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The Week.

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY AND LITERATURE
Edited by W. PHILIP ROBINSON.

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TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THE rising among the Indians, which is the thing most to be feared, does not appear to spread, though the savages are naturally excited by the disturbance, and by the taste or sight of plunder. In spite of sinister rumours all remains quiet along the American frontier, and it is evident that the American authorities are resolved to do all that is required by international duty. The Fenians bluster and brag as usual; but there is at present no reason for apprehending anything worse from that quarter. Left to themselves, the Half-breeds of the Saskatchewan must come to terms. Though they are hunters and trappers, they are tillers of the soil as well: they have homesteads and families, for the sake of which they will be compelled to make peace. In the forest they might find shelter for a time from the invading force, but they could find nothing else, nor could they hold out there long. It is not unreasonable to hope that as soon as General Middleton reaches them they will lay down their arms, and that the insurrection will thus come to an end without further bloodshed. The General seems to have determined to march at once, with such of his troops as are best fitted for the service, upon the heart of the insurrection. The weather and the soil are likely to prove his most formidable enemies. It will be a relief to find that the young men of the city militia are not to be exposed to toils and hardships which many of them are by their age and habits totally unfitted to bear. As to their being set to fight the Half-breeds, first-rate marksmen, indefatigably swift in their movements, and thoroughly familiar with the prairie, the idea, as everybody sees, would be madness. General Middleton is clearly right, by the way, in refusing to employ Indians, for whose atrocities he would become responsible without being able to restrain them, and whose lust of war once kindled would not be easily allayed.

WE cannot help thinking that our Government did right in determining to send the troops over our own road, though many are disposed to blame it for that decision. Difficulties might have arisen at Washington, and the

result might have been complications and delay. Rebellion is a domestic affair which should as much as possible be dealt with at home, and not brought more than is absolutely necessary under the cognizance of foreign powers. Facilities for the transmission of troops were offered to England by the French Emperor at the time of the Indian Mutiny, but, though not unwelcome in themselves, were on principle declined. Nor is it easy to say when a rebellion reaches the proportions and dignity of a civil war, from interference in which, whether by direct assistance or by granting facilities, foreign Governments are bound to abstain. If the American Civil War had extended in this direction we certainly should not have allowed the Federal Government, though it regarded itself throughout as engaged in the suppression of a rebellion, to move troops over our roads. The Government at Washington at present happily is friendly, which it would not have been had the choice fallen on Blaine or Logan, the latter of whom especially is an Anti-British demagogue of the most pronounced and blatant kind. We can trust Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Bayard for the steadfast enforcement of international law against Fenians, or any one else who may attempt to violate it to our injury, as well as for the ready concession of everything which we have a right to claim. But we must beware that we do not presume too much on their good-will or place them in any equivocal situation. The Irish Vote is still strong, stronger even in the imagination of the politicians than it is in actual force. This alone, however, the Government might defy. But, if with the Irish were combined the bulk of the Republican Party acting in the interests of faction, and the Western Democrats who are incensed at the loss of their spoils, the position of Mr. Cleveland and his colleagues might become one of serious difficulty.

EVERY strain that is put upon Confederation makes us sensible of its heterogeneous composition and its want of territorial compactness. We do not wish to libel the martial character or the loyalty of Halifax: but it is clear that, to say the least, the call to arms was received by her with far less alacrity than by Toronto; not because she is less brave or has more sympathy with the rebellion, but because her relation to Canada is only one of semi-attachment, and she feels that, so far as she is concerned, Saskatchewan is in the moon. An appeal to the rural militia of Nova Scotia would probably meet with no response more ardent than did the appeal to the militia of Halifax, and the prediction may pretty safely be extended to the militia of New Brunswick. In the case of the French Militia the unwillingness to turn out is still more pronounced; but in Quebec there is not merely indifference to the cause of the Dominion but positive sympathy with Riel. The French Members at Ottawa are reported to be by no means heartily in favour of a vigorous prosecution of the war. To them or their predecessors we owe it that Riel lives to give us all this trouble, and they seem disposed, by insisting on a premature extension of the olive branch, which would have the effect of a surrender, to provide the incentive for a third insurrection in the future. Alone, or with only the British quarter of Montreal to assist her, Ontario will have to do it; and some day she will grow tired of doing it alone.

AMIDST the muttering thunder of war the voice of party altercation is still heard, each party, in Parliament and the press, striving to fix upon the other the responsibility for the disaster. It is difficult to see how a government which has been in power seven years and has appointed the principal officials in the North-West can succeed in saddling the responsibility for the delay in settling the Half-breeds' claims on other shoulders than its own. Yet the same thing might have happened whichever party had been in power. The places in the North-West would have been filled, under the inexorable law of party patronage, by the followers of the party camp, who would have thought first perhaps of making their own fortunes; secondly of setting up and working the party machine, and only in the last place of those administrative questions which are of the utmost importance to the young community, but upon which no votes depend. The appointments of Lieutenant-Governor Cauchon and Chief Justice Wood were not more conscientious than that of Governor Dewdney; nor did Lieutenant-Governor Cauchon refrain any more than Governor Dewdney has refrained

from using the opportunities afforded by his office for the purpose of private speculation: a practice which it is to be hoped, after this calamity, will be positively interdicted for the future. It was pretty clear that antagonism must arise between the interest of the nomad or hunter denizens of the prairie and that of agricultural civilization; and the first care of an administrator like Lawrence or a good military governor would have been to prevent that antagonism from leading to collision. But the Ottawa Government is not only partisan, and a slave to party necessities: it is too distant; its chiefs know too little of the North-West; they have to trust too much to local informants who are not always disinterested and trustworthy; appeal to them is often too slow and uncertain a process; their administration has engendered discontent among the settlers on the farms as well as among the Half-breeds. This disaster is full of political instruction; very likely it may be pregnant with political consequences. But for the present let us keep our hands off each other's throats and try to get the country out of its perils.

AMID the warlike preparations for the North-West the closing of the Legislature of Ontario was almost lost sight of. The close of the Session finds the Mowat Government as strongly entrenched behind its majority as before, the Opposition having made no visible progress towards its expulsion. Possibly the Redistribution Bill may be found to have strengthened it; but a mechanical change of boundaries, which has no inherent moral force, cannot be counted on as a source of permanent strength. The Opposition complains that the Government has not contented itself with the minimum of gerrymander; and if before the bill finally passed there was evidence of a design to secure favourable results for the Government in different constituencies by some of the new combinations, attempts to secure support in this way are apt to bring very uncertain results. The truth is that the Government was, in the absence of Redistribution, in no danger; and though it may gain by the new shuffle among the constituencies, the gain will not be great, and it is not certain which party the extension of the franchise will most assist. So long as the Opposition occupies the position of a political garrison liable to be called upon to do duty for the Ottawa Government it will make no headway. For an Ontario Opposition only one condition of success is possible: it must fight the battles of Ontario with a single eye to the interests of the Province, and in doing so it need not overstep the limits which the Constitution has prescribed. A keener-sighted leader of the Opposition than Mr. Meredith would find means of turning the alliance of the Government with Archbishop Lynch, from which it derives a portion of its strength, into an element of weakness. But this cannot be done by one in close alliance with the Ottawa Government, which depends, in Quebec, on the same source of strength that Mr. Mowat looks to for success in Ontario. An Opposition leader who looked exclusively to the interests of Ontario could do it and do it with effect.

THE *Montreal Herald* is grieved to find in THE WEEK an unaccountable proneness to make use of the false and misleading statements which are daily published by the *Globe* and other Grand Trunk organs for the malicious purpose of discrediting and embarrassing the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. Unaccountable, if it exists, the proneness undoubtedly is: for we can undertake to say that among those who have anything to do, directly or indirectly, with our editorials, there is not one who has, or can be imagined to have, an interest or a feeling of any kind adverse to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, or to anybody connected with it. Our readers will, we think, bear us witness that, while we are opposed to the policy of the Government and to the construction of the road, or certain portions of it, as a public enterprise, we have never lost sight of the distinction between the case of the Government and that of the company, or failed to do the company justice to the utmost of our power. Nor are we aware that our editorials have ever been cited as those of an ally by any Grand Trunk organ or by any journals hostile to the Syndicate. It is a mistake to assume that all who regard this second application for assistance with any misgiving or hesitation, must be libellers in the pay of the Grand Trunk, fraudulent stock-jobbers, traitors running down the country, or emissaries of Satan. It is a mistake to assume that personal character is assailed when the corporate acts of a company are called in question. It is a mistake to assume that the disposition to criticize and demur is confined to Grits, for in private it is manifested almost as much by Tories. As a matter of course the Opposition in Parliament and its organs attack, and without measure, that which is identified with the Government. Equally as a matter of course, and with a partisanship not less unmeasured, the Government and its organs uphold that which the Opposition and its organs assail. A journal which has no party ties must try to set forth the case fairly, as it ought to be seen

by the public. The Syndicate was introduced to the nation by the Prime Minister as a body of capitalists possessing resources which, when combined with the public grant, would be amply sufficient to execute the work. This expectation has been disappointed. After one measure of public aid, the work is again at a stand, and cannot proceed without further help from the country. Inevitably remarks are made, and while some of them may be the offspring of commercial rivalry or political animosity, there are others which have at least apparent force and cannot be disposed of satisfactorily by mere objurgation. One of them is, that resources morally pledged to the national road have been expended on other roads which are the private enterprises of the company. It cannot be denied that the company did morally pledge its resources to the national road. But, as we have said more than once, the expenditure on the eastern lines right or wrong, has gone on with the full cognizance of the Government and Parliament, and must be held to have received their tacit approbation. Another remark, not without apparent force, is that, our allusion to which has drawn upon us the rebuke of the *Montreal Herald*. It is said that the Directors, while they come to Parliament for help to carry on the road, are themselves drawing a dividend of twenty-four per cent. on the money paid by them for a great mass of the stock which is in their hands. Has this allegation been, or can it be, denied? If it is untrue, we are ready to express our regret that we should have been led to accept it as true. But it is not denied by the *Montreal Herald*, nor, so far as we have seen, has it been denied by any advocate of the C. P. R. Its truth is implied by the argument urged in justification, which is that, a previous lot or lots of stock having been taken by the same parties at a higher price, it was but fair to reduce the average cost of their purchase. We must confess that we fail to see the validity of this plea, especially when it is considered that the help now sought from the nation, if it makes the stock go up, will throw proportionate gains into the hands of the large holders. Nor is much difference made by the fact that a particular director has, as he avers, not gained or even lost by his connection with the road. But we have ourselves urged what seems to us a sounder plea—the pressing necessity which existed at the time for selling stock in order to obtain money for the prosecution of the work. If this defence is still something less than satisfactory, it shares that character with the general history of this enterprise. In discussing the case of the company we have always made due allowance for the extra speed of construction, and, when doubts were raised as to the quality of the work, we have expressed our conviction that the road was solidly and well built. Very malignant enemies to a petitioner they can hardly be who, while they scrutinize his case in the public interest, end by seconding his prayer. We second the prayer of the C. P. R. for further help on the broad ground that the national enterprise having been undertaken cannot be left unfinished. Perhaps our support, though independent and critical, may, within the range of our influence, be not less valuable than that of notorious organs or thoroughgoing partisans. Between the Government and the Company, let us once more say, there is a distinction of which we never lose sight. The enterprise, having been undertaken and having been prosecuted so far, must now be carried to completion, whatever the additional cost may be. When it has been completed, the time will come for calling the Government to account for their enormous and, as we fear it will prove, unprofitable expenditure of the earnings of the Canadian people.

