

# THE WEEK:

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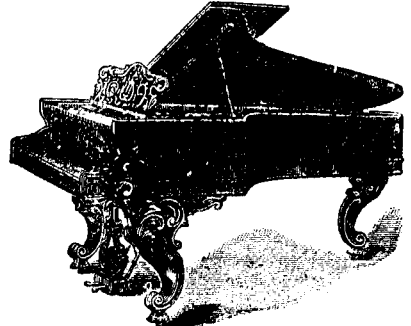
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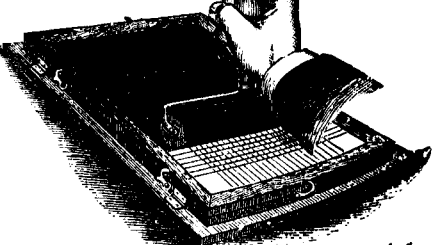
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## CANADA'S FUTURE.

THIS subject is so completely surrounded with enigmas and latent elements that anything beyond mere conjecture is at present next to impossible. Upon this important question, there are various opinions and theories, emanating from thoughtful and cultured minds; yet all these seem to unite in the common conclusion that Canada will not long continue its present relations: that the frail link which the Imperial appointment of a Governor-General affords will not be sufficient to perpetuate the connection between this and the Mother Country; that a new era in our political and possibly in our social condition is near at hand.

Imperial Federation, Federation with the United States, and National Independence as the destiny of this country—to be reached in the near future—are freely discussed, and many sanguine advocates for each may be found. Far less information has however been furnished by the friends of Imperial Federation than by those who support either Annexation or Independence. Indeed the proposition for the first named has been scarcely more than presented for consideration; while the arguments for and against it are conspicuous by their apparent lack of knowledge of the subject, at least in its details.

A commission however, consisting of representatives from almost every Colony of Great Britain, has lately been in session in London, its avowed object being the discussion of questions of defence and postal arrangement existing between England and her Colonies, with the view of improvement. But this meeting of delegates and this discussion are rightly regarded as only preliminary to a consideration of the broader and more important question—Imperial Federation.

As I have stated, American Federation or Annexation and Colonial Independence have been more widely and thoroughly presented: the former in various forms, with attractive surroundings. The term Annexation has been disarmed of much of its significance and unpopularity in Canada, by substituting Commercial Union; by this change of terms a far more attractive subject for discussion has been introduced. The unrestricted reciprocity idea has received much attention and gained many adherents. It has been strongly supported by prominent men in the United States and Canada: notably by Prof. Goldwin Smith—probably the most polished writer in America; and by Erastus Wiman, a Canadian millionaire residing in New York, a gentleman of vast influence in both countries. He is endowed with a high order of talent, and gifted with a ready and convincing style of writing and speaking. The arguments of these gentlemen have lately received additional point and force on account of a marked difference of opinion between the Governments of the United States and Canada, in relation to the protection of our fisheries under the Treaty of 1818. Much irritation on the subject exists between the two countries; and to allay that feeling it has been strongly urged that all trade restrictions should be removed. Many farmers, whose interests are alleged to be injuriously affected by existing relations, and the Toronto Board of Trade, have already held conventions to consider the question, the former declaring that the best interests of Canada would be

conserved by Commercial Union, the latter resolving the very reverse. I think however it has become clearly evident that Canadian sentiment—notwithstanding these efforts to change it—remains strongly adverse to such relationship with the United States. The impression seems to prevail that unrestricted trade between the two countries would necessarily lead to a political union, and this the loyalty of our people to their own and British institutions refuses to entertain. While I have but little doubt that a Commercial Union antagonistic to the trade interests of England would surely lead first to Canadian separation, and subsequently—from necessity—to Annexation, I do not believe that a reciprocal trade treaty, recognising British, American, and Canadian interests, would ever be followed by a political union with the United States. On the contrary, I think that an enlarged intercourse, which freedom of trade must certainly produce, would but enhance the feeling of loyalty, by affording increased opportunities to Canadians of observing the instability of Republican institutions, and understanding more clearly the tendency towards disruption that a pure democracy presents. For although there is every outward appearance of material prosperity and unanimity of sentiment in the United States, there exist undercurrents, political and social, of great danger to the State. These are constantly maturing, and ere long will become most difficult to control, if control be even possible. Already a terrible civil war has spread horror over that land, directly resulting in the sacrifice of over 2,000,000 of human beings—brothers in relation, language, and religion. Already two Presidents have been assassinated, and for a term of four years a third presided by usurped power. With such startling events, all of recent date, in a Republic, but little more than a century after its formation, it would be a mistake to suppose that no recurrence of them would be repeated. With far greater reason might we predict that as these elements of discontent and disruption develop, the danger will become more imminent, and future results more calamitous. At any rate Canadian ideas of liberty and government, drawn from observation and information already possessed, are totally adverse to republican sentiment and practices; so much so that a political union of the two countries would simply be impossible at present.

If then Commercial Union or Annexation may be regarded as out of the question, would Colonial Independence meet with greater approval by the people of Canada? This proposal is presented with many plausible arguments. An Independent Nationality has in its very name attractions sufficient to stir the ambition of patriotic Canadians, but the aspirations of these will be sensibly lessened when the relative geographical position, population, and wealth of the United States and Canada come to be rightly considered, and the consequences dispassionately weighed. For though the former cannot fairly be regarded as an aggressive nation, still with a population of 60,000,000 as against our 5,000,000, and possessed of wealth greater than the wealth of England, it would seem a hopeless effort to attempt competition without at least the moral support that England now furnishes. For notwithstanding Canada in territorial area is equal, in population, wealth, and variety of climate she is vastly inferior, to the United States. Canadian Independence would therefore present the spectacle of two nationalities on the same continent, with a common origin and language, but the one all powerful, the other comparatively weak. In cases of dispute between these—as in the fishery question—Canadian interests would always suffer, because, although we might be able to maintain our contention by force of arms as we have done before, still every fresh cause of dispute would produce a feeling of unrest and doubt in Canada, sufficient at least to retard substantial progress, while the immense advantage that uncontrolled power confers would rest altogether with the United States. I fear therefore that an Independent Nationality under such depressing conditions would be so hedged in by danger as to preclude its ultimate success. I cannot consequently anticipate that Canadians will willingly disregard their existing advantages, secured through their connection with England, to embrace only very doubtful prospects of independent success, should that connection be severed. Hence I am necessarily forced to the conclusion that Canada will share the destiny of England, whatever that destiny may be, or at least be chiefly influenced by England when shaping her own. Every passing occurrence clearly indicates a closer alliance with that great nation. The recent exhibition of Colonial products—attended with most gratifying results—was the first step toward

enlarged intimacy ; the subsequent determination to make the exhibition permanent was a further step in the same direction ; the Colonial Conference was still another, while the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway—furnishing as it does the shortest available route from England to China and Japan—may hasten the alliance. And all this will probably be followed by Canadian representation in the English House of Commons, and possibly in the House of Lords. So the work of more intimate relationship will progress, until Canada will become no insignificant part of the grandest nationality in the world. Not only grand in the possession of wealth, population, and territory, but morally grand, intellectually grand : A nation which from its broad intelligence, its moral and religious status, and its innate love of justice, has already reached more completely the principles which confer liberty with integrity on mankind than any other. A peaceful and harmonious union with such a nation presents to my mind a vision of grandeur for the future of my country, not easy now to contemplate. This combination of interest and affection need not be burdened with new or onerous responsibilities for Canada. She may continue to retain every right and privilege she now enjoys. She need not, and probably would not, be called upon to discharge any liability or perform any service save of her own contracting. The assumption of no Imperial obligations would probably be required of her, nor would she necessarily be subject to Imperial treaties with other nations affecting interests other than her own. The material change would consist in Canadian representation in the British Parliament, and this representation would probably be of an ambassadorial character, the chief duties of which would be to protect Canadian interests in all negotiations touching the government of this country. And if in the future, the developments which time produces may render separation necessary, in order that Canada may take an independent place among nations, that separation will be sanctioned, but the alliance of affection will never be severed, and the new nation will bear with it in its constitution the stamp of British prestige and of England's glory. Such an alliance would carry along with it mutual advantages of incalculable moment, and ultimately consummate an indissoluble union, which when joined by other colonies would constitute a combination of English-speaking subjects, with power, wealth, and intelligence sufficient to influence the actions of the civilised world. Humanity would then be widely represented ; the Christian religion would be sent to and acknowledged by every land ; the English language would supersede every other ; superstition and bigotry would yield to wisdom and justice ; commerce and trade would not be long in following with rapid stride this march of progress ; the condition of mankind would be ameliorated.

Canada's future may reach what I have faintly predicted, yet the prediction to-day may seem like a visionary dream. Indeed it may not be too much to expect—after examining closely the current of passing events—that the time will come when an alliance of friendship connected by commercial relations between nations under different forms of government, but drawn together by a common language and religion, will be consummated, and foremost among these may yet be found the vast populations of North America, whether directed by a Monarchical or Republican government. One can scarcely arrive at any other conclusion as the inevitable result of universal education.

There still remain many reasons for believing that the future of Canada will be shaped by British rather than by American influences. The existing prosperity of this country, its uniform and equitable laws drawn from British codes, the purity and intelligence of its judiciary, the establishment of large manufacturing interests—fostered and protected by legislation—evinced clearly a prevailing patriotic sentiment. The comparative comfort and contentment in fact among agriculturalists, the constantly improving condition of artisans and every class of workingmen, our admirable common school system, the possession of vast but as yet uncultivated territory, supplying an ample field for profitable investment of both capital and labour, along with forests, fisheries, and mines of incalculable value, the manifest determination of Canadian statesmen to build up a grand North American nationality upon foundations already laid by them and their predecessors, modelled from and supported by British principles, and in harmony with England's ancient constitution, the freedom of action and self-reliance flowing from governments essentially responsible to the people, the evident desire on the part of British statesmen to aid and sustain Canadian statesmen in their patriotic efforts to reach national distinction—even though by so doing the trade interests of England at least for a time, might be injuriously affected—the ready access and rapidity of communication furnished by steam and electricity nearly removing every obstacle to free intercourse which distance once presented,—all go far to demonstrate that a closer union is not only an object earnestly desired, but one capable of practicable attainment.

Nations are formed by identity of interest and perpetuated by sentiment. A combination of interest and sentiment produces independence ; and the welding together of the two becomes a compact next to invincible, which cannot be destroyed, especially when supported by the intelligence, education, and wealth of such contracting parties. While therefore, however attractive to the people of Canada an untrammelled trade intercourse with the United States may be made to appear, or the desire to secure it strengthened, by the contiguity of many, and the facility of access to all the States of the American Union, still the advantages of such trade intercourse, immense as they may seem, will not be purchased by the sacrifice or surrender of an atom of our independence or loyalty, or the affection we entertain for our own and British institutions. If a less restricted trade policy with the United States is to be reached, the subject will be approached by an independent consideration of its merits, as a measure of national importance to both countries, and not as a boon granted by the United States, or upon the condition that we shall transfer our allegiance from England to them. The more unrestricted reciprocity comes to be discussed and considered, the more intense will our affection for the Mother Country become ; because gratitude is a quality which when aroused, even after long inactivity, is not slow to proclaim its impressions ; and Canadian gratitude to England for the many benefits received from her, in times past, when her support was a necessity to Canadian vitality, though it may have been latent and apparently dormant, will again manifest itself, if ever our independence be threatened, or an effort be made to seduce our affections from our oft-tried friends. It will be then that a more critical inquiry will be made as to our past and present obligations, as to where our safety may be found, and our permanent prosperous future be assured, and we shall naturally regard the nation which upheld us in days of weakness and trial with warmer affection than the people who advise desertion, to obtain doubtful pecuniary advantages. Such will be exactly the case if this farmers' spasmodic movement—incited by Annexationists—comes to assume more important proportions, and such would probably be the case, if in the near future National Independence be seriously advocated. Of the latter Bryce in his *History of Canada* says : "Should Canada now declare for independence, she must be prepared to take her place among the nations, must immediately face the building and equipment of a navy to protect her coast line and fisheries, must establish a standing army at least as large as that of the United States, must follow her very considerable commerce to every part of the world with a consular and diplomatic service, must enormously increase her foreign department of government, and severed from British connection, pilot her own way through the treacherous shoals and dangerous whirlpools of international complication." With relations with the United States so varied and complicated, Independence would probably be but the prelude to Annexation, a contingency which the interest, sentiment, and patriotic attitude of the great mass of Canadians forbids even to be discussed.

