. If the decision is in the affirmative, the tax-payer, and especially the tax-payer of Ontario, who bears the chief burden, must be prepared to contribute again to the prosecution of the great national enterprise. It is only by taxation that money can be raised for political and military undertakings. That the decision of Parliament will be in the affirmative is pretty certain. If there are any in the House who see the interest of the people in this matter, there is no one who will venture to defend it openly on the main issue. Mr. Blake's speeches, though they are sure to be able, will be, as they always have been, ineffective, because he avoids the main issue, and speaks with the acumen, but with the narrowness, of a great Chancery advocate, in minor points. His indictment of the Company will be unsuccessful. If the thing was to be done at all, it is being done well; and that it ought not to have been done at all is a position which Mr. Blake's record will not permit him to maintain. After much wrangling, the Company or rather the Government, whose undertaking it is, will no doubt receive such further assistance as may be required.

THE meeting of the Local House will most likely bring on a discussion respecting the Ministry of Public Education. We have now been trying the union of education with politics for ten years. The experiment was reasonable; indeed, under the circumstances of the time, inevitable; and it was tried in the person of a Minister whose appointment was entirely creditable to the Government, though latterly the soundness of his judgment has been undermined by the approaches of an insidious disease. The result is not doubtful. There is not at least within the circles of the BYSTANDER'S acquaintance one well-informed and independent friend of education who does not desire to see the union dissolved, and education once more placed beyond the influence of the party war. Partly however, it may be, for the same reasons, the Government is evidently determined to keep the system as it is, and the Government has now a sure majority of ten. Nor is it without an argument which will seem conclusive, at all events to its partisans. There is much to be said, as a matter of principle, in favour of ministerial responsibility for the expenditure of all public money; though practically no great difficulty seems to have arisen in Ontario under the old system, or to arise now under similar systems in Quebec and New Brunswick. But supposing what the friends of education most desire to be unattainable, is there not a middle course? Might we not have a Council of Public Instruction with a Parliamentary Minister of Education? In England the Parliamentary Minister for India has a council of Indian experts outside Parliament with which he gets on very well. The Minister would of course retain the current administration and the control of the estimates; he would be chairman of the council; if it were deemed necessary he might have a veto; but on legislative questions of a professional kind he would be advised, and the correctness of his decision would be guaranteed, by the council. On such a question as that of the Text Books, a council is by far the best authority; indeed it is the only authority thoroughly exempt from any suspicion of influence and intrigue. Scarcely is a new Minister appointed when we find him in personal embarrassments on this subject. The self-respect of the profession moreover is increased by the presidency of its natural chief. A Parliamentary Minister, who can seldom be thoroughly versed in the special subject, and will usually hold his office for a short period, besides having half his time engrossed by party management and electioneering, must generally have

irresponsible advisers whose activity, even if they are personally upright, gives umbrage and begets mistrust. Perhaps the embroglio about the Readers, to which reference was just made, may incline the ear of the Government to counsels of moderation.

It has been alleged in the course of the discussion that the Council of Instruction was a scene of discord and of wrangling. Inquiry, it is believed, will show that this is true with reference to the conduct of one of the members only. Dr. Ryerson had perhaps made up his mind that he would be the last Chief Superintendent. At all events he did his best to wreck the council, and his behaviour to some of his colleagues at last was such as is seldom witnessed in any assembly in which the rules of public business or of social decency are acknowledged. The Government not only failed to control him but virtually abetted him, not without an eye perhaps to his supposed command of the Methodist vote. Among the other members, though they represented different creeds and interests, perfect harmony prevailed, and questions exactly similar to some which under the political system have set the Province in a blaze were settled quietly as well as equitably and without an angry word.

BRITISH COLUMBIA, it is announced, meditates stringent legislation for the exclusion of Chinese. The Chinese are heathens, though not incorrigible heathens as somebody at the Toronto Trades Congress averred, and they are in some points far below the Christian standard of morality, owing perhaps less to their innate depravity than to the desperate pressure of a swarming population on the means of subsistence. They bring with them the detestable habit of opium-smoking, and the whole world over which they wander is thus made to suffer for the fell necessities of Anglo-Indian finance. Politically they are harmless, which is a good deal more than can be said of some immigrants whom nobody proposes to exclude. But let us sweep hypocrisy aside; it is not the heathenism of the Chinese nor their immorality, it is their industry which is dreaded and which forms the real motive of those who agitate for their exclusion here as in the United States. But the interest of the community points the other way; it points to the free admission of all good workers who without State aid can find their way hither and who, when here, obey the law. There are certain branches of industry in which the Chinese excel. The question before us, however, is whether British Columbia shall be allowed by her local legislature to close the labour market of the whole Dominion against a certain kind of labour. This it is practically that she is going to do; for the ports of the United States are shut against the Chinese, and they will not come round Cape Horn. Withdrawal of State aid from artisan immigration is one thing; industrial protection by means of exclusion-laws, whether undisguised, or masked by moral pretences, is another.

THE BYSTANDER said the other day, perhaps in rather an impious mood, that a Governor-General would show himself a great man, or something like one, if he could abstain from using the artificial authority of his rank and station on the stump for the purpose of influencing destinies which he would not share. The *Mail*, rather shocked, asks whether by the Governor-General's being a great man it is meant that he is not to be a man at all, but a stick or a bootjack. What do we read in the *Mail* itself? We read that "in the Governor-General's speech at the opening of Parliament, no private views of His Excellency will be expressed, and even the language will not be his own." Now on this occasion His Excellency is a man unquestionably, because, till the anthropophone shall have been invented, nothing but a man will be able to read a speech; but the stick or the bootjack would perhaps have the advantage in point of moral dignity, inasmuch as neither of them could be compelled to deliver, as its own, an address of which it had not written a word, and with the contents of which it might not agree. We have had a Lieutenant-Governor recommending a policy from the Throne and afterwards, the Ministry having been changed, congratulating the Legislature on its reversal. We have had a Free Trader used as the speaking trumpet of Protection. Lord Lansdowne can scarcely have believed that the account given by his lips of the causes of commercial depression was in exact accordance with the facts. Surely this comedy might be discontinued, and the time might be saved which is now spent in aimless wrangling over the Address. Politics must differ strangely from all the other business of life if in them any good can be done by undisguised, conscious, and avowed humbug. The Queen evades, at all events, the personal absurdity by having her speeches always read by Commission.

WHEN the Suez canal was opened and the route to India changed, the intervention of England in Egypt became a mere question of time. Nor, having intervened, is it possible that she should ever completely withdraw,

whether her control is exercised in the way of downright annexation or under some diplomatic guise. To establish a national government in Egypt is impossible, for the simple reason that there is no such a thing as an Egyptian nation. There is nothing but the rotten remnant of a conquering horde, with a mercenary and turbulent soldiery, exercising a dominion of plunder over an abject and helpless peasantry. The Fellaheen, who till the soil, and who alone are not robbers or extortioners, are absolutely destitute of political spirit and of anything like the power of self-government; to frame a polity out of such materials would be about as easy as it would be to frame it out of the mud of the Nile. If the country were left to itself empire would be divided between military anarchy and the Jews. On the other hand, the position of England is extremely difficult. France watches her movements with ill-suppressed jealousy, and will infallibly try to disturb any settlement which she may make. This would almost certainly preclude the best settlement of all, the rule of a good pro-consul from British India under a joint protectorate of the Powers. And now the host of the False Prophet which, for some time, hovered like a cloud over Upper Egypt, and was expected, like a cloud to disperse, has suddenly assumed both solidity and most formidable dimensions. It will be remembered that at Tel-el-kebir, the only troops in the Egyptian army which made a stand were some black regiments from the Soudan. These soldiers were recent converts to Mahometanism, burning with the zeal of neophytes; and they were the advanced guard of a large mass of half-savage population, over which Islam has, of late, been spreading. The False Prophet will probably collapse, as the leaders of hordes usually do, for want of a commissariat and of the other sinews of war. But this New India evidently has its Sikhs, and England, already "staggering beneath the too vast orb of her fate," seems about to receive a heavy addition to her burden. To call in Turkey is to call in the very worst of barbarism, and if this is done the wheel of calamity will soon come again full circle.

BISMARCK'S Machiavellism has, perhaps, been exaggerated. There are people who see his malign influence everywhere, as there are people who see everywhere the malign influence of Russia. But it is impossible that he should not rejoice over an embroilment between France and any other great Power. For himself, he is far too wise and too much a man of his own century to covet any distant dependency. He has read and understands the history of the delusion which styles itself Empire. It must be with the keenest pleasure that he notices the progress of French marauding in Tunis, Madagascar, Cochin China; and sees his arch-enemy dissipating her force in wild enterprises, and planting at the ends of the earth outposts of ambition, which, if ever she tries to take her revenge on Germany, will be so many points of strategical weakness. Military ambition is too deeply rooted in the breast of France to be killed even by so nipping a frost as Sedan. No one who is acquainted with French literature can fail to be impressed with the intensity of the passion, which glows in the pages of a French historian like Martin as fiercely as in those of any Chauvinist pamphleteer. Sismondi's history, though the best, is unpopular and almost hated because it is moderate and moral. In the foreign policy of France there is, as yet, no change; her restless spirit of aggrandizement has only sought what she believes to be a safer field. At home she is doing better. It was supposed that Gambetta's death would be followed by chaos. He has been now dead a year, yet chaos has not come. On the contrary affairs look more settled. The fear of a dictatorship having been removed, the Assembly seems more willing to support, at least to abstain from overturning, the Government, and even to be inclined to sanction some of the measures to which it refused its consent when they were proposed by Gambetta, and were suspected of being devised in the interest of his ambition. The substitution of *scrutin de liste* for *scrutin d'arrondissement*—in other words the delocalization of elections by the enlargement of the electoral districts was refused, while it was supposed that the dreaded hand would frame the ticket: it now seems more likely to be accepted. There are reasons, however, against this change apart from the manoeuvres of Gambetta. Parochialism may be bad in politics, but wire-pulling is a great deal worse; and you will make the parochial politician large-minded much more easily than you will make the wire-puller honest.

THE meteoric light of Mr. Henry George after flaming across the economic sky, seems now to be approaching extinction. The rupture between him and his friends the Land Leaguers, which destiny evidently had in store, has come. On the general principle of confiscation without compensation Mr. George and the Land Leaguers are agreed; but the Land Leaguer wants to confiscate the property of his landlord for his own benefit, while Mr. George wants to confiscate all landed property for the benefit of

what he styles the nation. After going a little way together they part company, with the usual amenities on the Land Leaguers' side. We are likely to hear a good deal more of agrarianism; but of nationalization of the land we shall probably not hear much more. It will drop before long into the grave of Rag Money. Sympathy and respect are due to the author of any plan for the improvement of the human lot, and especially to the author of any plan for the improvement of the lot of poverty, however impracticable his views may be, provided that he is animated by a spirit of genuine benevolence, and proposes nothing contrary to justice. Mr. George is animated towards a large and perfectly innocent section of the community by a spirit of insolent malignity and he glories in trampling justice under foot. His proposal is at once to strip of their possessions all whose property happens to be in land, and he exultingly announces that they are not to receive any compensation. They may have reclaimed the land with the sweat of their own brow; they may have purchased it yesterday of the very government by which they are to be robbed of it; this makes no difference to the mind of a theorist who revels in his vision of high-handed iniquity. Radical journalists in England now denounce Mr. George's principles as those of a pickpocket, though some of them would perhaps find it difficult, after their own support of the Land League, to meet him on the ground of principle. The practical answer to him from the first has been that if he and his train of philosophic filibusters attempt to plunder the landowning part of the community, the land-owning part of the community will fight for their property, and there will be a civil war, the result of which can hardly be doubtful, as the farmers will be all on one side. When Stuart tyrants robbed the subject, the subject drew the sword; and are people to allow themselves tamely to be robbed by a tyrant majority, supposing that a majority in favour of agrarian confiscation can be found? The prerogative of voters, like that of kings, is limited by justice, which it is the object of all government, royal or elective, to uphold; and if it is exerted in open defiance of justice, it will, like that of kings, provoke resistance. Another practical answer is that the simultaneous dispossession of all the owners and tillers of the soil would certainly be followed by a great decrease of production and consequently by dearth of bread. That a scheme which would take away all the land from its present proprietors and cultivators to make the politicians, under the fine name of the State, the universal landlords, should have obtained such vogue, is no doubt a serious fact. There are, unhappily, suffering classes, especially in old and overpeopled countries; and it is most natural that by these any nostrum should be welcomed which promises at once to change their lot. It is more than ever natural since religious faith has undergone eclipse and from many breasts the hope of compensation in a future life has fled. These facts society must look in the face. Yet it would probably be found that the sale of Mr. George's book, large as it has been, is nothing compared with the sale of patent medicines, which, promising universal health, are the undertaker's best friends.