LET the Scott Act organization be as strong and as victorious as it will, its mechanical force is a widely different thing from reason, and reason alone will make us alter our opinions. Yet with regard to a moral question, and knowing that many of the clergy, though not those of the Church of England, are against us, we are specially anxious that there should be no mistake as to the ground on which we stand. Drunkenness, we hope, is as hateful to us as to the loudest professor, and we are willing to concur in any movement or measure, not involving tyranny or iniquity, by which the vice can be diminished. Our objection to such measures as the Scott Act is that by them the vice, instead of being diminished, is practically increased. While they create a dangerous precedent of legislative interference with private habits, fill society with bitterness, set up an inquisition in every village, wreck great industries and occasion a heavy loss of revenue, their practical effects, as regards the question of temperance, are the universal substitution of ardent spirits, which being small in bulk can be easily smuggled, for milder beverages, and the transfer of the trade from responsible and regulated to unlicensed and unregulated hands. The proofs, the overwhelming proofs, of this have been published in our own country even by journals which, bending to the popular gale, now affect an ecstasy of joy over every victory of the Scott Act. Neal Dow himself complains that

Maine, where Prohibition in its most stringent form prevails, is full of low places in which ardent spirits, and ardent spirits we may be sure of the worst quality, are sold. From Iowa, Nova Scotia, from every prohibited or Scott Act district, testimonies to the same effect come in; nor does it appear that the introduction of these laws has at all decreased the manufacture of ardent spirits. From the very earliest times the use of stimulating and cheering beverages has been the universal habit of mankind. The fact is attested by the Hebrew records, by the Greek mythology, by those Vedic hymns which most authentically present to us the habits of man in his original seat; and if the use of fermented liquors is in itself a sin, all humanity, including Christ and his Apostles, has sinned till now. Is it likely that by the fiat of any legislator, a particular section of the race, in close communication with the rest, can be made suddenly to change that which has become a second nature and submit at once to total abstinence? You cannot extirpate the taste for stimulants by force; you may turn it into other channels and perhaps in doing so deprave it: you do deprave it when from beer and wine you drive men to ardent spirits; or possibly to opium. The minister or the philanthropist sipping his tea or coffee feels that he has done a very good work in cutting off from the labourer on the Pacific Railway his cup of beer; but, as we saw the other day, the labourer in place of his cup of beer is supplied by the smuggler with spirits which may truly be said to be poison. Dram-drinking is the real evil; whatever can be done to discourage it and promote the taste for milder beverages let us do, and with that let us be content. Moral influences have been working a happy change in the habits of our people: Prohibitionist journals themselves admit it; and those influences can only be weakened by an attempt suddenly to force upon the mass of the people an impracticable asceticism. Puritan experience has taught us that after a reign of Blue Law comes a revolt against morality.

At last we are at the end of the Conspiracy Case. Few dispassionate men doubt that it would have been far better had the Premier, when the case came to his knowledge, brought it at once before the House, and dealt with it as a question of privilege. Probably he is himself of that opinion by this time. He would in that way have gained all and more than all the party advantages which he could possibly have promised himself by the course which he has taken, and which has proved futile as well as intricate and expensive. If he had thought fit afterwards to bring in a Bill making an attempt to bribe members of the Legislature a penal offence for the future well and good: political crime is like other crime, capable of being as clearly defined for legal purposes, and certainly not less deserving of punishment. As to the main fact, however, no doubt can be entertained. The Opposition had just been putting forth its whole strength at a General Election in a deadlift effort to oust the Government, and had narrowly missed success. Some violent or interested partisans conceived the idea of securing by bribery the few votes requisite to turn the balance. Those members of the Ministerial Party who, by reputation or circumstances, seemed most open to corrupt approaches would of course be selected for the attempt; our belief in the fact, therefore, is not shaken by anything subsequently brought forward on the part of the defence to discredit the character of these men, with whom the defendants, by their own showing, chose to associate. A sum of money was voluntarily deposited in the hands of the Speaker by members of the Legislature who stated that it had been offered them as a bribe. That statement unquestionably was true. Cobwebs of ingenious hypothesis have of course been woven by the counsel for the defence, but common sense sweeps them away. An American lumberer, seeking for his own commercial ends to alter the policy of the Government with respect to timber limits, was drawn into the plot, for the sake of the money with which his purse was supposed to be filled. Whether the members approached, or any of them, dallied with corruption and peached only when they found that peaching would be more to their advantage than the acceptance of the bribe, is a matter of surmise and nothing more; their personal honour would have been better guarded had they indignantly repelled the tempter and brought the matter at once before the House; but it is fair to them to remark that in what appears to us the most questionable part of their conduct they acted with the privity and under the advice of the Attorney-General. It was hoped by the Government that the thread of the conspiracy might be traced up to Ottawa, and the Royal Commission, with an unbounded scope of inquiry, was apparently appointed for that purpose. But nothing was disclosed beyond the fact already patent that one of the persons implicated was a law agent of the Tory Party. It is but just to Sir David Macpherson to repeat that the document produced as connecting his name with the affair is totally devoid of any such significance. We have all deplored the stain brought upon the honour of the Province; it is redeemed only by the strict impartiality

with which the Chief Justice presided at the trial, and which reminds us of the happy fact that our judiciary is still sound.

WE had convinced ourselves that in the dispute between England and Russia the greater forces were on the side of peace; yet it was with trembling that we predicted that there would be no war. Cause of war there is really none, the spheres of the two Empires being perfectly distinct, and the Afghan boundary simply requiring to be traced. But the irritation on both sides and the violence of the English Jingoism were such that a rupture might have been forced upon the governments. It is easier to forgive soldiers, who naturally want to be fighting, and who at all events risk their own lives, than it is to forgive civilians and journalists who recklessly goad nations into war. There are people in England who are as crazy on the subject of Russian aggression as other people are about the influence of the Jesuits. Mr. David Urquhart, a man of no mean ability, had persuaded himself that Lord Palmerston, one of the most pronounced of Russophobes, was in secret an agent of Russia. The mass of the people are totally ignorant of the question and could hardly point out Turkestan or Afghanistan on the map; but they are worked up by the alarmists into the belief that the occupation of some petty town, perhaps in consequence of a Turcoman raid, is the signal for a cataclysm of Russian invasion in which, unless they immediately fly to arms, the British Empire in India and England herself will be lost. Nothing satisfies or quiets these people. If Russia accepts reasonable terms and concurs in a settlement, it is only because she has not yet built the railroad by which her perfidious legions are to advance; as though, if she had formed the supposed design, she would not have built the railroad before she raised the question at all. Had the Jingoism succeeded in bringing on war, all the dependencies of England must have been in peril. Russia would certainly have struck at British Columbia; probably, if her cruisers could have got to sea, she would have struck at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, and Canada would have atoned, by the ruin of her trade, for the folly of the Music Halls and of the panic-mongers by whom they are inspired. Unhappily the danger is not yet over for England or for the colonies which would be dragged with her into a ruinous conflict. The English people seem still bent on shutting out Russia from access to an open sea. To an open sea a great and growing Empire must and will force its way, and if England obstinately refuses to withdraw her opposition and welcome Russia to the Mediterranean as a friendly power, in the end there must be war.

OUR friends in England have the excitement about Imperial Confederation all to themselves; but there the agitation is still on foot. It seems to have been stimulated by the offers of military assistance from the colonies, though these are rather evidences in favour of the free-will system than proofs of the expediency of a formal and compulsory arrangement. Mr. Forster is the soul of the movement. It seems that when the spirit of aggrandizement enters the Quaker breast, the house is found swept and garnished. This passion for a vast military confederation is consistent with Mr. Forster's reprobation of the Government for holding back the hounds of war in the Soudan. Surely a strange spectacle is that of a more than mature statesman careering over the country and with burning eloquence pressing upon the acceptance of all Britons, as the condition of their political salvation, a plan which he protests at the same time that it would be ruinous to reveal. "Confederate or perish," cried the *Pall Mall Gazette* in a fine frenzy the other day. Unless it can be made known to us how and for what purposes we are to confederate, we shall certainly have to embrace the alternative, though it may be perdition in the *Pall Mall's* eyes. Trade, Mr. Forster is always saying, follows the flag. An advocate of independence might reply that he did not propose to change the flag otherwise than by the insertion of the Maple Leaf, and that it would continue to be the symbol of the filial connection. But the argument is a patent fallacy. If the colonies take more of British goods in proportion to their population than the United States, this is not because the Union Jack floats over them, but because being newer countries they manufacture less for themselves. Absence of native manufactures in like manner gives England good markets in South America, Turkey and China, though there is not only no identity of flag but the utmost diversity of character. Does Mr. Forster suppose that before a Canadian or an Australian buys a plough he asks under what jurisdiction it was made, or that the people of the colonies strive to adapt their tastes and their habits of expenditure to the industrial interests of the Mother Country? But it is futile to argue against a scheme which is still locked in Mr. Forster's breast. If he could only come to Canada now he would see how little response there is to his appeals and how remote Imperial questions such as those of the Soudan and the Afghan frontier appear to the

Canadian farmer and merchant. In the meantime Sir Hercules Robinson, a veteran Colonial Governor, has been slaying the slain by exposing once more the impracticability of a Council of Agents. The want of identity of interest among the independent and widely scattered colonies is the conclusive and insuperable objection which can only be repeated under different forms.

