

# THE WEEK:

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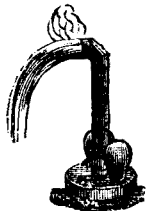
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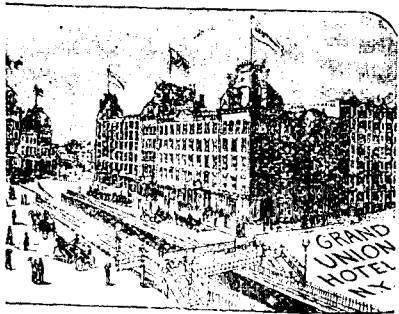
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Third Year  
Vol. III., No. 16.

Toronto, Thursday, March 18th, 1886.

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## THE ACT OF UNION.

NATIONALISTS have promised us a magnificent attack on the Act of Union by Mr. Gladstone. Nothing is more likely. About the Irish Establishment Mr. Gladstone never said a word, though others were pleading hard for its abolition, till the question presented itself to him, or, as he probably thought, was presented to him by Providence, as the means of recovering power. He has been equally mute all his life about the Act of Union, but if he were suddenly to become sensible of its enormity and pour forth against it a burning torrent of moral eloquence, nobody would be in the least surprised. He would have only too easy a theme. In the passing of the Act of Union, culminated the unspeakable corruption of Grattan's Parliament, that assembly the revival of which is at once to make Ireland happy. Pitt ought never to have gone through that foul and scandalous farce. Irish government had perished, together with social order, in a hideous war of creeds and races; no authority or protection against anarchy was left except the military power of the Empire. Pitt should have done what, in similar circumstances, Cromwell did; he should simply have incorporated Ireland with Great Britain, giving her a fair share of representation in the United Parliament. But Cromwell was strong; Pitt was only stiff. Moreover, Pitt was in the hands of an aristocracy which would have protected the plunder of its Irish wing; and, perhaps, it may also be pleaded in his excuse that corruption was an established instrument of government in those days. The transaction was further tainted by Pitt's involuntary breach of the promise of emancipation which he had held out through Cornwallis to the Catholics. That promise, however, since the recovery of self-government by England herself, Parliament has fulfilled in the amplest measure.

But what are the parchment title-deeds of nations? What composite nationality would escape dismemberment if it were compelled to show a title to all its provinces in conformity with the modern principles of international law? What title had the Anglo-Norman to Ireland? What title had Normans or the Saxons before them to Great Britain? What title had the Milesians to the land of the Firbolg or of the Tuatha da Danann? What title had the Danes on the eastern coast of Ireland to the territory of those whom they expelled? Any one of these questions might as well be raised as another. The only case of annexation by plebiscite that we remember is that of Savoy, which, before the plebiscite was taken, had been virtually annexed to France by a treaty to which the Savoyards had nothing to say. Antiquarianism is not policy. Is the Union of Ireland with Great Britain natural and good for both countries? No other question will practical statesmanship ask. The answer is given by the map, which shows the smaller island under the lee of the larger, and cut off by it from the continent, so that nature has linked their destinies together. The larger island has the coal which sustains a great manufacturing population, the smaller island has the pastures, so that each is the other's market.

The races are inextricably blended together; they speak the same language; there is a large detachment of each in the island chiefly occupied by the other; the same laws and institutions have long governed both. They are also partners in the possession of a vast empire. The Act of Union is not the Union. The Union has lasted for seven hundred years. Before 1800 it was a Union of subordination, for even during the existence of the Grattan Parliament the Irish Legislature was kept in practical subordination by corruption. Since 1800, and especially since 1832, it has been a Union of equality. Seven centuries cannot be cancelled, and the independence of amity or indifference, which was possible, though neither likely nor desirable, before the Anglo-Norman conquest of Ireland is possible no more. If separation comes now, it will be a separation of hatred, with all the consequences to England of a hostile nation at her side, to Ireland of an enemy, overwhelmingly superior in power, pointing its guns against her coast. But if the two halves of the Island Empire which nature has joined together are torn asunder, they will some day be reunited in blood.

What statesman would allow his policy at the present day to be influenced by buried feuds? How much do French statesmen think about the extermination of the Huguenots, which was contemporary with the Irish Penal Code? In the age of universal conquest the Normans invaded Ireland as well as England, with the express sanction of the Head of Christendom in that day, and there ensued an era of struggle between them and the wild clans very like that between the frontier settler and the Indian here. Afterwards both races were drawn into the great vortex of the religious war which for two centuries raged over Europe, and the vanquished Catholics of Ireland suffered at the hands of the victorious Protestants a part, and a part only, of what the victorious Catholics inflicted on the vanquished Protestants in other countries. All this may be deplored, but it cannot be undone; it has left bitter and mischievous memories behind it; but otherwise it has no more practical bearing on the policy of the present day than if it had been enacted in a different planet. Since the last penal law was framed for Ireland by Protestant intolerance, since the last heretic was burned by Catholic intolerance in Spain, five or six generations have sunk into their graves, and hardly an Englishman lives whose great-grandfather had anything to do with the wrongs of Ireland. England herself, let it never be forgotten, was ruled by an oligarchy of borough-mongers down to 1832. It is only since that date that she has been really responsible for her actions; and if the wisdom and promptness of her actions have not been equal to the goodness of her intentions, the blame rests mainly on the representatives of Ireland in Parliament, who have given themselves to filibustering, obstruction, or jobbing, and have never, with anything like unanimity or perseverance, pressed any practical measure of reform.

Conjecture has veered again respecting Mr. Gladstone's plan, and it is now said that he means to grant, not merely Provincial Councils subject to the supremacy of the Imperial Legislature, but "Grattan's Parliament." Let him take note, however, that Grattan's Parliament cannot be restored. In those days the Crown had still real power; it disposed of a great mass of patronage, and of a number of nomination seats in the Irish House of Commons, as well as of the Bishoprics, the holders of which had great influence in the Irish House of Lords. By these means it was able to command or purchase sufficient support to keep the two Legislatures from running foul of each other. Nor, in case the Irish Parliament had legislated in opposition to that of Great Britain on any vital question, would it have been morally impossible in those days to exercise the Royal veto. In these days the power of the Crown is a name; there is but little patronage, there are no pensions, sinecures, or Government boroughs; so that the two Legislatures would be really independent. Their career would open with the impulses engendered by a violent rupture, which would set up a centrifugal action from the outset. The Irish Parliament would also be under the influence of American Fenianism, the object of which is civil war. Mr. Gladstone seems to have some notion of preserving unison by entrusting to a British Minister, especially appointed for that function, a veto on all Irish legislation. But does he think that his Irish Parliament, on the morrow of successful revolt, would suffer that restraint? On what principle would the veto be exercised, and how could uniformity be preserved through the changes of party government? Some American suggested a Supreme Court like that of the United States, to keep Irish legislation within constitutional limits and to settle any question

that might arise. But the suggestion is totally inapplicable to the case. The Supreme Court upholds the law among a group of States all really under the same federal legislature and forming members of the same polity, not between two powers virtually independent as Great Britain and Ireland with separate Parliaments would be. Nor is its object conformity of policy, which no court of law can possibly undertake to maintain, but the enforcement of written legal obligations. It is appointed, moreover, by a President elected by all the States, to whom there would be no one corresponding in the other case, since the Prime Minister, who really answers to the President, would not be the same for Great Britain and Ireland. Nothing but confusion and strife could result from any such arrangement. A Council for each of the four Provinces, with ample powers of local legislation, but subject to the Imperial Legislature, and with a representation in the House of Lords, would, as has been said before, be as broad a measure of self-government as any moderate Home Ruler could ask. Ulster would also, by this arrangement, preserve her freedom of Liberal self-development unswamped by the majority of Celts and Catholics. But unless the unity of the Supreme Legislature is maintained there is no halting-place short of separation. Such has been the uniform opinion of statesmanlike minds. Within a twelvemonth from the day of its establishment an Irish Parliament would declare itself independent, and be recognized by the United States.

In the midst of the political debate, and with political nostrums swarming forth from the brains of inventors on every side, come the tidings of famine in Western Ireland. Will Grattan's Parliament put bread into those starving mouths? When the tenant of a potato-plot and a cabin has half a dozen children before he is able to maintain one, will any political device bring plenty and civilization under his roof? Will legislation make the influence of the Roman Catholic Church on the character and condition of the people different in Ireland from what it is in all other countries? The roots of the evil are not political, they are economical and religious, or connected with the character of the race, which is the same in Brittany and Ireland. The expropriation of landlords, being an economical measure, is at all events of the right kind. That it will result in anything much better than the substitution of the money-lender for the landlord, seems as yet by no means certain; nor is it easy to see upon what principle, except that of yielding only to violence, the measure can be applied to Ireland alone, or why freeholds should not at the same time be purchased for all the tenant-farmers of the United Kingdom. But political change, however wise in itself, can do little to cure the physical sufferings of the Irish peasantry; while agitation and terrorism, by subverting the faith of contracts, rendering investment impossible, and paralyzing trade and industry, are likely, if this state of things is much protracted, to confer upon the island, which, when the Disunionist movement commenced, was advancing in prosperity, the blessing of commercial ruin.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

#### UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

To the Canadian visitor Australia is a land of never-ending wonders. The flora and fauna are full of surprises, but that which excites the greatest interest is the natural scenery. Accustomed to violent changes—the serene frosts of winter, the balmy days and quickening verdure of spring, the mellow autumn, and our own Indian summer—I marvel at finding myself transported from all that is airy, sweet, and fresh, to a continent where Nature has written in language unmistakable a solitude which is desolation. In Canada we are soothed, saddened, and cheered by turns; here we find Nature with no varied moods. The vast plateaus and mountain sides are covered by funereal forests of the Eucalypti, gnarled, twisted, fantastic, casting little or no shade; in many varieties the bark hanging in shreds, and swaying with each passing wind. These forests present a park-like appearance, through which the bushman rides with ease, if not comfort. The Australian mountains are black gorges and towering cliffs, grotesque and ghostly, clad with trees from which no leaves fall. Well has this country been called “The Land of the Dawning.” Here may be seen “the forest primeval,” but never “bearded with pines and with hemlocks.” On the one hand we are confronted by marvellous cities, with a population of one-third of a million, possessing all the activity, splendour, and insatiable greed for wealth which characterizes America; on the other we are brought face to face with a vegetation long dead in other lands. As Marcus Clark has said, “we feel that we are in the cradle of a race,” and that our modern utilitarian views consort but ill, and shrink into insignificance, with the story which countless ages have written on a land coeval with the remote past. A land where animal life is grotesque, where the kangaroo's hop keeps time with the laughing jackass and the shrieks of the white

cockatoo; where the black, gaunt natives chant dismal war songs beside smouldering fires and hold high revel in the historic corroboree; where vast shadows creep across silent plains; where helpless explorers, perishing for a draught of water, have linked their names and their sufferings with Mount Misery, Mount Dreadful, and Mount Despair. The student naturally queries, What has been the effect of such physical conditions upon the Saxon race? The period of occupation has been but a century, and yet the native Australian presents many characteristics which not only distinguish him from his Anglo-Saxon or Celtic progenitors, but also from his fellow-Canadian colonist, or his brothers by descent in the great Republic. In local parlance he is a “cornstalk”; tall, lithe, supple, with a complexion by no means ruddy; no extra adipose tissue, but with a muscular development of the whip-cord variety. His powers of endurance are great; he delights in athletic sports of every variety, and is beyond doubt the prince of horsemen. In business he is keen and active. He revels in short hours for a day's labour, and has incorporated in the calendar a multitude of holidays which put to the blush even a French-Canadian. In every Australian village, town, and city, one half-day is weekly set aside for pleasure. Races, football, cricket, games, balls, bazars, fairs, exhibitions, which are always provided in the open air, furnish amusement. Private gain is not permitted to interfere with the customary recreation, and an Act has recently been passed by the Parliament of Victoria which compels all shopkeepers (chemists excepted) to close their places of business at seven p.m., but on Saturday nights they are permitted to trade until ten o'clock. Henry George has not only been read but deeply studied in the Australian colonies; hence we find that labour, although not directly represented by members of the working class in Parliament, exercises, through the Trades Councils, an influence which is paramount in the consideration of questions in which the mechanics and labouring men and women are primarily interested. In Victoria the majority are Protectionists, while in New South Wales the Free Traders outnumber their opponents by two to one, particularly in the centres of population. The leaders of the Trades Councils have resolutely refused to be caught in the net of the professional politicians, and have therefore retained an influence to which they have yet to attain in Canada. Australia is the paradise of horse-racing. Young and old, men and women, study the sporting columns of the newspapers, and in the great majority of cases are prepared to lay odds on the result of any forthcoming event, be it the winner of the Derby or the Presidential election in the United States. Victoria possesses a population of less than one million, and yet on “Cup Day” fully one hundred and fifty thousand adults assembled at the Flemington course to witness the race, while the attendance for the other days of the week averaged from twenty to forty thousand. This land of the “Golden Fleece” is also the land of the fleeced. It is the “harvest home” of bookmakers, sweepmakers, indicators, and chance games, which must long remain a puzzle to the guileless Canadian. Many of the wagers are for enormous sums, and in one instance the winnings of a single plunger for one day were \$315,000. On last “Cup Day” the owner of the winning horse, “Sheet Anchor,” netted \$105,000, and generously presented his jockey with \$10,000.