At one of Mr. George's meetings, the chair was taken by Mr. Henry Labouchere. Mr. Labouchere himself presented to the world expressly as his Christmas offering of peace and good will, a political, social, and fiscal programme such as a French Jacobin would not disdain. The guillotine was not there; but, the guillotine is hardly ever in the programme; it comes when the Jacobin finds himself in possession of despotic power, (the liberty at which he aims) and sees or suspects anywhere a lack of absolute submission to his divine will. Mr. Labouchere proposes, among other things, that every tenant of a house shall be empowered to compel his landlord to sell him the freehold at its actual value, without any reference to the possibility of a rise. In other words all those who invest their money in houses, if the speculation fails are to bear the loss; if it proves good, they are to be robbed of their prospective profit for the benefit of the sitting tenant or the State. Do not the authors of such proposals see that there would soon be an end of letting or building houses, and that the habitations of the people instead of becoming better would become worse? It is constantly assumed by Socialists that Capital will wait like a cow to be milked by the confiscator morning and night; but Capital will either perish or take flight; investment and commercial enterprise will cease; employment will cease with them; and nothing will then be left to the Socialists but to turn their engines of confiscation against each other. The singular part of Mr. Labouchere's appearance as a Jacobin is that, all the while, his journal is filling its leading columns week after week with gossip about the doings of the Court and the aristocracy, exactly like that which we read and venerate in the *Court Journal*. Nor is this merely because such intelligence is demanded by the social market; for the editor never loses an opportunity of showing, by corrections of rival purveyors,

his personal superiority in acquaintance with the fashionable world. He is, also, constantly heard of as a companion of Royalty; and of this, too, the reflection appears on his page. In nine men out of ten, the social feelings are stronger than the political; and it may be shrewdly surmised that the Mr. Labouchere of the Jacobin programme is an adaptation to the taste of the Radical shoemakers of Northampton. But nobody who has read the history of revolutions can doubt what, when the guillotine was once set going, the fate of such revolutionists would be. Orleans *Egalité* is their type and their warning. Perhaps, however, in the present case both faces are masks, and both characters a harlequinade.

ANOTHER singular figure among the English Radicals is Mr. Joseph Cowen, whose words in favour of the retention of the House of Lords have been cited by Canadian Conservatives as those of a Daniel come to judgment. Mr. Joseph Cowen is perhaps as near a counterpart as nature could produce of Mr. Roebuck; of Mr. Roebuck, that is, in his tameless prime, for at the last, under the skilful manipulation of Lord Beaconsfield, who discovered that vanity was the real root of his character, *Tear 'em*, as he used to be called, subsided into a domestic animal. Violence and waywardness as well as a great gift of speech are the badges of Mr. Joseph Cowen, as they were those of his prototype. The special object of his hatred is moderate Liberalism; violent Toryism, or anything violent, Turkish despotism for instance, he finds comparatively congenial. But those who quote him as a Daniel come to judgment in honour of the House of Lords, vastly mistake his drift. He has been described by not unfriendly critics as "a born conspirator against all governments," and he was just as hostile to Gambetta as he is to Gladstone. Regarding government as a power of evil, what he desires is that it should be weak. The House of Lords, unreformed, he argues, is weakness itself; it can no longer make a serious stand against any popular agitation, but if it were reformed, as moderate Liberals propose, or turned into a Senate, it would be a real Conservative power and an effective check upon mob rule; let us therefore keep it as it is and we shall have mob rule under its name. His sentiments, reversed, are the faith of genuine Liberalism, which regarding government, when placed on the right footing, not as a power of evil, but as a power of good, wishes it to be popular, but wishes it to be strong.

"A VISIT to Philistia," which appears in the *Fortnightly*, is a terrific unburdening of the irate soul of Sir Lepel Griffin, K.G.S.I., who has been visiting the United States, and has returned from that odious democracy in a state of very high displeasure. Sir Lepel deliberates whether it is expedient to say unpleasant things to the Americans; he decides that it is, particularly as the Republic, according to him, is not politically quiet and inoffensive, but aggressive and "dynamic," in proof of which he quotes from the *New York World* some wild talk about the progress of Socialism and the doom which is impending over all existing governments and all the wealthy classes in the Old World. He never was more mistaken in his life than he is in fancying that the American people are revolutionary propagandists. They have had a rebellion of their own; nor does anybody believe less than the writers and proprietors of the *World* in the fustian which they publish in compliment to their Irish subscribers. However, having settled the preliminary question, the Knight proceeds to dance on all the cherished institutions, habits, and sentiments of the Americans, including, as an extract in another column shows, the pride which they take in the beauty of their women. He is likely to have a pleasant quarter of an hour with some of the Americans in London whom he describes as pork-packers who have come over to finish an education which has not been begun. To the pork-packers and Philistines generally it may be some comfort to see that hardly any part of the planet meets the approbation of the K.G.S.I.; he speaks of the English with almost as superb a disgust as of the Americans; and if our common sense did not over-rule our notions of grammar, we might fancy that he extended the epithet "disagreeable" even to himself. But evidently he is treated as being apart. He promises a paper on the political institutions of America; it is likely to be a valuable contribution to political science. On the judicial institutions he has already pronounced. "Of the judiciary," he tells us, "a considerable proportion, elected by the same processes as give municipal government to the cities, is notoriously inefficient and corrupt, and the criminal classes who are personally most interested in the verdicts of the courts, select the judges to preside in them." This he says by way of answer to the praise bestowed on the American courts by the Lord Chief Justice of England. The election of judges by the popular vote is a very bad thing; Canada is most happy in her exemption from it; Massachusetts has never adopted it; it was the work of the Democratic

party, which was not genuinely Republican in character, but an oligarchy allied with a mob; the people themselves have in some States been modifying it in a Conservative sense since the War by lengthening the terms for which the judges are elected and introducing the minority clause. But even in New York City these are not the days of Barnard and Cardozo, when anybody who belonged to the Ring might cut throats or purses with impunity. The BYSTANDER is no stranger to the United States; he has always taken pains to inform himself, as well as he could, on this most vital point; and it is his conviction that in the Northern and Western States, at all events, there is generally no want of respect for the judges or of confidence in the administration of the law. The judges, it is true, are not equal to those in England; they have not the same command of their courts, nor do they despatch business with so much promptitude; but the reason is that the salaries are comparatively small, and are insufficient as inducements to draw the most eminent men from the Bar.

There is, it must be owned, great difficulty in getting a murderer hanged. But this is not because the courts are bad; it is because the misguided philanthropy of the people is always interfering with the course of justice. Sentimental defences are weakly admitted, especially where there is a woman, or the shadow of a woman, in the case; an inordinate delay is interposed between sentence and execution; and reprieves are always sought on the stock plea of insanity, to which, in the case of one most diabolical miscreant, was added the plea that he had invented a universal language, and that it would be shameful to extinguish so great a light of science. The natural off-set to spurious mercy is irregular violence, and the disgraceful practice of lynching seems still to prevail. This, however, is almost exclusively in the wild West or in those old Slave States, where society retains the taint of an inhuman system and of the lawless ferocity which it engenders. Where lynching has taken place in an old Free State it has commonly been caused by the masterful strength of some invading gang and the weakness of the local police, thus testifying, though in a sinister way, to the generally law-abiding character of the people, which renders a strong police ordinarily needless.

A. BYSTANDER.

TO CALGARY.

AFTER crossing the South Saskatchewan at Medicine Hat, the railroad runs along the watershed between two of its tributaries, the Bow and the Red Deer, the former being some twenty miles to the south of the line, and the latter fifty or sixty to the north. The whole country is beautiful, genuine prairie, great rolling expanses on each side appearing in endless succession—smoothed out at times into absolutely level plains, or broken here and there by knolls or "buttes." Sometimes the horizon is five or six miles distant, and an Indian on horseback galloping at full speed looks like part of the prairie or a speck crawling slowly along its surface. Elsewhere gentle undulations, swelling to a height of fifty or perhaps a hundred feet, contract the horizon, and the track runs in a long valley with easy slopes. The soil is much the same as that between the hills of the Missouri Coteau and Medicine Hat, good honest clay on which, if there be sufficient rainfall, anything can be grown. And there would seem to have been enough rain even last season. The prairie sod had been broken for the track between May and July, and yet oats that had been dropped from the horses' mouths or sown in other casual ways, had sprung up and promised a good crop. We could see, not merely at a few favoured spots but all along the line, from half a dozen to a score of strong succulent stocks and other well-known weeds of ours that are never found on the unbroken prairie, but seem to accompany man's advance into lone lands, were growing green and rank; and on the prairie the purple flowering sage, golden rod, marigolds, asters and roses, the characteristic flora in August of Manitoba and eastern Assiniboia, though not with the same wealth of vegetation. The herbage is short and scant, and its withered appearance makes it resemble Ontario autumn pastures, rather than the never failing green of the fertile belt. The grey is relieved by occasional green hay meadows that were shallow ponds in spring, and by deeper lakelets, on the shores of which snipe walk about unconcernedly. Geese are flying slowly round, offering tempting chances to sportsmen, and duck are everywhere. The prairie is seamed by the clearly defined narrow trails of the countless herds of buffalo that once made this country their home. They travelled in single files, heading for water by the most direct road. In days of old, for thus we now speak of yesterday, the buffalo was everything to the Indian—staff of life, clothing, leather and lumber, but to-day scattered skeletons and skulls, bleached white by successive fires, are the only traces of those countless thousands that once blackened the prairie, except the numerous trails

which look more like ancient furrows than anything else. The shores and bottoms of dried up ponds sometimes show a white crust of alkali instead of the usual rank marsh grass. To the traveller intent on present necessities, and to the ordinary settler, no sight is more hateful, though the amount of alkali in the soil is only what good farmers consider beneficial to put on their land in the shape of lime or phosphates. This view of the case does not strike a man who is tired and thirsty. When, after travelling for days without seeing a sign of running water, or for hours without a drink of any kind, he comes to a lake or "slew" and finds it bitter, he feels disposed to send the whole country to Coventry. The medicinal effect of even the drinkable water tempts sound teetotallers to carry flasks; but unless "permits" have been secured they know that these may be confiscated by the Mounted Police, and their owners heavily fined.

No man who has studied human nature or the history of sumptuary legislation will pin his faith to prohibitory enactments against the use of meats or drinks. Buddhism forbids its followers to drink any intoxicating liquor. So does Mahometanism. But I have yet to learn that either Buddhism or Mahometanism stands on ground as high as Christianity. Christianity is based not on hard and fast rules but on principles. It inculcates holiness, but at the same time calls us into liberty. Its fundamental principle, however, is love, and love teaches the individual to sacrifice his own tastes, pleasures and appetites for the good of others, and teaches a Christianized community that there are times and places when positive enactments that limit liberty are required for the general welfare. Almost every one who knows the condition of things in the North-West admits that prohibition there has been, and is a blessing. Contractors, ranche-men, Indian agents, missionaries and settlers unite in generally supporting the law, railway contractors in particular, for their men's sake and their work's sake. I met employers of labour who had been successively on the great Transcontinental railways, and they concurred in saying that nowhere had such good work been done as on the Canadian Pacific, and simply because the men could not get whiskey for love or money. There had been little or no sickness and little or no grumbling, in spite of the bad water and other inconveniences incident to life in the wilderness. Thousands of navvies, many of them lawless, and spendthrifts by nature and habit, accustomed to the free use of revolver and bowie knife, artists in the matter of profane swearing, had lived quiet, sober, industrious, cleanly lives, because whiskey and the usual pests that whiskey allures to camps had been kept out of the country. Not far from those masterful men in masses, at different points along the line, were thousands of Indians, the men with rifles, the women with little sense of shame, and to maintain order, a nominal police usually kept pretty busy by horse thieves and routine duty. The elements of Pandemonium have been in our North-West for the last two or three years, with one exception. Given whiskey, we should have had on a portentous scale murder, villainy, demoralization, all ending in Indian wars costing millions in money and far more in national disgrace. Indian policy requires a prohibitory law in the North-West. And the more intelligent settlers declare that they require it too for their own rank and file. "There!" said one gentleman, pointing to a cur, *sans ears, sans tail*, and with a most woe-begone and generally dilapidated appearance, "that brute, even with instinct to help, couldn't save himself from being frozen a little. What would have become of him if he had been full of whiskey? I can tell you, sir, a man in our winters needs all his senses to keep him from freezing."

In spite of the Mounted Police, some whiskey, always of the strongest kind, is smuggled in, and there is a general cry that the permit system is abused. But one duly licensed house would import more in a week than all that filters through in a year by these ways; and as long as there is only one railway into the heart of the country, the law can be fairly carried out, for a system of search is comparatively easy. Of course human ingenuity, especially when stimulated by hope of gain and the delight of evading the police, is full of resource and is certain to keep up a never-ending still beginning contest. The evening before we arrived at Maple Creek station, the officer had noticed a clerical-looking gentleman with suspiciously large valise stepping off the train. Politely insisting on the privilege of examination, spotless shirts appeared on the top and good literature in abundance, with other articles that every gentleman is supposed to require; but underneath, a fine assortment of bottles of brandy that had escaped the notice of the sergeant, who had examined on the train, Alas for the pedlar, who had perhaps invested his all in the venture! He had run the gauntlet of inspection safely inside the car, only to fall a victim to a monster, outside. His brandy, every bottle of which he had hoped to convert into half a dozen, was there and then spilled on the ground, in a convenient spot where some Crees, lounging about the station, could at any rate kneel down and smell it; and he himself, unable to pay the hun-

dred dollar fine, was sent by the next train to the gaol or guard-room at Regina. But he will have his revenge when he is a free man again. He will write letters—probably anonymous—to the press, denouncing the tyranny of the Mounted Police, and the respectable class who believe what is in the papers will feel vaguely that something must be wrong, for “where there’s smoke there must be fire” you know. The fraternity of thieves ranges from the pickpocket to the millionaire who steals a railway; and from the smuggler who is happy if he can sneak away from the train with a flask in his pocket, to the importer who hides in crates of crockery-ware enough to poison a village.