THE Conservatives in England, even if by unprincipled combinations they could compass the overthrow of the Government, are not enough united among themselves, nor have they a sufficiently definite policy, to enable them to hold power. The other day they had a meeting at the Carlton, called by Sir Stafford Northcote, to restore discipline. Instead of a restoration of discipline the result was the deposition of the leader. The ire of the Ultras and the Ulster Conservatives broke out, we are told, fiercely against the Redistribution Bill, to which, as a compromise, Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford committed the party. Lord Salisbury trying to allay the storm drew its fury on himself and was denounced for interfering as a Peer in the councils of the Commons. Mr. Bartley, lately the principal agent of the party, writes to the *Times*, that "the Conservative leaders are not in harmony and touch with the great body of Conservatives among the middle and working-classes." "Simple criticism, obstruction, mild platitudes and abuse," he says, will not suffice in these times. The leaders "must announce the firm, decided and patriotic policy which they would substitute for the feebleness of the Government." Otherwise, he thinks, they will not be joined by the quiet people who, calling themselves Liberals, are Conservatives at heart. But what is the firm, decided and patriotic policy to be? Jingoism? If it is, quiet people, instead of being attracted, will be repelled, as they were at the last General Election, when fear of Lord Beaconsfield's temerity brought them out by tens of thousands to vote against his Government. Tory-Radicalism of the Randolph Churchill brand? This is essentially a policy of violence, such as quiet people abhor, nor is it easy to see how either its Tory or its Radical element can appeal to the sympathies of those who are neither Tories nor Radicals, but moderate Liberals. Tory Radicalism is a fancy generated in the imagination of Disraeli by a misreading of history. It is true that Tory leaders, in the early part of last century, such as Bolingbroke and Sir William Windham, played the demagogue and advocated radical extensions of the suffrage: but their object was to bring about a revolution and overturn the Hanoverian dynasty. It is not the object of the Conservatives at present to make a revolution or overturn the dynasty: their interest is to keep things as quiet as possible, that they may collect their rents and escape socialistic confiscation; nor is it possible to assign any motive for radicalism on their part unless it be the elevation to office of Lord Randolph Churchill. Tory Radicalism seems in fact to mean going up in a political balloon with that adventurous nobleman. In Sir Michael Hicks Beach, if he is the man of their choice, they will have a leader unimpeachable in character, respectable in abilities and thoroughly second-rate. His "platitudes" are somewhat less mild than those of Sir Stafford Northcote, and the spirit of party is stronger in him. But many months are not likely to pass without a collision between his commonplace character and the soaring genius of Lord Randolph Churchill.

A NEW leaf has been happily turned in the political history of the United States by the retention of Mr. Pearson, the Postmaster of New York, who is a Republican but a good public servant, in his office notwithstanding his political opinions. The promise of better days held out by the election of Mr. Cleveland is thus being promptly fulfilled. Great of course is the wrath of all the Machinists and Corruptionists of the Democratic Party who thus find themselves disappointed of the booty for which, and for which alone, they fought. But equally great will be the gratitude of all the patriotic members of the party as well as of all other good citizens and of all who follow with an anxious and sympathizing eye the political progress of the United States. With a Democrat came in the villainous maxim "To the Victors belong the Spoils"; by a Democrat it is being expelled again, after a reign, fatal to public morality and the public service, of fifty years. Mr. Cleveland pledged himself to treat appointments as trusts and his pledge will evidently be redeemed. The good genius of the Republic triumphed when he entered the door of the White House. Of the two political banes of the Republic, the Spoils System and the quadrennial election of a President, one has received what it may be hoped will prove its deathblow. It is not without envy that we see such a man as Mr. Cleveland placed at the head of the neighbouring Republic and the Government under his auspices moving towards reform and purity, while we are ourselves moving in the opposite direction.

ENGLISH periodicals are just ceasing to be filled with essays on George Eliot, and we must own the cessation is a relief. Criticism in Johnson's day, though it was neither very deep nor very rich in sentiment, was genuine. Johnson's aim always is to help you to understand and appreciate the author. But of the criticism of these days a good deal is self-display. The pretended critic is simply trying to say the finest and the most out-of-the-way things. When you have read a dozen of these ambitious lucubrations weariness and perplexity are the result. You neither understand George Eliot better nor enjoy her more than you did before. It was inevitable that she should be compared with Jane Austen, and generally this has been done to the disparagement of the latter, whom it is said, probably with truth, that few now read. The two writers belong to totally different classes. Jane Austen is an artist pure and simple, as Shakespeare was on an incomparably grander scale. Like him she creates characters and sets them acting, that is all. She never preaches, directly or indirectly, never seeks to instil opinions of any kind; not Shakespeare himself is more thoroughly impersonal or more completely lost behind the offspring of his created fancy. George Eliot, under the guise of a novelist, is a great Agnostic teacher. Her readers are always living beneath the leaden sky and breathing the cold fog of her sceptical and cynical philosophy. She is always present in person; her characters are all laid upon the dissecting-table, while she stands over them with the dissecting-knife in her hand, explaining the anatomy of the human heart. In her later works she adopted the very language of science. Her plots are absolutely naught. Analysis of character, with elaborate painting of scenery and surroundings, is the whole of her art. Disappointment is generally expressed by the reviewers of her *Life*; but we cannot say that we share the feeling. We find what we expected; not the self-portraiture of an artist, but the self-analysis of a philosopher. It would not be surprising if fifty years hence she should be regarded not as a mistress of creative art, to be compared with Austen, Scott or Dickens, but as a preceptress of Agnosticism teaching through character-lessons, and at the same time, perhaps, as a herald of the transition from a literary to a scientific era.

TO OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

WE must once more appeal to the justice and courtesy of our contemporaries, when they do us the honour of extracting anything from our columns, to quote us, as we quote them, by the name of the journal, and not to give conjecturally the name of an individual writer. Their conjectures have in several cases been wrong.

RIEL'S SECOND REBELLION.

RIEL'S Rebellion was announced in 1869 (December 8) by the publication of a manifesto which, in the light of present events, may be regarded as the precursor of the "Bill of Rights" in which he recently made claims on the Ottawa Government on behalf of the Half-breeds and Indians of the North-West. The Manifesto of 1869 was signed by John Bruce, as President of the Provisional Government, and Louis Riel as Secretary. The ground taken in this revolutionary document was that the people of the North-West had been abandoned by their natural protector, the Hudson's Bay Company, in the sale of the territory to Canada, in which no account had been taken of the inhabitants; that this attempt to hand them over against their will to the dominion of a foreign power authorized the people to form a Government for themselves; that the Provisional Government was the only legitimate authority in the country, and it refused to recognize the authority of Canada, which it was pretended wished to impose a despotic Government on the North-West. The Provisional Government, however, feigned to have no desire to close the door to negotiations "for the aggrandisement of Canada and the prosperity of the North-West." But as the authors of the manifesto had taken forcible possession of Fort Garry, negotiation was really out of the question.

Of the lands purchased by the Government of Canada from the Hudson's Bay Company, one million four hundred thousand acres were set apart for the Half-breeds of Manitoba. Many of the recipients sold their lands for a trifle; some of them sold these lands several times over; and the *Minerve* is authority for the statement that the majority of the Half-breeds who received two hundred and forty acres each in Manitoba have since moved to the Saskatchewan, where they are now demanding a second allotment of lands. To the question whether they are justified in making this new claim, the *Minerve*, which has always evinced a strong sympathy for the Half-breeds, is obliged to give a negative answer. Those repeaters have taken a lesson from the bounty-jumpers, and it is obvious that if the operation may be repeated with official sanction, it may be repeated a dozen

times. Of all the personal claims in the "Bill of Rights" this, without explanation, has the appearance of being the strongest.

In his first revolt Riel rejected the aid of the Indians, whom he regarded as dangerous allies; this time he is bidding for their support. This difference of policy is at least significant. That he will succeed in inducing all the tribes to share his fortunes there need be very little fear, and the friendly tribes could, if it were deemed desirable, be induced to take up arms on behalf of the Government. In the Black Hawk War, the United States Government paid the Sioux a reward for the scalp of every Sauk and Fox Indian brought in. This practice, revolting as it is, was not new; in all previous Indian wars the whites had taken the scalps of the Indians whom they killed; the tariff of the Colonial Government of Massachusetts had varied all the way from £15 to £200 for each scalp. The practice is one which, let us hope, will never be adopted in Canada. An Indian war generally begins with the massacre of the settlers. During the Sioux War of 1862, between six and seven hundred settlers were massacred in Dakota, Minnesota and Iowa. For hundreds of miles the country was devastated and homesteads were destroyed, the tide of travel and settlement across the continent was checked, and the bison filled up the gap left by the retreating civilization. In the field ninety-three soldiers were killed and less than half (forty-two) that number of Indians.

This difference is accounted for by the mode in which the Indians fought. Better armed than the soldiers, accustomed to war to which the citizens, suddenly called to arms, were strangers, the Indians were confident of victory. Indians can find shelter behind which to fight where the white troops can find none. In the absence of hills, rocks, trees or fences, they glide among the prairie herbage like snakes, their heads covered with grass, and they never fire from the same spot twice. But while it is nearly impossible to discover where they are, they find means to ascertain the position of the enemy. Their custom is to send out about a dozen mounted scouts in a body, who from every hillock watch the movement of the troops and then hasten away with the information they have got. Against them cavalry armed with rifles are the most effective in the open country; shells serve best to dislodge them from a fringe of woods; a charge may drive them from a ravine in which there is not much shelter. It is a mistake to suppose that the aim of the Indian marksmen in war is invariably unerring; Indians have been known to fire a whole volley over the heads of the enemy. Good shots they undoubtedly are; but there are few things which the Indian does well that the white man with practice cannot do equally as well. Creeping in the prairie grass is one of the things in which the Indian is unrivalled. Indians fight to best advantage under the shelter of woods; in the open plain they are sometimes compelled to act in a body. In a battle between the Peagans and the Saleeshs, in 1812, about three hundred and fifty on each side, horses were used as scouts but not brought into action. The Peagans advanced cautiously to ascertain the strength of the opposing force before venturing on a general assault. They made slight attacks on one part of the line, holding the rest in check. After the greater part of the day had been spent in this way, a single line was formed, the men being about three feet apart. The advance was accompanied by singing and dancing. The Saleeshs now brought their whole force into line, but did not quit their vantage-ground, which consisted of a grassy ridge with a slope behind. When the Peagans had advanced within a hundred and fifty yards, the song and the dance ceased; the wild war whoop rent the air, and a forward rush was made. The onset was gallantly met; and victory perched on the banners of the Saleesh. Several were killed on both sides and a larger number wounded. Open fighting on the plains between equal numbers is, perhaps, not even now impossible.