Herbert Spencer has written many volumes in which he demonstrates the evils arising from a paternal system of government. Evidently the Australian statesmen have not become converts to Mr. Spencer's theories. Australia is not only the land of physical anomalies, but it presents legislative peculiarities at total variance with the modern ideas of development under a free constitution. Manhood suffrage, democratic equality, a tinge of socialism, and the bureaucratic system, have here intermixed and blended in the most remarkable manner. All the leading journals are in accord with the powers that be. If by any chance the Government changes, the Australian newspapers are found fully equal to the occasion and prepared to defend the new Administration. This by no means indicates that they have recanted, or are prepared to defend principles antagonistic to their former utterances. The truth be told *there are no principles to defend*. Parliament is a bear-garden where vituperation reigns supreme and petty jealousies usurp the peace of questions of vital importance. The Australian statesmen of to-day would be regarded in Canada as second-class material even in the Local Legislature. Municipal or local government is practically an unknown quantity in Australia. The local Parliament possesses exclusive control, from the framing of the tariff to the building of a log culvert in the back blocks. Railways, telegraph lines, street cars, the water supply in towns, villages, and cities, police, etc., are all directed by the central authority. The country literally swarms with officials. A country village which in Canada would boast a single constable, with no pay except occasional fees, would in Australia provide a comfortable billet for three or four mounted troopers, a sub-inspector, a police magistrate, a magistrate's clerk, and perhaps a black

tracker. The men required to take charge of a railway train from Melbourne to Ballarat, a distance of one hundred miles, would be sufficient to conduct a train in Canada from Windsor to Montreal. Several valuable lessons may be learned from the Australians, which Canada would do well to profit by. In Sydney the art gallery, museum, zoological gardens, botanic gardens, domain, etc., are thrown open to the public on Sunday, and are thronged by thousands of the working class, who from the nature of their employment are prevented becoming visitors during the remaining days of the week. In all the Australian cities, and even in the small towns, vast reserves have been set apart for botanic gardens, parks, parades, and domains. These breathing spaces, all of which are free to the public, are kept with exquisite taste, and reflect the highest credit upon the culture and æsthetic spirit of the people, who cheerfully pay for their maintenance. At Ballarat (a small city) an artificial lake has been formed by utilizing the water pumped from the gold mines; the debris has been used for embankments, and a reserve of half a mile in width on each side of the lake created, which, in natural and artificial beauty, surpasses any portion of New York's famous Central Park. A stroll through the streets of Ballarat will convince the most sceptical that the reflex action upon the public by the cultivation of the beautiful has been highly beneficial to all classes. The humble cottage of the miner, equally with the mansion of the capitalist, is embowered with roses and a wealth of vegetation which is a revelation to a visitor accustomed to the crude and slovenly streets of Canadian towns.

In Queensland one meets the natives in considerable numbers, and on the Johnstone River they have recently eaten a number of Chinese, preferring the sons of the Flowery Kingdom to the Caucasians. The lubras (females) are by no means types of beauty, but the men are in no sense as inferior physically as they are represented by many modern geographers. In most cases they have well-developed chests and arms; they are not only active but muscular, though their shrunken and attenuated legs give them an unmanly appearance as compared with the average beef-eating Englishman. I believe that they are fully as intelligent as the average North American Indian, and the fact that they have long been employed by the Queensland Government as black troopers is corroborative evidence in their behalf. They hunt down their brothers of the forest without mercy, and such is their ferocity that their use on the frontiers of civilization has been generally abandoned. At present they are employed in all the colonies as "Black Trackers," in which capacity they have no equals. Wonderful as are the stories related of the North American Indian in following a trail, they sink into insignificance when compared with the well-proven feats of the Australian blacks. Given any trail, be it of horse or man, they will follow it with unerring sagacity, through the forest, over mountains, across streams, and even on well-beaten roads. These human bloodhounds have been known to thus pursue a criminal for weeks and finally run him down; hence they are practically invaluable in a land of vast semi-deserts and almost inaccessible mountain fastnesses. THAD. W. H. LEAVITT.

#### LITERARY NOTES FROM PARIS.

THE difficulty the French have in reading Dickens arises from their unacquaintance with English social life. Then, Dickens has been made next to grotesque by the translators, because untranslatable. In his native costume Dickens is light, brilliant, and free; in a foreign dress he becomes spiritless, heavy, dragging, and ill at ease; in a word, a "bird of paradise with clipped wings." Again, the French do not comprehend the salient trait of Dickens—humour,—which is neither *esprit* nor drollery, but a combination of both. And the humour of Dickens, like the magic harp, emits sighs, tears, songs, and gaiety, sensible to all currents of inspiration.

Dickens is the king of laughter and tears; he knows to be in turn tender and grotesque, ironical and passionate, gay as Felling, sombre as Ossian, pathetic as Goldsmith, realist as Swift, and brilliant as Addison. He imparts to all he touches intensity and specious life. Bells hold converse with the wind; the tea kettle sings for domestic industry; the wild waves speak to the little dying Dombey, and the cricket chirrup on the hearth to console the toil-worn bread-winner of the family. Dickens, according to M. de Houssey, describes only English life; if he does not know any other, he at least likes no other. When he denounces vice, however universal its character, it will be painted in essentially English colours. All his masks are for English faces. Pecksniff is the type of English hypocrisy; but Molière's Tartuffe personifies hypocrisy at large. And when Dickens exalts a virtue, it is embodied in a homely "miss" with blue eyes, blonde hair, rosy cheeks, and a chaste toilette.

Dickens, when in Paris in 1846-47, was everywhere well received, and

his talent was fully recognized and honoured. The French liked him, because, though a mordant observer and a satirist of the first order, he was different from other strangers, and he ever conserved his individuality. It was known that he never kept a journal of his impressions; but he took notes in a memory which never proved traitor to him. It sufficed that Dickens saw a landscape or witnessed a scene only once to be able to describe it years later in its minutest details. It might be said of him, as it was of Gustave Doré's designs, "he had collodion in the eye."

Dickens was intellectually and physically at his apogee in 1847. His eyes were so large and so luminous, and changed so rapidly their shade of expression, that it was difficult to determine their colour. His smile expressed potential goodness, which at once attracted and charmed. A French lady remembers that when a girl she was a fellow-lodger in the same house as Dickens. When she encountered him in the morning on the stairs, "his smile and salute made her feel happy and good for the whole day." And it must not be forgotten that Dickens, then happy in fame, income, and family, had a most atrocious childhood. He passed days in a cellar lower than the level of the Thames, sticking labels on blacking bottles for a few shillings a week, in the company of gutter children, while his old and in second childhood father was dying in the debtor's prison, and his sickly mother suffering from hunger and cold in a solitary attic. Many a morning he passed before Westminster Abbey going to his daily penance, weary, famishing, and shivering—a kind of city Arab. And now he sleeps at the feet of Handel, beside his *confrère* Thackeray, and beneath the smiling bust of Shakespeare!

MALTE-BRUN, the geographer, submitted a plan of colonization for the Island of Formosa to Napoleon in 1809—the year of the Battle of Wagram and of the disastrous English expedition to the Island of Walcheren. His aim was to cut out the trade of England in tea, raw silk, and nankeens with China. His plan was to commence innocently, so as not to excite the jealousy of Albion; but if that was roused, to brave it.

Formosa was to be a kind of entrepôt for the above exports, conveyed to the mainland by junks, which in return would take opium—a prohibited, but advantageous product. Having trained the Formosans to commercial habits, they were to be employed as pioneers of France in Japan and the Corea. Farther, the central position of Formosa would attract the pepper and arca of the Philippines; the diamonds and spices of Borneo; the cinnamon and odoriferous woods of Cochin China, reselling all to Europeans.

Next, to establish in the island factories to turn out silks, nankeens, and muslins; to create cotton plantations so as to ruin the English furnisiers of thread at Bombay; manufacture arms, gunpowder, ironware, jewellery, build ship-yards, and naturalize New Zealand flax.

War with China, on account of seizing Formosa, was not to be apprehended. Then, as recently under Jules Ferry, the Chinese were a "négligeable quantité." They had no ships nor artillery worth mentioning, and by bribing the Viceroy of Fo-kein he would make matters pleasant at Peking. At all events, China had only rights over the other moiety of Formosa. The Dutch were *de facto* owners, having been the first to organize the island.

This plan was directed against "the tyrants of the sea"—the English. These disposed of, there remained only Russia. But she was more occupied expanding Japan-wards; besides, the Muscovites were only "novices at land-grabbing"! What progress since!

To throw dust in the eyes of John Bull, the scheme ought to have the air as "coming from private individuals—not French," the motive, merely "a speculation of merchants," backed by "the enthusiasm of some adventurers." Above all, it ought not to smack of anything military. The *mot d'ordre* should be given to the press to treat the scheme as a folly, the plaything of infants. All this was essential to deceive English politicians.

Malte-Brun was an exiled Dane, born at Thysted in 1775, and who died at Paris in 1826. Other elements of his plan consisted in organizing a band of 1,500 filibusters, chiefly Americans and some Danes; they were to assume the name of emigrants; a secret agent of France, with half a million francs, was to control the plot. Another expedition was to sail for Madagascar, where three French ships, reported to be Dutch merchants, but really laden with artillery, muskets, and ammunition under a thin layer of goods, would escort the "emigrants." Engineers and officers were to book disguised as passengers. Once landed at Formosa, and the house put in apple-pie order, the ships would set out for the United States laden with silks, tea, etc., and offer these at a low price, guaranteeing the free entry of American products to the island in exchange for arms, ammunition, and, above all, warrior-emigrants.

Americans, it seems, would "give their last rifle for cheap tea"; they would also smuggle it into Great Britain and Ireland. The Formosans,

armed and trained, would become the allies of Japan, etc. Malte-Brun hoped his plan would prove acceptable to the "transcendent genius from whom the world awaited to know its destinies."

It is generally believed that in the eighteenth century girls in France were always educated in convents. This is partly true. But from 1752, girls commenced to be educated at home. There were still educational convents in Normandy and Flanders, where each damsel had her own apartment, where gentlemen visitors were received at the grated parlour, and the severity of dress became less rigid. But some years before the Revolution of 1789, it was the fashion to bring up a girl at home. She was educated by reading books, by conversation, and by observation in the social *milieu* she frequented. At Paris, M. Bardoux says, the girls of the middle classes only entered a convent to prepare for their confirmation. They passed their lives near their mothers; they only went out twice a week, in special toilette—on Sunday to church and for a walk, the other day being given to family visits.

The girls were also brought to picture shows; but never to a theatre till they were married. Masters came to the house to give them lessons. After leaving the convent a young lady generally educated herself; she read the same books as her brothers, observed and noted current facts and ideas; in a word, she drifted into both fact and sentiment. Nor was her domestic education neglected; she was initiated into housekeeping; her toilette was simple; she rolled up her sleeves to work; wore no other jewellery but a simple Jeannette cross; she was active, orderly, and sought only domestic pleasures. But when married, she displayed an imagination more vivid in society; in her home she enjoyed immediately perfect equality; no business transaction was concluded without her consent, and if she were weak in orthography, she had at least a rich fund of proper sense.