To pioneers who have fought with trees and stumps for a lifetime to make a cleared farm, or who have had to plough along the sides of steep hills, boundless expanses of open prairie present a picture of beauty of which they never tire. Others are apt to find the monotony oppressive, and the first sight of the hills on the banks of the Bow—twenty miles to the south—was hailed with joy by every one on the car. To us who had not seen a river since we left the Assinaboine, save the south Saskatchewan which we crossed at midnight, nor a tree for hundreds of miles, the sight of the Bow, near the Blackfoot crossing, winding and doubling like an ox-bow, and of its steep banks clothed here and there with cottonwood, was as refreshing as a drink of cold water to a thirsty soul. And the Rocky Mountains, which had for some time hung like banks of cloud on the distant horizon, now came full into view, the main range lifting itself high in air right across our path, a long broken line of everlasting snow crowning the highest peaks. We saw their outlines at noon, and their varied features came out more distinctly every hour, till the sun set behind them, and they shone beautifully in the warm purple light of early evening. Gradually the purple died away into soft blue, and as the moon rose from the circling horizon behind us, it tinged with its light the straight wall of battlements that rose fifty miles ahead, apparently forbidding further progress westwards. The sight of the Alps as we look to the north from the great plain of Lombardy is not finer. The North-West has no past, but there is a wondrous fascination in its vastness and the promise of the future. And as long as we are within sight of the mountains we can never be without inspiration. To feel their power once is to feel it forever.

To the south of the winding Bow is the chosen country of the ranchmen. These fine fellows are in the saddle from morning to night, and I am glad to think, if we may judge from their own testimonies and the prosperity of their fellows in the much inferior country of Montana to the south, that they are doing well and likely to do better. The Cochrane Rancho Company suffered heavily last winter, thousands of their cattle dying from exposure to the bitter cold and from lack of food, on account of the snow remaining on the ground longer than was expected. The ghastly evidences of half eaten carcasses of poor brutes that had been driven from Montana late in the fall and left to perish on the roadsides beyond Calgary, and in almost every nook and hollow along the upper Bow and its tributaries could be seen by every traveller last summer. The miserable sight made one appreciate the truth that there was in Mr. Bright’s lamentation even over the camels that strewed the line of our army’s marches in Afghanistan. The other ranchmen when asked for an explanation usually explained those wholesale losses by bad management, or rather an attempt to manage the business from too great a distance. It is unnecessary to go into details, for the company did its best. It has not lost confidence in the country and will learn lessons likely to be remembered in proportion to the costliness of its experience. All the way from the boundary line to Calgary, the country seems specially suited for stockraising, horses and sheep included. Water and pasture are of the best, and practically exhaustless. In Manitoba the winters are too uniformly severe, and the snow lies too long on the ground without a break. Under the lee of the mountains the Chinook wind licks up the snow and dissolves the ice on the rivers in the most marvellous way. A friend writes last December, “We had it below zero, with bitter winds, for a week. Three days ago it suddenly changed to warm Chinook. The snow disappeared in a few hours and it has been warm ever since. I have to keep the door of my hut open at night and to take off my coat when walking. You may think such changes extreme, but they hurt neither men nor animals. No one is sick here and the horses are fat. There are fortunes to be made out here, and not slowly.”

As we approached Calgary, the soil became darker and warmer, but the grass was still grey and parched looking. The rainfall is abundant in spring and summer, but the August suns are as powerful here as they are in Ontario and vegetation withers. To the north is found a glorious country, along the upper waters of the Red Deer and its tributaries, and settlers from the older Provinces have been selecting homesteads that they declare to be the best on the continent. But the one overpowering sight for a hundred miles this side Calgary was not the prairie nor the river, but the

mountains. They extend in a line more than a hundred miles long from south to north, rising apparently abruptly from the plain, though, as we drew nearer, the foot-hills could be distinguished from the line of serrated and crested peaks behind. Thousands cross the Atlantic to see the mountains of Europe, and who would blame them? Not those, certainly, who have ever footed it up their rugged sides. But here are our glorious mountains, and the wise man will resolve to see them before he dies.

Calgary was interesting to us as the point where we must leave the railway, and trust to horses or to our feet, and still more interesting as the place where we were to learn whether it was possible to push across in this latitude to the ocean, or whether we would need to flank our own mountains by striking south and taking advantage of the N. P. Railway. It is well known that the main line of the Rockies can be crossed with the greatest ease by any one of a dozen passes; but after crossing in latitude 51°, the traveller finds that he has accomplished little. He is in a sea of mountains. The Columbia River is running to the north, and he knows that at the Big Bend it turns right round and flows to the south. Within this loop—seventy miles wide—which the Columbia makes, is the rugged snow-clad Selkirk range. We had no certain information of a pass across it, or of a trail, even if a veritable pass had been found. And if we did get across those seventy miles, we knew that a third range, called the Columbia or Gold, would rise up before us, and that this also must be crossed before we reached Kamloops, the nearest village in British Columbia to Calgary; and though Mr. W. Moberly had discovered the Eagle Pass across this range eighteen years ago, we had no knowledge as to whether or not there was a trail, and a pass without a trail is little better than a snare to ordinary travellers. Everything, we felt, depended on the information that Mr. Ross, the C. P. R. Engineer, might be able to give us, and in our eagerness to see him, we scarcely looked at the beauties of Calgary.

GEORGE M. GRANT.

[CORRECTION.—The paper by Principal Grant in THE WEEK for Jan. 10th, printed as No. 3, should stand as No. 4. The section printed above is No. 3.—THE EDITOR.]

ENGLAND'S OLDEST COLONY.

I.

INTRODUCTORY.

It has been said that British America is made up of parts that constitute no whole, has provinces but is no country. Ten persons in Newfoundland can tell you of Brazil, Spain, Italy for one that has knowledge of Ontario. In the libraries of Toronto, University, Parliamentary or public, you will find no work on Newfoundland, though, from Whitbourne in 1622, to Harvey and Hatton in 1883, one may number no less than twenty considerable histories of it, and accounts more or less detailed. The recent Orange riots at Harbour Grace have done more to spread the name, if not the fame, of the oldest English colony than all the labours of Chief Justice Reeves, Sir Richard Bonnycastle, or the Rev. Charles Pedley.

I would not be understood to say that correctness was the one thing aimed at in the telegraphic despatches upon the riot published in the Toronto daily press, or attained in editorial comments thereon. Much as I may admire the man who knows without undergoing the miserable drudgery of learning; willingly as I may admit his cleverness who can make pronouncements on facts from intuition, I may yet hold the pronouncements made to be “not according to knowledge” in the Apostle’s sense of these words. Indeed, anxiety to learn of those who dwell by the sea-side has, in great measure, yet to arise in the premier province of the Dominion. Its production or development may not be beneath the dignity, or beyond the notice, of our new Minister of Education. He is said to have projected a new and composite series of “Readers.” School children would, probably, take as much interest in a British colony as in Terra del Fuego or Kamschatka. Knowledge of it might do them yeoman service in after years.

But in young countries, when events begin to run they run quickly. Wide apart in thought and feeling as the British provinces now are, little as they have in common, they have been further asunder. Since ’67 inter-provincial has grown year by year, and the trend of events sets towards consolidation. One need not aspire to outdo Methuselah in age, yet may reasonably expect to see the day when British Americans shall have cast off their sectional narrowness, shall regard each other from a juster standpoint and, from Atlantic to Pacific, be welded into one people as they are one in language, race, and allegiance.

FRENCH CLAIMS.

A bold headland, rugged but majestic, a few huts clustering to its base, stands on your right hand as you cut through the straits of Belle Isle. It

bears the name of Cape Norman, is the northern extremity of Newfoundland and figures conspicuously in the diplomacy of France and England. *Via* New York you cross the French fishery on the Banks of Newfoundland. Whether you take the northern or southern route to Europe, the surviving claims of France in North America press for consideration and urge the question, why do her citizens come so far from home? Why does she bounty this fishery so heavily? She surrendered with ease "the few acres of snow" that constitute this flourishing Dominion; she sold Louisiana for a small sum to the United States; why, then, through all changes of her government—monarchy, republic, empire, kingdom, empire, republic—and through all changes of her policy, a kaleidoscopic phantasmagoria, has she kept her hand so constantly and so firmly on the fisheries of Newfoundland?

The question has two branches, but the answer, in form two-fold, is really one—for the development of her commerce, as a training school for her navy. The English colonies trade mainly with England; the French settlements, almost exclusively with France. There is a tendency in commerce to follow the flag. With the produce of these fisheries she supplies her home demand and the demand of her colonies, Martinique, Gaudeloupe. From St. Malo and other ports she fits out yearly for Newfoundland about 600 ships and mans them with 28,000 sailors, one in every ten of whom must be a new hand. Take this away, what becomes of the French marine? Her Breton and Basque fisheries are, by herself, ranked among the Lilliputians of the world.

The Banks of Newfoundland lie thirty-five to eighty fathoms below the surface of the sea. In French estimation this fishery surpasses that pursued along shore, not only because of its productiveness, but because, being carried on at open sea and in large vessels, it necessitates the development of seamanship. A shore fisher may take refuge under a headland, but a banker must bide the brunt of wind and wave.

The question has been asked why do not the British engage in this industry? Time and again they tried it, but the success which attended their efforts was small. For two reasons they cannot contend with their rivals. First, by long use and legislative regulation the French work together methodically, on a combined system; the English do not. Second, the Government of France grants the banker a bounty of eleven francs for every quintal, that is, hundredweight of fish taken, almost the value of the catch, and double the bounty it gives to those who fish from shore. A St. Malo skipper, then, occupies a very advantageous position [in comparison with a British merchant. In the worst of seasons he is moderately sure of his outlay; on an average of years he must make money. Does the bounty system pay the nation; is it a good policy for all? asks an eager Cobdenite. A large question, concerning which we can here only say that the French are a frugal, an enlightened, and, in the best sense of that word, an economic people; that they have pursued the bounty system in respect of the fisheries for many generations, still cling to it, and, for the purpose of this paper, will be taken to understand their own advantage.

The Americans are eager for fishing grounds, not averse to bounties; why, then, do they not frequent the Banks of Newfoundland? They do, and yearly in increasing numbers; but their system is not so well established, their catch is not so large, their methods do not call for so much comment as those of the French.

What are these methods? Chiefly two; first, the bultow. From stem, amidships, quarter, and on either side of his vessel, the Frenchman runs out lines 500, 1,500, may be, 5,000 fathoms long, sufficiently buoyed and anchored to prevent drifting. From these at short intervals depend other lines of required depth with hooks attached, well baited. At fixed times, day and night, the ship's crew in their dorees—flat-bottomed boats, high fore and aft, built to outride storms and carry heavy loads—go to the length of the bultow, take off the fish and rebait. Second, an extensive net or seine, 400, 500, or 600 fathoms long, that taxes forty men to handle, and captures, at a lucky cast, forty, it may be fifty, tons of live freight. By one means or the other, the French are said to take yearly on the Banks 1,200,000 quintals of codfish. Now, what objection is made to these modes? One acquainted with deep-sea fishing will at once have suggested to him the fact that in a school of cod netted, no matter what size the mesh be, you will have the large and the small, the merchantable and the less, and that no slight quantity of both kinds will be smothered and destroyed. Again, in the spawning season, Bank-fishing, however carried on, stops the fish on its way to the spawning grounds which lie in shallow waters along shore. Were it not that the fisheries of Newfoundland are so extensive, they would have been exhausted years ago, not so much, it may be, by wanton slaughter direct, as by prevention of natural increase.

What remedy is there? The Banks lie two hundred miles to the south and east of Newfoundland, and are, therefore, far outside the three mile

limit, the meaning of which so puzzled the Washington treaty negotiators. Right and wrong, proper and improper, expedient and inexpedient, so far as they are matter of municipal regulation or enforcement, have their vanishing point, according to the British holding, along a line drawn three miles outside the headlands. By the American contention, they follow the indentation of bays, gulfs, and harbours and end three miles from shore. Vattel lays it down clearly that the high seas are no nation's back yard. What then? Outside the limit you may hack and destroy as you please, irrespective of consequences; for by "law of nations" and such snatches of learning, the local authorities cannot interfere. Until it shall appear that the world's fish-diet is of more serious moment than the advantage of France; until it shall be seen that this very advantage, no matter how backed up by gun-boats and torpedos, must end in loss to France herself through depletion of the fisheries: until that day comes, I suppose, no friendly arm, to prevent wasteful fish-slaughter, can be stretched forth by any power or any combination of powers. How admirably important interests are managed!

But if civilized nations, France among the number, are no check unto themselves, can no check be put upon them? There is a check with which the Newfoundland Assembly has for some years tampered, trying its efficacy, as it were. Fishery, whether by bultow or hook and line, cannot be pursued without bait; bait for the Banks cannot be got except from shore, and from part of it under the sole control of Britain. There is a lever that may be used to good purpose. If gentler methods fail of effect upon so intelligent a people enforce prohibition of the sale of bait to the French, an undertaking within the jurisdiction and quite practicable to-day; prohibit, also, its catch by them within the three mile limit, whatever the term means, and you put a clamp on France that will either render her Bank fishery unprofitable, or, what is more to be desired, bring her to reasonable terms in its prosecution.