Canadian loyalty and patriotism have before been severely tested. A series of unfortunate circumstances and events which had for some time been accumulating, culminated in 1849. Trade and commerce of every kind were in a depressed state—had reached a condition of stagnation not known before or since—the country was sparsely populated and the people poor, markets for agricultural products were widely separate—without railways to facilitate access to them, crops were indifferent, political complications were numerous and apparently inextricable, manufactures were just struggling into a precarious existence, what little capital there was could not find profitable investment, our vast possession in the Northwest was then in other hands. In a word, men knew not which way to turn to improve their condition : the outlook in every department of business was everywhere most gloomy ; while in the United States undoubted evidence of activity and general prosperity prevailed. Disheartened and discontented with this state of things, and regarding improvement as hopeless, many leading men in Quebec and Ontario honestly believed that nothing short of Annexation with their more prosperous neighbours would save their country from absolute ruin. With this conviction, a manifesto declaring a desire for Annexation was prepared in Montreal, and widely circulated. Many signatures were procured, and among these are the names of Sir A. T. Galt, Sir John Rose, Sir David Macpherson and the Hon. Luther Holton. Yet, notwithstanding the prominence these names gave to the movement, it was a failure. The loyalty and deep-rooted patriotic sentiments disclosed in the manifesto. Even the authors of the document lived to regret their disloyalty, and most of them afterwards became leading spirits in shaping the destiny of their country from materials provided by her own constitution and laws. If, under such depressing circumstances, the people of Canada possessed the courage and patriotism to reject an

alliance with prospects apparently so promising, it is not probable that they now, under altered conditions—so altered that not an argument which would then apply remains—will seek what they repudiated, or relinquish what their own hands have framed and their own hearts have cherished, will all at once forget their parentage, their tutelage, and their manhood for the sake of embracing institutions and a form of government for which they have never entertained any very great respect. No; a stronger incentive than the shadowy prospect of gain only must be presented to destroy that patriotic sentiment which the active work of a century has been promoting. Our future lies with England, not Republican America.

That the Dominion of Canada will yet become the brightest jewel in the British crown may be a hackneyed prophecy, and seem like the graceful rounding of oratorical effulgence, but there is a sound of truth about it which sober reflection upon the past history of England and Canada does not disprove.

Without recourse to statistical detail in support of a probable closer union between Great Britain and her Colonies, I have mainly relied upon causes, whether sentimental or natural, which in the past have sustained a common interest between parent and offspring, as reason for venturing the opinion that in the future these causes, strengthened by the removal of difficulties and obstacles once surrounding them, will prove sufficiently potent to force the conclusion foreshadowed.

G. H. M.

### VICTORIAN LITERATURE.

PROFESSOR DOWDEN has contributed to the *Fortnightly* an interesting critique on the work done during the last fifty-five years by prominent writers of the present century, from which we abridge the following:

AFTER sketching briefly the salient features of the literature of Queens Elizabeth and Anne, he turns to that of Queen Victoria, and claims that though her age has been named the realistic, yet it is hardly less distinguished by its ardours of hope and aspiration, by its eager and anxious search for spiritual truth, by its restlessness in the presence of spiritual anarchy, by its desire for spiritual order. If a precise date is to be chosen for separating the present period of intellectual energy from that which preceded it we shall do well to fix on that of 1832; for in that year died a great imaginative restorer of the past, and also a mental pioneer of the future. Amid his nineteenth century feudalisms, within sound of the old Border river, Scott passed away. In 1832 the floodtide of English poetry was at its ebb; eleven years before, Keats had found rest in a flowery cemetery at Rome; ten years before, Shelley, in a whirl of sea mist, had solved the great mystery which had haunted him since his boyhood; Byron's memory was still a power, but one constantly waning; Southey had forsaken poetry, and was rejoicing over the completion of his *Peninsular War*; Wordsworth was beginning to realise the loss of the glory and freshness of his earlier manhood; and Coleridge was compassed about with much infirmity. This year 1832, which we have taken as the line of division between Victorian literature and that of the first intellectual period of the nineteenth century, saw also the death of an illustrious poet in Crabbe, whose earlier verses delighted Burke and won the approval of Johnson, and whose later writings were celebrated by Byron and proved the solace of Scott's dying days.

Our own age is and has been, in a profounder sense than the term can be applied to the age of Milton, one of revolution; though the social and political forms suitable to this new epoch are as yet unorganised, and perhaps have not been truly conceived. The contributions towards an ideal reconstruction of society by Fourier, by Robert Owen, by Auguste Comte, by Lassalle and Karl Marx, testify to the profound dissatisfaction of aspiring minds with the present chaos of our social and political relations.

The sanguine temper of the period, and its somewhat shallow material conception of human welfare, are well represented in the writings of Macaulay, who is so eminently practical. Tender regrets for the past, for the age when English hands could rear the cathedral, when English hearts could lift one common hymn of faith and praise, are, if we may trust Macaulay, the follies of the sentimentalist. Brilliant and indefatigable son of an age of commerce and middle class ascendancy, Macaulay, the historian of the first Victorian period, with his company of brilliant actors and his splendid spectacle, had but one rival in popularity, and that rival, the novelist of the period, exhibits with equal force in his own province of literature the characteristics of the time, its sanguine temperament, its bourgeois ideals. To have awakened the laughter of innumerable readers during half a century is to have been no slight benefactor to the world, and 1887, the jubilee year of *Pickwick*, ought to have been celebrated with bnmbers and exuberant mirth. Yet the accusations of melodrama and pseudo-pathos, and of overwrought caricature, have been brought against Dickens not unjustly. We have known in Shakespeare a nobler laughter than his, and tears more sacred. We rejoice that Dickens should have quickened the sensibility of the English middle class for the trials and sufferings and sorrows of the poor, we rejoice that he should have gladdened the world with inexhaustible comedy and farce; but it were better if he had discovered that for man and the life of man there is something needful over and above good spirits, a sufficient dinner, and overflowing good nature. Such in brief was the teaching delivered by Dickens, and he claimed to be regarded as a teacher. Let us rather choose to consider him

as a widener of our sympathies, and as a creator of comic and sentimental types. There is no sense of dissatisfaction with himself in Dickens' writings, and in his view nothing ailing with society. Thackeray, on the contrary, had a quarrel with himself and society as well. But his was not a temper to push matters to extremes. He could not acquiesce in the ways of the world, its shabbiness, its shams, its snobbery, its knavery: he could not acquiesce, and yet it is only for born prophets to break with the world, and go forth into the wilderness, crying "Repent," and he was not one of these. He must compromise with the world: whether right or wrong, this compromise with the world is only for a few days. Thackeray had not the austerity and lonely strength needful for a prophet; he would not be a pseudo-prophet; therefore he chose his part, to remain in the world, to tolerate worldlings, and yet to be their adversary and circumventor, or at least a thorn in their sides. Two men whose influence extends over the full half-century, of whom one happily remains among us still, were true nineteenth century sons of the prophets, who would make no compromise, and each in his own way lifted up his solitary voice, crying repentance and terror and judgment to come. Cardinal Newman is a great name to the imagination, but the solution adopted by him for the doubts and difficulties which beset men's minds to-day is, to speak frankly, impossible. He was a great enthusiast, and in a very real sense a Puritan of the nineteenth century as well as a religious teacher, and we heretics, for whose blasphemies the zealous champion of the faith must needs feel compassion and indignation, may win from his teaching something better even than its charm and its culture. We may win a quickened sense of the reality of the invisible world, and a more strenuous resolution to live with the loins girt and the lamp lit. Our second prophet was laid to rest six years since under the green turf of Ecclefechan. Carlyle's prime influence was also a religious one. To the last there remained in him much, too, of the Puritan; but its intellectual fetters could not bind his mental growth. How to hold a steadfast course; how to live a spiritual life, and yet be free—neither self-imprisoned in a system nor in bondage to outward form and ceremony,—this was the problem of problems with the young Carlyle, and in Goethe's life and teachings he found that problem solved. To attain serenity, as Goethe had attained it, was indeed forbidden to him by his stormy sensitiveness and intolerable sympathy with suffering. Carlyle needed a vast background: Immensities, Eternities, through which might wander the passion-winged ministers of his thought, Wonder, Awe, Admiration. In whatever else Carlyle may have failed, he did not fail in impressing on those who took his teachings to heart a sense of the momentous issues of the time; a sense that a great social revolution was in progress, and that it was attended with stupendous dangers, and called, before all else, for loyal, obedient, faithful, God-fearing men. Mr. John Morley has compared Carlyle with Mr. John Mill, and told us that the force of the latter's character and lessons lay in that combination of an ardent interest in human improvement with a reasoned attention to the law of its conditions. Carlyle, in truth, inspected society with a penetrating vision, and the observation of Mr. Mill—earnest, disinterested, admirable student as he was—too frequently is that of a one-eyed observer, or a man born colour-blind. Carlyle's doctrine has its root in God—in God, not to be revealed after death in a beatific vision, seated upon the great white throne, but here and now, in this world of sinning, toiling, suffering, striving men and women. Organisation of labour, if well understood, said Carlyle, is the problem of the whole future. The literary side of this movement is represented by Kingsley, who took with others the name of Christian Socialist. Temper had something to do with the effect produced by his words; they were uttered in a voice so ringing and hearty that they were felt to be a portion of his very life. No spiritual man at the time seemed to have in him so much of the natural man, no natural man seemed to have so much of the spiritual man, as Kingsley. He did not assuredly solve with a few hearty words the riddle of the Sphinx, but he had a vivid and kindling personality. His teaching breathed courage, purity, love. In any picture of the midmost years of the nineteenth century the figure of Kingsley must attract attention among the high lights. With justice he is described by Mill "as a man who is himself one of the good influences of the age."

What light or strength have the poets of the Victorian half-century brought to serve us in our need? One who for intellectual power may rank first, or almost first, among the singers of the period, Henry Taylor, occupied himself with dramatic history and romantic comedy. It is impossible perhaps that such work should be in any age as popular as that which appeals more directly to the tastes and feelings of the day, but it is equally impossible that such work should ever decline in worth or estimation beyond the high level it once attained. *Philip Van Artevelde* and *The Virgin Widow* will certainly interest lovers of dramatic poetry two hundred years hence no less than they do to-day, for they are wrought out of the enduring stuff of human character, out of the ever-enduring labour and sorrow and joy of the life of man.

If a vote were taken to-day on the question, "Who is the representative poet of the Victorian period?" it is possible that Mr. Browning would carry the day. Yet the fact is certain as any fact can be, that Tennyson will remain the singer of the age. It is the conception of a majestic order at one with freedom, and of human progress as resulting from these, which inspires the earlier poetry of Tennyson. *The Lady of Shalott*, *Sir Galahad*, *The Sleeping Beauty*, *The Morte d'Arthur*, belong to the romantic school, while in *Maud* and *Locksley Hall* we feel the poet's sympathy with the struggles of science and social wrong. But to enter into the growing difficulties of faith and of increasing intellectual anarchy one must have been born later than Tennyson, and have felt the whirl of creeds and no creeds which is apparent in the poetry of Clough. There is a sanative virtue in

his writings which proceeds from moral steadfastness and a manly temper that refuses mere spiritual comfort and the luxury of the pillow of faith for the weary head, an opiate of pious sentiment to lull and cloud the brain.