The provinces at this time wielded a greater power than Paris. No book could find readers in the capital if it had not been stamped with the approval of the provincials. In the rich and flourishing maritime cities, Bordeaux, Nantes, etc., family theatricals were general. Then, when the Revolution arrived, it was the logical *role* of these middle classes to substitute a social state simple, new, and uniform, based on equality of conditions, to replace institutions at once aristocratic and feudal. None more than middle-class women felt the poignancy of their social inferiority. And wives experienced this more keenly than husbands. The insult of the Duc de Clermont-Tonnerre to Barnave's mother at the Granelle Theatre touched middle-class society to the quick.

It was at the church in the provinces, where precedence became a capital question, that social inferiority was most rampant. To escape the pride and snobbism of the upper classes, many families removed to Paris. And yet, as late as Louis XVI., when Chateaubriand was invited to join in the royal hunt, he had to establish his nobility back to the year 1400! To be a page to a mere equerry, even in the houses of Orleans or Condé, it was necessary to have an ancestry clear back two centuries. The farmers' wives only demanded that their poor dogs be delivered from the *piquet*, an immense spiked collar, that the seigneurs ordered to be suspended from the neck of the dogs to prevent them seizing a hare, in case it traversed the poultry yard; it was not a muzzle, but a pillory!

The women were the loudest opponents of the court abuses; they waged an incessant war of epigrams against the coteries of Marie Antoinette. And when the Revolution was accomplished, they accepted immediately the sacrifices it demanded; they suffered bravely; they were only happy when their husbands enrolled in the National Guard; they eschewed all toilettes that recalled the courtly and aristocratic past. And they adopted new costumes—those which signified a complete modification of ordinary life, and the possession of social independence and its rights.

THE "Memoirs of the Princesse de Sayn-Wittgenstein" continues to be the sensational book of the season. Its strange revelations about social rights and duties affect not only the highest families in Germany, but also some in Russia, Poland, Italy, and France. The Princess's origin is cloudy; she apparently belongs to the Berlin *bourgeoisie*. Her book is a journal of her fortunes and misfortunes, written in the natural school vein, but not licentious. It is full of pathos and *ithos*. All, however, is sincere. The family of Sayn-Wittgenstein is not "royal," but very noble, and, above all, proud. When she wed the chief of this house her real life was as fabulous as a Cinderella's. Her husband died in 1876, leaving her all his wealth. It is from this point the book becomes as interesting a study of manners as any ever Balzac sketched.

The relatives of the defunct impounded the revenues of the estates, and placed seals on the château. The widow was thus next to rendered penniless. When she arrived, in the depth of winter, with the remains of her husband for burial in the castle chapel, she was driven off; she obtained

lodging in the village inn, while the coffin was smuggled into its vault by a back-way reserved for the servants.

The deceased's brother, Prince Frederick, broke the will, on the ground that the widow was *ebenbürtig*, that is, not noble, a *parvenu*. He himself married an actress of the Cassel Theatre. This does not illustrate Montaigne's remark: "That the souls of emperors and cobblers are cast in the same mould." It is said that in Germany the nobility-world respects Leibnitz—not because he is exactly the great philosopher of human thought, but that he was a baron and yet *ebenbürtig*. Prince Frederick some years ago was sent to travel to cure his fast life: he dropped in on the heathen Chinese; passed as a "blood-royal prince"; was feasted and incensed; presided at reviews, etc., with an *aplomb* to be equalled only in an operette.

THE new Minister of Marine, Admiral Aube, is a man of keen observation, well read, and possesses the pen of a ready writer. He has seen a good deal of service in the East and the Pacific, and his descriptions of the countries he has visited are picturesque, racy, clear, but, above all, full of sound sense and ripe judgment, as his "Notes d'un Marin" testify. But, like the majority of his countrymen—and Hugo is the most notorious sinner in this respect—he does not think a subject out. There is snap where we expect connection and correlation. Pity Jules Ferry did not read his China!

ZERO.

### EDUCATION NOTES.

At the recent Normal School examination in this city all the candidates were successful but one. If this remarkable result were in consequence of the well-directed efforts of the teachers in that institution, the country would have good reason to rejoice; if, on the other hand, it followed from the easy character of the examination papers set by the Central Committee, we might conclude that it was intended to let as many pass as possible. But, if we may believe those who wrote at the examination, the leopard has not changed his spots, for there is the usual crop of complaints about the difficult character of the papers, and matters that are a subject of common talk amongst those who passed prevent us from entertaining the first hypothesis. The truth is that grave irregularities marked the whole final examination. It is a well-understood rule of the Education Department that at no examination for certificates is the teacher to preside over his own students, nor is he allowed to read their papers. Hence high-school masters are strictly precluded from acting as sub-examiners in the July examinations. If this rule is necessary for the non-professional examinations held at the various high schools, how much more necessary is it at the Normal School, as a guarantee to the country that every precaution is taken to secure the most competent persons to become teachers in our public schools. The Education Department was evidently of this opinion when it made the rule for placing the professional examinations altogether in the hands of the Central Committee, not only to prepare the questions, but to preside during the examinations, and to read the answers. Yet will it be believed that at the recent examination the Normal School masters presided while their students were writing, and both they and the Model School teachers read the papers. It may be said that no harm could result from these masters presiding. Under ordinary circumstances this might be true; but when we learn that cribbing was carried on extensively during the session, and that the man whose marks entitled him to the gold medal lost that honour on account of this offence, we are convinced that the rule of the Department is a sound one, and should not have been departed from. This fault of cribbing is apparently a venial one in the eyes of the Central Committee, for while the individual in question was deprived of the gold medal, his name was among those recommended for certificates, and he is sent forth to the country as one who is morally as well as intellectually fitted to train up a child in the way he should go.

At last we have a declaration from the eight clergymen who fathered the Scripture Readings issued by the Education Department. In it they say "That the volume of selections was intended to be thoroughly representative of every portion of the Scriptures, whether of a moral or doctrinal character, and it is believed that a slight examination of the book will make this clear." Now, were not these gentlemen tampering with the non-sectarian character of our school system in recommending, and the Education Department going beyond its duty in accepting, anything of a doctrinal character at all? If the Bible is to be used in our schools it is as a guide to right conduct, not for the purpose of instilling doctrinal opinions, whether of the four denominations to which the signers of the memorandum belong or any other. But a "slight examination" of the book shows us that at best it is but a thing of "shreds and patches." Take, for instance, the lesson on page 22, that professes to give an account

of Pharaoh's dreams. It begins thus:—"And it came to pass at the end of two full years that Pharaoh dreamed, and in the morning that (1) his spirit was troubled." The "orderly sequence" claimed for these lessons does not appear here, when it represents Pharaoh dreaming that his spirit was troubled. The truth is that the jumble has arisen from a clumsy attempt to join together parts of the first and eighth verses of the forty-first chapter of Genesis, from which the lesson is taken. What "orderly sequence" is there in making the thirtieth Psalm succeed the fifty-first, or the sixty-fifth follow the hundred and third. The most important lessons for use in our schools are to be found in the Proverbs, and in those taken from this book we find the strangest liberties taken with the text. One of the most instructive chapters is the twenty-second, yet it is mutilated by the omission of the fourteenth and seventeenth to the twenty-first verses, which are quite as pregnant with instruction as some of those introduced. Why should the following words be omitted from the lesson on page 162, which is taken from the twenty-fifth chapter of Proverbs, "By long forbearing is a prince persuaded, and a soft answer breaketh the bone. Hast thou found honey? eat so much as is sufficient for thee, lest thou be filled therewith, and vomit it?" Was it because the compiler had not the same experience as Solomon that he omitted from this lesson the following verse; yet it contains a wholesome truth that the girls of our schools should be made acquainted with: "It is better to dwell in the corner of a housetop, than with a brawling woman and in a wide house"? What poetic taste can he have to omit the following beautiful words from the next lesson, which is taken from the sixtieth chapter of Isaiah: "Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows"? One would think that of all parts of the Bible the Sermon on the Mount would escape untouched, yet the compiler thought he could mend even this by omitting a number of verses. We have here given the results of a slight examination of the "Scripture Readings"; what a minute examination would lead to is left for the reader to infer. The eight clergymen say "That it was the strongly expressed view of the Conference that such volume of Selections should be in the hands of the children as well as of the teacher." Had the Conference viewed the matter in a practical aspect, it would have known that parents would not go to the expense of providing such a textbook for their children when they had the Bible at hand, and that the Education Department would not risk its popularity by prescribing it for use, nor going to the expense of supplying it free to scholars as it has done to teachers.

A FEW days ago an influential and important deputation waited upon Mr. Mowat to urge upon his attention the claims of the projected Industrial School for Governmental assistance. Vice-Chancellor Proudfoot put the matter in a very proper light when he pointed out that the assistance given by the Government to this institution would well repay them by the decrease that would follow in the number of those who live upon the country as criminals in our gaols and penitentiaries. It is chiefly upon this ground that the Industrial School can claim the support of the Government, and not because it is a purely benevolent institution, such as the Lunatic Asylum, for example, as Mr. Mowat by his reply seemed to regard it. We have enough of confidence in Mr. Mowat's statesmanlike views to believe that when he comes to consider the matter with his colleagues he will see that any money given to further the efforts of the Industrial School Association in reclaiming boys from a vicious course of life, and making them useful and wealth-producing members of society, can be as well, or perhaps better, defended as an item of Government expenditure than that set apart for the support of a Deaf and Dumb Institution, or an Asylum for the Blind.

CENSOR.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed: EDITOR OF THE WEEK  
5 Jordan Street, Toronto.  
Contributors who desire their MS. returned, if not accepted, must enclose stamp for that purpose.

## THE TORONTO RIOTS.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—During the continuance of the late riots and subsequently, the present writer, in conversation with many sorts and conditions of men, learned to his great surprise how crude are the average citizen's ideas of his duties and rights in respect of his neighbour's property. It would not be, *a priori*, preposterous to think that the Street Car Company were justified in protecting themselves against a labour organization, one of whose avowed objects is to discipline "Capital," and that in endeavouring to do so they should receive the co-operation of not only those who are officially responsible for the order of the city, but of the respectable people who constitute the majority of the citizens. The experience of the last few

days, however, teaches that such an *a priori* conclusion would have been preposterous.

In his book on "Popular Government," Sir Henry Maine aptly characterizes the classes into which society is divided—the leaders and the led. "Our leaders," says Sir Henry, "are manifestly listening nervously at one end of a speaking-trumpet which receives at its other end the suggestions of a lower intelligence." The "moral" support given to the strikers in these riots had its source in a lower intelligence. What inference is to be drawn from these unhappy facts and occurrences? This, I submit. These suggestions of a lower intelligence are calamitous to the rights of property: under our system of education, property bears the burden of educating the people; property is, therefore, entitled to demand that the lower intelligence be taught to know and respect the rights of its benefactor. "The rights and duties of the citizen" should find a place in the curricula of all schools under the supervision of the State.

M. J. F.

Toronto, March 15, 1886.

## ALCOHOLIC DRINK.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—THE WEEK is the only paper in Canada that I know of which is not afraid to handle the subject of the *Scott Act* and *fermented drinks*. Most men are cowards on the subject, and I confess that I share their terrors. I do not, therefore, sign my name, but I send herewith full particulars and references for your satisfaction: as every person can prove my statements for themselves, the public will require no references.

I am a brewer and distiller, although I do not follow either business. I was bred in a brewery, and my forebears for many generations have been brewers; the trade, therefore, comes to me as a natural acquisition. I have studied distilling closely, and can get as much spirit out of a bushel of grain as most men, so that I must understand that business also.

The subject of alcohol as a drink is very little understood, although that liquor is so largely used by all classes, more especially in its ordinary form of whiskey, which (let people believe as they may) forms the foundation of all spirits, and most kinds of wine.