T. B. BROWNING.

OPEN LETTERS.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—In remarks on the congress of working men at Toronto, "A Bystander" refers to a proposition of a delegate to limit all grants and holdings of lands under the Dominion to 320 acres, and goes on to say: "As was pointed out in previous papers, the summers being short and the full power of labour and machinery being needed to save the harvest, farming on a large scale with abundant capital may be the most productive."

Granting this, could not the experiment be made on large tracts held on lease, the same as for grazing, and when it becomes evident, as in a few years I think it will, that moderate-sized farms and a mixed system with the surplus of produce of a more valuable kind than grain, must be adopted, then these large experimental tracts would be available for moderate-sized holdings.

A Bystander closes his remarks by saying the land will yield bread plentiful and cheap if it is freely owned, freely transferred, and freely tilled.

It is scarcely consistent with free ownership to grant thousands of acres to rich individual holders to make an experiment which, however profitable it might be at first, would certainly result in serious deterioration of the soil. There are many things to be said in favour of the proposition to limit the grants to 320 acres. It is entitled, I think, to careful consideration.

Yours truly,

WM. OSBORNE.

HAMILTON, 15th January, 1884.

"A BYSTANDER" ON THE TRADES CONGRESS.

To the Editor of "The Week":

SIR,—In your issue of the 10th of January, among the "Current Events and Opinions" appeared a criticism on the late Trade Union Congress which, I think, in justice to the delegates that took part in it, calls for a reply, especially as the writer claims to be a candid friend of Trades Unions. "A Bystander" says that "in the International Congress of Europe, the English workmen have been generally distinguished from those of France and other countries by their wise resolution to confine themselves to industrial questions, and refrain from tampering with social or political chimeras." At the Toronto Congress one delegate propounded the political axiom that "everyone who was called upon to obey the law must have a right to vote." The first sentence is misleading, and the second is a mistake. The first misleading, because it conveys the idea that the Toronto Congress favoured views that the English workingmen who attended the Paris Congress would not entertain, but such is not the fact, as there was not a single question discussed at the Toronto Congress of a social or political nature that has not been discussed at English Trade Union Congresses, and similar resolutions passed; in fact our fellow workingmen in England have gone further in the direction of state interference with the hours of labour than the Toronto Congress would go. The last English Trades Congress held at Nottingham passed a resolution calling upon the Government to bring in a bill to regulate the hours of all the workers in the employ of the State and of all the public bodies and companies requiring Act or concession of Par-

liament, and that eight hours be the maximum time of the working day in all their establishments. All the English delegates that were at the Paris Congress were also at the one held at Nottingham. In the discussion on the hours-of-labour resolution at the Toronto Congress, almost all the delegates that spoke proposed asking the Government to enact a similar law to the one asked for above. The second sentence is a mistake, because no such axiom was laid down as that everyone should have a vote, and neither the *Globe* nor *Mail* reported any delegate as having said so. When "A Bystander" says that "the largest attainable measure of wise and just government can be secured only by confining political power to those who are duly qualified to use it," he is only saying what might be said as well by the most rabid Tory, as long as they had the determining of who were the ones "duly qualified." "A Bystander" says that productive co-operation has failed. This is very misleading from the fact that productive co-operation has never been attempted on a large enough scale to have a fair trial, but so far as it has been tried it has been as successful as private enterprise, and in most cases where it has failed it has been because it have tried to combine honesty with trade, and has found it hard to do that and compete with the "guiding head of capital." But in spite of all the difficulties that co-operation has had to contend with, there are many co-operative establishments running and paying to-day in England, without the "guiding head of capital."

It seems to be assumed by "A Bystander" in his concluding remarks on the late railway accident as well as in his opinions on the Trades Union Congress that there cannot be brains without capital.

ALFRED F. JURY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

JOAQUIN MILLER'S LETTER.

CONGRESSMEN AND THE FORTY-EIGHTH CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 15.

"What is going to be the issue?" I asked of the ablest Republican in Washington yesterday. He smiled, shook his head and muttered something about the microscoping insignificance of all present differences between parties, and then branched off on art and belle lettres. I told this to an able Jeffersonian Democrat, and he at once said: "The issue will be Democracy and anti-Democracy. It has always been that and will always be that, in some form or other. The Republicans want to imply that there is no issue. They are beaten, and that is their way of admitting it. Yes, sir! The issue is a very live one. We stand here like a rock as we have always stood. The tide may rise above us but it does not move us. This next election it will not even touch us. Tariff? The question on that point is not, shall we or shall we not, but merely how much or how little? Free trade? Yes, we are not far from it. Protection? Protection of what? Who? The labouring man? No. The labouring man's boss! Sir, our feet are at last set solidly upon the great cross-roads, with Free Trade written on the guide-board pointing to the right!"

"Thank you Senator. And can you tell me what our leading lights in this Congress are engaged in now chiefly, beside reading that guideboard?"

"Answering autograph letters," sighed the thoughtful senator. "Yes, sir: piles of them every day come to each one. You can say that the Forty-eighth Congress is engaged in the innocent employment of saving this great country by answering applications for autographs."

AUTOGRAPH HUNTERS.

When last with the late Mr. Longfellow, he complained a little of these autograph hunters, but told me that he had answered, and should try to continue to answer, all reasonable demands of this kind while he lived. And his kindness in this way has kept me up this far in the same attempt. But I imagine the nuisance was not quite as fully developed as now. These autograph fiends, mostly very ignorant, I suppose, as they often mis-spell your name, now inclose you printed letters. They are too indolent even to write their letter to you, yet have the audacity to ask you to write them a verse and enclose it in the stamped and printed envelope. I give notice that I shall confiscate all stamps sent me hereafter for autographs, for some charity. Mr. Longfellow told me that his autograph letters averaged about seven per day.

LAST DAYS WITH MR. LONGFELLOW.

Having alluded to the late illustrious poet, I am tempted here to recall some last moments spent with this first of authors and most perfect gentleman. Many others, I know, stood nearer to him, so much nearer and dearer, and maybe I ought not to claim the right to say much of a sacred nature; but somehow I always felt when he reached out his right hand and drew me to him, and looked me fairly and silently in the face with his earnest seer eyes, that he knew me, did not dislike me much, and that he knew, soul to soul, we sought the good and the beautiful and true, each after his fashion and as best he knew.

He had a pretty way of always getting out of the house—that beautiful house of his, where Washington had dwelt—into the woods. He possessed a wonderful lot of books, but he knew the birds, the crickets, the flowers, woods and grasses were more in my way, and with rare delicacy he never talked on books at all, but led out at once, whenever possible, to our mutual friends in the rear of the old Headquarters of Washington.

Walt Whitman chanced to be in Boston when I last visited Mr. Longfellow, and I was delighted to hear the poet at his table in the midst of his perfect family, speak of him most kindly. Soon after he looked me up at

my hotel in Boston, and we two called on the good, gray poet together. I mention this to merely italicise the suggestion that Longfellow's was a large nature. No narrow enmity, envy, self-glorification, superiority or I-am-purer-than-you about this man in the least; perfect and orthodox as was his own well-ordered and (stick a pin here) more fortunate life.

SOME SECRETS OF THE SHOP.

It was on this occasion that a pall of black suddenly fell upon the Republic. Garfield lay dead at Elberon!

The enterprising publishers of the *Globe* solicited from each of the several authors then in and about Boston some tribute of sorrow for the dead. The generous sum of \$100 was checked as an earnest. I remember how big-hearted John Boyle O'Reilly and I got Walt Whitman down in a cave somewhere under the Revere House, where a bottle of champagne was found, and wrestled with him in a vain effort to make him earn and accept his \$100.

"Yes, I'm sorry as the sorriest; sympathize with the great broken heart of the world over this dead sovereign citizen. But I've nothing to say."

And so persuade as we might, even till past midnight, Walt Whitman would not touch the money or try to write a line. He was poor; but bear it forever in testimony that he was honest and would not promise to sell that which he felt God had not at that moment given him to sell. And hereafter whenever any of you are disposed to speak or even think unkindly of Walt Whitman, remember this refusal of his to touch a whole heap of money when he might have had it for ten lines and maybe less than ten minutes' employment. I love him for it. There is not a butcher nor a baker nor a merchant, not a banker in America, perhaps, who would have been, under the circumstances, so stubbornly, savagely honest with the world and himself.

O'Reilly had already written his glorious lines and was happy. He paid for the champagne, I think. Memory is a little confused here. But I know that is a way he has. Soon after midnight I left the others in the cave, and went up to my room in the hotel and went to work. Early next morning I drove over to Mr. Longfellow in great haste and read my lines. Kindly he listened as I read, and then carefully looked them all over and made some important improvements. He had also partly written, and read me, his poem on the sad theme. But it was too stately and fine for company with our less mature work, and at the last moment it was withheld on the plea that it was still incomplete. It soon after appeared in the *New York Independent*. As I was hastening away with my manuscript for the press, he said, as he came with me down to the gate, that the Queen of England had done more to conquer America by sending that wreath for the funeral of the dead President than all the Georges had ever done with all their troops and cannon. And he said it in such a poetical way that I thought it an unfinished couplet of his poem. I never saw him any more. But I find he did not use that thought. And so I have endeavoured to make use of it here in a revised version of the hurried lines which I wrote by the help of Mr. Longfellow on the death of

GARFIELD.

"Bear me out of the battle, for lo I am sorely wounded."

From out the vast, wide-bosomed West,
Where gnarled old maples make array,
Deep scarred from redmen gone to rest.
Where unnamed heroes hew the way
For worlds to follow in stern zest;
Where pipes the quail, where squirrels play
Through tops of trees with nuts for toy,
A boy stood forth clear-eyed and tall,
A timid boy, a bashful boy,
Yet comely as the sons of Saul—
A boy all friendless, all unknown,
Yet heir-apparent to a throne.

A throne the proudest ever known
For him who bears him noblest, best,
And it was won by him alone,
That boy from out that wooded West,
And now to fall! Pale-browed and prone
He lies in everlasting rest.
The nations clasp the cold dead hand;
The nations sob aloud at this;
The only dry eyes in the land
Now at the last we know are his.
While she who sends a wreath has won
More conquest than her hosts had done.

Brave heart, farewell. The wheel has run
Full circle, and behold a grave
Beneath the old loved trees is done.
The druid oaks lift up and wave
A solemn beckon back. The brave
Old maples welcome every one.
Receive him earth. In centre land,
As in the centre of each heart,
As in the hollow of God's hand,
The coffin sinks. And we depart
Each on his way as God deems best,
To do, and so deserve to rest.

"MA," said a thoughtful boy. "I don't think that Solomon was so rich as they say he was." "Why, my dear?" "Because the Bible says he slept with his fathers, and if he had been so rich he would have had a bed of his own.—*London Society*."

ÆTAT 6.

"Where'er I go
A wistful child's face haunts me still."
Above the ringlets shaken
In careless curls of gold,
The sun's shorn shafts retaken
In single splendour rolled;
Beneath the crowning splendour
That wreathes the young fair head,
Eyes sweet, and grave and tender,
Curved lips of rosiest red.

What plight the years shall bring her,
What cheer of fortune's spell,
The untouched tones that linger
In life's harp—who can tell?
Dear heart, so fond, confiding,
Rose-paven be thy way,
The swift-shod hours are gliding,
And morning melts in day.

Melts like a snow-drop drifted
Upon a sun-pierced stream,
Yea, as a shade uplifted
Floats through a summer dream.
O, what so sweet as youth is,
The unsoiled plume of dove!
O, what so fair as truth is
Sealed with the seal of love!

The folded bud foreshadows
The blossom and the fruit,
And dreams far El Dorados
Wherein all pain is mute;
Where summer ever tinges
Her smiles and kisses blown,
The flowers, and sprays, and fringes
That grace her glorious throne.

Thy merry laughter ringing
Gives little reck of aught.
Birds in the branches singing
Their summer songs untaught,
Are not more glad than you are,
Prattling in childish glee,
With pattering feet and bluer
Eyes than the blue, deep sea.

* * *

White sheen of stately roses,
White fold on fold of flower,
White flakes that fleck cold closes
And limn the leafless bower;
White angel mist-ropes flowing
Back on the sunset air,
White clouds, star-rifted, glowing,
And all things pure and fair—

Are types of what her soul is,
Fair in its chastity,
A brief, bright life, whose whole is
A summer song sin-free.
Words, wishes, win scant favour,
Unworthy and unmeet,
But heart-traced I engrave her,
The sweetest of the sweet.

Toronto.

J.F. Davidson.

THE ADVENTURES OF A WIDOW.

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

IV.—Continued.

"Not at all," said Kindelon. "It is true that she goes about a good deal. Her position as a journalist gives her, of course, the *entrée* to many theatres, and as she is passionately fond of the drama, her face is seldom missed on a *première* at any reputable house—Daly's, the Union Square, the Madison Square or Wallack's. She takes delight, too, in appearing at the entertainments of her various friends, and she always does so, clad elegantly, richly, but without a shadow of ostentatious display. On these occasions her society is eagerly sought; I have sometimes wondered why, for her conversation, though invariably full of sound sense and pithy acumen, lacks the cheerful play of humour which is so widely demanded to generate anything like

popularity wherever men and women are gathered together. But she is very popular, and I suppose it is her striking simplicity, her gift of always being sincerely and unaffectedly *herself*, which has made her so. . . . Still, for all this gregarious impulse, if I may thus name it, I do not believe she would take the first step, where you are concerned, to establish an acquaintance."