Canada has violated no treaty engagements with the Indians, and given them no cause for war. When the Commission which is to inquire into the alleged grievances gets the names of the Half-breed claimants for lands on the Saskatchewan, the list will show, if they do not adopt the disguise of an *alias*, how many of them have already received allotments in Manitoba. Should more than half of them be found to be repeaters, one of the most vital-looking of the items in their Bill of Rights will be found to be largely fictitious. If these people were getting lands a second time, they would have small cause to object to the shape of the surveys. When the General Enclosure Act went into operation in England, no one was certain that he would get any portion of the land of which in the common field he had previously been in possession. The Commissioners grouped the several parcels held by each owner together, and did their best to make an equitable division, but a forced exchange of land was a common occurrence. Nothing more than this happened on the North Saskatchewan, where many of the Half-breeds had only the most dubious of squatters' rights. The Half-breed squatter, who intends to establish himself in good faith on the land, is the first link in the chain

which connects a mongrel race with civilization. The speculative repeater who claims a settler's right, either that he may sell it or keep a real settler out of a choice position, has no strong claim to prefer and is deserving of little encouragement.

CABIBONICCA.

DISCONTENT IN NOVA SCOTIA.—II.

It becomes necessary to look at the local affairs of Nova Scotia for a little to find added causes for discontent. While the rate of taxation has increased so enormously, and the burdens of the country have been so augmented, the resources of the Local Administration have actually declined. The total revenue of the Province as estimated in 1884 was \$541,754.42; of this amount only \$380,000 were derived from the Federal Treasury. Since this estimate was made an addition of about \$39,000 has been made to the revenue by the arrangement of last session. The Government of the Province has to provide \$200,000 for education, and \$120,000 for roads and bridges. The legislative expenses amount to \$38,000, and only a paltry sum is available for public works, civil government, the hospital for the insane, agriculture and other absolutely necessary services. So far has economy been carried that the Government of the Province has only three departmental officers, namely: Provincial Secretary, Attorney-General, and Commissioner of Public Works and Mines. They have the magnificent salary of \$2,000 each. The sessional indemnity to members of the Assembly is \$400, while the Ontario member with a slender session comfortably absorbs \$600. Everything has to be done on the meanest scale. The road and bridge service has so deteriorated under the niggardly grants of late years that the Government have found it necessary to borrow \$500,000 to rebuild the larger bridges of the Province, and this sum will have to be augmented to \$750,000 or \$1,000,000 very soon. The Province has exhausted every dollar it has available for railway encouragement, and yet it will have to borrow to find the subsidy for the Nictaux and Atlantic Railway now under construction. The western system is still incomplete, and the Island of Cape Breton has not yet a single mile of railway constructed for the accommodation of its people. Any encouragement given to railway construction hereafter in Nova Scotia means an addition to the Provincial Debt, and it is not difficult to comprehend what will be the consequence to our local exchequer if provision has to be made every year for a large item of interest.

While this is the actual state of affairs, Nova Scotians cannot but reflect upon their position if they had not entered the Confederacy. With a tariff of, not 30 or 35 per cent. which prevails now, but with a tariff of 18 per cent., the Province could have built a railway to every quarter of the Province, kept its roads and bridges in a splendid condition, subsidized and encouraged its coal and iron industries, instead of imposing a royalty upon them as has been done now for the purposes of local revenue. Halifax would have retained its supremacy as the centre of the West India trade and the chief importing emporium of the Lower Provinces. It is not easy to contemplate this possible condition with the actual with calmness. It is not encouraging to resort day by day to every shift to make the annual accounts square—to be afraid to provide for the actual necessities of the Province for fear of the horrible bugbear of debt, when one knows that if the Province had control of her own resources no service should want for anything. The Legislature of Nova Scotia, by unanimous vote of both branches, has asked the Federal Government for a larger allowance—for "Better Terms"—and so far the application has received no reply. It is in view of all that has been stated that Mr. Fraser has presented his resolution to the Assembly.

A few things more must be added before the whole case can be judged fairly. It is alleged that the people of Nova Scotia, in common with the other Provinces, voted for the National Policy in 1879. This is true and unanswerable so far as it goes. But no increase was contemplated, and the people generally were driven to desperation. The National Policy was captivating. It promised to help everybody, and multitudes were blinded and deceived. It is next alleged that in 1882, after three years trial, the people of Nova Scotia re-affirmed the National Policy at the General Election. This is a hard fact to explain away, and has worried many a Repealer. But things are not always what they seem upon the surface. The year 1882 was one of unusual prosperity. The crops had been very large in 1881 and the markets abroad uncommonly good. People were feeling very comfortable. It was declared that the object of the election was to satisfy the capitalists of the world that Canada was in earnest about this trade policy, and if it was well endorsed millions were ready to flow into the country. In spite of these specious influences there was a great falling-off in the support given to the National Policy in Nova Scotia. But still another very important fact must be kept in mind:

the contest in 1882 was simply between Liberal and Tory, whereas there is a large section of Nova Scotians who recognize very little difference between the two. They are hostile to the Union, and care as little for one party as another. If it is a choice between Sir John Macdonald and Mr. Blake, some will choose one and some the other, but all would combine to be rid of the rule of both; therefore the result of the elections of 1882 does not prove that dissatisfaction with Confederation is confined to a minority of the people. But since 1882 the people have had many bitter experiences, and he would be a dull observer who did not discover a change of sentiment that will make itself abundantly manifest at the first legitimate opportunity.

Next must be considered the objection that much of what has been said in this and a former article is sectional in its tone, and inconsistent with a patriotic desire to build up a great country and the common endeavours of the various Provinces of British North America. We have heard beautiful songs sung in commemoration of the destiny of this "Canada of ours." Noble-minded men have devoted their best thoughts and their finest efforts towards the development of the idea of a great and prosperous Canada. God forbid that I should say one word to dampen the fervour of such high aspirations! It is not agreeable to dispel pleasant fancies. Nor is it an enviable task to destroy a fabric which has been woven amid bright hopes and with fond anticipations. Sectionalism is always abnoxious and distasteful to a man of broad and liberal ideas. We are already talking of larger horizons and wider spheres of action. Imperial Federation is on the tongues of our highest public men. The "ultimate destiny" thought is beginning to permeate the minds of the most intelligent and thoughtful of our people. Is this a moment for obtruding paltry sectional affairs, and talking of a dismemberment of the Union? Aye; but we must look the truth in the face, though the eyeballs be seared. In nation-building we must adhere to fact, though ten thousand theories go sprawling and a myriad of dreams are dispelled in an instant.

It may be that the existing discontent in Nova Scotia is but a temporary outburst of people not loyal to the Confederation and not actuated by patriotic impulses. But is not sufficient already apparent to cast a doubt upon the success of the Dominion in its present geographical position? The Maritime Provinces would be happy under Confederation if they had the New England States annexed to them; Ontario would be happy if New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois and Michigan were added to its boundaries; Manitoba would be contented as long as her frontier embraced the Western States at the south, and British Columbia would be tolerably comfortable if allied with California. But between British Columbia and Ontario there can never be but a nominal union, and between Ontario and the Maritime Provinces the only union possible is a mere political connection. These are grave problems and will have to be duly considered. The relations of the several Provinces with the Federal Government and with each other is no more cordial, no more promising, than it was ten years ago. There is a feeling of unrest abroad, and it is safe to say that a very considerable number of Nova Scotians are not contented with Confederation nor gratified with its results.

NOVA SCOTIAN.

MR. EDGAR ON LOYALTY.

WE must plead guilty to a culpable omission in not having before noticed the Address on Loyalty delivered by Mr. Edgar to the Toronto Young Men's Liberal Club. But the delay, as it happens, has provided us with the most conclusive of all answers to Sir Charles Tupper's courtly assertion that no one who was in favour of Independence would have a chance of being elected to the Parliament of Canada. In favour of any violent rupture or sudden change Mr. Edgar, M.P., is not; in favour of ultimate Independence, if his words have a meaning, he certainly is.

If we wish to fix our idea of Loyalty we had better employ the historical method which has been solving so many enigmas both political and legal. The original meaning of the word evidently was not devotion to the person of a king but fidelity to a law or obligation. The law or obligation was that which bound those who were parties to the feudal compact; not the vassal only but the lord or suzerain as well, and though it was in a certain sense personal, it was very far from implying that blind and boundless devotion to a person which it came to signify among the courtiers of the Stuarts or the sinecurists of George III. In the feudal era, if the vassal deemed the compact broken on the part of his lord, even though his lord might wear a crown, he renounced fealty and drew his sword. Before the battle of Leves the insurgent Barons of England sent a formal renunciation of fealty, or defiance, to Henry III. Nor could anything be less like romantic devotion than the conduct of the great vassals to the suzerain in France, the native land both of the institution and of the name. Slavish

reverence for a monarch was as far as possible from being characteristic of feudal times. Loyalty in this its later sense is the child of that era of absolute monarchy which followed upon the downfall of the feudal aristocracies throughout Europe. It had its source largely in the union of a religious character, or that of a protector of the Church, with secular autocracy, in the person of the monarch. It was the congener, in fact, of Divine Right. In England the great preachers of loyalty were the Bishops; one of whom is reported to have said that his only reason for preferring the Church of England to that of Rome was that there was a grain more of loyalty in the Church of England. There was a grain, indeed there were several grains, more of loyalty in the Anglican Church for the obvious reason that she was more entirely dependent on the Crown for the possession of her endowments and for protection against Dissenters than the Church which was unconnected with nationality and had a spiritual chief in the Pope. The loyalty thus generated was eminently a party virtue, and like other party virtues was far from fastidious as to the general character of the breasts in which it took up its abode. Scroggs, Jeffreys and Tyrconnell were fully as loyal as Sir Jacob Astley or Sir Beville Grenville, and much more loyal than Falkland and Southampton. If a Tory could call patriotism the last refuge of a scoundrel, a Whig might have said the same of loyalty with an equal degree of justice. Incendiaries are always patriots and place-hunters are always loyal.