Mr. Matthew Arnold's poetry, in great part, is an exquisitely delicate and lucid record of the trials of a spirit divided against itself. Clough's nature was not a divided nature; it was whole and sound, though perplexed by irreconcilable aspects of truth. Mr. Arnold's gifts as a poet are incomparably rarer and finer. In his prose writings there is discernible an intellectual pride, which is somewhat dogmatic: he delivers with authority the conclusions of his brain, he formulates his ideas. If Mr. Arnold is the poet of our times who as poet could least resist the influence of his century in its subtler forms, Mr. Browning is the one whose heart and soul most absolutely rejects its power. To him this world is a gymnasium, in which we are trained for other lives to come. Action, passion, knowledge, beauty, science, art,—these are the names of some of the means and instruments of our training and education. The vice of vices, according to his ethical creed, is languor of heart, lethargy, or faintness of spirit, with the dimness of vision and feebleness of hand attending such moral enervation. If we were to try to express in one word the special virtue of the ardent poetess who stood and sang by Mr. Browning's side, that word could be no other than Love! It was her part to show how the identity of poetry does *not* lead the singer away from humanity, but rather bids him enter into the inmost chambers of love and tender desire. How shall the heart bear itself in presence of the conclusions of modern science, which seem to desolate it and rob it of its most cherished hopes? It was a woman who attempted to solve these questions for herself and us by the aid of imaginative genius. With her active truthfulness of intellect and passionate desire to make her life square with facts, George Eliot sought for knowledge from every side, endeavouring to appropriate and assimilate it for the highest uses. She could not be content to shape her character and conduct by mere guess, conjecture, or probability. The hesitancy of endless questioning and re-questioning was intolerable to her; she loved to bring intellectual and moral conflict to an issue, so that division of nature might cease, and victory, even though a stern and sorrowful victory, might declare itself on this side or that. The influence, or rather the tyranny, of scientific ideas apparent in George Eliot's artistic work becomes more striking beside that of Charlotte Brontë, the moral import of whose teaching was that the mutual passionate love of one man and woman is sacred, and creates a centre of highest life, energy, and joy in the world. The relations of man and woman as thus conceived are of the purest personal kind. The moral import of George Eliot's work is that all individual personal relations grow out of and belong to large impersonal social forces, and that in all joy of individual passion there lurks the danger of an egoism blind and cruel. If we were to seek for the purest expression in lyrical poetry of these same lofty ethics of self-renouncement which George Eliot has embodied in prose fiction, by a writer whose genius and moral temper are wholly unlike hers, it may be found in Mr. Swinburne's *The Pilgrims*. Impatient of the narrow range of human passions which our modern idyllic poetry expresses, of the humiliation of its feeling for the glories and terrors of the forces of external nature, Mr. Swinburne took at first an ill way of effecting a legitimate purpose. With his emotional temperament Mr. Swinburne sings both the shame and the splendour of our manhood. A thinker in the strict sense of the word, except on topics of art and literature, he is not. Many critics have commented on the sensual fervours of his earlier poems; it remains for some critic to bring to clearer view the spirituality of his later songs, and to demonstrate that the poet of freedom is indeed at heart a poet of order. "Superstitious in grain and anti-scientific to the marrow," are the terms in which Dante Gabriel Rossetti has been characterised. Not only was the science of our modern days alien to Rossetti's genius; he was equally out of sympathy with the industrial movement and the mechanical progress of the time. He belonged also to the school of romantic poetry which developed in the eighteenth century. Rossetti escaped from reality to romance, yet at serious cost, and the life which should have been so full and joyous to the end was saddened and turned away. Mr. William Morris in his earlier writings might seem to have a great deal in common with Rossetti. Romantic beauty and chivalrous passion must attract him. In the *Earthly Paradise*, though he may claim to be more than the idle singer of an empty day, and to lay ghosts, he lays none that haunt the hearts and brains of modern men. But since the *Earthly Paradise* was first imagined Mr. Morris has found a faith; he still dreams of an earthly paradise, but has found it—afar off in a social millennium. Better, far better, the *Chants for Socialists* with faith, however inadequate for the wants of the soul, and hope and charity, than the *Earthly Paradise* with life a melancholy dream. Mr. Morris' teaching has something in his character of reformer with that of a greater reformer, who, during forty years, has been one of the chief influences of the age. The manifold lessons which Mr. Ruskin has given to his countrymen—in truth, the cardinal doctrine which runs through all his teaching—may be summed up in one line. It is that men, men—not the works of men, and not materials, or machines, or gold, or even pictures, or statues, or public buildings,—should be the prime object of our care and reverence and love. Hence it is that as a writer on art he necessarily becomes a moralist. Hence it is that in the decline of architecture or painting he reads the degradation of national character. Hence it is that the life of the workingman appears to him to be of greater importance than the quantity of work which he turns out. Hence it is that he has opposed himself to the orthodox political economy with a sense that man and the life and soul of man cannot be legitimately set aside, while we consider apart from these the laws of wealth or of so-called utility.

Though some of the fixed stars that shine in the firmament of literature have been named many have also been necessarily omitted. Among per-

haps the most important of these is that of the great novelist who is now entering into the fame long since his due, Mr. George Meredith. Literature in the future must surely confront science in a friendly attitude, welcoming all the facts and all the new light she may bring, maintaining her own dignity and independence in the face of them.

Here we may end in a spirit of good hope. Let literature accept all modern facts, and at the same time let it assert and reinforce the soul.

E. S.

### LONDON LETTER.

EMPTIED of pushing crowds and Jubilee presents these palace rooms of St. James's would be worth a journey to see, but with country folks pressing round, staring and stolid, with glass cases full of gorgeous, bewildering "truck," it is hard indeed to carry away a good impression.

You enter under a red brick gate-house, built by Henry VIII., and passing through a dingy courtyard reach a marble staircase, gold bannistered, up which all sorts and conditions of men and women have for the past three hundred years intrigued and shouldered their way.

Shades of famous Queen Anne and Georgian wits mingle with the bodily presence of Mrs. Todgers and Mrs. Gamp, Pecksniff lecturing his daughter with an eye on the listening public, and Mr. Guppy, jocosely and alert, arm-in-arm with his giggling *fiancée*. No one being in town, some one comes up from the country and has it all his own way. Surely never before were such palace visitors as these. The very pictures on the walls, in wig and full-skirted coat, in powder and embroidered waistcoat, draw back into their frames, and stare aghast at the crowd which has poured up this *scala sancta*, fair weather or wet, from nine in the morning till four in the afternoon, ever since the order was given that all the Queen's subjects were to see all the Queen's sights. At the first room every one rests with a sigh of relief. "Thank God we are safe," remarks Mrs. Nickleby piously, reminding one of a similar exclamation in Lamb's immortal *Old China*. Now we have time to gaze about us. Gray-green tapestry, made for Charles II., and used at the marriage of the Prince Regent, forms a picturesque background for Indian trophies and carved ivory tusks. The low emblazoned mantelpiece, against which Henry VIII. must often have leaned as he talked to Anne Boleyn, and which still bears his initials entwined with hers, flanking French fleur-de-lis, Westminster portcullises, Lancaster roses, looks precisely to day as it did when Princess Victoria was called from her mother's side to stand alone in the "fierce light which beats upon a throne:" the fifty years' sunshine and storm since that June morning so long ago have had little or no effect on either fire-place or needle-work. At these windows stands the girl of eighteen: Clarencieux King of Arms (in the absence of the Ulster King) reads the proclamation, trumpets blow, guns fire, and Victoria is Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Notwithstanding her earnest endeavours to restrain her tears they continued to flow in torrents down her now pallid cheeks until she retired. Her Majesty nevertheless courtied many times in acknowledgment of her grateful sense of the devotion of the people. As she turns away, the sunbeams fall on the brown and yellow mouldings above Henry's monogram on the gay little worsted gentleman a-hunting under the leafless trees. How often the Queen must have remembered every detail of this homely, comfortable, old parlour. Outside, her subjects are hurrahing and drums are beating; within, the school-girl monarch clings to her mother's hand.

The Council Chamber, Queen Anne's Apartment, and Presence Chamber are arranged with every conceivable treasure, of which your papers have doubtless given you full description. But do you forget that one room was the scene of Wilkie's "First Council," in which for the sake of effect the painter altered the colour of Her Majesty's gown from black to white; that in the second, Jacobite courtiers concocted many of their fruitless schemes; and in the third (where still seem to strut that "little Sultan, George II., hunchbacked beetle-browed Chestertield, and Hervey with his deathly smile and ghastly painted face"), Queen Victoria, diamonds among her brown plaits, and roses in her young cheeks, received the lords and ladies who thronged to her early drawing-rooms in costumes which, according to a water-colour drawing by Sir George Hayter, are even more ridiculous than those worn by the Cimabue-Browns of to-day? Peering down on the motley crowd of cockneys and yokels I see Count La Lippe's olive face, and I meet Lord Granby's keen glance, and Admiral Rodney's grave eyes; and see! here is George III., smiling and young and happy, thinking of Lady Sarah Lennox and a dozen of others, with no knowledge of loss of sight, loss of mental power, loss of America. These great people Reynolds, with his "flying brush," has immortalised. Holbein's Henry VIII. swaggers on the wall in crimson and gold. Lely's Nell Gwynn ogles you as you pass, holding with her long, pointed fingers a handful of roses against her flowery bodice, roses plucked perhaps in the very gardens which stretch beneath these windows. The "Little Dutchman" haunts this place, with his dark-eyed wife, and Mary Beatrice—Beatrice Esmond's godmother—melancholy in her sombre gown, glances at us, descendants of the people who firmly believed in the "Warming-pan Plot." Poor Mary Beatrice! Fate, against the Stuarts from the very beginning, did not spare any connected with the family; over all, the shadow of their misfortunes fell. A little farther down the passage—barred by red rope—there is the room in which the Old Chevalier was born, and beyond, if you follow Lord Hervey's guidance, you come to Queen Caroline's bed-chamber, and you can listen—as most of us have done—to the patient words of the brave, dying wife, and you can hear the cries and exclamations of the irritable husband, and watch the looks and gestures of the daughters. I think we know that ghastly scene by

heart: the least allusion to it, and all the details, down to the smallest, return to one's memory, as one hundred and fifty years ago Hervey was spectator of it; so, leading my gaze as it were into a magic mirror, he shows it to us again. 'Tis as the Indian conjurors perform one of their strange feats: a drop of ink held in the palm of the hand, and in the murky depths one sees strange sights.

In another wing of the palace is the room in which Charles I. slept the night before his death. He walked from here, across the park yonder, to Whitehall so quickly that his guards could hardly keep up with him. The snow-flakes fell on his velvet cloak. It was a bitter January morning. What a pathetic figure! One seems still to see him, passing swiftly out of sight down the avenues, to that pine scaffold under the shadow of the Holbein gateway.

Following the crowd again through the rooms, I pass, among the addresses, the one from the Royal Academy, which possesses a beautiful allegorical sketch by Leighton, and a graceful initial letter by Alma Tadema. I arrive at the conclusion that the only Jubilee gift I envy is a collection of water-colour drawings presented by the British Institute—scraps of white paper covered with counterfeit presentments of a corn-field, a river, an old castle, a charming lady, a courtly gentleman. These comparatively worthless things (for their like is within the power of most of us to buy) beat silver and gold, jewels and precious stones, gorgeous furniture and raiment, out of the field.

THE mention of the Stuart sorrows has brought to my recollection the remembrance of a certain Count D'Albany, well known once in London society. I met him often, principally at the Chelsea Hospital garden parties, and at Sir William Hardman's (of the *Morning Post*), and was always much struck by his wonderful likeness to Charles I., particularly to the portrait by Vandyke, in which the King is represented taking a laurel wreath from the hand of Henrietta Maria. The Count's only brother, John, died in 1872, and his only sister, Catherina, in 1864. He himself had married one of the Waterfords, a daughter of John Beresford, brother of the first Marquis, and had four children, a son (always a great trouble, who died in 1880, having married Lady Alice Hay), and three daughters, Marie, who died when a child; Clementina, a nun; and Sobieska, who married M. Platt de Platt, and lives in Vienna, coming very occasionally to England. The Count's father was supposed to be the legitimate son of the Young Pretender, born in 1773; "but," says Dr. Doran, "had such an heir been born, to conceal the fact from the adherents of the House of Stuart would have been an act of stark madness. Charles Edward spoke of no child in his will but his illegitimate daughter, the Duchess of Albany. The Cardinal of York took the nominal title of King at his brother's death, and received the Duchess into his house. At her death, in 1789, the crown jewels, which James II. had carried off from England, came into the Cardinal's possession, and these, at the beginning of the present century, he generously surrendered to George III. The Cardinal was well assured that no legitimate heir of his brother had ever existed." Be that as it may, Count D'Albany was confident that in time he should discover all the lost clues to this strange history (invented by his romancing and possibly mad father, Thomas Allen, son of old Admiral Allen); and he used to haunt the reading rooms of the British Museum searching through the Stuart records. He dressed in black velvet, had singular shaped hats and cloaks, and always wore violets in his buttonhole in token of his adherence to the Bonapartes, as opposed to any love for, or allegiance to, English rulers. He stayed much with Jacobite families in the North—with Fraser and Lovat principally—where he was treated with regal honours, his letters being addressed to "His Majesty the King of Scotland." He died miserably a few years ago, leaving no memoirs of any sort, no possession of any value, except an old sword. This his daughter told Lady Hardman, who told me, adding she was afraid he fell among thieves in his Pimlico lodging. If you want an excellent picture of the Count you will find it in Mr. Payn's *Grape from a Thorn*, and I remember Payn saying at the time of its publication that he had had letters from "His Majesty's" friends, insisting on more respect being paid to a crowned head in misfortune.