"And for what reason?" asked Pauline. Her tones, while she put this query, were full of a hurt bewilderment. Kindelon seemed to muse for a brief space; and any such unconversational mood was rare, as we know, with his mercurial lightsomeness of manner. "She would be sensitive," he presently said, "about making an advance of this sort."

"Of this sort?" repeated Pauline, with a somewhat irritated inflection, "Of what sort?"

Her companion watched her with fixity for a moment. Then he raised his large forefinger, and slowly shook it, with admonitory comedy of gesture. "You must not tell me that you don't understand," he said. "Put yourself in this lady's place. Suppose that that you, in spite of fine brains and noble character, lacked the social standing—"

Pauline broke in quite hotly, at this. Her eyes had taken a quick sparkle, and the color was flying rosy and pure into her fair face. "Pshaw!" she exclaimed. "It is not any question of social standing. I want to know these people——" She suddenly paused, as though her tongue had betrayed her into some regrettable and unseemly phrase. "I want to pass," she continued more slowly, "from an aimless world into one of thought and sense. Mrs. Dares is prominent in this other world. From what you say I should judge that she is a very representative and influential spirit there. Why should she not be benign and gracious enough to seek me here? Why should she require that I shall emphatically pay her my court? Your description makes me glad and happy to know her. If she learned this would she hold aloof from any absurd scruples about a disparity in social standing? . . . Well, if she did," declared Pauline, who by this time was quite excitedly flushed and fluttered, "then I should say that you had over-painted her virtues and too flatteringly concealed her faults!"

Kindelon threw back his head, as she finished, and laughed with such heartiness that more of his strong white teeth were transiently visible than would have pleased a strict judge of decorum.

"Oh, how amusing you are!" he cried. "You are really superb, and don't perceive it! . . . Well," he proceeded, growing graver, "I suppose you would be far less so if you had the vaguest inkling of it. . . . Now, pray listen. Does it enter your conscience at all that you are disguising a kind of royal patronage and condescension behind a gentle and saint-like humility? No—of course it doesn't. But, my dear lady, this is unequivocally true. You scoff at social standing, and yet you complacently base yourself upon it. You want to desert all your old tenets, and yet you keep a kind of surreptitious clasp about them. You would not for the world be considered a person who cared for the aristocratic purple, and yet you wrap it round you in the most illogical fashion. Mrs. Dares has her evenings; to-night is one of them. You, as yet, have no evenings; your *salon* is still in embryo. You want to affiliate with her, to be one of her set, her surroundings, her *monde*. And yet you quietly bid her to your house, as though she were proposing your coöperation, your support, your intimacy, and not you hers!"

Pauline, with perhaps a deepened tinge of colour in her cheeks, was staring at the floor when Kindelon ended. And from beneath her gown came the impatient little tap of a nervous foot. After an interval of silence, during which her friend's gaze watched her with merry vivacity of expression, she slowly lifted her shapely blonde head, and answered, in grave, even saddened tones:

"Then my *salon* is to be a failure?—an unrealizable castle in Spain?"

"Oh, no," promptly said Kindelon, with one of those sympathetic laughs which belonged among his elusive fascinations. "By no means—unless you so will it."

"But I don't will it," said Pauline.

"Very well. Then it will be a castle in—in New York. That sounds tangible enough, surely. It is the first step that counts, and you have only to take your first step. It will certainly look much better to know some of your courtiers before you ascend your throne. And meanwhile it would be far more discreet to cultivate an acquaintance with your probable prime minister."

"All of which means. . . ?" she said.

"That you had best let me accompany you to Mrs. Dares' house this evening."

"But I am not invited!" exclaimed Pauline.

"Oh, yes you are," said Kindelon, with easy security in the jocund

contradiction. "Miss Cora, the youngest daughter of Mrs. Dares, told me last night that she and her mother would both be very glad to have you come."

There was a momentary intonation in Kindelon's voice that struck his listener as oddly unexpected. "So you have already spoken of me?" she said, lingeringly, and looking at him with more intentness than she herself knew of.

"Yes," he replied, with a certain speed, and with tones that were not just set in an unembarrassed key. "I go there, now and then."

"And you have mentioned me to Mrs. Dares?"

"Yes... more than once, I think. She knows that you may be induced to come this evening."

His glance, usually so direct, had managed to avoid Pauline's which was just then very direct indeed.

"Tell me," Pauline said, after another silence had somehow made itself felt between them. "Are you very good friends with this girl... Miss Cora?"

He returned her look, then, but with an unwonted vacillation of his own—or so she chose to think.

"Yes," he responded, fluently frank, as it seemed. "We are very good friends—excellent friends, I may say. You will find her quite as charming, in a different way, as her mother. I mean, of course, if you will go with me this evening—or any future evening."

Pauline put forth her hand, and laid it for an instant on his full-moulded arm.

"I will go with you this evening," she said, softly.

V.

KINDELON found Pauline in a very lightsome and animated state of mind when he called at her house that evening. She had a touch of positive excitement in her way of referring to the proposed visit. He thought he had never seen her look more attractive than when she received him, already wrapped in a fleecy white over-garment and drawing on her gloves, while a piquant smile played at the corners of her mouth and a vivacious glitter filled her gray eyes.

"You are here before the carriage," she said to him, "though we shan't have to wait long for that... Hark—there is the bell, now; my men would not presume to be a minute late this evening. The footman must have detected in my manner a great seriousness when I gave him my order; I felt very serious, I can assure you, as I did so. It meant the first step in a totally new career."

"Upon my word, you look fluttered," said Kindelon, in his mellow, jocose voice.

"Naturally I do!" exclaimed Pauline, as she nodded to the servant who now announced that the carriage was in readiness. "I am going to have a fresh, genuine sensation. I am going to emancipate myself—to break my tether, as it were. I've been a prisoner for life; I don't know how the sunshine looks, or how it feels to take a gulp of good, free air."

He watched her puzzledly until the outer darkness obscured her face, and they entered the carriage together. She mystified him while she talked on, buoyantly enough, yet always in the same key. He was not sure whether or no her sparkling manner had a certain sincere trepidation behind it. Now and then it seemed to him as if her voluble professions of anxiety rang false—as if she were making sport of herself, of him, or of the projected diversion.

"Do you really take the whole matter so much to heart," he presently said, while the vehicle rolled them along the wintry, lamplit streets, "or is this only some bit of dainty and graceful masquerading?"

"Masquerading?" she echoed, with a shocked accent.

"Oh, well, you are accustomed to meeting all sorts of people. You can't think that any human classes are so sharply divided that to cross a new threshold means to enter a new world."

She was silent, and he could see her face only vaguely for some little time; but when a passing light cast an evanescent gleam upon it he thought that he detected something like a look of delicate mischief there. Her next words, rather promptly spoken, bore with them an explanatory bluntness.

"I am convinced that if everybody else disappoints me Miss Dares will not."

"Miss Dares?" he almost faltered, in the tone of one thrown off his guard. "Miss Cora Dares," Pauline continued, with a self-correcting precision. "The younger of the two daughters, the one who paints. Oh, you see," she continued, after a little laugh that was merry though faint, "I have forgotten nothing. I've a great curiosity to see this young artist.

You had not half so much to tell me about her as about her mother, and yet you have somehow contrived to make her quite as interesting."

"Why?" Kindelon asked, with a soft abruptness to which the fact of his almost invisible face lent a greater force. "Is it because you think that I like Cora Dares? I should like to think that was your reason for being interested in her."

Another brief silence on Pauline's part followed his words, and then she suddenly responded, with the most non-committal innocence of tone:

"Why, what other reason could I possibly have? Of course I suppose that you like her. And of course that is why I am anxious to meet her."

There was a repelling pleasantness in these three short sentences. If Kindelon had been inclined to slip any further into the realm of sentiment, the very reverse of encouragement had now met him. Pauline's matter-of-course complacency had a distinct chill under its superficial warmth. "Don't misunderstand me, please," she went on, with so altered a voice that her listener felt as if she had indeed been masquerading through some caprice best known to herself, and now chose once and for all to drop masque and cloak. "I really expect a most novel and entertaining experience to-night. You say that I have met all sorts of people. I have by no means done so. It strikes me that our acquaintance is not young enough for me to tell you this. It is true that I made a few pleasant and even valuable friendships in Europe; but these have been exceptional in my life, and I now return to my native city to disapprove everybody whom I once approved."

"And you expect to approve all the people whom you shall meet to-night?"

"You ask that in a tone of positive alarm."

"I can't help betraying some nervous fear. Your expectations are so exorbitant."

Pauline tossed her head in the dimness. "Oh, you will find me more easily suited than you suppose."

Kindelon gave a kind of dubious laugh. "I'm not so sure that you will be easily suited," he said. "You are very pessimistic in your judgments of the fashionable throng. It strikes me that you are a rigid critic of nearly everybody. How can I tell that you will not denounce me, in an hour or so, as the worst of impostors, for having presumed to introduce you among a lot of objectionable bores?"

"I think you will admit," said Pauline, in offended reply, "that most of Mrs. Dare's friends have brains."

"Brains? Oh, yes, all sorts of brains."

"That is just what I want to meet," she rapidly exclaimed—"all sorts of brains. I am accustomed, at present, to only two or three sorts... Oh, you need not be afraid that I shall become bored. No, indeed! On the contrary, I expect to be exhilarated. I shall fraternize with most of them—I shall be one of them almost immediately. Wait until you see!"

"I shan't see that," said Kindelon, with an amused *brusquerie*.

"What do you mean?" she questioned, once more offensively.

He began to speak, with his old glib fleetness. "Why, my dear lady, because you are *not* one of them, and never can be. You are a patrician, reared differently, and you will carry your stamp with you wherever you go. Your very voice will betray you in ten seconds. You may show them that you want to be their good friend, but you can't convince them that you and they are of the same stock. Some of them will envy you, others may secretly presume to despise you, and still others may very cordially like you. I don't think that it has ever dawned upon me until lately how different you are from these persons whom you wish to make your allies and supporters. That night, when I went into your aunt's opera-box, I had a very slight understanding of the matter. I've always scoffed at the idea of a New York aristocracy. It seemed so absurd, so self-contradictory. And if it existed at all, I've always told myself, it must be the merest nonsensical sham. But now I begin to recognize it as an undeniable fact. There's a sort of irony, too, in my finding it out so late—after I have knocked about as a journalist in a city which I believed to be democratic if it was anything. However, you've made the whole matter plain to me. You didn't intend to open my plebeian eyes, but you have done so. It is really wonderful how you have set me thinking. I've often told myself that America was a political failure as a republic, but I never realized that it was a social one."

Just then the carriage stopped. "I am sorry," said Pauline, "to have unconsciously made you think ill of the literary society of New York." She paused for a moment, and there was a rebuking solemnity in her voice as she added: "I believe—I insist upon believing till I see otherwise—that it does not deserve to be condemned."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AFTER READING ARNOLD'S "SOHRAB AND RUSTUM."

Who reads this measure flowing strong and deep,
It seems to him old Homer's voice he hears ;
But soon grows up a sound that moves to tears—
Tears such as Homer cannot make us weep,
Whether a grieving god bids death and sleep
Bear slain Sarpedon home unto his peers,
Or gray-haired Priam, kneeling, full of fears,
Seeks Hector's corse torn by the chariot's sweep.
Lightly these sorrows move us, in compare
With that which moans along the Oxus' tide,
Where by his father's hand young Sohrab died,—
Great father and great son met unaware
On fate's dark field : in awe we leave them there,
Wrapped in the mists that from the river glide.

—From the Critic.

EVENINGS AT HOME.

BEAUTY : ENGLISH, AMERICAN AND CANADIAN.

A correspondent of the *New York World*, who claimed to have interviewed Lord Coleridge on the steamer which took him to England, writes :—

"He said he thought the American women far excelled their English cousins in both beauty and intellect, and he should not be backward to say so on his native soil."

Although justice be proverbially blind and the ethics of compliment are elastic, there is no occasion to believe that Lord Coleridge ever made the remarks attributed to him in so crude a form ; and American reporters are very apt to record the questions they may ask as being the answers they have received. But the comparison, whether made by Lord Coleridge in these terms or not, is one of some interest, and a few remarks on it will not be out of place. There can be no doubt that Americans honestly believe their women to be the most beautiful in the world : nor to them would there appear any extravagance in the remark of the *New York Sun* on the audience which attended Irving's first performance, "in respect of the beauty it contained far surpassing any audience that Mr. Irving ever bowed to in his life." But the opinion of foreigners—I do not speak of Englishmen alone—is very different ; and I have never met one who had lived long or travelled much in America who did not hold that female beauty in the States is extremely rare, while the average of ordinary good looks is unusually low. More pretty faces are to be seen in a single day in London than in a month in the States. The average of beauty is far higher in Canada, and the American town in which the most pretty women are noticeable is Detroit, on the Canadian border, and containing many Canadian residents. In the Western States beauty is conspicuous by its absence, and in Eastern towns, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, it is to be chiefly found. In New York, in August, I hardly saw a face which could be called pretty. Society was out of town, but an estimate of national beauty is best formed by a study of the faces of the people ; and the races at Monmouth Park had collected whatever of beauty or fashion had been left in the city. Even at Saratoga, the most attractive face seemed that of a young English lady passing through on her way to Australia. In November, New York presented a different appearance, and many pretty women were to be seen, although the number was comparatively small, and at the Metropolitan Opera House, even American friends were unable to point out any lady whom they could call beautiful. A distinguished artist told me that when he first visited America he scarcely saw in the streets of New York a single face which he could select as a model, though he could find twenty such in the London street in which his studio was situated.