The term has now been extended so as to include passionate attachment to any institution, and is found highly convenient by the defenders of institutions which, having had their day, will bear the test of reason no longer. When change cannot be proved inexpedient the best course is to protest that it would be criminal. Among ourselves it is a special form of connection between the colonies and the government of the Mother Country that loyalty is invoked to guard from alteration or free discussion. This is the subject with which Mr. Edgar deals, and he deals with it in a manly way, and at the same time with proper feeling. He shows the real position of the Crown, which has been reduced to a mere name, and as a mere name is treated by those who do it less service and bend the official knee before it. He draws the line between genuine attachment to the Mother Country and that "whining loyalty," the protestations of which he truly says are despised by the English people themselves. In truth the Londoner regards ecstatic prostration before the symbols of monarchy much as a native of Rome regards ecstatic prostration before the Pope. No great nature, be it that of a man or that of a nation, is ever false to a tie of affection; and if the sons of England could forget their mother they would be the most ignoble of mankind. For she has been and still is great, not only as Rome was great, in arms and legislation, but as Rome was not, or was only in a far inferior degree, in all that constitutes a moral civilization and concerns the highest life of man. If the sun of British Empire were to set to-morrow the brightness of a British glory which knows no setting would continue to fill the sky. The greater the communities which have sprung from England themselves become, the prouder they will be of their parent; the more they will cherish their connection with her; the more they will feel their debt to her; the greater will be their desire to perform to her every office of filial kindness, and if her power declines, as decline in the course of nature it must, to protect with their growing strength the ancestral hearth of Anglo-Saxon civilization. This is the genuine, disinterested loyalty of the colonist, and, so far from being inconsistent with the ambition of attaining a full measure of self-government, it finds natural expression in the generous effort to reproduce under other skies the undiminished majesty of British freedom. It is travestied by the "whining loyalty," the hollow professions, the pick-thank offers of aspirants to titles or to the patronage of London society, of busy frequenters of Downing Street and the financial adventurers operating on the British market. The sight of the "whining loyalty," not of the genuine sentiment, it is that makes British writers on the colonies constantly insult us as they do by proposing to rivet our affections to England with a more liberal distribution of knight-hoods and a seat or two in the House of Lords. Affection needs no such riveting, and the thing which can be so riveted is not affection.

ENGLISH LETTER.

CHESTER, March 15th, 1885.

It is not often that two such pieces of home news come to us in one morning as those which have reached us to-day in the London papers. I refer to the meeting of the Conservative M.P.'s at the Carlton Club, and the resolution of the Dublin Town Council on the approaching visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Ireland. To take them in this order: Your readers will probably have noted—and I trust with pleasure and approval—the new departure in our Parliamentary practices which was

made in the Christmas recess. Nine months of bitter partisan strife, more humiliating and hopeless to lookers-on than any I can remember, had brought parties to what looked very like a dead-lock on the Reform Question, while it was also perfectly clear that there was no longer any difference in principle between the two sides of the House. We were threatened with a bitter faction-fight in which constitutional changes would have been involved which no sane politician would wish to approach except in the calmest and most judicial frame of mind. At this crisis the leaders of the two parties had the good sense to meet and talk the matter over, and the cloud cleared away in forty-eight hours. The Government laid their Seats Bill frankly before Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote. There was a little give and take between them, resulting in an agreement on all vital points. On this understanding the Bill was allowed to go into Committee almost without discussion, and we (outsiders) all hoped that we might hear very little more of it before the third reading. We reckoned sadly without our host. On division after division on the clauses larger sections of the rank and file of the Conservatives broke away from their leader, and voted against the Government. Of course no man of honour could allow this to go on, and hence the meeting at the Carlton, presided over by Sir S. Northcote, and which Lord Salisbury attended. The discussion it seems was long and animated, but Lord Salisbury accepted an equal responsibility with his colleague for the arrangement, and both of them clearly gave their followers to understand that they must accept loyally what had been done or find other leaders. The result was an unanimous resolution to support all the provisions of the Bill which in Sir S. Northcote's judgment are essential to the agreement come to with the Government.

The result was good for the moment, but it is impossible to hope that it foreshadows anything like a revival of healthy political life even on the old lines; indeed it is hard to see how healthy life can possibly come back into the Conservative Party. For within forty-eight hours there are already fresh signs of revolt against Sir S. Northcote, and another lieutenant of Lord Beaconsfield's, Sir M. Hicks Beach, seems to be preparing to bid for the leadership. It is impossible to convey to your readers the dismay and hopelessness which such a possibility awakens in the minds of those who are outside party. Sir M. Hicks Beach is one of the thinnest and driest of partisans, who in more than twenty years of public life has shown no force of any kind either in leadership or administration. His bid can come to nothing except possibly to strengthen the hands of the most mischievous of all the sections of the House of Commons (except of course the Parnellites), the Tory Democrats below the gangway. That they should ever come to the front of the stolid country party seems incredible, but in a mad world what may not happen? If one could only hope that the end of Government by Party were really coming, one might be glad to see chaos and black night closing over the Tory host. The worst of it is that there is no sign of any light and leading of the right kind coming up amongst the squires. Not a man in their ranks seems aware of the crisis at which we have arrived, only "Felix Parvulus" and "Felicissimus Zero," brandishing their mandibles and thrusting themselves forward at St. Stephen's and on the platforms, and the squires "loving to have it so." "What we shall have in the end thereof" is a thought which must be very seriously occupying many minds. I wish there were anything very cheerful to report on the other side. For myself, I think the Government has a good case, and has held as straight a course through the stormy waves of faction raging round them in Parliament and the press as any set of men likely to come to the front under present conditions can be expected to do. But the Liberal factions are very little better than the Tory, except that they are led by able men who are less dangerous than the stupid. Otherwise I should say that on the Liberal side there has risen a sign of even more baleful omen than on the other. It has always been an almost sacred rule (so far as outsiders can judge of such high party matters) that members of a Cabinet should be thoroughly loyal to the policy of the Government on all important questions. They may disagree and fight hard in Downing Street to carry their own views, but when once the Cabinet policy has been settled and declared every member is bound in honour to stand by it, and if challenged to defend it. If he cannot do this conscientiously he has the easy remedy in his own hands of resigning.

But this rule, wholesome and even necessary as it is, has been openly set at naught by a Cabinet Minister; and yet no one seems to think it a serious matter. The policy of the present Cabinet on Reform has been embodied in a bill which has just become law, while they have in preparation a Land Bill on well-known lines, and their views on taxation have been authoritatively declared again and again. And yet when a most critical session is just opening, in which all these subjects will be mooted, Mr. Chamberlain takes the opportunity of declaring in a public speech that

for his part he desires far more sweeping changes in the franchise and land legislation, and favours a graduated scale of taxation which shall make rich men, and landlords, in particular, pay in proportion to the benefits and protection they receive from the State. Now there are plenty of Radicals ready and eager to advocate each and all of these changes, which are perfectly open and fair subjects for debate; so that the almost irresistible conclusion when they are raised by a Cabinet Minister is, that he values loyalty to present colleagues less than the chances of forestalling them in the struggle for party leadership which cannot be far off. The party system, like the uncontrolled competition in trade, is in short getting to a point in England at which all healthy public life will be impossible, and the business of ruling the nation will be left to be fought for by Cleon and the sausage-seller. Possibly, however, it may not be an unhopeful sign for the near future that so many of our best public men are out of touch with party, such as the Duke of Argyll and Lord Ripon in the Lords, and Messrs. Forster, Goschen and Courtney in the Commons.

I have left myself little space for comment on the second sign of the times alluded to above—the manifesto of the Dublin Town Council. Indeed there is not much to be said about it, though the experiment is a very interesting one to watch. It can scarcely be doubted that at one time the loyalty of Ireland might have been gained if that country had been treated as Scotland has been by the Queen and her family. Is it too late now? Evidently the Ministers think not, and Lord Spencer is not a man to advise playing such a card unless he thinks there is at least a fair chance of winning with it. That the Parnellites are alarmed is clear from the preposterous manifesto against the proposed visit, as a wily device of "the enemies and oppressors of our country," put forth by Mr. Sexton with the avowed approval of his leader. Nevertheless I am not sanguine. The Irish character seems to have so hardened and soured during the last few years that there is no fuel left to be fired by touch with royalty. However if the effort is meant to be steadily maintained in spite of any adverse symptoms which may attend the present first experiment, it will be well worth making for the sake of the royalties themselves. An English king's duties in these coming days must include a goodmany which cannot fail to be disagreeable. It seems as though the Prince of Wales had made this discovery for himself—for no one about him, I fear, is likely to have told it him—and were beginning to look out for work in Whitechapel and elsewhere of a very different character and significance from presiding at Masonic banquets and laying first stones. This visit to Ireland may be another sign of this awakening, and if so is of big significance. For say what we please about the practical extinction of the power of the throne, there is no doubt, to my mind, that there are still immense potentialities behind it. For instance, I believe that if the Prince of Wales has his heart in having the poor in London and other great towns properly housed, and is not merely giving his name to the movement for a figure-head, the work will be done right away instead of struggling on for a generation. But the subject is too large a one to raise at the end of a letter.

THOMAS HUGHES.

THE RIEL OUTBREAK.

CALGARY, ALBERTA.

At Calgary, in the District of Alberta, one may take a prejudiced view of rebellions from being too nigh them for correct observation. Our Police have just left us to fight the rebel Riel; the Blackfeet, Crees and Sarcees around us are casting insolent glances of admiration at our household gods, and the long-haired half-breeds walk through the settlement with haughtier step now that their brethren are rising and the frontier towns are left without protection. And yet, where we might be supposed to be fearful, we are laughing; and, in spite of antecedents and present activity, we hold Riel to be the most blameless rebel in the territories.

This Half-breed rising is not, in the first place, at his instigation. It has been gathering for ten years, and it has gathered from the same sources as in the Red River trouble. When Riel was summoned from Montana in August last by his Half-breed compatriots, he betook himself to the French Half-breed settlements lying around and between Edmonton and Prince Albert. He did not go haphazard, or because he was tired of Montana. He went there because able and representative Half-breeds from these territories had gone to Montana to pray him to come. "We are in trouble," they said, and whatever else may be said of Riel, it cannot be denied that he is a loyal Half-breed. There was also another reason. After the Red River Rebellion was over and the Half-breeds dispersed the old leaders left Manitoba and went west. They settled in what we call the "north country." To settlers along the railway line the "north country" means chiefly the country the first Canadian Pacific Railway would have traversed, if it had passed through Battleford, Edmonton and the Yellowhead Pass as originally intended, instead of through Moosejaw, Medicine Hat, Calgary and the Bow River Pass, as it actually does. In rough terms, it is the parallel line three hundred miles north of the rail-

way. It was along this line that the Half-breeds settled in the Saskatchewan country. Some left Manitoba before the Rebellion, more during it, others after. So many of them were there that that country is more populous to-day than the railway belt will be for years to come. There are farms along the Saskatchewan River to-day that have been under crop for twenty seasons. There are French Half-breed settlements and homesteads there handed down from father to son since 1864. Their history is for the most part like the history of some of the small villages below Quebec—just as primitive, as priest-marked, as sorrowful; telling only of struggles from the earliest days, and presenting a scene of struggle and poverty still.