WITH a fanfare of trumpets *Frith's Memoirs* have made their appearance. "You have a puff, with some jam in it," writes Payn. *Appropos* of an admirable criticism in *The Times*, the first volume is the best of good work, modest, frank, and humorous; the second too loosely strung together, though most of the stories are capital. In the chapter on butlers Frith should not have forgotten an anecdote which Yates published in *The World* some time ago. The painter, wanting a man servant, advertised, and was inundated with applicants. He selected a pleasant-faced person, and was telling him if his testimonials suited he was to consider himself engaged; but unfortunately the butler's late master wrote that the man was everything that was undesirable, and on this Frith signified his intention not to engage him. The following day a letter addressed to the artist arrived by post, containing these words: "I think you have refused to take me into your service not so much on account of my character as because you could not afford my wages from what you make out of your paint-pot." Frith always declares he was near taking the man after all, on receipt of this delightful piece of impertinence. The autobiography is full of good stuff, and deserves a success.

EVERYONE is talking of *Miss Nelly*, written (a fact not generally known) by the daughter of Sir James Ingham. She is author also of a certain novel which made something of a sensation a year or two ago, called *My Trivial Life and Misfortunes*. Both these works, though unpleasant enough, are decidedly clever and worth reading. So much cannot be said for *The Silence of Dean Maitland*, a book the press has conspired to praise. Badly written, very dull, it has nothing to recommend it but the plot taken, it is said, from a German novel; and its proper place is in the pages

of *The London Journal*, yet it was *The Athenæum* only, I think, which spoke the truth about this production, others criticising it as if it were the work of a rising George Eliot. No wonder there is a deal of underhand work connected with reviews; their importance is immense, for a publisher told me the other day a good notice in *The Times* meant the sale of an entire edition.

DR. JOHNSON is known to have declared that London is the best place in summer to live in, and the only place in winter, and most town-dwellers echo his sentiments. Who turned the London season, I wonder, from December and January to May and June? In the Regent's time the country was deserted in those winter months, and the Court end of London was thronged. Who is responsible for the change? We look as picturesque as any of the Continental cities I have just come from, now that October is lighting the streets with the best of gold sunshine, and our squares are full of trees of every shade of colour: and it's sad to think there are many people who neglect us entirely ten months out of the year, and when they do come exist in such a whirl as to know next to nothing of our many special attractions.

WALTER POWELL.

### LAVENDER.

I OPENED late a long-shut drawer, where lay  
A hoard of trifles, worthless seemingly,  
Yet sweet and sacred, past all count, to me,  
The relics of a golden bygone day.  
Long years and slow the while had crept away,  
Yet from my treasures rose the subtle breath  
Of scented lavender, as sweet in death  
As when first culled in that fair far-off May.

Time's restless hand had touch'd each purple flower  
And crumbled it to dust, but had no power,  
No skill, the prison'd fragrance to set free.

So, in an inner chamber of my heart,  
Old hopes, old joys have still a place apart,  
Balmed in the incense breath of memory.

BESSIE GRAY.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. GLADSTONE AND DR. INGRAM.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Your number of the 6th ult. furnishes further proof of Mr. Goldwin Smith's determined opposition to Ireland's nationality, and to Mr. Gladstone as its earnest advocate. Since the former gentleman recommended that the Irish people should be deported "to a Crown Colony to fit them for the exercise of political power" (*Nineteenth Century*, June, 1883), his words as to the character and wants of that people have not been influential. They should not however be wholly ignored. Mr. Smith's pen is facile, and he will be read. Judging thus, I desire to notice the kind of support he brings to Dr. Ingram against Mr. Gladstone on the question of the so-called Irish Union, which according to Lord Jeffrey, never has been a union. Mr. Gladstone seems to have disposed of Ingram's history of this union as Michael Staunton did of Montgomery Martin's work years ago, by showing that it was not history, but the merest partisan pleading. But how does Mr. Smith aid Dr. Ingram? The chief point in dispute is Pitt's conduct. Mr. Gladstone terms it "blackguardism," and gives proof. Mr. Smith would seem to deny the existence of a certain "conspiracy" which involves the shame and dishonour of Pitt, and broadly states that the distinguished Anti-Unionist writer of the day, Sir Jonah Barrington, did not believe in the "scandal." Now, Sir Jonah's *Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation*, which I read forty years ago, is the most reliable record of the worthy Baronet's knowledge of the accursed proceedings of the period. In that we read:—"The means by which the Union was carried were so flagitious and treasonable that for the sanctioning of them Pitt should have lost his head."

How far does this passage aid Mr. Smith in his desire to discredit Mr. Gladstone? Our great statesman has been provoked "after two generations have passed away," to produce further proof of the abominable conduct of the Irish Government, directed by the English Government, of 1800; but for the purposes of the argument of the present day it was really not needed. Henry Grattan, whom no one now disbelieves, few ever did, heard Castlereagh declare:—"Half a million, or more, were expended some years ago to break an opposition; the same, or a greater sum, may be necessary now." "This he said," continues Mr. Grattan, "in the most extensive sense of bribery and corruption; and the threat was proceeded with, the peerage sold, the caitiffs of corruption were everywhere: in the lobby, in the street, on the steps, and at the doors of every parliamentary leader, offering titles to some, offices to others, corruption to all." If further evidence were necessary Chief Justice Bushe could be cited as having spoken thus:—"The basest corruption and artifice were exerted to promote it; all the worst passions of the human heart enticed into the service; the most depraved ingenuity of the human intellect was tortured to devise new contrivances of fraud."

Is it to be wondered at that Lord Jeffrey once wrote (*Edinburgh Review*):—"The Union in short must be made equal and complete on the part of England, or it will be broken in pieces and thrown in her face by Ireland?"

MATTHEW RYAN.

Winnipeg.

## The Week,

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

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MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S answer to the *Globe*, in his speech at Islington, is perfect. If Commercial Union ever came about, it would be the first step towards signal and practical separation. That was the statement of a matter of fact, with which he could not conceive how any human being with a grain of reason could deem there was anything wrong. But the *Globe* says that Free Trade between Canada and the States, while Canada continues to impose protective duties on imports from England, will strengthen the tie with the Mother Country. And as to Ireland, in relation to whose affairs Mr. Gladstone has again and again quoted Canada as an illustration of how England might maintain Imperial control over matters of Imperial interest, while allowing entire independence in all domestic business, the *Globe*, a Home Rule organ, shows the worthlessness of Mr. Gladstone's and its own oft-repeated reasoning by declaring, in reference to Commercial Union, that Canada has reached a stage of development where her choice must prevail over all considerations. That means that she has the right, whenever her interests demand it, to follow her own interests without reference to the views of the Mother Country, although the subject of disagreement might be among those expressly withdrawn from her cognisance by the constitution. But this is an awkward argument for people to use who are demanding that Ireland should be placed in the same position as Canada. There can be no mistaking the inference drawn by Mr. Chamberlain, and all Unionists, that if ever Ireland obtained a practically independent Parliament, Separation would be at the discretion of that Parliament.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN holds a high tone towards the Irish in America. He is not likely to speak on any platform in America against Home Rule, because he comes here for a different purpose; but it is mere folly to say, as the *London Daily News* does, that he is not to speak what he thinks on Ireland, because insulting American citizens of Irish blood may prove fatal to his mission. All that he may say about Ireland as a British Statesman will not make a farthing's difference in the result of his diplomacy as Fisheries Commissioner. It may be that the Commission will fail in its object; but the Irish influence will no more affect the result than it can affect the changes of the moon. The Americans tolerate a good deal from the Irish; they patiently allow the Irish influences that pervade their newspapers to mislead and humbug busy readers, concerning Irish affairs, to the top of their bent; but where an American interest is concerned the Irish will be swept to the wall, and the matter determined without any respect to the wrongs of Ireland. Mr. Chamberlain will be received in America as becomes the accredited representative of the British Government; and if the Irish should attempt any hostile pranks they will, no doubt, be shown convincingly that the Great Republic does not exist solely for the sake of its Irish citizens.

WE are unable to agree with those prophets who are predicting so confidently that the Fisheries Commission will prove a failure. The wish is probably father to the thought; but thoughts that follow wishes are apt to mislead. The task before the Commissioners is a very hard one; but it will be a surprising thing to us if the six gentlemen that have been selected to meet and discuss the question together should do so and yet fail to find a basis of agreement. If the discussion is thorough and honest, and a settlement is sincerely desired on both sides, some agreement will surely be arrived at—or so nearly arrived at that a composition of the remaining differences will be comparatively easy. But supposing the worst, that they cannot agree at all, the discussion will at any rate have fully and clearly shown each side what the other's pretensions and demands are; and both sides of the case will be set plainly before two civilised nations, whose civilisation will surely be adequate to find an acceptable solution. Compromise there must probably be if the Commission is to succeed; each side must give and take a little. It is possible that an enlarged Reciprocity Treaty may be agreed on in exchange for the cession of Fishery privileges. Such a treaty might provide for the mutual exchange of what each country desires most to find a foreign market for, without going so far as unrestricted reciprocity; and that would be an

arrangement which, as avoiding the most objectionable features of the proposed Commercial Union—the adoption by Canada of the United States tariff—might commend itself to the people on both sides.

ONE of Mr. Chamberlain's Ulster speeches was directed to show the absence of any justification for the hope of an Utopia in Ireland to come from the Parnellites. There would be no lawlessness, it is true, he said, for there would be no laws. Dublin was self-governed, and self-governed by Nationalists; and in Dublin the rates were 9s. 3d. in the pound, while in Belfast they were 6s. 10d. That is in the line of the argument we have often urged: if the present Home Rule movement were headed by respectable Irishmen—not by political adventurers and newspaper writers, but by representative men of all classes—the peasantry, the gentry, commerce, the professions, and the priesthood, the demand for Home Rule would be almost irresistible. Some large measure of Local Self-Government at all events would have to be granted. But the bad character of the Parnellites amply justifies England in refusing to hand over Ireland to what must be anarchy: if this Jacobin conspiracy has to be put down with the sword it must and we believe will be done rather than that any surrender to anarchical force shall tarnish England's good name.

THE central idea of Mr. Chamberlain's campaign in Ulster is a most excellent one, says the *Spectator*, and is being admirably worked out. The mere fact that he can speak in Ireland at all, still more the fact that he has had a semi-royal reception, and that his speeches are applauded by huge crowds, bring home to Englishmen their mistake in calling the Parnellites "the Irish." They are forced by the spectacle, as well as by Mr. Chamberlain's oratory, which has rarely been more effective, to remember what they are always forgetting, that there are two nations in Ireland, and not one, and that the smaller of the two, though it keenly desires changes in its land laws, is not only satisfied with the administration of the United Kingdom, but thrives under it exceedingly. While the people of Western and Southern Ireland, three-fifths of the whole, are pressed by suffering, which in some places is chronic, and declare that they are ruined, or, as they say, "destroyed," by an alien rule which invents new laws only to deprive them of their liberties and degrade their standing in the world, two-fifths of the population, dwelling on a less fertile section of the island, living under the same laws and subjected to the same exceptional legislation, display all the signs of prosperity, and cling to the accursed foreign rule with such vehemence that they threaten armed insurrection if it is withdrawn. The most energetic, the most orderly, and the wealthiest of the two nations within the island not only resists but detests the proposed revolution, and welcomes Mr. Chamberlain with enthusiasm because he speaks for those Liberals who, rather than vote for it, have broken up their party, have forfeited their hopes of advancement, and have allied themselves to an organisation with which they have for a generation been contending. The feeling of Ulster, and of those Irishmen who belong to Ulster in all ways except geographical residence, is a cardinal fact in Irish politics which Englishmen overlook; and in bringing it forward to the light, Mr. Chamberlain performs an immense service. English Home Rulers are not being misled by their vices, but by their virtues; and if they once realise that the principles which they propose to apply to Ireland apply equally to Ulster; that Ulster contains a people, has had a history, and regards Catholic Ireland as a foreign country; they will reconsider, not indeed their principles, but the possibility of their just application to Ireland as a whole.