Whiskey consists of two elements—one, a furious, overwhelming potion, which has all "the devil" in it; the other a harmless, and, indeed, a beneficial thing, which raises the spirits, calls forth wit and talent, and brings out accomplishments in most men, particularly in those troubled with *mauvaise honte* and timidity. These two elements in alcohol are easily separated; the first and worst ought never to be used as a drink or refreshment, the last may be used with great advantage and with no danger. These elements are easily separated. Take a pint or a quart of whiskey, put it in a saucepan or other vessel which will stand the fire; give it a boil, and the mischievous part will pass off rapidly with a strong smell; as soon as the smell weakens, and only the spirituous vapours come, take it off the fire, and make it into punch, with a proper quantity of water, sugar, and lemon juice, and a flavouring of the peel, and you have a drink which has all the virtues, and none of the mischiefs, of spirit not so prepared. It is wholesome, and large quantities may be taken without injury. It never affects the head disagreeably, and, in short, there is not "a headache in a hoghead of it"—there is no feeling in the morning of having exceeded the night before; you are neither sick nor sorry; it is a drink particularly adapted to ladies, and I never saw it refused or regretted. When entertaining friends I have often proved its virtues thus. I have, of course, the best wine on the table, both white and red, but I also have a jolly good jug of punch made as above. It, of course, has a fragrant smell, and very soon I am asked, What is that you are drinking? The answer is given by handing a glass of the liquor; and it is so approved of that it soon goes round the table, and there is an end to the wine-drinking; but a second jug of punch is always required, and may as well be made beforehand.

Now, how is this to be utilized? In the simplest way in the world. All distillers are absolutely under the thumb of the Government—they all pay duty, and must do as they are told. Let the Government, by Order of Council, require all distillers to prepare their spirit of the two qualities, one with the fiery part driven off and the other ready for consumption; the latter should be slightly coloured, as whiskey now is, the other may be deeply coloured, as brown brandy now is, or it may be slightly coloured red. There will be no waste. The dark or red spirit is of use for tinctures, varnishes, and all other uses to which alcohol is applied. The extra cost to the distiller will not be five cents per gallon, and any reasonable person will be willing to pay ten cents per gallon to have wholesome spirit supplied, without the trouble and waste of preparing it.

The greatest use of the fiery spirit I call the "devil" is, as Captain Marryat says, to "kill fools with," and it will soon do that—none but a fool will drink it. All the *delirium tremens* and "alcoholism," as the doctors call it, arises from this bad liquor; the other will never offend. In all the breweries I have been connected with or have known, I have never seen a drunken man, or one affected by the use of beer. The soberest place of business in Toronto is Gooderham and Worts's great distillery. They never allow any man inclined to drink to continue in their employment.

ONE WHO KNOWS.

Port Perry, Ont.

THE Paris *Figaro*, dealing with the agitation caused in the French capital by the proposal of Mr. Carvalho to perform "Lohengrin" at the Opera Comique, holds up the conduct of the Germans in such matters as an example worthy of imitation. Out of forty-six operatic performances in Berlin since August, fourteen have been works by French composers.

## The Week.

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THE organization of Knights of Labour is, as was said before, far more formidable than a Trade Union. It is secret, and sure in the end to fall into the same sort of hands into which other secret societies have fallen; it extends over the whole continent, having its centre in New York; it avows itself political, and has already appeared in that character; by laying a trifling tax on its innumerable members it can command almost any sum of money for its operations; it is aggressive in the highest degree, and as every column of commercial intelligence shows, has already kindled war at many points of the industrial world. In an attempt to exclude it from their establishment, the Toronto Street Car Company have brought on a great strike which was attended with rioting, the strikers, or people acting in their interest, having used violence to prevent the Company from running its cars with other hands. The right of men to leave their employment, either individually or in a body, whensoever they please is indisputable; but so is the right of other men to take the place, and that of the employer to say whom he will employ. If an employer is not to be at liberty to say whom he will employ, commercial enterprise must cease. If the work which one man declines or gives up another is not to be allowed to take, freedom of labour must come to an end and be replaced by the most oppressive of monopolies. That no one but the members of a particular association shall be permitted to earn his bread by the work of his hands would be a class law to which the community, which lacks power of organized resistance, might be compelled for a time to bow, but which in the end it would refuse to endure. The obligation of contracts is also obviously vital to those interests of commerce and industry which are common to masters and men; yet it has been very lightly treated on this occasion by certain organs of opinion. It was said that the Street Car Company had broken its charter: that it had broken the rule requiring the rails to be kept level with the road every one who crosses the track is made painfully aware; but this was a totally different question. The usual cry was also raised against Monopoly. A monopoly the Street Car Company is and must be unless the streets can be so widened as to admit competing lines; but it is not an uncontrolled monopoly, and it is assuredly a great blessing to the citizens, above all to our artisans, whom it enables to live at a distance from their places of work, in better air and where house rent is lower. Let its charter be strictly enforced by all means, but to set the roughs upon it is really to set them upon public property, little as people may see the matter in that light. We unfortunately needed no further proof of the amenability of magistrates elected by popular suffrage to the popular influence of the hour, or of the subserviency of party journals to anything in the shape of a "vote." The police and those immediately in command of them loyally did their duty. On this occasion mediation has happily brought about a compromise; but apparently dark times are coming for industry and trade. To make the workingman understand theoretically the ultimate effect of labour disturbances on the interests of labour is almost impossible, especially as industrial demagogues have exclusive possession of his ear; and experience in this case will be a costly teacher. It will be costly to the workingman and costly to us all.

INDUSTRIAL warfare is the natural offspring of the Old World. There is less necessity or excuse for it on this continent, because under democratic institutions political power is in the hands of the working-class, and the workingman, if he is wronged, can do himself right in a regular way. In England, at the time when the first Trade Unions were formed, political power was almost entirely in the hands of the wealthier class, whose sympathies were too much with the employer. Combination laws were enacted to deprive the workingmen of a power of mutual support and protection which was freely exercised by the masters. Wages were artificially kept down by the Statute of Labourers, which Cobden remembered as a boy having seen posted up for the regulation of wages in Sussex, though its practical operation had probably by that time ceased. It is happily impossible that in Canada or the United States legislative injustice should be done to the workingmen, or that they should be deprived of any liberties which are fairly theirs. Here it is rather the other class that is in danger of unfair treatment. By the Mechanics' Lien Act, the owner of

a house which is being built is compelled to pay the wages of mechanics whom he has not employed, who have not trusted him, and to whom he is under no sort of obligation, in order that they may not lose by the failure of their employer, to whom he has already paid the money for the work done. Such a law passed by the master-class in its own favour would be denounced by the workingmen as unjust. It is surely a conclusive proof that the interest of the artisan does not go to the wall. It might have been hoped that in a community so liberally organized as ours peace with justice would not be unattainable; unfortunately in the industrial world, as in the world at large, there are people to whom justice is not an object of great solicitude, and who subsist by disturbing peace.

It is almost heartbreaking to consider the gross and palpable character of the fallacy by which the bulk of the artisans who take part in these labour insurrections are misled, and under the influence of which they may in the end lay destructive hands on the trades by which they live. The enemy against which they are waging war is Capital, which they are taught by their chosen guides to regard as a tyrant robbing them of their bread. Suppose they are completely victorious in the war, as, after a struggle more or less protracted, they are pretty sure to be,—suppose the capitalist, finding that all his profits are gone, that nothing but the risk of loss and vexation is left, retires discomfited from the field, realizes whatever remnant of property may remain to him, transfers it to some community where commercial liberty still exists, and shuts up his works or mill, what will follow? Will the artisans without capital, with nothing but their bare sinews, and, perhaps, without the means of subsistence for a week, be able to set up works, or a mill of their own? If not, what can they do but remain unemployed and starve? The expulsion of all capital from the country is the goal towards which these agitations ultimately lead. Does any sane artisan believe that his condition would be really improved by that result?

If Euclid had sat down to write on geometry with a violent political prejudice against right angles his work would not have been of so much value to science as it is. Of the economical speculations which are now issuing in swarms from the press nine-tenths are tainted with political and social prejudice against the present holders of property. Now we have a writer ascribing the depression of trade and the bad times in part to the existence of millionaires who, he says, absorb the wealth of the community, and whom he proposes to destroy as noxious vermin by the application of that favourite specific of confiscators, a graduated income-tax. The main cause of commercial depression and of everything that flows from it seems plain enough. Prosperous trade tempts over-investment, and when the market is glutted with the goods and the number of factories has been increased beyond the demand, a recoil of necessity ensues. There are collateral causes of course, but the main and normal cause is this, and the only remedies are the sobriety of calculation and the foresight which cupidity itself must learn by degrees to exercise, while their practice is being every day made easier by the increasing accuracy of commercial information and the wholesome action of Boards of Trade. Every boom, of whatever kind, is followed by a proportionate depression, and it would be as reasonable to charge millionaires with the reaction in real estate at Winnipeg as it is to charge them with the bad times which have come after a period of immense profits in British factories and shipyards. That the legislator should favour the distribution, rather than the aggregation, of wealth is now admitted on all hands, though to keep wealth equally distributed, in spite of all the inequalities of individual capacity, thrift, and luck, would be about as feasible as it would be to keep the sea perfectly smooth or the rainfall perfectly even. If a millionaire makes a vicious use of his wealth he may do much harm, but commercial millionaires, at all events, are generally men of regular, and often are men of very frugal, lives; while some, perhaps a considerable proportion, of them practise beneficence on the largest scale, so that their fortunes may be said to form a sort of emergency fund of which, if the financial world were a dead level, the unfortunate might feel the want. Great wealth begets envy, and therefore millionaires should avoid display. Envy is a real pain and very common, so much so, that it is not the smallest of the motor-powers in democracies; but it is a sentimental pain, and may be assuaged by the reflection that any but a very moderate amount of wealth can minister to the happiness of the possessor only if he finds pleasure in the generous use of it, while the rich have often reason to envy the healthy, and suicide, the most emphatic proof of unhappiness, seldom takes place in the ranks of labour. The substantial evils that arise from the existence of millionaires are probably not very great. Commercial opulence, at all events, usually represents enterprise which has added twenty times as much to the wealth of the community and the wages of labour. Mr. Brassey's



fortune was princely, but it amounted to only five per cent. on a set of railway enterprises compared with the aggregate fruits of which to the people of the different countries Mr. Brassey's millions were a mere dribble. This of course cannot be said of fortunes made by gambling on the Stock Exchange, the number of which on this continent is, however, not great. Nor can the actual consumption of wealth by the millionaire himself be very large; frequently it is very small, simplicity of life having become a habit with him, while so much as is not consumed fructifies in the shape of investments, with advantage to the community at large. There is a well-known story of one of the Rothschilds who, being assailed by a Leveller, asked him what he thought would be his individual share of the Rothschild estate if it were equally distributed among the whole population. The Leveller could not pretend that it would be more than half-a-crown. "There, then," said Rothschild, taking half-a-crown from his pocket, "is your share; now be content." Were millionaires to take it into their heads to convert their money into political power, there might be reason to fear their influence; but they are generally deterred from meddling with politics by the timidity of wealth. If they were all put to death and their fortunes dispersed to-morrow, nobody but those who suffer very much from the pang of envy could experience any sensible relief.

It is difficult to understand the position of the *Globe* respecting the Home Rule, or, as it should rather be called, the Nationalist Movement. A series of meetings has been held here, and subscriptions have been taken up by Roman Catholic Irishmen and their sympathizers for the purpose of promoting the severance of the legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland, and the establishment of Ireland as an independent nation. There could be no more doubt about the object in view than about the Anti-British violence of the language in which it was advocated. Emmett, who was glorified as a precursor of the agitation, did not aim merely at a measure of local self-government. It was also plain that there was an intimate connection between the movement here and that in the United States, where money was subscribed for dynamite, and the intention not only of breaking up the United Kingdom, but of destroying the British power, was proclaimed in the most rampant terms. The *Globe*, with motives which we have no doubt were excellent, has backed the movement in Canada. At last, a counter movement takes place among people who do not wish to see the United Kingdom dismembered or the British power destroyed. Thereupon the *Globe* turns round and declares that any movement on the subject is premature, needless, and absurd. We ought to wait patiently for Mr. Gladstone's scheme. But the nature of Mr. Gladstone's scheme, and still more his chance of carrying it, if it includes the establishment of an Irish Parliament, must depend on the manifestations of public opinion. Both parties in the Mother Country are accordingly bestirring themselves to the utmost, and there is the same reason for prompt and vigorous action here. Mr. Gladstone has to satisfy Mr. Parnell, whose avowed aim it is "to sever the last link that connects Ireland to Great Britain." In face of such utterances people can hardly be told without absurdity that Disunion is the phantom of their own fancies. It is scarcely worthy of the good sense of our contemporary to ascribe the Loyal Demonstration in Toronto to the machinations of Sir John Macdonald. It originated, we can say with certainty, in a quarter not only independent of Sir John Macdonald, but opposed to him in political opinion, and one of the resolutions was designed to efface, among other false expressions of Canadian opinion, the Costigan Resolutions, which Sir John is believed to have framed.