Then came the influx of 1867, 1869, 1870 and the following years. Edmonton, Battleford, Prince Albert, Fort Pitt, and innumerable French Half-breed villages sprang up in that country into thriving centres. Missions were established, churches built, and for all the world it was like a bit of French Canada transplanted to the rich Saskatchewan Valley.

It was into this rich and populous country that Riel was invited last Autumn. Invited because the Half-breeds and Indians had got tired of Government promises and the Indian Commissioner's excuses. They had been sending deputations to Ottawa and Regina for many years; but it was the Hudson's Bay Company got the loaves and fishes, while they got nothing but paltry words. It is a mistake to suppose that the rising is factious and sudden. It is the growth of years, and the rebels are in the main right in their demands. It is an agrarian trouble pure and simple, and Riel leads it because he was successful in 1870 in obtaining their lands for the Manitoba Half-breeds; and the Saskatchewan and North Alberta Half-breeds think that, if they go through the same course under his leadership, they will obtain the same reward; for it is a melancholy fact that governments never reward anybody but rebels, and give gifts only to footpads. When Riel arrived there he met accordingly many old friends. He met old members of his former Provisional Government at Winnipeg, and ancient brothers in arms. There were Fathers Richot and Lestanc, who were at the Red River rising. There was Lepine, who was condemned to death by the Government and then respited. There were Louis Schmidt, and Nolan, and Thomas Scollen, and Villeneuve, all well-known names in 1870. Besides these there were many others who served in 1869 and '70, and some of whom were members of the tribunal which sentenced Scott.

With their aid he spent the winter in getting to the bottom of their complaints and troubles, and he found that in the main the story was somewhat like this: The North-West Territories belonged originally to the Indians and such as had married into Indian families, viz.: the Half-breeds. The territories never belonged to the Hudson's Bay Company. All this was recognized by the Canadian Government in 1870 when the Manitoba Act for extinguishing the Half-breed title to the lands was passed. By this Act the Half-breeds of Manitoba were granted one million four hundred thousand acres of public land, at the rate of four hundred acres to each Half-breed and two hundred and forty acres to each Half-breed child born before Manitoba entered into Confederation. Other provisions were made at that time for the Half-breeds, such as that certain titles by occupancy should be confirmed by the Crown, and so forth. For fourteen years the Half-breeds outside Manitoba have been trying to obtain from the Canadian Government the same rights and titles to their lands as are enjoyed by their brethren in Manitoba. The Government has promised them these rights and titles again and again, but the promise has never been kept. It is true, however, that the Hudson's Bay Company, for their supposed property in the territories, obtained a large money and land grant. If the Hudson's Bay Company could obtain such a magnificent grant, why is it that the Half-breed and Indian claims are ignored? What they demand then is, for the Half-breeds, the same terms as were granted the Half-breeds of Manitoba; for the Indians, better terms.

This is a summary of the demands which the Half-breeds under Riel are now making of the Government. It is true that a rising has occurred, that Carlton has been seized, the telegraph wires between Prince Albert and Humboldt cut, and Her Majesty's mails stopped. By rights the white settlers ought to be in a paralysis of terror on account of both the Half-breeds and the Indians; but if we may judge from the attitude of the settlers at Calgary, the only fear is that, while the Mounted Police are away hunting after those poor Half-breeds, some Montana horse-thieves may come in and drive off the cattle. In that case there will be a wholesale hanging of horse-thieves somewhere, which would be a pity for the reputation of the country and perhaps retard immigration. In fact the whole country sympathizes with the rebels. It believes the Half-breed claims are just, that the Indians of the north are badly fed and badly treated, and that Riel, with singular courage and clear-headedness, is taking the only steps possible to obtain a recognition from a Canadian Government of these facts.

The Indians of the north are treated very differently from those in Manitoba, in the railway belt, and between the railway and the Boundary. There is one reserve near Edmonton where, on a certain occasion, sixteen ploughs were promised the Indians, and horses to draw them. The fulfilment was one plough, and the Indians harnessed themselves to it to plough their land. Cattle and seed and implements have been promised and never given. To no Indians in the territories are such necessaries as tea and tobacco given. Where do the Indians get them? They sell their women of course and propagate disease both amongst themselves and the whites. Yet these are the lands we, the white settlers, are living on now! The difference between their treatment and that of the Hudson's Bay Company is the difference between the justice they desire and the justice they get.

The location of the present disturbance is some two hundred miles north of the railway line, and four hundred miles east of Edmonton, which, as everyone knows, is in the northern part of Alberta and not very far from the Rocky Mountains. In that section of the country the telegraph lines from

Battleford and Prince Albert run down to Humboldt, and from thence in a single line to Qu'Appelle, which is on the railroad. These three pieces form a Y, with Qu'Appelle at the base, Humboldt at the junction, and Battleford and Prince Albert at the north-west and north-east corners of the Y respectively. Riel's plans for the present are evidently to put the Prince Albert country into a state of siege and make that town his headquarters. At this time of writing no further information of the movement has reached this section of the country. It is believed here that the movement will be a serious one, but no one believes that the rebels will commit bloodshed until attacked. It is supposed of course that if the movement is attended at first with success, there may be an Indian raid. But the Indians are so thoroughly despised in this part of the country that the settlements rather enjoy the prospect. Besides, even an Indian must eat, and if the issue of rations was stopped to-morrow, where would these people be next week?

It is with some feelings of regret one contemplates that, in resorting to rebellion, the Half-breeds are perhaps taking only necessary steps to secure their rights. In these cases one cannot blame any particular government, where all the Canadian Governments have been similarly negligent. One may, however, blame Indian agents and commissioners, who are more desirous of currying favour by showing themselves economical than of being economical by making just demands on behalf of their charges. So one may blame the variety of land inspectors and agents, who represent that they have satisfied the Half-breed claims of a kingdom where they have apportioned a few acres to a village. In truth, however, Indian and Land agents are very small fish to charge a rebellion upon, and yet it is these minnows who represent these territories at Ottawa; for will any man suppose that if the territories had had parliamentary representation, any rebellion would have occurred?

C.

HERE AND THERE.

THE courts have decided in favour of the Federal and Quebec Governments and against the unfortunate depositors in the Exchange Bank. If ever there was a censurable abuse of Government privilege, it was when the directors of this bank obtained national and provincial funds to prop their collapsing fortunes. Now it proves that the money lent to reassure public confidence, at a time when the National Policy was proving its banefulness in the embarrassments of the cotton trade, was lent without the slightest risk on the part of Ottawa and Quebec. As usual when a bank fails and its shareholders and creditors suffer, there is the outcry, How could the sworn statements furnished the Government from month to month have been true? Very easily, and yet the bank could be hopelessly rotten. For example, let us take the category of past-due bills—all that the manager had to do when the dread end of the month approached was to take an unpaid note signed by Mr. Ready-to-halt, for say \$100,000, and renew it. The amount would at once be transferred to "bills discounted." When Mr. Ready-to-halt did halt, what more could the manager or board do than express surprise? This case marks the core of the fallacy in trusting to sworn statements sent to Government. Judgment of credit is the supreme faculty of banking, and the totals of bills discounted may be found all right by an auditor; but how can he or an Ottawa official decide the critical question of the value of these bills? Just so with insurance; its Government inspector compiles interesting statistics; but how can he or his staff pass an opinion upon the quality of risks accepted by companies? Yet that quality it is which decides the value of the shareholders' investment and of insurers' security. Plainly business cannot be rid of the liability to loss. Investors cannot divest themselves of the necessity of looking after their property. Any attempt to shift the burdens of ownership and control to the shoulders of Government officials can only result in costly disappointment.

THE spectacle presented by the daily press in purveying "news" of the North-West trouble is one which doubtless provides a mighty fund of amusement to onlookers; certainly it is one in which dignity is conspicuous by its absence. The world has been wont to think of the Anglo-Saxon as being usually possessed of considerable *sang froid*, not to say phlegm; but the races, amongst other modifications, seems to have resigned all claims to these characteristics since transplanting. Several unlovable creations have followed in the wake of modern journalism, not the least objectionable being the "enterprising alarmist," a gentleman not unknown in England. But the veriest Jingo sensationalist—even the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which has of late been a general object of derision in the Mother Land—is a model of *insouciance* as compared with our great Canadian dailies. For several days there has been absolutely no news of importance from the seat of disaffection; yet from hour to hour have been spun out the most ludicrous screeds "signifying nothing." The industrious authors of this rubbish appear to have in some measure taken for their model a Chicago publication which lays claim to super-excellence on the ground that it prints in each issue more words than other hebdomadal contemporaries. A discouraging feature about the phenomenon is that this stuff—these "special telegrams" concocted on King Street—are read with avidity by large numbers of credulous people. Every man of right feeling respects and sympathizes with the anxiety of those whose relatives have bravely gone forth to maintain law and order; but the real friends of both are certainly not the writers who for the mere pleasure of a "scoop" circulate and originate hysterical accounts of imaginary and impossible incidents.

ANOTHER startling example of journalistic enterprise was a full-page illustration, given by a Toronto publishing firm, of a fight at Duck Lake,

in which police, civilians and rebels are depicted as cutting and slashing each other at close quarters, the very horses breathing dire threats, whereas the combatants were at no time during the *mêlée* within four hundred yards of each other. *C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas—Duck Lake.*

WHATEVER may be said about their other arguments, the Sabbatarians are wholly wrong in objecting to Sunday papers on the grounds that their publication entails a large amount of Sunday labour. The work of compositors and pressmen must necessarily be completed soon after midnight, and, except in extraordinary cases, the obnoxious edition is simply one containing news collected too late for distribution on Saturday. The boys who cater to the convenience of the public by retailing Sunday papers are, no doubt, a soul-disturbing element to church-goers; but their salvation cannot be much more imperilled thereby than is the eternal welfare of domestics who prepare dinners for good church-folk. A movement to suppress Monday morning papers on the ground that the mechanical work in connection with them is principally done on Sunday would be much more logical, since not only do the printers go to work at five or six o'clock on Sunday evenings, but the news-gatherers are on duty all day.