The American type of beauty is extremely delicate and refined, and London and Continental society will always contain some American ladies who may rank among the loveliest in the world. Such are known to us all, but are more common in Europe than America. A beautiful girl is, in the first place, more likely to travel than a plain one, for she is anxious for new worlds to conquer ; the pride and affection of her parents are more likely to second her legitimate ambition, and, having reached Europe, she is obviously more likely to remain there. If American girls be anxious to marry Englishmen, as a study of contemporary novels, plays, and society would seem to show, it is a proof of their good sense ; for America, which is the best place in the world for making money, is the very worst for spending it. Life revolves round the office and the shop and the counting-house, and a woman of spirit doubtless prefers a society like that of London, where even the men, to say nothing of the women, from the time they rise at eleven till they go to bed at three o'clock in the morning, think of nothing but how they may amuse themselves. America will grow day by day more like the Old World in this respect, and when its citizens shall have learned the science of amusement it will become a far more agreeable place than it is at present. The change in the habits of the men will have a direct effect upon the beauty of the women. The English are an athletic race, and the amusements in which they delight are in the open air. As are the men so are the women. Riding and rowing, walking and tennis, have developed in them a beauty the chief charm of which is that it is healthy. The late hours of the ball-room do not take the bloom from a cheek which is daily renewed by a gallop in the park before luncheon, or a game of lawn-tennis in the afternoon. In America life is sedentary. The national game of base-ball is mostly played by professionals :

the national pastime of trotting-matches cannot be counted as exercise in the English sense of the word. The men, with few exceptions, have no country life—few of them even know how to ride ; they neither hunt, nor row, nor shoot, nor play cricket ; and the women, being everywhere the shadow of the men, are accomplished in none of those outdoor exercises in which their English sisters find and renew their beauty. The charm which is born of delicacy may be a very lovely thing, like the finest porcelain, but it does not constitute the highest form of beauty, which is inseparable from good health.—*Sir Lepel Griffin in the Fortnightly Review.*

TRIOLETS.

If I should steal a little kiss,
Oh, would she weep I wonder ?
I tremble at the thought of bliss—
If I should steal a little kiss ?
Such pouting lips would never miss
The dainty bit of plunder ;
If I should steal a little kiss,
Oh, would she weep I wonder ?

He longs to steal a kiss of mine—
He may if he'll return it ;
If I can read the tender sign,
He longs to steal a kiss of mine ;
"In love and war"—you know the line,
Why cannot he discern it ?
He longs to steal a kiss of mine—
He may if he'll return it.

A little kiss when no one sees—
Where is the impropriety ?
How sweet amid the birds and bees
A little kiss when no one sees ;
Nor is it wrong, the world agrees,
If taken with sobriety.
A little kiss when no one sees,
Where is the impropriety.

—Ex.

THE LIVADIA.

CZAR ALEXANDER II.'s famous yacht, the *Livadia*, has just turned up as a coal hulk in the harbour of Sebastopol. This is an ignominious ending for a craft which was expected to revolutionize marine architecture, and which was certainly one of the most gorgeous vessels ever built. No such vessel had been seen since Noah navigated the eastern waters ; her hull was hidden in a projecting basement which supported a row of pillars ; she had four tiers of decks paved with black, white, and red marble ; there was a magnificent marble fountain ; the baths were hewn from white marble blocks ; rows of electric lights illuminated the saloons and avenue-like corridors, and the many sets of apartments were finished in rare woods and stones, furnished with the most costly trappings and ornamented with oriental splendour. Altogether the *Livadia* was more like a fairy palace than a modern yacht, and it is not strange that the impression went abroad that one purpose of her creation was to dazzle the Asiatic mind and increase the awe and mystery with which it regarded the czar. But the *Livadia* was not a safe sailor, and before Alexander's assassination she was practically discarded as worthless. Strange as she was in looks, she was declared upon her completion to have been the result of "a profound consideration of scientific difficulties" and that "what looks like the wildest of vagaries is the result of ingenious calculations." But she was a failure from the start, and soon after her completion she was almost wrecked in the Bay of Biscay, and acted so badly every way that her crew were afraid to trust themselves at sea in her any more. She was quietly laid aside soon after that first test.—*American Queen.*

IN VENICE.

THE extraordinary beauty of recent sunsets has provided, in this country, topics for letters and articles in the newspapers, but, according to the Roman papers, the people in Venice seem to have gone mad over the loveliness of the skies. A correspondent writing from there says that it would be impossible to exaggerate the gorgeous effect of gold, purple and blazing crimson lately seen in Venetian evening skies. The hour of sundown is the established time for the orthodox tourist, desirous of mounting the Campanile, to make his ascent and look down upon Venice and the lagoons. Of late his toil had been amply repaid. Guides, who hang about the Campanile and the Piazza, recognize the marvellous brilliancy of the sunsets, and throw an extra amount of zeal into their advice to travellers to ascend and admire. Added to their recommendation is generally a prophecy that to-morrow there will be a fog which will inevitably shut out the view. However lovely may be the sunlight, moonlight in Venice retains its old hold on the imagination of the tourist. "Signore," asked a gondolier of an American, who was enjoying from his boat the effect of the moonbeams on the water, "is there a moon in England?" (England and America are one in the mind of the lower class Venetian). "Why, certainly," answered the Yankee. The gondolier looked surprised ; politeness forbade an expression of incredulity. "I thought that there was not," he said, "for our moon is generally the first thing which the English care to see in Venice."—*American Queen.*

THE PERIODICALS.

WITH its January number *The Manhattan* begins a new volume. This charming magazine is steadily growing in favour with the reading public. It could hardly be otherwise, considering the uniformly high degree of excellence, and the distinct individuality it displays. The initial paper is a finely illustrated article by Mr. J. Leonard Corning, on "The Luther Monument at Worms." The engraving of the illustrations to this paper is exceedingly good. A charming paper is that on "Pompeii, Past and Present," by Anna Ballard. Mr. James A. Harrison tells with much dramatic force a story of Creole life entitled "Piti-Josi-Bâtiste," the dialect of which Mr. Cable has familiarized us with. The conclusion of the story is too abrupt and exclamatory to be either satisfying or artistic. Dr. Damrosch, head of the "Symphony Society," of New York, contributes the music to a New Year's Masque, "The Doorkeeper," by Miss Edith M. Thomas. Valuable articles are Mr. H. C. Pidder's "Woman in Modern Civilization," and Mr. G. T. Curtis' "Creation or Evolution?" Mr. Edgar Fawcett's serial, "Tinkling Cymbals," gives promise of equaling "An Ambitious Woman." Like most of Mr. Fawcett's work it commences somewhat deliberately, and increases in speed of movement with each succeeding chapter. Mr. Fawcett also contributes to this number a particularly beautiful sonnet, addressed to Mr. Maurice Thompson, author of "Songs of Fair Weather," lately reviewed in *THE WEEK*. A poem far above the average of magazine verse is Mr. H. C. Bunner's "The Appeal to Harold," which we quote in full:—

THE APPEAL TO HAROLD.*

Haró! Haró!
 Judge now betwixt this woman and me,
 Haró!
 She leaves me bond, who found me free.
 Of love and hope she hath drained me dry—
 Yea, barren as a drought-struck sky;
 She hath not left me tears for weeping,
 Nor will my eyelids close in sleeping.
 I have gathered all my life's-blood up—
 Haró!
 She hath drunk and thrown aside the cup.
 Shall she not give me back my days?
 Haró!
 I made them perfect for her praise.
 There was no flower in all the brake
 I found not fairer for her sake;
 There was no sweet thought I did not fashion
 For aid and servant to my passion.
 Labour and learning worthless were,
 Haró!
 Save that I made them gifts for her.
 Shall she not give me back my nights?
 Haró!
 Give me sweet sleep for brief delights?
 Lo! in the night's wan mid I lie,
 And ghosts of hours that are dead go by;
 Hours of a love that died unshriven;
 Of a love in change for my honour given;
 She caressed and slew my soul's white truth,
 Haró!
 Shall she not give me back my youth?
 Haró! Haró!
 Tell me not of a greater judge,
 Haró!
 It is he who hath my sin in grudge.
 Yea, from God I appeal to thee:
 God hath not part or place for me.
 Thou who hast sinned, judge thou my sinning;
 I have staked my life for a woman's winning.
 She hath stripped me of all save remembering—
 Haró!
 Right thou me, right thou me, Harold the King!

BOOK NOTICES.

LIFE OF RICHARD WAGNER. By Louis Nohl. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.

Wagner was one of the most sublimely self-confident men of modern times, and he had need of all his self-confidence to carry him through his myriad difficulties and discouragements. But his faith in himself was equalled only by his contempt for all who differed from him in questions either of his art or of the greatness of his own genius. Success held long aloof from him, but came at last, and he found himself in later years surrounded by a host of adoring disciples, with the resources of a kingdom at his disposal for the execution of his gigantic musical schemes. At twenty-three, with nothing to live upon, he married a beautiful actress of the Magdeburg theatre. After a struggle with ill-fortune in Russia, he fled

the country under a load of debts, went to Paris, and there dragged out two years of wretchedness, till at last the tide began, very slowly, to turn. His first thoroughly characteristic composition was "Tannhäuser," and the climax of his career was reached in the performances of the "Ring of the Nibelungen" and "Parsifal" at Baireuth. From his first wife, Wagner was separated many years before her death. She, poor woman, had had, perhaps, no easy lot to bear. Wagner had more than his share of the "eccentricities of genius," and his first wife may have failed to understand him at times. Dr. Nohl tells us that peculiar humours "frequently seized upon our master in such strange fashion, that in the midst of company he would suddenly stand upon his head in a corner of the room for some time." Wagner's second wife apparently considered such vagaries trifling, or was capable of comprehending them, for the master found his second union an ideal one. This lady was the daughter of Wagner's dear friend, Liszt, and the wife of his equally dear friend, Von Bülow, from whom she obtained a divorce when all perceived her eminent fitness for the master, and the desirability of such a consummation. The divorced husband, with incomparable unselfishness, looking at this perfect union was wont to declare that "this was the only proper solution." Dr. Nohl writes as an enthusiast, not as a critic, but his work is none the less entertaining on that account. The translation is sometimes stiff and involved, but appears to be otherwise entirely satisfactory. The cumbersomeness of the original lingers upon it to some extent.

A WOMAN OF HONOUR. By H. C. Bunner. Boston: J. R. Osgoode & Co.

The author of this novel has done well, but has hardly received all the credit he deserves. A little while before the appearance of his novel, Mr. Bunner contributed to the *Century* an open letter on "New York as a field for Fiction," and showed such admirable appreciation of the resources of the field, and so clear an idea of how these resources could best be developed, that the expectations of the critics were raised to a quite remarkable height. As a natural consequence some disappointment resulted, though "A Woman of Honour" is anything but a weak story. Something better than the best novel of the season was required to fulfil all expectations, and we do not think this can by any means be called the best novel of the season. But we think that whatever the critic may say, few readers will quarrel with Mr. Bunner. It seems to us altogether wide of the mark to complain, as some have done, that the society Mr. Bunner depicts is depicted too pitilessly. But one source of dissatisfaction, it may be, lies in the fact that the critical situations are much more improbable than situations have any right to be in a matter-of-fact and fairly civilized modern city. Of course Mr. Crawford can invent the wildest situations unblushingly, and we accept them, because he sets them too far off for us to be tempted to investigate. But Mr. Bunner is at home, and we take exception to the improbable. The highly wrought and wonderfully effective night-scene in Carnegie's studio offends us when our heated imagination has had time to cool. The most marked characteristic of the story is the abundance and prominence of the dramatic quality evidenced in the picturesque grouping, the swiftness of movement, the succession of climaxes, the brilliancy and point of the dialogue. Faith Ruthven is a charming creation, but hardly, perhaps, moves the reader to so profound an admiration as that in which Mr. Bunner plainly holds her. The scenes between Kent and Swift, and between Kent and Mrs. Swift in the latter part of the book, are full of vigour and penetration.

ONE of the latest issues of the "Lovell's Library" is Mr. Will. M. Clemens' "Famous Funny Fellows." (New York: John W. Lovell Company.) This is one of the most genuinely readable of the light books of the year. The book describes, gossips about, tells anecdotes of, such men as Mark Twain, Artemus Ward, Josh Billings, Yawcob Strauss, Gilhooley, Spoopendyke, and others of that ilk; and its author has become so infected with the humour of the men he treats of that his work is full of suggested smiles from cover to cover.

Other works that come to us in the same form and from the same publishers are Thackeray's "Ballads" and "Character Sketches," Lawrence Oliphant's "Altiora Peto," Irving's "Moorish Chronicles," and "How it all came Round," by L. T. Meade.