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, of the Nationalist League, Mr. Parnell's lieutenant, is now the correspondent of some of our leading journals, and our people perhaps are drawing their ideas of events relating to the Irish question from his letters. On paper, nobody can be more smooth, unctuous, and persuasive than Mr. Justin McCarthy. His tone is moderation itself. His readers would not guess that he was the elect of moonlighters, boycotters, and cattle-hoggers, or that he was the confederate of Irish-American Invincibles and Dynamiters. The leaders, it is true, have just now passed the word for the suspension of the more murderous forms of outrage, in order to "smooth the path" of the Parnellite Chief Secretary for Ireland and his chief; and in so doing they have made it clear that they not only profited by the criminal action of the League, but had it under their control, and were therefore responsible for it. The reign of terror, however, is sufficiently kept up by boycotting. Cannot Mr. Justin McCarthy be induced to give us something in his suave style about the recent boycotting case, in which the wife of a man who had offended the League being in travail, was prevented by boycotting from receiving medical assistance?

A press despatch has stated that at the late meeting here in aid of the Irish Loyalists the whole of the Nationalist League was present, and that the rest of the meeting consisted of Orangemen. Both statements were erroneous. The number of Leaguers, or persons of that way of thinking, present was very small; it probably did not amount to a twentieth part of the great assemblage, and though a very small minority can always do a good deal in the way of interruption, such attempts were in this case reduced to impotence by the general enthusiasm. Not the Orange body alone, but the loyalty of Toronto generally, was well represented, irrespective of Order or party, both in the audience and on the platform. It is true, however, and the fact need not be concealed, that in this great crisis of the fortunes of our race and institutions the Orange Order has come once more to the front. Behind the gray and war-scarred ramparts of that old historic fortress the faithful liegemen of British civilization are rallying to defend the unity and greatness of their Mother Country against the enemies of the British race and name. On the resolution and constancy of the Loyalists in the North of Ireland the issue of the struggle largely depends, and the Loyalists of the North of Ireland are represented by the Orangemen here. It would be better perhaps if political organizations could be altogether dispensed with, and each citizen could be left individually to form his own opinion and follow the dictates of his own conscience. But on the side of the assailants of British and Protestant civilization there is not only organization but terrorism of the most tyrannical, cruel, and unscrupulous kind. Organization on the other side is, therefore, merely self-defence. Orangeism will fight only with honourable weapons; it will not resort to midnight murder, cattle-hogging, or boycotting, but it will fight; and amidst the weakness, vacillation, and treason which fill the scene, its strength, fidelity, and firmness afford the best rallying-point for the defenders of the Union.

THE Evil One who craftily inspires Loyalist meetings in his own interest, and "fills the butchers' shops with large blue flies," may with some reason be suspected of having been the secret concocter of Mr. Lundy's motion; for nothing could possibly suit his game better than a direct vote on the execution of Riel. The Opposition leaders are now placed in a fatal dilemma. They must either disgust all their Protestant supporters by voting that Riel ought not to have been executed, or break with the Bleus. At the same time their fire will be prematurely drawn on the North-Western question, and the life will be taken out of the motion for inquiry into the cause of the rebellion, by which alone they have any chance of producing an effect upon the country. This is their merited punishment for having allowed themselves, or their organ, to be entrapped into such folly as an alliance with the Bleus on the subject of Riel's execution. No human being imagines that they are sincere in professing to believe that Riel was insane or that he had not a fair trial. Everybody sees that their motive is purely strategical, as well as that their strategy is very shallow. Their own language about Riel on the occasion of his first rebellion and his murder of Scott rises up in judgment against them. Their only wise and their only honest course was to leave Riel's unhappy corpse alone, let the Bleus attack the Government if they would, and reserve themselves for the great and genuine issue, to raise which is at once their fair advantage and their manifest duty.

ANY one whose unfortunate lot it is to wade through or even to skim the deluge of talk let loose in Parliament and crystallized in *Hansard* cannot but hope that this repertory of eloquence may be soon either abolished or remodelled. The expenditure on its preparation—some fifty thousand dollars—is not great for the work done, but the greater part of this work is useless; and while the saving to the country from doing away with it would not be very important, the saving in other ways would be immense. Those whose business it is to search for any grain of wheat that may be delivered from the parliamentary hopper would be spared the mostly vain sifting of bushels of chaff in order to find it—a labour which, however, it is true, is already done with more or less completeness by several newspapers. Some of these, in fact, sin almost as much as *Hansard*, but their *verbatim* reports are a part of their business, a dress, like *Hansard*, very often to the speaker's party or his constituency. This talking to one's constituency is, indeed, the main use of *Hansard*. A member has only to write out a speech—or get it written for him—and deliver it to the House, when, though it be addressed solely to his constituency, on a subject of no public interest, to which no newspaper would give space, it is at once printed *in extenso*, and, in the shape of extra copies, may be distributed all over the speaker's constituency, mainly at the expense of the country. So, direct encouragement is given to the nuisance of long speeches and borrowed eloquence; and the time of the House is wasted in

listening to what might just as well be read in a newspaper—if one could be found that would publish it—and the public money is wasted in spreading the talk broadcast in many places where not the slightest regard is paid to it. No doubt it is desirable to preserve a faithful record of all that is said in the House by the members; but if a succinct *précis* of this were prepared and printed, instead of a *verbatim* report of the verbal floundering and repetitions of hon. members, anything pertinent or of real value that might by chance at any time be uttered would be available to us for reference in a convenient shape, and would be preserved to posterity in a form that will give them a much higher opinion of our good sense than what they are likely to get from the present records.

FAILURES of justice through the stupidity, or something worse, of juries are not uncommon; but nowhere in Canada are they so common as in the Province of Quebec, where the institution of trial by jury seems to be one of those British exotics whose proper use the French cannot understand. In a criminal case tried the other day in the Court of Queen's Bench, the accused, who had just been declared by a jury to be not guilty of the crime laid to his charge, was thus addressed by the judge:—"You are discharged; not in the least because you are not guilty, for it has been proven here in this court that you are nothing less than a thief, but solely for a reason, that no intelligent man could comprehend." This verdict was in face of the judge's charge that the case was an exceptionally clear one; that witnesses had sworn that they had seen the accused in the act of committing the crime; that no proof in rebuttal had been adduced by the defence; and that a verdict of "guilty" should therefore be rendered. Consequently, but one moment of the Court's time should be taken up in finding the verdict. The jury, however, took three hours, with this unexpected result; and in discharging them His Honour stated that this was the second verdict that had been rendered in contradiction to the evidence, within a few days. In the first case a merchant was charged with forging and uttering seventy-two promissory notes, each ranging from \$124 to \$300. At the trial his father, a nonagenarian, whose name was as widely honoured as it was known, fell dead while giving evidence for the first time in his life in a criminal court. What connection there may have been between the proximate cause of his death and the position his son stood in, it is not for us to say; but the jury seem to have thought that the death of the father was a clear vindication of the honour of the son—a sort of trial by vicarious ordeal—and accordingly they acquitted him, their verdict being "greeted by cheers." This applause, however, the judge unsympathetically pronounced to be "the most disgraceful demonstration he ever heard in a court of justice, and in the face of a verdict, too, so notoriously in contradiction to the evidence as to shake the very foundations of society." In fact, the sympathy was of the maudlin sort, and is indicative of much. We have all heard of the man who, when brought to trial for seating his aged mother on the kitchen fire, pleaded his forlorn orphaned state in mitigation of punishment: apparently, if this had been in Montreal, the plea would have ensured not only acquittal by the jury but the lachrymose sympathy of a discerning public.

THE British Government appears to have become at last aware that but little reliance can be placed in the Suez Canal as a military road between England and the East. In peaceful times a few hours' delay in traversing the Canal, caused by an obstruction, is not of much moment, but in time of war a similar delay might be fatal to some important movement. And unless commercial traffic were wholly suspended, and the Canal taken possession of by England, the most vigilant police could not guard against obstructions being placed, by the sinking of ships, at half a dozen places on any day. A great commercial convenience, the Canal is likely to fail as a military road just when most needed. Accordingly the same Government that bombarded Alexandria and slaughtered thousands of Arabs, in order to keep open this road to India, is now more than willing to scuttle out of Egypt as soon as may be. The Canal must of course be kept open; and it will be used as far as possible, but not depended on. The alternative route round the Cape is, however, very long, where time may be of the utmost importance; and therefore attention is now turned to the route just opened—wholly through British territory—across this continent. The subject was lately mentioned in the House of Lords, and from the tenor of Lord Granville's observations there is little doubt that this route will be adopted as an alternative road to the East and Australasia, by the Committee which Lord Granville announced had been appointed to inquire into the advisability of establishing a British Mail line between Vancouver Island and Hong Kong. If so, this new and most substantial interest in her colony may be expected to bring about a change in England's attitude towards Canada.

NATIONALISTS are calling attention to the familiar fact that the statistics of crime are lower in Ireland than in Great Britain, whence they argue that to apply the Crimes Act to Ireland is absurd and unjust. This is a palpable fallacy. In a country full of huge cities, the number of ordinary and miscellaneous offences is sure to be greater than in a rural country. But it is not against ordinary and miscellaneous offences that the Crimes Act is directed. The Crimes Act is directed against the organized outrage and the criminal domination of a terrorist league, to which there is nothing analogous in Great Britain. It is very likely that the number of ordinary offences was smaller in Sicily than in the territory of Rome, but that did not prevent the Italian Government from taking special measures against the Camorra. The measures which it took were far more vigorous than the Crimes Act, yet they caused no scandal. The slightest act of repression emanating from a sensitively constitutional power like Great Britain causes, in fact, more scandal than the most drastic application of martial law by more arbitrary governments. Some day, perhaps, Great Britain will be led to the conclusion that it is best to handle rebellion or conspiracy with determination, and let foreign critics say what they please.

MR. GLADSTONE seems to set revolutionary avalanches rolling at the rate of about one in each month. The other day he committed himself and, so far as he could, his party to the project of Mr. Jesse Collings, a hairbrained social reformer, who proposes to give all municipalities the power of expropriating owners of land in order to create allotments, and force into existence a peasant proprietary; a measure which, as everybody who knows anything of the habits of democratic municipalities must be aware, would open a boundless scene of jobbery, as well as of violence and injustice. Now the great man countenances the scheme of Mr. Crilly, an Irish Nationalist, for extending the socialistic principles of the Land Act to houses, and compelling all lessors to make over the fee to the lessees at a price which, of course, would be fixed by some revolutionary tribunal, and having been fixed, would probably be repudiated, as has been done in the case of Irish land. It is remarkable that even Mr. Gladstone's Parnellite Secretary for Ireland deprecates as too extravagant the proposal to which his chief gives ear. These confiscators, whether of land or houses, seem totally blind to the obvious fact that though they may play the trick once they will never have a chance of playing it a second time. When one set of investors in house property has been robbed, there will be no more investment in houses, or, if there is, the investor will demand, in the shape of high rent, a rate of interest on his money sufficient to cover the risk of confiscation. House accommodation will consequently grow scarcer, and then, legislate as you will, everybody will have to pay more than he does now for a house.

THE defeat of the British Government on a Radical motion to reduce the grant for the maintenance of parks belonging to, or used exclusively by, Royalty, shows what a creation and creature of factions it is. We have no information as to the constitution of either majority or minority, but it may be assumed that—though the question touched a Royal privilege—the Tories did not go to the assistance of the Government, but rather let the Radicals have their way with it; and it is plain from the vote that Radical party loyalty to what is essentially a Radical Government has no existence. A few days earlier the cable told us of a "great parliamentary victory" won by Mr. Gladstone, and for the Home Rule party, on a motion of the member for Dublin University deprecating the voting of supplies for Ireland till the House was placed in possession of the Government's Irish policy. But when it is remembered that this question was brought up by a private member; that it was not taken up as a serious party issue at all; and that yet it commanded a very respectable minority, it is somewhat difficult to perceive how it was a victory at all, either for Mr. Gladstone or the Nationalists; and having regard to this other victory, won by the ordinary supporters of the Government over the Government itself, the question naturally arises, What will be the effect of a definite attack on the Government and the fortunes of the Nationalists, when the attack is supported by the party leaders and the whole force of the national sense of Great Britain? The answer will be given in a week or two; and in the meantime both these votes may be held to give some indication of its character.