THE continued success which attends performances of "Michael Strogoff" is phenomenal. The very excellent company which has played to big houses in Toronto during the past week must long ago have wearied of the piece, despite its "go." Mr. Haswin, however, who plays the leading part, is not only a painstaking actor, but he is also an enthusiast, and, in common with other successful players, so thoroughly identifies himself with his part as to escape much of the monotony which is felt by less devoted performers *en tour* with a star production. Will the energetic manager be able to give us any Opera before the closing of the Winter Season?

MR. HENRY VILLARD whilst president of the Northern Pacific Railway Company conceived an idea worthy a commercial Solon. He instituted a careful scientific research into the resources of the country tributary to his line. Mr. Rafael Pumpelly, of Newport, R.I., an eminent naturalist, was placed at the head of a corps of explorers who were to examine their territory with respect to matters of interest to an emigrant. The details of soil and climate, the facilities for irrigation when necessary, deposits of minerals and building materials, the extent of forests and streams, were among the data sought by the examination. Mr. Villard's wish was to place in the hands of an enquirer all the information needed in his selection of a new home. A wheat-raiser, ranche-man, fruit-grower, miner or mechanic was to be directed on the best authority to the most promising fields for his toil. Mr. Villard's failure interrupted the most intelligent colonizing scheme ever attempted, but the expenditure of a comparatively small sum would put the Northern Pacific Line in possession of an inestimable guide to the thousands who every year are seeking homes in its territory. Perhaps Mr. Villard's plan may commend itself to the Canadian Pacific authorities.

NEVER before in the world's history, perhaps, were the prime necessities of life so cheap as now. Bread, clothes, coal, bricks, are to-day to be had, perhaps, for a smaller effort of labour than since the time when sowing and reaping, toiling and mowing first began. Chicago, Milwaukee and other cities have warehouses bursting with grain. New York is suffering—so its merchants say—from a surplus of dry-goods and wet-goods, and all kinds of goods. Yet with all this plethora in the hands of those who have, the winter just past has been one of untold suffering among the poor. Throughout the Northern cities of the Union one may have seen in cold weather thousands of cowering wretches in sore need of the bread and clothing with which the warehouses were "glutted." Science has done wonderful work as applied to produce wealth; tasks quite as important await it in discovering how with justice the problem of distribution may be solved and want cease its ominous stare at plenty. Not America alone, but the nations of Europe find this problem pressing. Envy of Great Britain's colonial trade prompts France and Germany to plant colonies in Africa and in the Southern Seas. Vast populations at home could become customers of manufacturers if economic science were applicable to directing their labour, and if social and political justice could prevent the excessive accumulations of wealth, won so largely at the cost of vast deprivation to the needy.

IN many branches of manufacture in the United States the cost of production has been reduced so much that were its war-tariff abolished the Republic would flood Europe with cottons, the cheaper sort of woollens, and light machinery. Besides its supreme advantage in raising its own breadstuffs and raw materials of manufacture, it enjoys an immeasurable blessing in freedom from the cost of a standing army. Perhaps the time is coming when the peaceful American Republic shall by stress of commercial competition oblige the nations of Europe to lay down their arms.

SOME curiosity has been aroused in the colonies, we read, by a report that Mr. Froude's visit was not one of mere curiosity, but that he had come to fulfil an official mission, and as Mr. Froude is no stranger to work of the kind, having, it will be remembered, been sent to the Cape some ten years ago by the then Secretary of State, Earl Carnarvon, to investigate the circumstances connected with the Kaffir insurrection, there was really nothing wild or extravagant in the surmise of the Australians. In a conversation with a Melbourne reporter, however, Mr. Froude contradicted

the rumour. "I have," he said "no official mission. The fact is, I have long wished to see the colonies. . . . I am getting an old man now, and I resolved to take the present opportunity of seeing Australia. I am just drifting about with my son, who has recently taken his degree at Oxford. My visit is simply one of pleasure." In speaking with reference to the suggested representation of the colonies in the Imperial Parliament, Mr. Froude "put his foot in it." After suggesting that experienced statesmen nominated by the Governors of the colonies or elected would be able to speak with gravity on Australian subjects, and would have great influence "at home," he added: "But if all the Agents-General were the class of men he had met with they would not do." This expression of opinion caused something like a shock in the community. "I did not," says Mr. Froude, who really seems sorry that he has innocently caused such a commotion, "know that so much weight would be attached to my words, or that they would be printed. I simply meant to say that the Agents-General were very able men for the purposes for which they are appointed, but those that I have seen do not strike me as having the capacities of a statesman whose words will command grave and weighty consideration."

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed: EDITOR OF THE WEEK
5 Jordan Street, Toronto.

Contributors who desire their MS. returned, if not accepted, must enclose stamp for that purpose.

W. H. and A. B. C.—Letters on "The Senate" and "The Morality of Prohibition" are unavoidably crowded out, but shall appear in our next.

AN ENGLISH OFFICER ON THE SOUDAN WAR AND RUSSIAN DESIGNS IN THE EAST.

THE following letter, from Colonel Maude, V.C., has been received by Mr. John A. Donaldson, Immigration Agent, of Toronto:—

British Consulate General, Warsaw, March 16, 1885.

I have just returned from a trip to England on business, and was there during the exciting times of Stewart's and Gordon's death. While there, a good many people asked my opinion as to the probabilities of the campaign, and I am sorry to say that the gloomy views which I had formed were more than verified. For instance, more than a year ago, when then in England, I gave it as my opinion that nothing but a miracle could extricate Gordon from the false and fatal position in which he had been placed. I also felt sure that Stewart would not take Metemnah, and that if he had assaulted, and even captured it, it would have been the cause of the total loss of all his force, as they would have been surrounded and cut off, unless they made their escape by the steamers. As for Wolseley, I consider that he has done all in his power with the small force he has had, and the necessity of using the *utmost despatch*, so as to reach Gordon alive, besides being forced, owing to the insufficiency of water on the route, to divide his force into three columns. I think that the conduct of our troops, throughout the whole campaign, has been superb, and worthy of the very brightest days of England's chivalry. I do not believe that any other troops in the world could have done what they have, taking into consideration their boating, marching and fighting. The Germans would no doubt have done *nearly* as well, but not *quite*. As for the future, I have no doubt that we shall easily beat Osman Digna, and fight our way to Berber and Khartoum, which place will not, I think, offer a very serious resistance, and we may confidently expect the crushing of the Mahdi before the end of 1885; but only a few weeks before that date, as the heat will render it most undesirable for us to undertake a summer campaign, with the exception of a battle with Osman Digna, which must take place at once (probably about the 1st of April), in order to enable us to proceed with the railway and advance on Berber. I think that, in combination with Abyssinia and Italy, we shall make a peaceable, flourishing country of the Soudan in the not very distant future. But we have many enemies nearer home, and especially the French and Russians. Both these nations have defeats to avenge and humiliations to wipe out. I believe that they will never lose an opportunity of paying us off should one occur. For the matter of that, they both have thought very lately, too, that the opportunity *had* arrived. And I believe that the Afghan move has been very deliberately planned by Russian statesmen for a long time past, trusting in the want of patriotic foresight which all foreign nations clearly see in the "Grand Old Man." At the same time, I am strongly of opinion that the Russians have reckoned without their host, and have not sufficiently taken into account the temper and nature of the English people, who, after all, have at bottom much manliness, and are never so elastic and full of resource as when beset by difficulties and dangers. Besides which, although the Russians thought that with Asiatic intrigues they could steal a march on us in Afghanistan, a war with us there would, in my opinion, be utterly fatal to the finances and resources of this country. I feel sure that his ministers and generals have forced the Czar's hand, and that he bitterly deplores the present situation, which had never been brought home to him until a few days ago. The difficulty, I believe, will lie in the retirement of the Russian troops from the points they have occupied in Afghanistan. This retirement will be another blow to the self-love of the Russians, especially the military party. However, the Czar is the person who will have to smart for this, as smart he surely will, in one way or another. The danger of the present situation is that, foreseeing and feeling this, he may allow himself to be egged on just a little more, and then war will be inevitable. But the Russians are not a bit ready for war, and the sensible ones among them do not want it. I had rather an interesting conversation on this subject with Baron Krüdener, one of the Emperor's aide-de-camps, as long ago as a fortnight. Rallying him about the trouble his Government was giving us in Afghanistan, he protested in all seriousness, and I believe in good faith, against any desire on the part of Russia to acquire more territory in the East. "Haven't we already more territory than we know what to do with?" said the Baron. "Are we in a position to make war with England? Do we not know what it would cost us in men and money, and all for the sake of a morsel of land not worth a sou?" To which I replied: "All that you say is perfectly logical and true (in theory), but unfortunately what is to be feared is that your enterprising generals, when they are too far off to have the fear of the Czar before their eyes, are apt to push on without orders, and you would suddenly find yourselves compromised and committed to an enterprise or an extension of territory which you really neither desire nor approve." He assured me that such was not the case, and we shook hands laughingly. When I returned to Warsaw two days afterwards, I found that my predictions were being rapidly verified. Anyhow, I am one of

those people who are not afraid to back their opinions; so, happening to have an odd £20, I gave directions to my broker to sell Russian '73's for a fall, and I have just received a cheque for my settlement, handing me the nice little balance of £57 13s. 9d. I have the greater pleasure in receiving and spending this money, since I know that it all comes out of the pockets of Bismarck's countrymen, who have been "bulling" Russian funds to an inconceivable extent, both on the London and Continental Exchanges.

Let us, before concluding, take a little summary of the present outlook. We have got our best, if not our *only*, general booked for another ten months in Egypt, even if his health holds good. The flower of our army is there also—the *crème de la crème*. But at the same time, let him who thinks to profit by this trouble look to himself, that he provoke not the spirit of the English people. . . .—Yours very faithfully,

FRANCIS C. MAUDE.

HEART'S DIAMOND.

[From the French of Théophile Gautier.]

EVERY lover doth possess
In his drawer or on his heart
Some gage he may at times caress
When hopes or fears draw him apart.

One, by a gracious smile made bold,
Has drawn from soft black hair one day
A curl, whose clouded tresses hold
Blue caught from passing wing of jay.