AN American who had a jolly German friend wished to become acquainted with the German's charming wife. "Vell," said the German, "dot vill pe all rightd." After a time the German led him over to where the lady was sitting with a number of friends. "Katrina," said the husband, "You know dot man?" "No," said Katrina, modestly. "Vell dot's him!"—*Independent*.

* The right of appeal to Harold of Normandy was like the Roman citizen's right of appeal to Cæsar. The cry of "Haró!" was the invocation that called him to protect or to avenge the wronged.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY'S CONCERT.—The first concert this season by the above society took place in the Pavilion of the Horticultural Gardens before a large audience on the evening of the 15th. The vocalists, among whom were distributed the solo and concerted parts, were as follows: Soprani;—Mrs. Bradley, and the Misses Dervieux, Torrington, Berryman, and O'Leary. Alti;—Mesdames Petley and Morrison, and Miss Scott. Tenori;—Messrs. Taylor, Warde, Wilkinson and Doherty. Bassi;—Mr. Stoddard (of New York) who sang the part of Elijah, and Messrs. Schuch and Oldham. The chorus numbered over two hundred voices, which, with the exception of the tenors, who were perhaps a little weak, were fairly well balanced. In this respect the orchestra was not so happy, the tone of the violins being quite insufficient to counterbalance the bass instruments, brass and string, or to give the necessary support to the voices in full chorus; while the horns and trombones, were, as usual, uncertain in intonation and attack, greatly marring the efforts of the vocalists on more than one occasion. The difficulty of obtaining good horn players is, however, well known, so the critic, while chronicling the fact, makes the necessary allowance. Among the soloists, excepting Mr. Stoddard, as Elijah, there was nothing to call forth enthusiasm. Mr. Taylor, to whom was entrusted the beautiful air "If With All Your Hearts," gave a careful, but colourless, rendering thereof, while in the recitative which preceded it his voice and method proved quite inadequate to its demands, possessing neither the vigour of attack nor the necessary *timbre*. The recitative, airs and duet, ("The Widow and Elijah,") by Mrs. Bradley and Mr. Stoddard, was pleasingly sung. The double chorus "Baal We Cry to Thee," the choruses "Thanks be to God," and "Behold! God the Lord Passed By!" were powerfully and vigorously given and fully sustained the favourable reputation the society has now, under the able and patient training of Mr. Torrington. The double quartette "For He Shall Give His Angels Charge Over Thee," sung by Misses Berryman and Scott, Mesdames Morrison and Petley, and Messrs. Warde, Doherty, Oldham, and Schuch, is especially deserving of credit; the voices were nicely balanced, and the expression carefully observed, produced a general effect which was very pleasing; indeed, the same might fairly be said of all the part singing. The singers before named, although not possessing voices or sufficient artistic training to enable them to render the noble recitatives and solos of this great sacred drama in such a manner as they demand, nevertheless, through much practice in chorus and part singing have succeeded in presenting an *ensemble* in which *artistes* less accustomed to sing together not infrequently fail. Mr. Stoddard's voice is of good power and compass, of a pleasing tone quality, and well under control. His recitative is perhaps, for oratorio a little too dramatic, *i.e.*, not sufficiently calm and impassioned. Nevertheless, his "Elijah" was a very satisfactory performance. Mrs. Petley, to whom fell a large share of the work, sang her numbers in a careful and painstaking manner, including the recitative and air "O, rest in the Lord." Of the last and greatest of Mendelssohn's works a few words may here find place. The "Elijah" was first produced at the Birmingham festival, (Eng.), 1846, Mendelssohn conducting in person. It is said that the excitement and toil incident upon so great an undertaking hastened his death, which took place in November of the year following—at Leipzig—the composer being then in his thirty-ninth year. In closing our notice of the concert, we cannot help expressing regret that better taste did not prevail in the getting up of the book of the words. We refer to the printing of business cards on the pages opposite the text. It cannot be claimed that it is conducive to a calm and devout state of mind, or that it is calculated to produce that repose and abstraction from every day life, necessary to the proper enjoyment and appreciation of a great lyric poem to read * * * "Lo! there came a fiery chariot with fiery horses and he went by a whirlwind to heaven," * * * "J. Young, Undertaker." * * * —Or, "Behold! God the Lord passed by!"—"Cab, Coupé, and Livery," etc. The price of the books was ten cents each, and a large number is always sold, which should suffice to pay for the printing; and even if it should not, a sense of Art taste and decency should rise in protest against its re-occurrence.

"Who is that man with the eye-glasses?" "That's the musical critic my dear." "What does he have that note book and pencil for?" "So that people will know that he's a musical critic." "Does he think he's a musical critic?" "No, my child, he's far wiser than those who read his writings." "Who reads his writings?" "People that don't know anything about music." "Why don't they know anything about music?" "Because he doesn't tell them, my dear." "Does he know anything about music?" "Of course not, dear." "Then why does he write about music?" "He doesn't my child. He only writes a column and leaves a blank, which he fills in from English and French, and Italian, and German dictionaries, in order that the public may be incited to a beneficial study of those languages."—*Ex.*

LITERARY GOSSIP.

IN *Longman's Magazine* Mrs. Oliphant commences a new serial entitled "Madam."

THE son of Mr. Robert Browning has executed a striking life-size statue of Dryopé with her serpent.

A LATE issue of *The Continent* contains an illustrated paper on the Canadian Capital, by Mr. James M. Oxley.

MR. SWINBURNE has written for *The Fortnightly* four sonnets under the agreeably suggestive title "Post Mortem."

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON, the blind poet, has issued a new collection of his poems and sonnets under the title "Wind Voices."

AT the meeting of the Canadian Institute on Saturday evening last Mr. Waugh Lauder read a paper on "The History of Musical Instruments."

A VALUABLE paper on "The Rev. Egerton Ryerson, D.D., LL.D.," by Dr. Hodgins, has been reprinted from the *Methodist Magazine* for April, 1882.

DISRAELI said a short time before his death: "You cannot convert fifteen thousand tons into twenty thousand tons." This will cause ice dealers to smile.—*Ex.*

ACCORDING to *Bradstreet's*, Canada had forty-two failures last week as against twenty-five the corresponding week of 1883, and eight the corresponding week of 1882.

IN St. Louis has been started a new illustrated monthly magazine, the name of which is *Legion*. We tender it our wish that as its name is, so may its subscribers be.

THE New York *Christian Witness* published the Ten Commandments the other week, and now Texas papers are reprinting them under the head line of "Pearls of Thought," credited to *The Witness*.

MESSRS. HUNTER & ROSE have in the press a pamphlet by Mr. W. D. Le Sueur, of Ottawa, entitled "A Defence of Modern Thought," which, it is expected, will be issued next week. It is intended as a reply to the Bishop of Ontario's pamphlet on "Agnosticism," published some time back.

M. JULIA, of Passy, is the present possessor and owner of the original manuscript of Heine's "Memoirs." It consists of 147 large leaves of paper and is written with pencil. The whole is perfectly legible. M. Julia, it need not be said, is very jealous of his treasure, and rarely allows it to be handled.—*Ex.*

"THE GOSSIP" cannot refrain from a word of commendation for the December and January numbers of *The Canadian Missionary*, which comes from Arnprior, Ontario. The appearance of this magazine is very attractive, and the contents of the Christmas number particularly, are well varied and interesting.

"SONGS UNSUNG" is the name of a new volume by Lewis Morris, author of "The Epic of Hades." Mr. Gladstone has expressed strong admiration for this volume, which, it is therefore to be hoped, has more poetry and more originality in it than the previous works of Mr. Morris, who is not either the brother or the peer of William Morris the singer of "The Earthly Paradise."

"THE GOSSIP" records as an event which will probably give rise to much literature, the fact that Mr. P. T. Barnum has secured from the Siamese Court nothing less than a white elephant, which will be exhibited in America next summer. This is the second white elephant of which Mr. Barnum has been the happy possessor. The first was poisoned before Mr. Barnum had had time to get used to it.

Littell's Living Age for Jan. 12th is a particularly good number. It reproduces from the *Contemporary Review* Professor Goldwin Smith's article on "Evolutionary Ethics and Christianity," and Mr. Andrew Lang's "Literary Forgeries." From *La Nuova Antologia* it translates a paper by Professor Villari on "J. Addington Symonds"; and from the *Saturday Review* it takes an article which deals with the memorials of the Princess Alice. It contains also a beautiful and striking poem by Mr. Rennell Rodd, author of "Rose Leaf and Apple Leaf."

"MAMMA," said a fashionable New York young lady to her mother, "the papers are making a great fuss over a Mr. Tennyson, of England." "Yes," responded the mother. "He has been raised to the dear, delightful peerage." "He has been made a baron, I see," said the daughter. "Yes; and his wife will be a baroness, I suppose," reflected the old lady. "How exquisitely beautiful it must be to be a baroness!" "What has he been a-doing of to be a baron?" asked the cultured young lady. "What has he been a-doing of?" repeated the mother. "Why he is the sole survivor of the noble six hundred who made the famous charge at Balaklava."

CHRONICLE OF THE WEEK.

AT HOME.—It is reported that one has been cured "by faith" in Kingston.—There was a report that the Canada Southern Railway was to be double-tracked, and the public were desirous that, with its line, the Grand Trunk Company should go and do likewise.—Recruits have been called for to man the Cavalry School which is to be, probably, established in Toronto.—Negotiations have once more been opened between England and France respecting the disposal of that portion of the Newfoundland coast known as the French Shore. According to the treaty of Utrecht the right was reserved to French subjects to catch fish in a certain portion of the island coast-waters, and to cure the same along the shore fronting the specified fishing ground. Over and over again since that concession disturbances have arisen between the French and British subjects working together upon the coast, the Frenchman claiming immunity from the local law, and the right to make laws unto himself for his own governance. This condition of affairs soon became almost intolerable, and though of late years the causes of dissatisfaction have not been so great, still, fruitful sources of irritation, mutual jealousies, ill will, and violent clashings, do yet exist; and it is now proposed to buy out the right of France in the district known as the French Shore. It does not seem, if the parties concerned but approach the question in the right spirit, that the difficulty ought to be very great. It is only just that Frenchmen visiting the coast should conform to the local laws, and that conformity secured, it does not seem that the Islanders have any grievance save the presence of the French; but that could hardly be a grievance, since the French are not like the Chinese, but are socially the equal of the islanders; and there is no dearth of fishing waters.—The Mayor of Toronto has received already about \$1,000 for the sufferers by the Humber Disaster.—On Saturday last Judge Galt gave his decision in the Bothwell election case, declaring that the seat belongs to Hon. David Mills. Mr. Mills promptly presented himself at Parliament.—There is much discussion about a soup kitchen which has been proposed for London; and whenever Mr. Blake mentioned the word "soup kitchen" in the House of Commons, Opposition members beat their desks loudly with delight. Sir John did not miss the opportunity of expressing wonder that members should be jubilant over such a fact;—and one Tory wag declared that the "soup kitchen" was "an old Grit industry."—What promises to be a profitable deposit of coal oil has been found in Quebec.—The McGill Medical College Students have got themselves into bad odour for alleged disorderly conduct.—The coroner's jury have declared Conductor Barber and Engineer Jeffrey to have been guilty of manslaughter through their connection with the Humber railway butchery.—Pickpockets in Toronto are developing startling daring. One snatched \$1,000 from a gentleman on Wednesday last. Highwaymen are also appearing in Montreal. About 10 o'clock on Wednesday night, shortly after passing the St. Henri toll-gate Mr. Prudhomme's horse was stopped by a couple of men catching the reins. His first impression was that they were friends, but this idea was instantly disabused by their demand for his purse. The hon. gentleman is an adept in the art of self-defence, and, throwing off his raccoon overcoat was about to defend himself when one of them, drawing a revolver, placed its muzzle to his forehead between the eyes, and said that if Mr. Prudhomme did not give up his purse he would blow his brains out. Mr. Prudhomme complied with the request, and the men then set upon him. One of them extracted his watch and chain from his waistcoat while the other struck him a severe blow on the head. During the scuffle, he said, one of the assailants fired a shot at him, the ball grazing his forehead.—During a test of the Edison Company's electric lights in the Senate on Wednesday night an electric explosion occurred in the Speaker's dining-room. The ceiling, as well as some wood-work, was damaged and burnt. It was ascertained that the accident was caused by the conductors becoming over-heated. The pressure on the wires at the time in order to create extra illumination was very high. The damage was repaired next day.—On Monday evening the customary state dinner was given at Rideau Hall.—The British Columbian Legislature will pass a stringent anti-Chinese immigration measure.—Investigation held at Harbour Grace reveals that the Riverhead party (the Roman Catholics) fired, at least, the first shots in the riots. It seems as if Head Constable Doyle was cool, and did his best to prevent a collision and neither fired a shot nor carried a pistol.—On Thursday last the Dominion Parliament was opened. The work of the session has been commenced with much spirit.—A conference on prison reform was held in Shaftesbury Hall on Thursday last.—Dr. Ross has not yet formed his Cabinet with entire satisfaction to the Hon. gentleman's party.—Warton is asking for a line of steamers to Port Arthur.—The Supreme Court has decided that the Dominion Parliament Banking Act is *ultra vires*.—The Dominion Prohibitory Alliance will hold its annual meeting in Ottawa on February 18th.—Mr. Wm. Cameron, of the London *Advertiser*, died on Friday morning last of inflammation of the lungs. The deceased was one of the ablest journalists in Canada, and was admired and respected by all who knew him.