IT must be said for the French Republic that it works. A few weeks ago the Ferry Government were turned out of office by the new Chamber, and M. de Freycinet was entrusted with the reins of power, on his consenting, as appeared, to carry out the views of M. Clemenceau and the Extreme Left, who occupy much the same position in the French Chamber that the Nationalists do in the British House of Commons. Yet the Cabinet of

M. de Freycinet, derided as a thing of shreds and patches, has nevertheless proved harmonious and practical, and is daily developing unexpected strength. His downfall has been predicted successively on the Tonquin Credit, the Madagascar Treaty, and the proposed Expulsion of the Princes; but he has come out of each of these crises stronger than before, his triumph on the last-named question, after an acrimonious debate with M. Clemenceau, being a veritable Waterloo for his enemies and his whilom supporters, the Radicals. This is a most hopeful sign for the Republic: the rout of the factions on the Expulsion Question especially is most encouraging. The cause perhaps is that the unexpected strength shown by M. de Freycinet has inspired respect: perhaps any statesman that shows a strong and able hand for government may just now count pretty surely on the support of the French people, who desire, above all things, peace and security, rest and relief from the worry and waste of such enterprises as were indulged in by M. Ferry. The staidest portion of the people would submit to almost any form of government strong enough to ensure them peaceable possession of what makes all peoples conservative—their small properties; but the younger sort, especially in the cities, support the present Government mainly because, promising to avoid the error of M. Ferry, it promises also to nurse the national resources for the great *revanche*. For the spirit of revenge is still strong in the minds of the urban French: it was, we believe, mainly for wasting the national resources in distant enterprises, instead of husbanding them for possible eventualities nearer home, that M. Ferry fell into such disgrace. Only the other day a German newspaper made the discovery that a new text-book, issued for use in all the French schools, teaches the youth of France that if they do their duty the Republic will some day be strong enough to recover Alsace and Lorraine; and the *North German Gazette*, commenting on the recent announcement that a Dane was at the head of a French bureau which has been employing a large number of spies in Germany to obtain information concerning German military establishments, says that the French desire for revenge is more active than ever; that M. Jules Ferry was ousted because he was friendly to Germany; that the DeFreycinet Government fosters Chauvinism; and that Germany ought to be on the alert. No doubt she ought; the present imperialist system of government in Germany is the creation of the Emperor and Prince Bismarck: it embodies their ideas, but it can hardly outlast them. When they shall both have passed away, events which in the course of nature cannot be far distant, France, if she have gathered strength, will certainly take advantage of any confusion that may attend a reorganization of the German Confederation on a more popular basis than its present.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury has introduced into the House of Lords a thoroughly radical Church Patronage Bill. It entirely abolishes the sale of next presentations and also donatives; puts an end to resignation bonds, whereby a cleric obtains a living for a few years upon engaging to resign as soon as some relative of the patron is ready to take the living; prohibits the sale of all advowsons save to patrons who possess one-half of the entire parish. To distribute the patronage it calls into existence a Patronage Board, which will have no power of sale. Public patrons also are to have no power of sale. Roman Catholics will have a right to nominate clerics to the Board. Parishioners will have a right of objecting to any nominee, on the ground of physical infirmity or moral unfitness, and all communications to the Bishop will be considered as privileged. If the parson has not been in priests' orders three years, or is over seventy, the bishop may refuse to present him without assigning any reason. Queen Anne's Bounty may lend money and the Patronage Board may borrow money in order to buy livings. Many changes in the detail of this bill will be made, no doubt, before it passes; and especially the provision as to the Patronage Board may need amending and buttressing. But the bill, as a whole, shows a desire to strike to the root of the Church's weakness.

THE Committee of the Loyal and Patriotic Union, formed to send aid to the Loyalists of Ireland, held a meeting on Saturday last for the purpose of organizing and taking measures to collect subscriptions. Mr. Goldwin Smith was appointed Chairman, and Mr. James L. Hughes, Secretary. Four Treasurers were appointed—Dr. Potts, Dr. Wild, Prof. Clark, and Mr. E. F. Clarke—any one of whom, as also the Bank of Toronto, will receive subscriptions of whatever amount. And it is hoped that all—without distinction of party or race—who are true to the Mother Country and the Union, will aid the cause by subscribing direct, or organizing to raise subscriptions in their own localities.

A BIRMINGHAM firm has just patented a pocket "ambulance." It is a metal case three and a quarter inches in length, and contains a compress for stanching blood, an isinglass plaster, antiseptic bandages, a roll of tape, a bottle of ammonia, a sheet of waxed silk and some safety and surgical pins.

## BY THE FIRESIDE.

I.

DARK and lengthening shadows fall  
Slanting, out of the poplars tall;  
Dark are the hills and plains;  
The halls of day are shut once more,  
Barred are the gates and closed the door,  
And stillness reigns.

II.

On such a night as this I find  
Sweet music in the sobbing wind,  
The fire with fancies full,  
And hovering voices in the air,  
And fitting faces in the glare,  
That bide no rule.

III.

And many days, and many years,  
And times of joy, and times for tears,  
Pass in review along;  
I hear the ancient tale and jest,  
And welcome, thrilling through my breast,  
The old-time song.

IV.

But children trooping in, dispel  
The fireside dreams I love so well,  
And in their own wild way  
Forthwith their revelry commence,  
And with their pranks of innocence  
Turn night to day.

V.

Haply within that circle bright  
Are minds whose wealth of higher light  
The future will disclose;  
And untrod corridors of Time  
Re-echo to the deeds sublime  
Of one of those.

VI.

And yet, whatever be their lot,  
Be never this, their home, forgot,  
Where now their bright eyes shine;  
But ever from the days beyond  
Let thought return in memory fond  
To that dear shrine.

VII.

For true it is, whatever mar  
Our destiny; however far,  
However long we roam,  
Our thoughts concentrate here at last,  
On this, the Altar of our Past,—  
Home, blessed Home!

VIII.

It is the one pure spot on earth,  
The Fatherland of Love and Worth;  
And since the world began  
Men held it holy, as was meet,  
And still revere this best retreat  
Of child and man.

IX.

Here rest we in our pilgrimage,  
The fit Asylum of Old Age,  
Best Anchorage for Youth:  
The noblest Lodge, the greatest Guild,  
The grandest Temple man can build,  
Is Home, in truth!

X.

Vainly of riches some will vaunt,  
Enthroned at home, what need one want?  
There reigns the Mother, queen  
O'er gowden curls and laughing eyes  
And trusting hearts. Oh, priceless prize!  
Oh, blessed scene!

Hamilton, 1886.

ROBERT C. STEWART.

THERE is a Chinese version of the "Pilgrim's Progress" written in the Canton vernacular, illustrated by pictures drawn and engraved by Chinese artists. "In these, Christian appears in Chinese costumes, the House Beautiful as a Chinese pagoda, and all the scenes and incidents in a garb familiar to the people for whom the book is intended."

## THE END OF THE IRISH DOMINICAN, FATHER BURKE.

His faith readily perceived the evolution of Christianity, and he breasted all threatening waves serenely; but the change in Irish morality struck him with mortal pain. He faced the loss of popularity for which so many of his fellow clergy seemed ready to abandon the traditions of their Church. He dared to comment on the murders of the Phoenix Park; he preached to "every honest man to rise in defence of religion, law, peace, and justice, until the united protest and prayer of a nation lift from our island the black cloud fraught with vengeance that blood ever brings from an avenging God." We do not shrink from mentioning, though Mr. Fitzpatrick has not done so, that after a sermon against murder he received a threatening letter. "On Holy Thursday," he repeated to a friend, as if mournfully speaking to himself, "Father Tom Burke received a threatening letter!" Then, with a touch of his old humour, he added, "I answered that letter in my sermon the same night, for one must be punctual with correspondence; and didn't I give it to them!" And so it happened that when he wished, during the last year of his life, to collect funds to build a church for his own Priory of Fallowfield, but little money was forthcoming. He had denounced Jacobin revolution. Speaking of the Parnell tribute announced in the churches, he had dared to say, "They desecrate the very altars." With sad conviction, he more than once assured the present writer that when the revolution he foresaw had wreaked its passion on the owners of property, the priesthood would be its next prey. The noble anguish of a Christian patriot was added to his physical pain, and he was almost in the grasp of death when he came to preach at the opening of the Dominican Church at Haverstock Hill. Never was his oratory more impressive, and as he thought of his congregation then, he said, "As England is recovering the faith, Ireland is losing it." His doctor in London, amazed by his endurance without a complaint of what medical writers describe as well-nigh unendurable pain, was ready to talk of his preaching power as "miraculous"; but only once again was he to use it. It was a summer of sore distress on the West Coast of Ireland, and, as he said, "there seems nothing to give to the starving children after we have paid our immense debt to Parnell—the enormous debt we owe him for having made us Atheists and murderers." He received on his dying bed an appeal to preach for those starving children, for whom a system of relief had been organized if funds were forthcoming. Three times he took his pen to refuse, but each time it fell from his hand, and a voice rang in his ear, "What is one life compared to that of five thousand little ones?" In a sinking state he delivered his divine message; faltering he seemed to clutch at the rail of the pulpit—but he spoke. The last generous struggle was made, and he was taken back to his cell to die, after a few more days of agony. "An eagle shot while soaring to the sun," for he was but fifty-three. Truly he has left behind him a trail of light, from the Galway home to his final sacrifice. Can we despair of Irish nature, as we read this record of Father Burke's life? But then, he curbed the excesses of his temperament; he was loyal to the Decalogue; he was a Christian patriot, and not a demagogue in priestly vestments.—*The Spectator*.

## READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

RANDOLPH CALDECOTT'S WORK.

LAST Friday week there died (of consumption, in Florida), in the height of his power and the prime of his life, an artist who deserves more than a passing word of mention. This was Randolph Caldecott, a humourist as genial and kindly as John Leech himself, a magnificent animal-draughtsman, and an artist whose work combined very happily a feeling for beauty with one for the broadest fun. Amongst the work of other book illustrators of our day, even the most fanatics of his contemporaries' pictures seem dull, intricate, and artificial. Nothing, for instance, could condemn a Du Maurier drawing, as far as its intellectual, moral, and even spiritual effect was concerned, more than to put it side by side with even the poorest of Caldecott's designs. For the first would be a record of a highly wrought, intensely artificial civilization, gaining its end by a "fine smile" at some instance of fatuity, folly, or snobbishness. It would depend for its effect, upon the spectator believing in certain manners, certain classes, certain accepted conventionalities of society, and would then say,—"Come, all ye who wish me understand and appreciate these eternal verities, and see what happens to the 'outsider' who rashly touches the sacred vessels." But Caldecott's design would have another sanction, and give a different pleasure. Its power would come from the artist's delight in quite other matters than trills and fashions,—it would come from his broad laughter at really comic incidents, his satire of really contemptible pretensions; from the fresh faces of his girls, and the strong limbs of his men; from his understanding the broad, simple aspects of life, rather than his diving into its pettier eccentricities; from the way in which he could laugh *with* people at the same time that he laughs *at* them; and the manner in which he could draw incidents such as we have all known, and show us in them little touches of burlesque, and hints of loveliness, such as were of the essence of the matter.—*The Spectator*.

## WELL-OFF SOCIALISTS.

THE leaders of the Socialist party continually jeer at the capitalist class, whom they describe as a detestably selfish set of persons. From this it might be supposed that they would consider it almost a crime to be better off than ordinary workmen. As a matter of fact, however, some of them belong to the very class which they denounce. Mr. Hyndman, Mr. Morris, and Mr. Champion are all of them capitalists, and they

benefit in the usual way by the advantages of their position. Is not this—to put it mildly—slightly inconsistent? If capital in private hands is so vile a thing as they assert, surely they ought not to have any of it in their own possession. Their answer is that they would not promote their "cause" by withdrawing practically as well as theoretically from the ranks of the *bourgeoisie*. What they demand is that all capital shall be held by the State; and until the time comes for the realization of this ideal, it would be of no use, they say, for individual capitalists to sacrifice their wealth. But this argument is by no means satisfactory. If rich socialists were willing to live as plainly as artists, and to distribute the greater part of their profits among those whom they employed, they would at least be doing what they could to bridge the gulf between rich and poor; and there can be no sort of doubt that the Socialist movement would receive a fresh impetus from their unselfishness. Workingmen would see that the agitators who appealed to them were in earnest, and that they did not measure their own conduct by a lower standard than that which they applied to the conduct of the people. Heroism is the first condition of success in a new crusade, but at present well-off Socialists are heroic only in perorations.—*Graphic*.