WE are told that those who sent Sir Wilfrid Blunt to Woodford desired, planned, and expected his arrest. It is remarkable that the Gladstonites and Parnellites should depend by preference on the semi-crazy and their lunatic methods for the furtherance of their cause. No one that reads the speeches of the Irish agitators can doubt they are half crazed by hatred against England. Now here we have Sir Wilfrid Blunt, the friend of Arabi and the Egyptian rebels, a fanatic pure and simple, of fanaticism almost Oriental, vain, impulsive, excitable, and unreasoning,—a typical agitator-without-cause, in fact. But is it by preference that the fate of the Irish cause is committed exclusively to such as these? They possess an ardent quality of imagination that is well calculated to capture the sympathy of the ignorant, and there may be design in it; but the greater probability is that it is a matter of necessity. The speeches of the Gladstonite leaders have it is true of late shown traces of this lunacy: the Irish intoxication of imagination appears to be imbibed by associating with Irishmen—(or is the Irish cause embraced from a predisposition to mental intoxication?) But the sound mind of the country, and of the whole civilised world wherever the question is understood, is past doubt against the Irish Nationalist cause.



IN a letter to the Secretary of the Belfast Branch of the Home Rule Association, Mr. Gladstone says the secretary's account of a recent meeting in Belfast "recalls the memory of the years preceding 1795, when Protestant and Roman Catholic were united in the prosecution of measures for the welfare of Ireland. The return of those days in the present struggle would be of great advantage, not only to one kingdom, but to all three." On which a correspondent of the *Times* remarks that at the period referred to by the letter Belfast had been the birthplace and was the cradle of the society in which Protestants (Presbyterians or others) and Roman Catholics combined for the prosecution of their common object—viz., the severance of Ireland from the British connexion. The "measures" which they adopted towards that end, called by Mr. Gladstone "the welfare of Ireland," may be shortly and accurately stated as armed insurrection and foreign invasion by countries with which England was at war, notably by the French Revolutionary Government, to whom the United Irishmen of Belfast sent accredited and traitorous agents. From November, 1791, when this treasonable society was first formed, until the suppression of the rising of Emmett, some twelve years subsequently, their measures were secret, active, unceasing, consistent, and disastrous to their country, which they covered with bloodshed and subjected to all the evils that result from a protracted and a hopeless revolutionary conspiracy. During those fatal twelve years three or four hostile expeditions were planned or fitted out at the instigation of the United Irish Society, and one armed invasion of the country was actually effected. Belfast was the very centre at that time of Irish disaffection. Yet Mr. Gladstone says that he yearns for "the return of those days" in his present struggle.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* avers that in the present state of tyranny and intimidation in Ireland it is impossible for the electors to exercise the franchise in a free and independent manner. This no doubt is true; when that tyranny and intimidation shall be removed by the operation of the Crimes Bill, the crew who have been nominated to Parliament by Mr. Parnell and forced on the electors ought by some means also to be removed from the scene their presence degrades. They do not represent the whole body of the electorate, but only a body of conspirators who at the time of their nominal election exercised an illegal control over the voters; and when these are freed from the tyranny they ought to be allowed to choose again for themselves—if they wish. That however must be the test. We expect to see the greater number of the Parnellite Members resign when the League has been completely crushed and the game is seen to be up, for the supplies will then probably fail; but if any should persist in hanging on, which is not very likely, they ought to be compelled to resign, on a requisition of their constituents. We have little doubt the requisition will be forthcoming when once the prevailing terrorism is removed. Never till 1885 was Celtic Ireland represented in Ireland by no one but Jacobins: it is not natural; and with free elections re-established, the representation will again without doubt include a fair proportion of the Catholic Irish gentry. Meanwhile let us note how late elections have been managed. According to a Parliamentary return, at the general election of 1885 there was an extraordinary and abnormal number of illiterate voters—averaging nearly one-half in seven constituencies cited by the *Times* correspondent—which means, he says, that, "by virtue of the Ballot Act, where a voter tells the presiding officer that he is illiterate the room is cleared, and in the presence of the polling agent of each candidate the voter declares for whom he wishes to vote, and the voting paper is accordingly marked by the presiding officer and deposited in the box. It would be idle for any one to contend that the whole of these voters were really illiterate. The majority of them must either have been told to declare themselves illiterate, or they voluntarily did so in order to show that they 'voted straight.'"

NOTWITHSTANDING the temporary escape of the Lord Mayor of Dublin from punishment under the Crimes Act, through an apparent technical oversight in the wording of the Act, and the jubilation of the Nationalists over their assumed victory, the really important portions of the Crimes Act, as the *Spectator* points out, remain intact, and are at this very moment being worked in the most satisfactory manner all over the South and West of Ireland. The essential provisions of the Act are the magisterial inquiry under oath without an accused person, and the summary powers of punishing boycotting and intimidation. While the public is watching the theatrical displays of clever agitators provided with counsel especially ingenious in the splitting of legal hairs and the gaining of technical advantages, and is fancying that these somewhat childish victories are signs that Ireland is only going from bad to worse, the real battle is being silently fought and won in obscure police courts in out-of-the-way districts of the

island. A list of cases published in the *Liberal Unionist* for October shows how the work of checking lawlessness had been carried out up till the end of September. Had we a record up to the present date, the list could no doubt be still further enlarged. One or two of the more important cases may be quoted. For instance at Tralee on August 14, five men were prosecuted under the Crimes Act for intimidating and assaulting, and received sentences of from six to three months. Without the Crimes Act, these men would in all probability have entirely escaped punishment. Another case may be mentioned in which a man was sentenced to two months' imprisonment for taking forcible possession of a farm. At Westmeath, on September 8, a certain J. P. Hayden, of the *Westmeath Examiner*, and a brother of Mr. Hayden, M.P., was sentenced to three months' hard labour for obstructing the police—a fate which, if we are to believe the newspaper reports, must often be deserved by some of the English visitors to eviction scenes. At Birr, on September 2, a man was sent to prison with hard labour for three months, for intimidating a boy from working for a boycotted man. Such are a few of the instances in which action has directly been taken under the Crimes Act. That this quiet, unostentatious working of the Crimes Act, just in the way in which it tells most upon the peasantry, will in the end produce its effect cannot be doubted for an instant.

THE *Christian Union* believes evidence is discernible that the Roman Catholic hierarchy in the States have inaugurated a campaign having for its object the substitution of parochial for public schools, so far at least as concerns members of the Roman Catholic communion; and in confirmation it cites several cases presented by the *New York Evening Post*, where the action of Roman Catholic voters or their priests has been distinctly hostile to the public school system. It then refers with approval to a resolution adopted unanimously by the New York State Presbyterian Synod, affirming the conviction that "national vigour and permanence are guaranteed only by a religiously grounded morality," and that "there should be in every school maintained by the State the inculcation of such principles of dependence upon God and obligation to Him as are essential to sound learning, safe character, and wholesome citizenship;" and, expressing the opinion that the reaction against a church establishment has gone in America quite far enough, it continues—"our Roman Catholic friends are right in insisting that education must not be godless, and that a deficiency in public education in this respect cannot be compensated for by supplementary education in the family, the Sunday school, and the church. In the attempt to meet the ecclesiastical objections to State education by removing everything which has the aspect of religious instruction from our public school system, we have given to the ecclesiastical opponents of State education an argument against it far more serious than that which we have taken from them. Between the position that the State has no right to furnish education at all, that teaching is a function of the Church and not at all that of the State, and the position that the State has a right to furnish whatever education is necessary to good citizenship, there is no middle ground. It may not be quite easy to determine what are the elements of education necessary for good citizenship, yet we believe that there is a substantial agreement on this subject among the laity of all denominations, Protestant and Roman Catholic, Jewish and Gentile, orthodox and heterodox, and we judge that the New York State Synod has well defined a platform upon which there can be, if not absolute, at least substantial, unanimity."

AMERICAN politicians are cynically frank. They say to the office-seeker: Pay such a sum to our Party organisation [be it Democratic or Republican] and we will nominate you and elect you if we can to the office of Judge. You may be the best qualified man in the State for the office, but unless you consent to buy it, we shall give it to another, one that will buy it, though he be the most unfit man possible to light on. What would the writers of such books as *Triumphant Democracy* not say if they could put their finger on so monstrous an abuse in England?—if the *London Times* should give a schedule of the prices that the Queen asked for appointments to the following or corresponding offices?—

Supreme Court Judge, 2 at \$20,000.....	\$40,000
Criminal Judge.....	10,000
City Court Judge, 2 at \$5,000.....	10,000
District Court Judge, 7 at \$3,000.....	21,000
Surrogate.....	10,000
District Attorney.....	10,000
Controller.....	25,000
State Senator, 7 at \$5,000.....	35,000
Assemblyman, 24 at \$1,500.....	36,000
Alderman, 24 at \$1,000.....	24,000
President Board Aldermen.....	2,500
Total.....	\$223,500

This is the schedule of estimates that the *New York Times* and *Evening*

Post give as assigned by the New York Democratic organisations to be paid as the price of nominations. The money is to be used as a corruption fund at the polls: it cannot be surprising if the judges and legislators recover by illegitimate means the fees of which they have been mulcted. The practice of appointing judges from the ranks of the party in power that we are familiar with in Canada is bad enough, but not so bad as this unblushing corruption of the fount of justice.

### CINTRA.

Low lemon boughs under  
My garden wall,  
In the Quinta yonder,  
By fits let fall  
Here an emerald leaf, there a pale gold ball,

On the black earth, studded  
With droplets bright,  
From the fruit trees, budded,  
Some pink, some white,  
And now overflowed with watery light.

The chestnuts shiver,  
The olive trees  
Recoil and quiver,  
Stung by the breeze,  
Like sleepers awakened by a swarm of bees.

Down glimmering lanes  
The gray oxen go;  
And the grumbling wains  
They drag onward slow,  
Wail as they wind in a woeful row!

With fruits and casks  
To the sea-side land,  
Where Colares basks  
In a glory bland,  
And from gardens o'erhanging the scented sand,

Great aloes glisten,  
And roses dangle;  
But listen! listen!  
The mule-bells jangle,  
Rounding the rock-hewn paths' sharp angle,

As their chime dies out  
The dim woods among,  
With the ghostly shout,  
And the distant song  
Of the muleteers that have passed along.

—The Earl of Lytton.

### PROMINENT CANADIANS.—IV.

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, K.C.B.

AUTHORITIES differ as to the date of birth of the distinguished gentleman who for thirty-three years has been a member of the Government of Canada, and for twenty-four years Premier. According to one version he is now seventy-three, and another gives him two years more. Time has dealt so gently with him, however, that the point is of little moment. To outward appearance he is in possession of greater bodily vigour than he could boast of a half score years ago, and promises to meet his opponents in the breach at least at one other general election. The most remarkable feature of Sir John's political career is unquestionably its long duration. He entered Parliament at thirty years of age, supposing him to have been born in 1814, and became a minister in 1847, when he was thirty-four. Both Robert Walpole and William Pitt became Parliamentarians at a much earlier age than the subject of this sketch, but their tenure of the Premiership was in each case only twenty-one years, and of office twenty-four and twenty-five years respectively. It is true that Pitt died at forty-seven, and Walpole at sixty-nine; but Sir John Macdonald's tenacity of life, while undergoing the storm and drang of political life, affords proof of his wonderful capacity for the work to which he has devoted himself.