ABROAD.—Rival bands of Indians are fighting in Wisconsin.—The Queen is to spend the greater part of the Spring on the Continent. Her health is undergoing little, if any, improvement.—The society sensation in Germany is the matrimonial quarrel between Prince Frederick Charles, called the Red Prince, and his wife. The Princess claims a divorce upon the ground of ill-treatment and infidelity. She has left the Prince, taking refuge with her family at Anhalt, and declares she will never return. The Emperor William refuses to permit the scandal of a divorce suit, and insists upon an amicable separation. The Prince, who was never considered a model of domestic virtue, is willing to make any arrangement of

the difficulty demanded by the Emperor.—Oliver Wendell Holmes is expected to visit England during the winter and make a lecture tour through England and Scotland.—Edward Whymper, the Alpine celebrity, has left England for the avowed purpose of trying the ascent of Mount Nilima Njaro in Equatorial Africa.—A marriage has been arranged between Howard Russell, the well-known war correspondent, and the Countess Malvezza, of Ferrara.—The Nihilists are now said to be contemplating a simultaneous attack upon the Emperor of Germany and the Czar.—Troubles are reported to have broken out in the Khyber territory. Abdul Lanur, the most powerful of the Khyber chiefs, was shot in a bloody feud on Monday. Since 1879 he has been the steady friend of England.—The *City of Columbus* left Boston at 3 p.m. on Thursday, carrying eighty passengers and a crew of forty-five. At 3:45 a.m. on Friday, with the Gayhead light bearing south half-east, the vessel struck on the outside of the Devil's Bridge buoy. The wind was blowing a gale west by north. The vessel immediately filled and keeled over, the water breaking in and flooding the port side saloon. All the passengers, excepting a few women and children, came on deck, nearly all wearing life preservers, but the ill-fated vessel foundered in the breakers, and it is estimated that over a hundred persons perished.

PROSPECTUS OF THE WEEK.

There appears to be in Canadian journalism a field still unoccupied, which can be filled only by a periodical enabled to furnish at the requisite outlay literary matter of the best quality. This field is the aim of the proprietors of THE WEEK to fill. They will appeal particularly to the Canadian public; but they crave no indulgence on this score at the hands of Canadian readers. They are willing that THE WEEK shall be judged by comparison with other periodicals, English and American, of similar scope and price, hoping to gain the favour of a body of readers not limited by the bounds of Canada.

THE WEEK will appeal by a comprehensive table of contents to the different tastes which exist within the circle of a cultured home, and will endeavour faithfully to reflect and summarize the intellectual, social and political movements of the day. The man of business, whose hours for reading are limited, will, it is hoped, find in this periodical the means of easily keeping himself acquainted with the chief events and questions of the time.

Fiction, in the form both of serials and short stories, will occupy a prominent place, and will be regularly and liberally supplied. For this purpose the assistance of acknowledged talent has been secured. Verse will be welcomed as often as it is found possible to procure it of the right quality. Sketches of travel and papers descriptive of places interesting from their scenery or their associations will from time to time appear. Critical essays and short biographical papers will also form features of THE WEEK. Current events, both at home and abroad, will be closely watched, brought carefully into focus, and impartially discussed. It will be the Editor's constant aim to keep his readers well abreast of the intellectual progress of the age.

In politics THE WEEK will be thoroughly independent. It will be untrammelled by party connections, free from party leanings, unbiassed by party considerations. The rule which it will adopt, of requiring every article to bear either the writer's name or some note of individual authorship and responsibility, will enable it to allow liberal scope for the expression of individual opinion, and to present, as far as possible, the best advocacy of the best cause. In Canadian politics its desire will be to further, to the utmost of its power, the free and healthy development of the Nation.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

The following are among the attractions which will be offered the readers of THE WEEK in the earlier issues:

"A BYSTANDER"

will contribute, at intervals, reviews of current events, especially of events in Great Britain and on the Continent of Europe.

MR. EDGAR FAWCETT,

the well-known author of "A Gentleman of Leisure," "Tinkling Cymbals," "An Ambitious Woman" (just completed in the *New York Tribune*, and attracting wide attention), "A Hopeless Case," etc., is writing for THE WEEK a new novel, entitled "The Adventures of a Widow." This novel deals with New York Society, a field which Mr. Fawcett has made peculiarly his own. The columns of THE WEEK will also, from time to time, be enriched with some of Mr. Fawcett's exquisite verse.

PRINCIPAL GRANT,

in a series of papers, will describe a tour taken by him, in company with Mr. Sandford Fleming, during the past summer, over the route of the Canada Pacific Railway. Dr. Grant and his party traversed entirely new ground, by crossing the Selkirks, which have hitherto been considered impassable. These interesting papers will be entitled "Down the Kicking Horse and across the Selkirks." Dr. Grant will also contribute articles on various important subjects, such as Indian Affairs, Progress in British Columbia, etc.

PERSONAL INVESTIGATION.

Many prominent medical men have personally investigated the INTERNATIONAL THROAT AND LUNG INSTITUTE and express themselves satisfied that the Physicians comprising the Staff are thoroughly qualified medical men; that patients receive the latest and most scientific treatment, and that the Spirometer, invented by Dr. M. SOUVIELLE, Ex-Aide Surgeon of the French Army, is really a valuable addition to Medical Science. Anyone suffering from Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Catarrh of the Larynx, Consumption in its first stages, or Laryngitis, should consult the physicians of the Institute personally and be examined; if not, write for list of questions and copy of "International News," published monthly. Physicians and sufferers can try the Spirometer free. Consultations free. Address International Throat and Lung Institute, 173 Church Street, Toronto, or 13 Phillips' Square, Montreal, P. Q.

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The Company offer Lands within the Railway Belt along the main line, and in Southern Manitoba, at prices ranging from \$2.50 PER ACRE. upwards, with conditions requiring cultivation. A rebate for cultivation of from \$1.25 to \$3.50 per acre, according to price paid for the land, allowed on certain conditions. The Company also offer Lands Without Conditions of Settlement or Cultivation. THE RESERVED SECTIONS along the Main Line, i.e., the odd numbered Sections within one mile of the Railway, are now offered for sale on advantageous terms, to parties prepared to undertake their immediate cultivation.

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MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY FOR DECEMBER. CHRISTMAS ATTRACTIONS.

FRONTISPIECE. Portrait of John Page, first of the celebrated Page family of Virginia—from a painting by Sir Peter Lely, London, 1660. CHRISTMAS TIME IN OLD VIRGINIA. John Esten Cooke. Illustrations: Old Smithfield Church—Portrait of Col. Archibald Carey, from a painting by West—Rosewell, home of the Pages—Portrait of Governor John Page, of Rosewell, from portrait by West—Christ Church of Alexandria—St Peter's Church, where Washington was married—Stratford, the home of the Lees—Portrait of Judge Edmund Pendleton—Christmas Tree in Old Virginia (by Will H. Lowe)—Saratoga, Home of General Daniel Morgan—Portrait of General Nelson—The Nelson Home. HOLIDAYS IN EARLY LOUISIANA. Norman McF. Walker. CHRISTMAS-TIDE IN CANADA. John Reade, F.R.S.C. CHRISTMAS SEASON IN DUTCH NEW YORK. Mrs. Martha J. Lamb. A HURON HISTORICAL LEGEND. Horatio Hale, M.A. COLONEL DAVID CROCKETT, OF TENNESSEE. General Marcus J. Wright. QUIVIRA: A Suggestion. Dr. Cyrus Thomas. ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS. Sir Henry Clinton's Original Secret Record of Private Daily Intelligence. Contributed by Dr. Thomas Addie Emmet. Introduction and Notes by Edward F. De Lancey. Chapter III. Also, two valuable Original Letters. NOTES. Historical Societies in their relation to Local Historical Interest—Mr. Cary's Answer—Martin Luther's Memory—Morse's American Geography—Noah Webster's Love Romance—The Nelson Homestead—Death of David Van Arsdale—Evacuation of New York—A Ven. erable Historian—The Star-Spangled Banner. QUERIES. Origin of Aboriginal Dialects of America—An Old Clock—Is it the First American Coin? REPLIES. To be Prepared for War is one of the most effectual means of Preserving Peace—Note and Query—Sawng—First Money—Colonel Francis Barber—Quisquising—Letter from General Horace Capron. SOCIETIES. New York Historical Society—Chicago Historical Society—Maryland Historical Society—Huguenot Society of America. And numerous Book Notices.

THE PRESS PRAISE THIS MAGAZINE IN EVERY PART OF THE WORLD. "The best historical publication ever published in this country."—Boston Home Journal. "More original historical matter has been published during the six months in which Mrs. Lamb has conducted this periodical than the public has had in it for years. A feature of the growing subscription list is the demand out of the country, notably in England and Canada."—Springfield Republican. "Its articles are calculated to please and interest that million-headed individual popularly known as the general reader."—New Orleans Picayune. "It is a brilliant illustration of the treasures yet buried in the unexplored sources of American History."—New York Independent. Sold by newsdealers everywhere. Terms, \$5 a year, or 50 cents a number. PUBLICATION OFFICE, 30 LAFAYETTE PLACE, NEW YORK CITY.

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Notice Regarding Grain Elevators.

The regulations of this Company concerning grain elevators on its lines in the North-West not being generally understood, this is to inform the public that the following are the regulations and conditions under which such elevators are permitted to be erected upon the station grounds of the Company:— The Company will grant to any person the use of the necessary ground for an elevator at any station free of charge (except taxes) for a period of twenty years, with the right of renewal for an additional period. The elevators are required to have a bin capacity of 10,000, 15,000, or 20,000 bushels, according to the prospective business of the station where they are to be erected. They are required to be substantially built, on secure foundations, to be provided with the necessary and usual appliances for handling and cleaning grain quickly and economically, and to be kept in proper repair and free from all inflammable materials or anything that will increase the risk from fire. They are required to handle grain for the public, if so required, at reasonable and customary rates, and without discrimination or preference. The party erecting the elevator is required to exempt and save harmless the Company from loss or damage to the building or contents from fire. At stations where no elevators already exist, any party may erect a grain warehouse upon the Company's station ground, upon agreeing to construct an elevator in connection with it within a specified time, or failing to do so to remove the warehouse when an elevator is built by another party. The number of elevators at any station is not limited. The Company will carry materials for the construction of elevators at one-half of its tariff rates, and will, so far as it may reasonably and lawfully do so, protect investments in elevators by excluding ordinary grain warehouses from its grounds at stations where elevators are provided, and by requiring all grain shipped in bulk to be handled through such elevators. Parties desiring to erect elevators upon the foregoing conditions should apply to Mr. J. M. EGAN, General Superintendent of the Western Division, at Winnipeg, who will assign to them the necessary ground and furnish such information as may be required. W. C. VAN HORNE, General Manager. MONTREAL Jan. 7th, 1884.

WHAT IS CATARRH?

From the Mail (Can.) Dec. 15. Catarrh is a muco-purulent discharge caused by the presence and development of the vegetable parasite amoeba in the internal lining membrane of the nose. This parasite is only developed under favourable circumstances, and these are:—Morbid state of the blood, as the blighted corpuscle of urberole, the germ poison of syphilis, mercury, toxomosa, from the retention of the effeted matter of the skin, suppressed perspiration, badly ventilated sleeping apartments, and other poisons that are germinated in the blood. These poisons keep the internal lining membrane of the nose in a constant state of irritation, ever ready for the deposit of the seeds of these germs, which spread up the nostrils and down the fauces, or back of the throat, causing ulceration of the throat; up the eustachian tubes, causing deafness; burrowing in the vocal cords, causing hoarseness; usurping the proper structure of the bronchial tubes, ending in pulmonary consumption and death. Many attempts have been made to discover a cure for this distressing disease by the use of inhalants and other ingenious devices, but none of these treatments can do a particle of good until the parasites are either destroyed or removed from the mucus tissue. Some time since a well-known physician of forty years' standing, after much experimenting, succeeded in discovering the necessary combination of ingredients which never fail in absolutely and permanently eradicating this horrible disease, whether standing for one year or forty years. Those who may be suffering from the above disease, should, without delay, communicate with the business managers, MESSRS. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King St. West, Toronto, Canada, and inclose stamp for their treatise on Catarrh. What the Rev. E. B. Stevenson, B.A., a Clergyman of the London Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada, has to say in regard to A. H. Dixon & Son's New Treatment for Catarrh. Oakland, Ont., Canada, March 17, '83. Messrs. A. H. Dixon & Son: DEAR SIRS,—Yours of the 19th instant to hand. It seems almost too good to be true that I am cured of Catarrh, but I know that I am. I have had no return of the disease, and never felt better in my life. I have tried so many things for Catarrh, suffered so much and for so many years, that it is hard for me to realize that I am really better. I consider that mine was a very bad case; it was aggravated and chronic, involving the throat as well as the nasal passages, and I thought I would require the three treatments, but I feel fully cured by the two sent me, and I am thankful that I was ever induced to send to you. You are at liberty to use this letter stating that I have been cured at two treatments, and I shall gladly recommend your remedy to some of my friends who are sufferers. Yours, with many thanks, REV. E. B. STEVENSON.