## IMMORTALITY.

IF death terminates man's conscious existence, it will be alike to the most prosperous sinner and to the most self-sacrificing saint after the termination of this earthly scene,—*i.e.*, both will sleep the sleep of the unconscious, in which neither will be the better nor the worse for their works done here. A striking example will form the best illustration of the force of this argument for a future state of retribution. Of all the sinners of the first French Revolution, perhaps none was more detestable than Fouché. Yet by his adroitness he succeeded in evading every danger which engulfed his comrades in iniquity, and after a prosperous life he died quietly in his bed. The crimes which this man perpetrated were unutterable. Yet he filled office under the Directory, which he betrayed; became the Chief Minister of Police under Napoleon I., whom he betrayed likewise; and finally succeeded in forcing himself on Louis XVIII., after having voted for his brother's death, and after having had a hand in nearly every crime which had been perpetrated during that terrible period. On the other hand, no one holds a higher place in the noble army of sacrificers in the cause of humanity, with the single exception of his Master, than the Apostle Paul; yet, after a life spent in toil and suffering, he perished by the axe of the executioner. Yet, if there is no hereafter, and if the only reward of self-sacrifice and the only punishment of crime are those which happen in the present life, it would have been far better to have been Fouché than Paul. But this every one who believes that the universe is under the moral government of a righteous God will pronounce to be simply incredible. It follows, therefore, that there must be a future state in which the inequalities of the moral government of the present will be redressed.—PREBENDARY ROW.

## A SKETCH OF EDMUND KEAN.

C.: "Did you ever see Kean act?" P.: "Ever? I should think I did." C.: "What was he really like?" P.: "Like, my boy? Like? He was like thunder and lightning. Wild and extravagant, and frequently incorrect; but, as John Kemble said of him, 'terribly in earnest.' He lifted you off your feet; at least he lifted me off mine when I played 'Tubal' with him. He didn't come to rehearsal; and although Lee, his secretary, rehearsed carefully enough, I did not know where to find Kean at night, for he crossed here, there, and everywhere, and prowled about like a caged tiger. I never took my eyes off him. I dodged him up and down, crossed when he crossed, took up my cues, and got on pretty fairly, till he thoroughly flabbergasted me by hissing, 'Get out of my focus! B—t you! get out of my focus!'" C.: "What, in the name of fate, did he mean by his 'focus'?" P.: "I'll tell you. Next moment, Lee, who was at the wing, whispered, 'Higher up; stand higher up the stage.'" C.: "I understand; his 'focus' was the footlight." P.: "Precisely; I had got between him and it, and so prevented the light from reaching his face. With the exception of this trifling hitch the scene went like a whirlwind. When it was over he sent for me to his room, where he was, according to custom, imbibing copious libations of hot brandy-and-water. Anderson was with him. They were both more than half-seas over, as in fact they were during the whole of his visit. 'Have a glass of grog, young stick-in-the-mud,' says Kean, pleasantly. 'You'll be an actor one of these days, sir; but mind, the next time you play with me, for God's sake steer clear of my focus.'"

## THE CLASSIC STYLE.

THERE is no better illustration of the reserve, the passionless transparency and *nécessité*, of the classic style of narrative than that which is given us in the Acts of the Apostles; not the work of a recognized classic author, but beautifully classic in its pure objectivity, its absence of personal colouring. In that wonderful narrative of Paul's shipwreck the narrator closes his account of an anxious night with these words: "Then fearing lest they should have fallen upon rocks, they cast four anchors out of the stern, and wished for the day." Fancy a modern writer dealing with such a theme! How he would enlarge on the racking suspense, the tortures of expectation, enlured by the storm-tossed company through the weary hours of a night which threatened instant destruction. How he would dwell on the momentary dread of the shock which should shatter the frail bark and engulf the devoted crew, the angry billows hungering for their prey, eyes strained to catch the first glimmer of returning light, etc. All which the writer of the Acts conveys in the single phrase, "And wished for the day."—FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE, in the *March Atlantic Monthly*.

## MUSIC.

## TORONTO VOCAL SOCIETY.

THE Toronto Vocal Society, which was organized a short time since with a view of cultivating the highest kind of concerted vocal music and making unaccompanied part singing a distinct specialty, has announced its first concert to take place in the Pavilion Music Hall, on the evening of Tuesday, April 27. The concerts of this Society will fill a long-felt want in Toronto, as the programme will embrace many beautiful works which would otherwise be left untouched—works which depend more on the refined delicacy of their rendering and perfection of detail than on broad and massive effects.

Chief among the novelties Mr. W. Elliot Haslam, the musical director and conductor, has selected for presentation at this concert, will be a setting of Tennyson's beautiful lines, "Break, break, break, on thy cold gray stones, O Sea!" by Sir George Macfarren; an arrangement of "Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled," as sung by the celebrated Lambeth Choir, of Glasgow, before Her Majesty at Balmoral; "The Winds Whistle Cold," the opening glee for male voices, from "Guy Mannering," by Sir Henry Bishop; and a sacred motet by Gounod, "Come unto Him," which was the test piece selected for the Choral Competition last summer in London.

It is a part of the constitution of this Society that the net proceeds of concerts be contributed to some one of the different city charities, and as no public recognition of the valuable services, as hospital nurses, rendered last spring in the North West by the Sisterhood of St. John the Divine, has been given, the first concert of the Society is to be in aid of that Order, and will be under the patronage of His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Robinson, Colonel Otter and officers of "C" Company, Colonel Miller and officers of "Q. O. R." Colonel Grassett and officers of "10th Grenadiers," Major Gray and officers of "Toronto Field Battery," Captain McMurrich and officers of "Garrison Artillery."

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

**OUTLINES OF PSYCHOLOGY.** Translated [from the German of Hermann Lotze] and edited by George T. Ladd. Boston: Ginn and Company.

This volume forms Volume IV. of Lotze's "Outlines of Philosophy." The present translation is made from the third German edition of the dictated portions of the lectures delivered by Hermann Lotze some quarter of a century since. Prof. Lotze was the son of a physician versed in human physiology and pathology, and was admirably fitted by native faculty and practice to deal with the great science of psychology. Perhaps no better compend of truths touching the science of Mind than this, at once so brief and comprehensive, is to be found in all the literature of the subject. It covers a wide range, not, as is usual in psychological treatises, relating exclusively to the details of the phenomena of intellect, but including precisely the subjects into which all most desire to look—the seat of the soul, its reciprocal relation to the body, its essential nature, and even its realm. Prof. Lotze was the German of the widest culture that has yet approached these deep problems. He stood between the two schools of thought which yet dominate philosophical speculation—those holding the all-explaining doctrine of evolution and those holding to the ideal construction of the universe. Primarily an idealist, he yet at each step takes account of the naturalist position, trying, however, not so much to unite naturalism and idealism as to exhibit the two side by side and to assert for each its proper place. The present portion of his philosophical work, although only a brief presentation of outlines, is the most profound of all, and the one that will appeal with most force to the student, and to all thoughtful readers desirous to grasp the principles of modern philosophical movement without the labour of mastering all the details. The translator is Professor of Philosophy in Yale College, and it only remains for us to say that he has done his work—which we are sure must have been a pleasure to him—with admirable exactness, using a terminology beautifully clear and simple, although translated from so scientific a language. Where so much is pregnant with meaning, it is difficult to select a passage for reproduction; but we do so with one on "Immortality," which, perhaps, may show the author's bent:—

Touching Immortality . . . it is no subject for theoretical decision. In general we simply hold the principle to be valid that everything which has once originated will endure forever, as soon as it possesses an unalterable value for the coherent system of the world; but it will, as a matter of course, in turn cease to be if this is not the case. However, this principle is wholly inapplicable in our human hands; we cannot presume to tell in what the merits might consist which justify such duration, or what the deficiency which makes it impossible.

**SOCIAL STUDIES IN ENGLAND.** By Sarah K. Bolton. Boston: D. Lothrop and Company.

This must be a deeply interesting volume to all interested in the higher education of women. It is made up of twenty papers dealing for the most part with the education of women in the special schools and colleges

of England; at Cambridge, Oxford, the London University, University College; with the new avenues of work opened to women in the practice of needlework, decorative art, floriculture, cooking schools, and in nursing; and with special reference to the charities and work of Agnes E. Weston, Mrs. Spurgeon, Miss de Broen, and the Peabody Homes. The author spent two years in making her studies and investigating the various institutions she has described, and the result is a collection of facts upon the subject which have never before been brought within the compass of a single volume, and which is of the utmost importance as a handbook of reference for readers and writers. In her account of the London Charities we came across the following pathetic experience:—

We used often to go to George Yard, Whitechapel, to see the noble work of George Holland, who has given his life to ragged schools. Since such schools were started, nearly forty years ago, three hundred thousand children have been rescued from crime to become good citizens.

The last time we took tea with the white-haired man, two bright-looking boys came into the room, perhaps nine and ten years of age, one with a shrivelled leg, and the other with a deformed arm. We said to one, "John, tell us about yourself, where you have lived, and what you have done." "We used to live in a fine house, mum, and father were a preacher, an' there was big folks come to see us. Father drank, and then mother, an' we left the big house, an' come to a alley." "And how did you live after you came to London?" "Father died, and mother got wus" (worse); and then he added with a chuckle, "We steals knives an' sells 'em for sixpence, and buys buns for a penny!" "How did you get hurt?" "Jim was runned over by a 'bus, an' I gets my arm smashed by hangin' onto a wagin. You see, mum, we's allus on the streets nights, cause mother shoves us out o' bed, an' you have to hang onto wagens or suthin, to pass the time. You can't stay long in a place, less you find an empty barrel or suthin, cause the bobby (policeman) he rushes you along."

And these are only two of noble George Holland's hundreds.

**AFTER HIS KIND.** By John Coventry. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

This is a charming little story of English country life. It is introduced by a prologue timed some seventy years earlier, wherein one Devil Dick sails from America for England—which was the last of him; for he was lost at sea, although not drowned. And another and a counterpart Devil Dick appears in the story itself, which is placed in an English village, the ancestral seat of the Shustones, of which ancient family the American Dick was a cousin. And the connection between these two Dicks is one of the mysteries of the book; which beside this wonderful thing, is full of many interesting incidents and much entertaining talk among the old-fashioned English country folk. It has also its tragedy, the accidental shooting of a young woman, which, however, opens a path to the closing of the story in a way that ensures the happiness of the chief personages with whom we are concerned. Altogether, a delightful work, of a perfect literary style which gives it a peculiar charm of its own. We have seldom read a story of the kind with greater pleasure, and this feeling of having a finished production before one is enhanced by the dress it appears in. The "Leisure Hour Series" of books is in a handy form, well printed on good paper, and tastefully bound; *elegant* in the proper sense of the word. But let us introduce one of the beauties of the book:—

And as he stood arrested in an attitude of instinctive courtesy, astonishment, admiration, and delight were expressed in all the aspect of the man; for his gaze rested upon a wonder, and the wonder was in the beauty of the girl. Such beauty is not for intricate dexterities of description; rather is it for the heart of the beholder, for the imagination of the reader, not for the wordy weavings of the story-teller, who, if he be wise, will confess, in confronting the inexpressible, the limitations of his art, and forbear to beat the air. But that this girl (whose part in the drama to be enacted here will appeal to our generous emotions) may appear as a form of flesh and blood and not a misty phantasm, as a person and not a mere voice, I would fain trust my reader to construct for himself from the simplest elements the ideal Phyllis, who alone can be real to him.

Her age, twenty; her stature, not so tall as to be important, nor so short as to be trivial; her form, round without redundancy, and soft without voluptuousness; her feet and hands, large for a princess and small for a peasant; her complexion, fair and blush-tinted,

Blushes that bin  
The burnish of no sin;

big brown eyes, habitually curtained under dropping lids, or raised for a moment in shy perplexity or appeal; a glory of red brown hair, the rare "auburn" of poets and painters, massed in rich shadows or shot with golden lights with every movement of the beautiful head; lips, surpassingly lovely in curve and colour, but too often pathetic and tremulous; *item*, two brown eyebrows; *item*, one white neck—and so on to the end of the imbecile inventory. The American stood expectant, one hand on the back of a chair, the other unconsciously advanced, with the slight but gracious movement of courtly service.