Born in Scotland, our hero was brought to Canada at the age of six, was educated at Kingston Grammar School, commenced the study of law at fifteen, and was called to the bar at twenty-one. He has been described as a lively youth, a good scholar, and a voluminous reader; but his talents were not considered extraordinary, and he owed his election as member for Kingston, thirteen years after his call to the bar, more to his personal popularity than to his abilities. In a democratic country a good memory for faces and names, a frank and cordial manner of speech, a willingness to say yes rather than no, are wonderful aids to an aspirant in public life. Add readiness of speech in public and self-confidence, and they will outweigh, for a time at least, the soundest judgment, the most extensive knowledge, and the warmest patriotism. It is not wonderful, therefore,

that Mr. John A. Macdonald's popular address should have brought him early into the political field.

In 1841 Canada was granted a constitution, as the Liberals understood it, a transcript of that of Britain—the Governor in place of the Queen, bound to accept the legislation voted by the people's representatives, and to receive advisers of whom they approved. Sir Charles Bagot accepted this view of the constitution, but when Sir Charles Metcalfe became Governor there came a change of tactics. Responsible Government was a new idea in colonial politics, and to very many unwelcome. The rebellion was only six years old, and the idea that a British Governor should be swayed by men who, if they did not rebel, had done nothing to suppress insurrection, and were of the same political party as the rebels, was not to be borne. Metcalfe was an honest and, in some ways, an able man; but he had served in India, and could not accept readily the notion that a dependency of the Empire could be at once free and loyal. He refused to make an appointment asked by his Ministers; they resigned; he called in others and appealed to the people. In Upper Canada he was sustained by an enormous majority; in Lower Canada he was defeated as decisively; his Ministers had only a small majority, varying from two to eight. Lord Metcalfe was afflicted with cancer, gave up the contest and his office. Lord Elgin succeeded him; another election was held, and the friends of Responsible Government returned to power, supported by a large majority in the House of Assembly. In this contest Mr. Macdonald was a loyal supporter of Lord Metcalfe, and took office in his Government first as Receiver-General and afterwards as Commissioner of Crown Lands. It is improbable that a politician so shrewd as he could have been sanguine of preventing the introduction of Responsible Government into Canada for any length of time. But he was then, and is now in spite of many concessions to popular feeling, a Conservative of the British type, on the side of the classes, distrusting the masses, and resolved at whatever cost to maintain inviolate the supremacy of the Crown. In this fact is to be found the key to his policy during his forty-three years of public life. Fond of power, eager for success, indifferent as to the means of obtaining it, he has throughout been true to his flag.

The Ministry formed by Messrs. Baldwin and Lafontaine, under Lord Elgin, did not remain long in power. It was assailed by the Conservatives for proposing to pay losses incurred by residents of Lower Canada during the rebellion, a measure not called for by the country at large, but pressed upon the Government by Mr. Lafontaine, a man of great ability and strength of will. Mr. Macdonald opposed the bill temperately, and was not believed to have given countenance to the violent proceedings which followed its passage. Nor did he take an active part in the crusade against the financial policy of the Government which the Conservatives undertook after the removal of the Executive and Parliament to Toronto. In that movement the Conservatives were aided, and Messrs. Baldwin and Lafontaine ultimately coerced into resignation, by the "original Clear Grits," under the leadership of Mr. Malcolm Cameron and Mr. W. H. Merritt. Mr. Baldwin was the most venerable figure in our political history, pure, honourable, high-minded, and during the struggle for Responsible Government rendered incalculable service to his party and cause. But he was a Whig rather than a Radical, a High Churchman, and therefore opposed to the secularisation of the clergy reserves, and incapable of stooping to the arts of the politician. He retired with Mr. Lafontaine, and Mr. Hincks became Premier. During his brief reign Mr. George Brown commenced his agitation for representation by population, the secularisation of the clergy reserves, and against the further extension of the Separate School system in Upper Canada; and at the election of 1854 Mr. John A. Macdonald took an active part in inducing Conservative candidates to accept the secularisation plank of Mr. Brown's platform, receiving in return the support of the powerful section of Reformers who went into opposition to Mr. Hincks on that and other questions. The result was the defeat of the Government and the return of the Conservatives to office under the leadership of Sir Allan MacNab and Mr. Morin, Mr. Macdonald taking the office of Attorney-General West and practically the leadership of the Commons, being infinitely superior to his nominal chief in all that constitutes an effective parliamentarian. Mr. Macdonald then became, for the first time, an influential legislator, in the prime of life and fullest measure of his intellectual power. One of his biographers has dwelt with unctiousness on the pain he felt when compelled by circumstances to secularise the clergy reserves, but it is not probable that his sufferings were acute. He had been brought up a Presbyterian of the Scottish Establishment, but the claims of that body seem to have had no special regard from him. The wise and good Dr. Cook, of Quebec, it was said, gently hinted to the then Premier that he had not observed him at church for some time. "No, my dear sir," was the reply, "but believe me that I have not paid you the bad compliment of going anywhere else." Of late years Sir John has been, with his amiable, devoted, and accomplished wife, an Anglican. Mr. Macdonald took care in commuting the claims of existing clerical incumbents that great liberality should be shown. Simultaneously with this measure—the price in fact paid to the French-Canadians for permitting the secularisation of the reserves—a bill was passed to abolish the seigniorial tenure in Lower Canada, and emancipate the *habitants* from their feudal dues. Hitherto Mr. Macdonald had been opposed to French-Canadians as a class, and he now appeared as their ally. He himself had no fancy for reform or change, and rightly judged that the French would prefer Conservatism to Liberalism. The alliance thus formed was not broken till the execution of Riel, and the effects of that deed of justice are not likely to be lasting. It must not be inferred, however, that Sir John has placed himself under the control of the French. He has helped to build their railways in liberal fashion, but has resisted successfully many demands besides the pardon of Riel. They

would gladly have had a land endowment for the Catholic Church in Manitoba and aid to send French emigrants thither, but he yielded neither. At critical moments they have forced concessions from him, but he has always made a stout fight, and the money demanded has generally been spent in the development of the resources of the Province.

Very early in his career as Minister, Mr. Macdonald was met by a demand for further subsidies to the Grand Trunk Railway, and he gave them freely. His warmest admirer will not say that he is an economist even now, when old age might have been expected to bring carefulness. But in youth he was lavish both in his own expenditure and that of the country. His best defence as to the latter is that the country has advanced under his care; that though the public debt is large, there is a great deal to show for it. The inception of the great public works of the country, however, did not come from him. The Grand Trunk was commenced by Mr. Hincks, the annexation of the Northwest was pressed upon Parliament by Mr. George Brown, and the Canadian Pacific was begun, and large sums spent upon it, by Mr. Alexander Mackenzie. But Sir John carried all these to completion, and may fairly claim renown on their account. He cannot be said to have a creative mind, but in dexterity, perseverance, and courage in carrying through important measures he stands unrivalled among Canadian statesmen, and few elsewhere can be held to have surpassed him.

Sir John was singularly favoured by circumstances in the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Mr. Mackenzie helped him by the construction of the line from Pembina and Port Arthur to Winnipeg. Sir John made a *fiasco* with Sir Hugh Allan in 1871, and the latter was no longer available as a contractor in 1878. But it happened that three Canadians had lately acquired great fortunes in railway enterprises, and were able and willing to enter upon new efforts. But for these circumstances Sir John might have been compelled to build the Canadian Pacific with public loans, by very slow degrees. With the aid of these capitalists he had but to guarantee an issue of Government debentures to secure immediate construction of the road from the Atlantic to the Pacific. His policy was assailed, and not without reason, because the difficulties were great and the means of overcoming them not obvious to the public. But the result has justified Sir John's audacity, and there are few who now question the wisdom of his policy. The road may not pay a large return to its shareholders at once, but it will do its work as a colonising agent, and ultimately must be a triumphant financial success, as well as a benefactor to the great territory through which it takes its course. It is a triumph of Canadian enterprise, energy, and liberality, and has directed to the Dominion admiring eyes in every quarter of the globe. It is the seed from which will grow a mighty tree. The population of the Northwest in no very long time will overtake that of the Mother Land, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific will stretch a confederacy of Provinces which will take high rank among the empires of the earth. In the list of its worthies the name of John A. Macdonald will not be the least.

Sir John's extraordinary capacity for conciliating contending factions and individuals has carried the Confederated Provinces through twenty years of their union. Difficult questions are now coming to the front, and the wonder is not that they should now appear, but that they should have been delayed so long. The British-American Act is a bundle of compromises put together to bring the Provinces together, and not meant to be permanent. If Sir John should live to assist in revising its terms it will be a happy augury of success. At his age he cannot be expected to be fully in accord with the spirit of the rising generation, but his address, his personal influence, his vast knowledge, may be of eminent service to the State at the present juncture. Compared with the men who met lately at Quebec he is a Triton among minnows. In the settlement of difficulties with the States his influence will be used wholly for good. He has wisely left to a younger man the laborious negotiations at Washington, but he will doubtless give the deciding vote on the Canadian side of the settlement. His ambition and jealousy of rivals have sometimes led him astray, but when he is called away his errors will be forgotten; it will be said of him even by his political opponents that he was the greatest politician in Canada, the one who spent most of his time and strength in her service, and did more than any other to forward her material progress.

SAVILLE.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

VOICE CULTURE AND ELOCUTION. By Wm. T. Ross, A.M. New York: The Baker and Taylor Company.

Another book on the well-worn topic of elocutionary art, written by a gentleman residing in San Francisco, who for twenty five years has taught the youth of his country how to speak, pronounce, recite, apprehend, and analyse both prose and poetry, whose work has therefore stood the test of practical experience. An author's edition published in 1886 was received with such favour that the present book now appears in augmented form, the author having wisely added chapters on the organs of speech, and on the emotions or passions of the mind. Whether a multiplication of elocutionists in our different social and professional circles be a blessing or the reverse is clearly not within our present province to decide, but it is certain that there is always room for a good reader both of pieces such as the *Lays of Ancient Rome*, or the morning's editorial. Good readers are rare, while elocutionists do abundantly multiply. However, if every student shall be so fortunate as to be enabled to use the excellent text-book supplied by Mr. Ross, great good will be done the cause, as it contains nothing but wisdom, and is graced by fitting quotations mainly from American poets, but with an occasional specimen of the verse of Byron and Tennyson as well.

WELL-WORN ROADS OF SPAIN, HOLLAND, AND ITALY. By F. Hopkinson Smith. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company.

It seems a disrespect to the author to mention the cover first, but in the case of this pretty little volume, written by the well-known author of the *Tile Club*, it is absolutely imperative to first call attention to the thoroughly novel and artistic binding which so enhances the value of the enclosed pages. Out of all the beautiful books issued in amazingly quick succession by Houghton, Mifflin, and Co. within the last few months is conspicuous this dainty oatmeal-coloured volume, with the suggestive bit of etching at the top, wavy lines which the painter has doubtless followed in search of the picturesque, and the few straight gold letters that judiciously light up the whole. In folio size, full gilt, this handsome work is worth fifteen dollars, and is profusely illustrated with pen-and-ink sketches and with sixteen full-page phototype reproductions of water-colour drawings, but the present popular edition is sufficient to test the ability of its author to provide a book of travel quite unconventional in its style, though we faintly must disagree with him in his opening remarks that it is "entirely useless as a guide to travellers, and can be of no possible benefit to a student desirous of increasing his knowledge either of foreign architecture, mediæval art, politics, or any kindred subject." It is true that the route prescribed and the places visited are both as far removed as possible from an ordinary Cook's excursion, but for that reason how much more interesting and valuable only perhaps those who have been unfortunate enough to see Europe under "auspices" can quite understand. In Dordrecht, a sleepy, water-logged town in Holland, in and out of cabs in Amsterdam and Cordova and gondolas in Venice, from *behind*, not upon, the Rialto, in little, old, obscure churches in Granada, up belfries in Bavaria, in cathedrals in Belgium, in the carriage or *volante* of a Spanish Grandee, at the table of a Dutchman near the Zuyder Zee,—in every place where ordinary tourists do not as a rule penetrate—this much privileged tourist has been. Truly, the white umbrella and sketch book are an open sesame everywhere, and to quote from the author, the old adage which claims that "a live gamin is better than a dead king," is still true in art, and for all the practical purposes of life. Perhaps the most graphic of the sketches is one which details at some length, and in a slightly humorous vein, the sorrows of the painter, who, bent upon following in the wake of certain Paris artists, got into a cab one day and essayed to paint the Amsterdam market from its windows. The denseness of the surrounding crowd, who saw nothing natural in his occupation, seems to have been only equalled by the facility which they displayed in throwing about defunct cabbages and other pleasant fruits of the earth, and the alacrity with which they attended his appearance at the police station.

FOOLS OF NATURE. A Novel by Alice Brown. Boston: Ticknor and Company.

When a work of fiction is prefaced by three quotations, one from Galen, one from Schlegel, and one from Lord Bacon, we gather that it has been written with some higher motive than the mere pen-and-ink presentation of certain local peculiarities, individual structures, and an underlying ambitious desire to be a novel-spinner, come what may. And a careful perusal of *Fools of Nature* deepens and confirms this impression, its author being evidently a woman who has given some study to various social and moral questions, and very clearly embodied her beliefs and opinions in her very skillfully managed story. There are two sufficiently distinct threads of narrative to justify the calling of the book by the name of novel, one being the love story of Stephen and Sarah, the other an admirable sketch of some phases of spiritualism, its prophets, friends, and victims. Stephen is already married when he falls in love with Sarah, but for many years has not lived with his wife, whom in a kind of lazy, doubting intention he believes or hopes is dead. It may be incidentally mentioned that the chapters of love-making are really beautifully written. We descry in Stephen the magnetic charm which makes all women love him, and we know that Sarah must eventually yield. When she does, she is made aware of Stephen's incubus, and her moral sense being young and fine and clear she dismisses her lover at a fearful sacrifice to herself, for she loves for the first and only time, unreservedly, passionately, and sublimely. This righteous resolution is however subsequently acted upon by supernatural forces at a *séance*, and a so-called revelation informs her that she is at liberty to marry her lover and to be happy. The marriage takes place, followed by the inevitable *contretemps*, the sudden appearance of Stephen's first or rather only wife. Whereupon Sarah of her own accord leaves him. By a strange sequence of events, it falls to her lot later on to watch by the bedside of her vulgar rival, who, dying of fever in a country town where Sarah had exiled herself, leaves the field clear for the noble girl who has tried in vain to bring her back to life. The story resembles in some respects William Black's pathetic *Daughter of Heth*, but must be conscientiously read in order for the devourer of ordinary novels to discover that it is quite a remarkable book, and full of interesting types. There are New England touches of much fidelity and truth to human nature; there is a charlatan and mesmerist in the person of Professor Roker, from "the city;" there is a poor specimen of an unwilling medium, an ex-hand on a Yankee farm, and there are various city types familiar to all observant minds, prominent among whom is the mercurial, gifted, impressionable, and fascinating Stephen, type for all the world perhaps of the successful lover. Altogether the book will be found both delightful and profitable reading, its morals being so admirably inculcated, and its æsthetics being of the first quality.

VATHEK. An Arabian tale. By William Beckford. With Notes, Critical and Biographical. New York: John B. Alden.

Readers of this curious and remarkable book will probably spend as much time over the memoir which prefaces it as upon the tale itself. The author, William Beckford, belongs to a past generation, for he was a contemporary of Byron and Pitt, and was chiefly known in his day as the eccentric and extravagant owner of the beautiful and famous Fonthill Abbey. Beckford's father had been a wealthy landed proprietor, both in England and the West Indies, Lord Mayor of London, and a man of sufficient spirit to present a speech to His Majesty George III.—a retort to an act of discourtesy on the monarch's part. At his death the author of *Vathek* was left the wealthiest commoner in England. Possessed of every talent and every advantage—a Cræsus who spoke five languages and read in nine, he wrote his first book at the age of seventeen, *Memoirs of Extraordinary Painters*, and followed it up by *Vathek*, an Oriental romance, completed before his twentieth year and composed at a single sitting. Three nights and two days only were needed to conceive and execute this thrilling tale, full of supernatural grandeur and effective description. But more interesting than the accounts of *Vathek's* superb palace and the Hall of Eblis are the almost fabulous reports of the gorgeousness and luxury of Fonthill Abbey, twice destroyed by fire, re-built by Wyatt, and furnished throughout with everything a fastidious and highly-educated taste could crave and a positively illimitable purse supply. A writer in the *Athenæum* mentioned the cost of the whole affair as £400,000, and Beckford himself was known to have said that the cost of building Fonthill was £273,000. When the place, with all its treasures of art and sculpture, books and bric-à-brac, was sold—as it had to be to meet the pressure of losses occasioned by reverses in the West Indies,—Beckford went to Portugal, probably meeting with Byron, who was at that time also residing on the Continent, and who has referred to *Vathek* in his well-known lines written at Cintra. The style of the romance is very much after the English of the *Arabian Nights*, and it might be summed up to be a *Lalla Rookh* in prose, but that the humour and tenderness of the greater Moore are wanting.

SEBASTOPOL. By Count Leo Tolstói. Translated from the French, by Frank D. Millet. With Introduction by W. D. Howells. With Portrait. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Mr Howells' curious sense of "lunar remoteness" in the person and birthplace of Count Tolstói is not shared by the latter's most enthusiastic readers, who figure to themselves, it is very likely, a man accustomed to the life of courts and camps, *salons* and studios; a man of the world, cultured, witty, brilliant, and autocratic. As a matter of fact, Count Tolstói, living in the greatest retirement on his country estates, and making shoes for peasants, has given up all association with the rich, the cultured, and the wise, and is perhaps alone in the world fulfilling the conditions of a purely Christian life to the letter. The present volume is not of such thrilling interest as *Anna Karenina* and *War and Peace*, but it is characterised by the unerring naturalness and pathos that mark those celebrated books. Mr. Howells has at last said the wisest thing he could possibly say about these volumes, and that is that he must think of them on their ethical side. But whether, even with strong ethical purposes on his side, he be "great above all others who have written fiction," cannot yet be known.

SCHILLER'S "WALLENSTEIN'S LAGER" and SCHILLER'S "WILHELM TELL." Foreign School Classics. London and New York: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

These are remarkably well edited little works, containing each an historical sketch of practical import and vivid interest. The days have forever vanished when it was necessary for pupils to think very much and very hard over small type and unvarnished German drama. Now with carefully prepared maps, prefaces that are as good as essays out of the Encyclopædia, and notes of wonderful length and minuteness, the pupil is helped to think to that extent that translation and analysis of even proverbially difficult foreign works must be a comparatively easy matter. G. Eugène Fasnacht, some time assistant-master at Westminster School, is editor of the *Wilhelm Tell*, and in his preface and introduction he gives us a masterly piece of work. H. B. Cotterill, M.S., F.R.G.S., the author of several important treatises on poetry and kindred subjects, supplies the introduction to the *Lager*, including a useful chronological table. The appearance of the little volumes is eminently pleasing, and the manner of treatment calculated to materially heighten the interest of all students of German literature.

WORDS OF PEACE AND REST. By Louise S. Houghton. New York: Frederick S. Stokes.

This exquisite little gift-book, with a kind of oatmeal cover, and white and golden cords, is one of the most artistic productions lately issued, containing detached thoughts and quotations from Madame Guyon, Thomas à Kempis, St. Bernard of Clairvaux, Johann Tauler and others. A more charming souvenir could hardly be found.

We have received also the following publications:

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. November. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.  
ECLICTIC MAGAZINE. November. New York: E. R. Pelton.  
THE FORUM. November. New York: 97 Fifth Avenue.  
NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. November. New York: 3 East Fourteenth Street.  
CONTEMPORARY REVIEW. October. Philadelphia: Leonard Scott Publishing Company.  
ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. November. London and New York: Macmillan and Company.

## THE ARTS.

IN a late issue we had only space to touch lightly upon the treasures of the Birmingham Corporation Museum and Art Gallery, an institution proving what a municipality can do for the education of its artisans, and referred merely to the examples of early Italian architectural decoration in general which it contained, giving also a few particulars of the manner of working in iron perfected in the south of Europe in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Among the chief gems of the collection are two vigorous caryatid figures from the Frangipani palace at Pordenone, by Jacopo Sansovino. These have been built into the gallery of the Museum on each side of the doorway, with some fine specimens of terra cottas. The Della Robbia panel is uncoloured and unglazed, and partly perhaps for this reason is singularly beautiful; it is preserved in its original frame of blue and gold, which greatly enhances its beauty and completeness. The whole of this charming work of art is of most delicate and spiritual execution, and is full of that noble devotional feeling which distinguishes all the best work of the Della Robbias. In the same gallery there hangs a fine panel of the Crucifixion; it is in plaster, in very low relief. The composition of the group is admirable, and the crowd of figures full of life and movement. The examples of fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth century carved furniture exhibited in the Italian gallery are very good, and do much to render the collection complete, several of the large wedding coffers, once filled with the household linen that always formed part of the dower of a bride, being exceptionally fine. It is a pity that the specimens of Renaissance metal work other than the iron are not better and more numerous, for Birmingham produces so much both of silver-plated goods and jewellery, that the benefit afforded by some of the best fifteenth and sixteenth century work would be incalculable. Among much that is poor, however, there is one beautiful item in a silver parcel-gilt hanging lamp of the sixteenth century. The decoration of cupids' heads and festoons of flowers above the open work of the bottom portion has a very fine effect. Had there been more specimens of silverware exhibited in Birmingham for some years before the production of the "Nettlefield Memorial Vase" on view in the Museum, this large and unsightly piece could never have taken so ungainly a form. The Corporation has provided admirably for the wants of one of the principal local manufactures of the town, that of lock-making. There are numerous fine examples of locks in the Gallery, probably all of sixteenth century German origin. In another gallery of the Industrial Hall is placed a technical collection with reference to the manufacture of guns and small arms of all sorts, one of the principal industries of Birmingham. It is a singularly complete series, including examples of cross-bows, match-locks, wheel-locks, and of almost all sorts of firearms, from their clumsy beginning to the perfection of the present day.

First upon the list comes the valuable collection of Limoges enamels bequeathed by Sir Francis Scott, of Barr, one of their greatest connoisseurs, to the town. Many of the pieces are of extraordinary worth, and not one is unworthy of attention, several of the Limousin and Penicaud examples being of rare quality. In this respect it is a model of what a collection should be. The art of enamelling is not practised to any great extent in modern Birmingham, but little known yet excellent fabriques existed years ago at Bilston, a few miles from the town, and this in its day produced enamels as good in many ways as the more celebrated Battersea ware. Specimens of the Bilston enamel have lately been presented to the Museum, and are noticeable for the very beautiful blue tint of the ground.

The directors have been careful not to neglect the higher branches of art for its industrial forms, as may be inferred from the fact that only a couple of months ago the committee purchased Mr. Holman Hunt's fine picture, "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," which is as admirable for its noble simplicity and truth of imagination as for its glory of colour; and that a work by Mr. Burne Jones is shortly to be added to the collection. Mr. Albert Moore's beautiful painting, "The Dreamers," which, from its poetry, its delicacy of draughtsmanship, and daintiness of colour, is one of the most admired of modern pictures, is also in their possession. A fine engraving of this work of art forms the frontispiece of the October number of the *Magazine of Art*, in which a lengthy notice of the Birmingham Museum and Gallery by Alfred St. Johnston also appeared.

## THE STAGE.

A NEW opera entitled *Macaire*, to which we referred in our last issue, was produced at the Crystal Palace during the second week in October. The book is written by Mr. George Fox, who is also the composer of the music. He had been previously known by some cantatas, and other works, which met with a favourable reception. That now referred to is based on the well known French story of *Robert Macaire*; the title character was sustained by the author-composer, and that of Jacques Strop by Mr. J. G. Taylor. Other parts were efficiently filled by Madame Bauermeister, Miss Lucy Franklin, and Mr. Herbert Reeves. The music is slight in structure and detail, but comprises much that is agreeably melodious, and will probably please in the provincial tour for which it is intended. Its Crystal Palace performance was conducted by Mr. J. Pew, formerly associated with the Carl Rosa Opera Company.