The Englishman sat in a posture of exaggerated indifference, his elbow planted on the table, his averted face supported on his hand, puffing

tumultuous volumes of smoke and watching his home-made cloud with the interest of infatuation.

The girl's curtsey was for Grayhurst, her timid glance for Jekyll, and the blush that mantled the matchless cheek,

A cheek where grows  
More than a morning rose,

was for her own sweet, foolish fear.

#### MUSIC.

SNOW SHOE POLKA. L. M. Capron. Toronto: I. Suckling and Sons.

In four flats! pretty piece with pleasing variety of effect; of medium difficulty.

ELDORADO VALSE. Gilbert King. Toronto: I. Suckling and Sons.

Energetic. The third part is somewhat indifferent; but the first and second parts are much better.

MOTHER'S ALONE IN THE OLD HOME. Written and adapted by G. R. Jackson, arranged by V. Cirillo. Boston: J. M. Russell, 126 Tremont Street.

A song and chorus in three flats, with piano accompaniment; in well-known melancholy style. Cadence in chorus gives an unpleasant sensation of incompleteness.

WE have received also the following publications:—

- FRANK LESLIE'S SUNDAY MAGAZINE. April. New York.  
 QUERIES. Literature, Art, Science, Education. March. Buffalo: C. L. Sherrill and Company.  
 LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. March 13. Boston: Littell and Company.  
 THE PANSY. Monthly parts. November-March. Boston: D. Lothrop and Company.  
 SANITARIAN. March. New York: 113 Fulton Street.  
 LITERARY LIFE. March. Chicago and New York: Elder Publishing Company.  
 ART INTERCHANGE. March 13.  
 HARPER'S MAGAZINE. April. New York: Harper and Brothers.

#### LITERARY GOSSIP.

"AMERICA in European Fiction" is the interesting subject of an essay by Professor John Fraser, of Chicago, in the *Critic* of March 13.

It is proposed to raise a memorial in memory of the late Randolph Caldecott, at Manchester, his old home. It will probably take the form of a scholarship in the local school of art.

MRS. MAGGIE ARGEL, the "Duchess" of "Phyllis" and "Mollie Bawn," has just finished a new novel, entitled "Lady Brauksmere," which will be published by the John W. Lovell Company, who have purchased the advance sheets.

MESSRS. ROBERTS BROTHERS have just put to press two volumes of verses by the late Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson not hitherto published. The books will probably be ready early in April. The author's posthumous story, "Zeph," has been extremely successful, 5,000 copies having been sold within a month of publication.

THE distinction of K.C.M.G. has been given to Captain Burton by the Queen, and a London authority wants to know whether this honour has been bestowed upon him in recognition of his services as Consul, his reputation as a traveller, or his recent exploit in publishing literal translations of the obscurities of the "Arabian Nights."

THE *Brooklyn Magazine* for April will be the first number of its enlarged form, and a periodical of over one hundred and twenty-five pages will hereafter be regularly issued instead of fifty pages as heretofore. The editorial and general business offices of the magazine have also been removed to New York. The subscription price will be doubled at the same time, —all of which apparently means that the magazine has proven successful to its projectors.

MESSRS. TICKNOR AND COMPANY announce a volume of short stories, "The Sphinx's Children: and Other People's," by Rose Terry Cook; reprinted from the author's contributions to the *Atlantic*, *Harper's*, the *Galaxy*, etc. These exquisite chronicles are full of high local colour, pathos, and piquancy, and their perusal is attended with alternate tears and smiles. Their narration is vigorous and spirited, sparkling in all points, and outlined with rare dramatic skill.

A COLLECTION of the poems of Mr. Clinton Scollard, who may be regarded as one of the most successful of the younger school of American poets, will shortly be issued from the presses of Messrs. D. Lothrop and Co., of Boston. The book has been given the title of "With Reed and Lyre," and will contain, for the most part, new poems especially written by the young poet for this publication. Mr. Scollard's name has of late figured prominently and continuously in many of the leading magazines, in which his poems have been accorded a generous reception.

ABOUT the 20th of this month Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, and Co. will have ready in a superb quarto volume the Fuller memorial volume which for so long a time has been in preparation. The advance sheets of the book show that it will be quite as important from a literary as it is from an artistic point of view. First among the contributions comes Mr. W. D. Howells's life of the artist. Mr. Howells has had access to all George Fuller's papers, which include a large number of interesting letters, and he has written a delightful sketch. Mr. F. D. Millet contributes "An Estimate of Fuller's Genius"; W. J. Stillman and Thomas W. Ball record some early reminiscences of Fuller's boyhood; Mr. Whittier contributes an original poem; Mr. John J. Enneking writes of the artist's methods of painting, and Mr. W. B. Closson, who most successfully engraved Fuller's paintings, contributes a chapter in which he discusses Fuller's work from the engraver's point of view. The illustrations, which are printed on Japan paper from the original blocks, include the portrait engraved by Kruell, "The Romany Girl," engraved by T. Cole; "An Ideal Head," "The Turkey Pasture," "Winifred Dysart" and "Psyche," all engraved by Closson. Only three hundred copies of the volume are to be printed, and more than half have been sold. The entire profit realized from the book will be given to Mrs. Fuller. Mr. Howells, as well as all the other contributors, have given their work free. The editor and manager of the whole undertaking is Mr. J. B. Millet, a brother of F. D. Millet, and the art manager of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, and Company's establishment.

## ONTARIO INDUSTRIAL LOAN AND INVESTMENT COMPANY.

The Fifth Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of this Company was held in the Company's offices, Toronto Arcade, on Thursday, 18th February, the President, David Blain, Esq., in the chair.

There were also present Messrs. E. H. Duggan, C. Blackett Robinson, James Robinson, A. McLean Howard, John Harvie, J. J. Cook, Alfred Baker, M.A., Wm. Booth, George Gamble, B. Saunders, J. Wallace, H. A. E. Kent, Wm. Crocker, Dr. McConnell, James Fleming, C. E. Hooper, M. Walton, F. A. Andrews, L. Bolster, A. G. Lightbourn, Geo. Dickson, James Hewlitt, J. Gormley, E. T. Lightbourn.

The following Annual Report for the year 1885 was then read:

#### REPORT.

The Directors beg to submit for your information the following Report of the business of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1885, with the Financial Statements, duly audited.

The total amount of the authorized capital, \$500,000 has been subscribed, and the amount paid thereon at the above date was \$239,007.89.

Reference to the balance sheet shows the amount invested in real estate (inclusive of the Toronto Arcade) to be \$406,067.17; the item of \$95,589.44 represents loans made on real estate mortgages, and the item \$24,687.53 refers to loans on personal security, further secured by collaterals.

The real estate and other securities of the Company have been carefully inspected and examined by the Special Committee appointed under the By-laws for that purpose.

The profit and loss account shows the net profits for the year (after deducting expenses of management and interest to depositors, etc.) to have been \$21,254.08, to which add balance from last year, \$11.75, making in all \$21,265.83. Out of these profits two half-yearly dividends of three and four per cent. respectively have been declared, amounting to \$16,635.86. The Directors, at the instance of the Examining Committee, recommend that the sum of \$1,234.88 be written off for probable losses.

It is recommended that the sum of \$1,000 be added to the Reserve Fund, and that the balance, \$2,395.09, be carried forward to the credit of profit and loss account.

The indications of a revival in the real estate market, alluded to in the last Annual Report, were unfortunately rather slow of fulfilment until late in the summer, when a decided improvement took place, which improvement happily continues.

The profits from sales of real estate were \$13,589.65, which, considering the foregoing, may be taken as satisfactory.

The outlook for the forthcoming year is considered hopeful and encouraging.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

J. GORMLEY,  
Manager.

D. BLAIN,  
President.

#### FINANCIAL STATEMENT FOR THE YEAR ENDING 31ST DECEMBER, 1885.

General Balance Sheet.	
LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid up	\$239,007 89
Mortgages on real estate	186,024 76
Deposits	78,808 87
Sundry accounts payable	25 10
Dividend No. 9, payable 2nd Jan., 1886	9,547 41
Reserve fund	28,000 00
Profit and loss account carried forward	2,395 09
	\$543,707 21
ASSETS.	
Real estate	\$406,067 17
Loans, mortgages	\$95,589 44
Loans, bills receivable and collaterals	24,687 53
Interest accrued	1,877 14
Rents receivable	122,154 11
Cash in bank	10,033 83
Cash on hand	\$4,927 86
	50 20
Office furniture	4,978 06
	474 04
	\$543,707 21
Profit and Loss Account.	
Dr.	
To interest paid depositors, bank, etc.	\$10,725 75
Cost of management	5,086 67
Net profit for year	\$21,254 08
Add balance at credit from last year	11 75
	\$21,265 83
Appropriated and proposed to be appropriated as follows:	
Dividend No. 8, three per cent., paid 2nd July, 1885	\$7,088 46
Dividend No. 9, four per cent., payable 2nd Jan., 1886	9,547 41
Written off, doubtful debts	1,234 88
Added to Reserve Fund	1,000 00
Carried forward to credit of profit and loss account	2,392 09
	\$37,078 25
Cr.	
By balance at credit 1st Jan., 1885	\$1,158 95
Loss amount voted to President and Directors	1,147 20
Interest on investments, rents, etc.	11 75
Profits on sales of real estate	23,477 85
	13,589 65
	\$37,078 25

#### AUDITORS' REPORT.

We hereby certify that we have examined the books of the Company for the year ending December 31, 1885, and have found them correct. We have compared the foregoing profit and loss account and general balance sheet with the books, and now report that they represent a true exhibit of the Company's affairs. We have also examined the securities and vouchers in the Company's possession, and have found them in order.

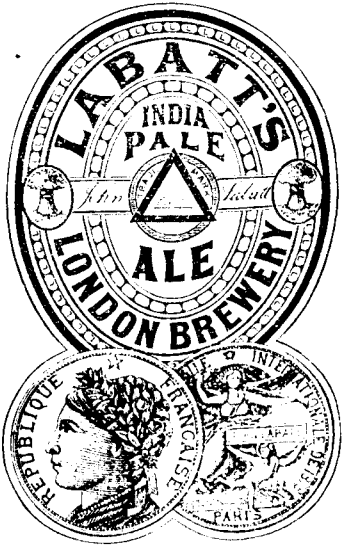
Toronto, Feb. 6, 1886.

CHAS. B. PETRY, } Auditors.  
JNO. PATON, }

The President, in moving the adoption of the report, gave an exhaustive and interesting résumé of the Company's progress since its inception five years ago. By statistics he clearly showed that its record was one to be proud of, comparing favourably with the most successful of Ontario companies. The proportion of the Reserve Fund to the paid-up capital is within a fraction of 12 per cent. The motion, having been seconded by the Vice-President, Mr. E. H. Duggan, was carried unanimously.

The usual resolutions having been carried, Messrs. L. Bolster and William Crocker were appointed scrutineers to take the vote for Directors. The entire Board was re-elected.

At a subsequent meeting of the Directors, David Blain, Esq., LL.D., was re-elected President, and E. H. Duggan, Esq., and Dr. James Langstaff, Vice-Presidents.



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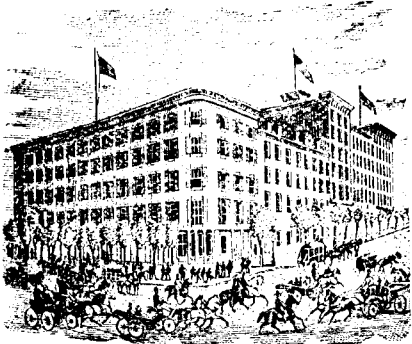
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PARIS, - - - - 1878.  
ANTWERP, - - - 1885.



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|              | P. J. Coffey.           |
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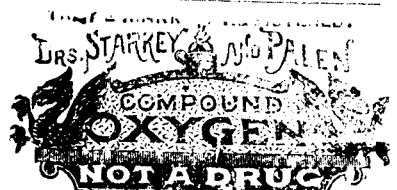
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