THE *Sultan of Mocha*, brought out at the same date as *Robert Macaire*, at the little Strand Theatre, under Miss Lydia Thompson's management, may, from a purely dramatic point of view, be criticised as a work dressed up into importance and decked out into popularity. A weaker book in connection with comic opera has not been offered to the public for many years. The story might have been written by an amateur. Over its

insipid and tasteless plot Mr. W. Lestocq has been commissioned to pepper some jokes, good, bad, and indifferent, but mostly old and stale. Strange as it may appear, this novel *sauce piquante* is apparently the best assistant to an author of graceful melody and a consummate musician such as Mr. Alfred Cellier. The management too is clever enough to help a lame dog over the style in another direction. Miss Lydia Thompson, the ever young and ever fair, knows by experience how far brilliancy of dress and decoration help any comic opera that was ever written. So the stores of Liberty, the stuffs of Barnett, the skill of Alias, May, and Miss Fisher, the blonde tresses of Clarkson, and the pencil of Wilhelm have been called into requisition to delight the eye and charm the late diners. It is just the sort of entertainment that the men like who have come up from the country to dine at the clubs. Miss Violet Cameron in a series of delightful dresses is declared never to have looked so charming; the child-actress has developed into a beautiful woman, and in voice, appearance, and figure is said to be in her prime. Place, therefore, such a pillar of attraction in the centre of choristers, dancers, odalisques, pretty girls with gauzy veils, and soft clinging gowns, and you have an evening's amusement that is at once voted first-rate by the majority. It is in truth a pretty show, arranged by one who has been responsible for the success of our best burlesques—the incomparable Miss Lydia Thompson—and it has one special feature that must win universal praise: the music of the composer, Mr. Alfred Cellier, is exceptionally charming and graceful, with orchestration to which one can listen with delight. The well known chorus of pensioners, the sleepy song, with its recollections of old English Madrigals, the Balfé-like sentimental air for the Sultan, and the song that Miss Cameron sings over her sleeping sailor are the gems of the musical score; though Miss Cameron wins a nightly encore for a dainty little melody by Tosti, whose love songs have earned a deserved popularity.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

MR. STEDMAN has made a very careful revision of his excellent work on *Victorian Poets*, and has added a chapter in which he discusses recent English poetry and the poets, before unknown, who have risen into greater or less prominence within the last twelve years. The work thus brought down to date is one of remarkable literary and critical value.

MR. MARION CRAWFORD has added considerably to his new novel, *The Crucifix of Marzio* (which will be published immediately by Messrs. Macmillan) since its appearance in serial form. The same author's *With the Immortals*, which has been appearing for some months past in *Macmillan's Magazine*, will not be re-issued in book form until the end of the year, as Mr. Crawford contemplates adding several new chapters.

FRANK R. STOCKTON at one time suffered much pain in his eyes, and was forbidden to read. The first day that the doctor granted him half an hour with a book his friends were curious to know what book he would select. "Give me some advertisements," he demanded, and explained as a shout was raised, "Yes, I am pining for advertisements. My wife has read everything else aloud to me, but I hadn't the heart to ask her to read the advertisements." For several days he devoted the whole of that precious half-hour to advertisements.

SOME interesting mementoes of Dickens have been brought together by Mr. Kitton in the search he has instituted after portraits for his forthcoming book, *Dickens Portrayed by Pen and Pencil*. Prominent among these is a miniature on ivory, painted by Miss Drummond in the *Pickwick* days as an engagement gift from Dickens to his future wife, Miss Hogarth. Then there is a painting by Augustus L. Egg, R.A., of the great novelist as Sir Charles Coldstream, as well as E. M. Ward's picture of him in his study at Tavistock House, and the bust by Mr. Woolner, R.A., modelled from the death-mask. There is also the etched portrait by Mr. George Augustus Sala, done in 1849 for the frontispiece to the extremely rare little book entitled *The Battle of London Life; or, Boz and His Secretary*, by Morna.

REFERRING again to recent articles in THE WEEK, on Canada in Fiction, we are informed that in connection with "the prize given by the *Canadian Monthly*, won by Miss Machar," was a story written in competition for that prize by Mrs. Rothwell, called *Avicé Gray*, and afterwards sent by her to Messrs. Appleton's, New York, from whom she received for it a cheque for \$200, the same amount, as it happened, as that of the prize. The same for publishers also accepted from her numerous other tales, among which were: *Edge Tools, An Unfinished Romance, Madame Christophe, The Silver Lily, The Shadow of Danham, The Flower of Sable Island*, etc. Tales by Mrs. Rothwell were also published in the *British American Magazine*, a fore-runner of the *Canadian Monthly*, among which *Thornhaugh* may be particularly mentioned, and in the *Dominion Monthly*. *Kitty Clark's Will*, by her, was published in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, and *The Last Lady Brathwaite*, in the *St. James's Magazine*, London, England. A serial novel, by her, called *Requital*, running in the *Toronto Mail* for about five months, is of very recent occurrence.

A NOTED writer on theatrical topics once called Lotta a "dramatic cocktail." Had he seen Alice Harrison he might, and would undoubtedly, have called her a dramatic banquet, for she has, so to speak, the *chic* of have called her a dramatic Vokes, the *abandon* of Maggie Mitchell and the Lotta, the grace of Rosina Vokes, the *abandon* of Maggie Mitchell and the Lotta, the grace of Rosina Vokes, the *abandon* of Maggie Mitchell and the Lotta, the grace of Rosina Vokes, of a Clara Morris. She sings well, she dances power, emotional or tragic, and she never loses a point. In her comedy of *Photos*, well, she acts always, and she never loses a point. In her comedy of *Photos*, she is given a chance to show her versatility besides being surrounded by a company of clever artists, and when the action of their most amusing productions is going on, it is a hilarious picnic both for actors and audience.

SAM SMALL'S BROTHER.

WHY DID GOD MAKE SO MUCH OUTDOORS? TWO WOMEN'S EXPERIENCES.

"Sam Small, Evangelist!"

The proverbial philosophy of "Old Si," the venerable plantation darkey, who gave to the world through the medium of Small's pen maxims of worldly wisdom, clothed in a verbiage of irresistible humour, has found a permanent place in humorous literature.

Great surprise was shown when it was announced that he, having been converted under the ministrations of "Sam Jones," would become an evangelist.

At first thought, a humourist in the pulpit seems incongruous. Is it really so?

No doubt the mere buffoon attempting to turn men men's hearts to solemn truths would meet with only contempt. But truth is not hidden in gloom. Genuine humour frequently illustrates and fastens in the mind bits of wisdom that would otherwise pass unheeded.

In his eulogy of Henry Ward Beecher, Rev. Dr. Parker says: "Whenever he came among men, he brought June sunshine and music, and made even desponding and surly men feel that a fuller and warmer summer, 'the Kingdom of Heaven,' itself was 'at hand.'" That is genial Christianity.

Mr. Small belongs to a witty family. He has a brother connected with Armoy Knox's and "Fat Contributor's" *Texas Siftings*, a paper which has had phenomenal success in the field of humorous literature. Mr. Frank A. Small is the present representative of that popular paper in England, and, like his distinguished brother, he takes a deep interest in the welfare of other people.

Under date of 48 Porten Road, Kensington, W., London, Eng., Sept. 27, 1887, he writes: "While at Yalding, in Kent, yesterday, I met Prof. S. Williams, Head Master of the Cleaves Endowed School. In the course of conversation about America, Professor Williams remarked that Warner's safe cure had been of great benefit to his wife, who had been much troubled with a disordered liver. Warner's safe cure (an American preparation) was all she had taken, and she had experienced none of her old trouble for some months past."

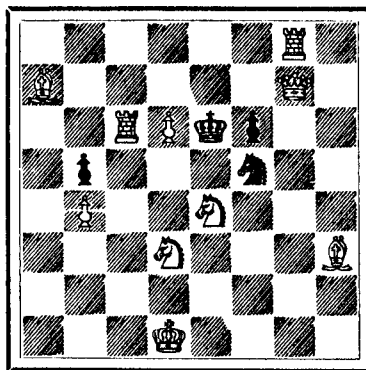
Mrs. Annie Jenness-Miller, editor of *New York Dress*, and a very popular woman in the fashionable world, says in her own magazine for October: "Warner's safe cure is the only medicine I ever take or recommend. In every instance it gives new energy and vitality to all my powers." This distinguished woman also says that for ladies this great remedy is "peculiarly effective."

Sam Small is likely to succeed as a moral teacher. When we remember how near together in human nature lie the fountains of laughter and of tears, the deep effect his discourses must have on the masses can easily be imagined.

"Why did God make so much outdoors?" exclaimed a little girl. We know not. He has made it, and we should grow in it, broad, charitable and genial, judging everything by merit, not by prejudice.

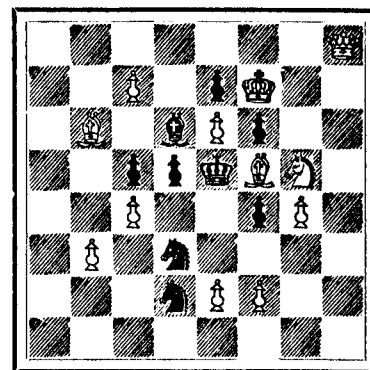
CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 101.—J. DUTREIX.



White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 102.—HENRY FRAU.



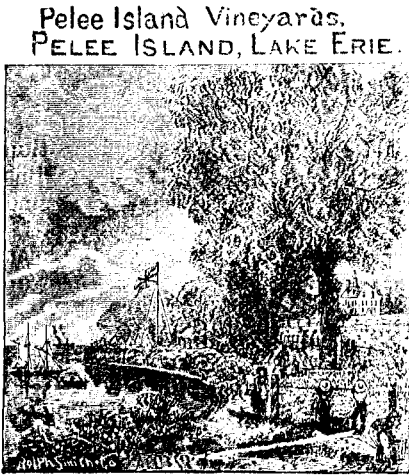
White to play and mate in four moves.

AN "EVANS' GAMBIT" FROM BRISTOL.

- |                      |                  |                   |             |
|----------------------|------------------|-------------------|-------------|
| WHITE.—J. H. RUMNEY. |                  | BLACK.—W. NAYLOR. |             |
| 1. P-K 4             | 9. S x P         | 1. P-K 4          | 9. Castles  |
| 2. S-K B 3           | 10. B-S 2        | 2. S-Q B 3        | 10. S-R 4   |
| 3. B-B 4             | 11. B-Q 3        | 3. B-B 4          | 11. P-Q 3   |
| 4. P-Q S 4           | 12. S-Q R 4      | 4. B x P          | 12. B-S 3   |
| 5. P-B 3             | 13. S-K S 5      | 5. B-B 4          | 13. P-S 3   |
| 6. P-Q 4             | 14. P x P        | 6. P x P          | 14. Q x P?? |
| 7. Castles           | 15. Q-R 5*       | 7. P x P          | 15. P x Q?? |
| 8. P-K 5             | 16. B x P. Mate. | 8. K S-K 2        |             |

An invitation is extended to chess players who wish to participate with compositions and exchanges. Address the CHESS EDITOR.

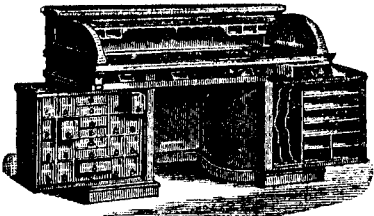
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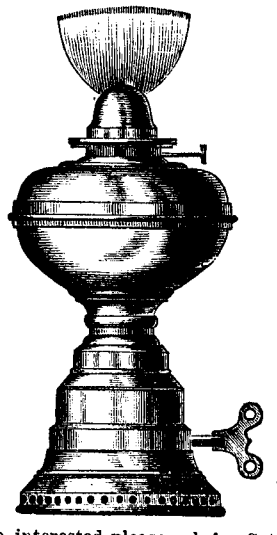
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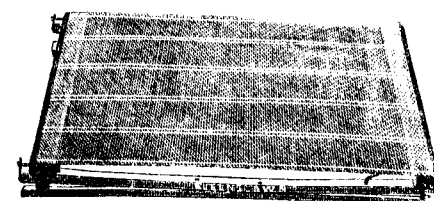
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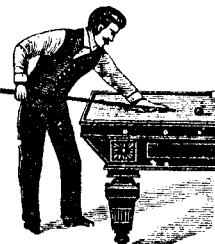
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