Another cuts a little tress
That lies upon a neck milkwhite,
Fine in its twisted silkiness,
As the cocoon's soft burden light.

A third within a box has hid,
Below all other relics fair,
A narrow glove of whitest kid
Which but one hand could ever wear.

Violets that were in Parma blown,
And faded now, though fresh one day,
Another for a charm has sewn
Within a brodered *sachet* gay.

This one will kiss the little shoe
That Cinderella lost one night;
That one will prize the sigh she blew
Into her black mask in her flight.

For me no curl of lustrous tint,
Nor glove, nor flower, nor shoe appear:
I only keep, adored imprint,
Upon a paper page a tear—

Drop of pure dew for me evolved,
And fallen from the blue above,
Pearl of great price for me dissolved
Within the chalice of my love!

For me this little blot obscure
Shines as the gold of Ophir shone,
It gleams with diamond light so pure
From the vellum blue it lies upon.

This tear which yields a joy so fine,
Unhoped-for treasure, one day crept
Fell on and drowned a verse of mine,
From that dear eye which never wept!

SERANUS.

THE SCRAP BOOK.

A JAPANESE GIRL'S TOILET.

WHEN a Japanese girl gets up in the morning she washes her face, but does not have to dress her hair. That is attended to but once a week. The hair-dresser comes to the house and arranges her jet-black locks in the fashion for the girls of her age. So she has no trouble about her hair, and after her bath the servant assists her to powder her neck with a small white brush. She puts a little red paint on her lower lip, and a little gilding in the middle. When she removes her sleeping-dress, she has on only a short skirt, which is simply a square piece of cloth, crape, or silk, tied around the waist. No other under-clothing is worn. In making her toilet for the day, she first puts on a garment made usually of some coarse material, not very long, and reaching only to the waist, but with long sleeves. On the neck of this garment is sewed a deep fold of scarlet or red crape, silk, or wool is tied around the waist, and over all three of these garments is worn the kimono, or dress. This is of some dark colour, and made of coarse spun silk or thick crape. For festivals and holidays the dresses are of very fine material and very handsome. The outer dress is simply a wrapper reaching to the feet, with very long and wide sleeves hanging nearly to the ground, and used as pockets. On each shoulder a deep tuck is made which extends to the waist, thus making a little fulness for the skirt. But the dress has no gathers, and is straight all the way down. The neck is adorned with a wide piece of black velvet

or satin, which reaches nearly to the waist, and the dress is crossed over the bosom and confined by a girdle. Over this is worn a very wide sash, a piece of brocaded silk or satin, stiff with embroidery in gold or silver, lined with soft silk, and fastened behind in a very large bow. When these are all on, but barefooted, or if in cool weather, in white mitten socks, made to reach only to the ankle, and with a place in which to put the great toe (just as mittens have a place for the thumb), she goes out to say "Ohaio," or good-morning, to her father and mother.—*M. C. Griffis, in St. Nicholas for March.*

M. DE. GIERS, THE RUSSIAN MINISTER.

Now that the attention of England is concentrated upon the state of affairs in Central Asia, it may not be amiss to recall the words used by Lord Dufferin on the eve of his departure for India, when speaking of our possible future relations with Russia. At a banquet given in his honour in Belfast on October 16th, the Viceroy spoke as follows:—"To-day we have a European neighbour on our North-Western frontier, and ere long we may have another on our eastern boundary. Happily, I have the good fortune to be united to the Foreign Minister of Russia by the ties of personal intimacy and regard. I am convinced that a more moderate-minded, wise, and unaggressive statesman does not breathe in Europe. I believe his great desire is that Russia should live in amity with England, and that no causes of disagreement or suspicion should be generated in Central Asia between the two countries. He has more than once assured me that he regarded the expansion of Russia in a south-easterly direction with regret, and that his most earnest wish is for such a condition of affairs to come into existence as should impose upon that expansion its natural and permanent arrest. I rejoice to think that it should have fallen to my lot to co-operate with a personal friend in arriving at this desirable and necessary result."

CONQUERED.

NAY, victor, hold thy hand, the prize is thine;
The shy sweet tokens are not far to seek,
Shown in the sudden flushing of the cheek,
Love's crimson banner flinging out his sign;
The downcast eyes are easy to divine,
Telling the story that she shuns to speak;
And the pure heart by royal love made meek,
Lest the glad conqueror spell it, line by line.
Be gentle then in this thy triumph, knight;
From selfish pride and eager gladness rise,
Compass her round with tender courtesies,
And lead her softly to the perfect light.
All she has yielded to her lord remember,
And kneel to thank her for her full surrender.

—*Household Words.*

It is impossible for Nova Scotia or Manitoba to withdraw without the consent of the Imperial Parliament, and this will not be given so long as the interior Provinces refuse to assent to it. Nothing remains but to make the best of a bad bargain and to support the proposal for a *zollverein* with the United States. That would remove all the local grievances, and would give this really fine Province a chance to make something of her manifold resources and splendid position.—*American.*

CHRISTIAN MORALITY requires the forgiving of one's enemies, and among us religion checks the spirit of vengeance. With the Indian it is otherwise. His system of morals requires vengeance and he does wrong when he fails in it. An Indian war will lay this duty on the relatives of each man killed. Indians now friendly and trusted will become a terror to prairie homes, and the country will not in fifty years recover the injury done by the excitement of bad blood. We have, therefore, no sympathy with expressions of anger and indignation at efforts to manage this serious matter by negotiation. Make the largest demonstration possible, but if possible use it as a diplomatic argument in favour of peace.—*Montreal Witness.*

LA BELLE CANADIENNE, as seen in Montreal, is a pleasant sight—rosy cheeks, but never florid complexion; a glint of sunlight over her glossy brown hair, laughing brown eyes, and a sunny smile upon her honest face, all of which make her quite delightful. During carnival week they nearly all wear the costume of the club to which husband, brother or lover belongs. It is very picturesque; yellow moccasins, dark close skirt, overskirt and coat of white blanket, trimmed with blue or scarlet stripes—perhaps both combined; cap of some brilliant colour, with a tassel hanging coquettishly at one side, and sash to match. "Ah, man, but they are bonnie maids!" said an enthusiastic Scotchman.—*E. S. D., in the English Queen.*

THE insurrection of the Half-breeds and Indians in the Canadian North-West, under Louis Riel, seems to be serious in intention if not in extent. Therein it differs from the Riel Rebellion of 1870, which was encouraged if not instigated, by the Conservative administration at Ottawa, so as to afford a basis for arranging the admission of Manitoba with four Conservative members, though the population did not entitle it to one. The whole "insurrection" was worthy of being set to music by Offenbach, concluding with the escape of Riel, the rebel chieftain, in a buckboard, as Wolseley's expedition appeared before Fort Garry, with, for epilogue, his stumping Manitoba for Parliament along with the Attorney-General, who had, in his official capacity, offered a reward for the apprehension of Riel, dead or alive.—*Philadelphia Record.*

THE RELATION OF DRESS TO ART.

A NOTE IN BLACK AND WHITE ON MR. WHISTLER'S LECTURE.

"ART seeks and finds the beautiful in all times, as did her high priest Rembrandt, when he saw the picturesque grandeur of the Jews' quarter of Amsterdam, and lamented not that its inhabitants were not Greeks," were the fine and simple words used by Mr. Whistler in one of the most valuable passages of his lecture. The most valuable, that is, to the painter; for there is nothing of which the ordinary English painter more needs to be reminded than that the true artist does not wait for life to be made picturesque for him, but sees life under picturesque conditions always—under conditions, that is to say, which are at once new and delightful. But between the attitude of a painter towards the public, and the attitude of a people towards Art, there is a wide difference. That, under certain conditions of light and shade, what is ugly in fact may, in its effect, become beautiful, is true: and this, indeed, is the real *modernité* of Art: but these conditions are exactly what we cannot always be sure of. Were we able to carry our *chiaroscuro* about with us, as we do our umbrellas, all would be well; but, this being impossible, I hardly think that pretty and delightful people will continue to wear a style of dress, as ugly as it is useless, on the chance of Mr. Whistler spiritualizing them into a symphony, or refining them into a mist.

Nor do I feel quite sure that Mr. Whistler has been himself always true to the dogma he seems to lay down: that a painter should only paint the dress of his age, and of his actual surroundings. Have we not all seen, and most of us admired, a picture from his hand of exquisite English girls strolling by an opal sea in the fantastic dresses of Japan? Has not Tite Street been thrilled with the tidings that the models of Chelsea were posing to the master, in peplums, for pastels?

Whatever comes from Mr. Whistler's brush is far too perfect in its loveliness to stand or fall by any intellectual dogmas on Art, even by his own. For Beauty is justified of all her children, and cares nothing for explanations. But it is impossible to look through any collection of modern pictures in London without feeling that the professional model is ruining painting, and reducing it to a condition of mere pose and *pastiche*. Are we not all weary of him, that venerable impostor, fresh from the steps of the Piazza di Spagna, who, in the leisure moments that he can spare from his customary organ, makes the round of the studios, and is waited for in Holland Park? Do we not all recognize him, when, with the *gay insouciance* of his nation, he reappears on the walls of our summer exhibitions, as everything that he is not, and as nothing that he is, glaring at us here as a patriarch of Canaan, there beaming as a brigand from the Abruzzi? Popular is he, this poor peripatetic professor of posing, with those whose joy it is to paint the posthumous portrait of the last philanthropist who, in his lifetime, had neglected to be photographed—yet, he is the sign of the decadence, the symbol of decay.

For all costumes are caricatures. The basis of Art is not the Fancy Ball. Where there is loveliness of dress, there is no dressing up. And so, were our national attire delightful in colour, and in construction simple and sincere; were dress the expression of the loveliness that it shields, and of the swiftness and motion that it does not impede; did its lines break from the shoulder, instead of bulging from the waist: did the inverted wineglass cease to be the ideal of form;—were these things brought about, as brought about they will be, then would painting be no longer an artificial reaction against the ugliness of life, but become, as it should be, the natural expression of life's beauty. Nor would painting merely, but all the other arts also, be the gainers by a change such as that which I propose. For Art is not to be taught in Academies. It is what one looks at, not what one listens to, that makes the artist. The real schools are the streets. There is not, for instance, a single delicate line, or delightful proportion, in the dress of the Greeks which is not echoed exquisitely in their architecture. A nation arrayed in stove-pipe hats, and dress improvers, might have built the Pantechnicon, possibly, but the Parthenon, never. And, finally, there is this to be said: Art, it is true, can never have any other aim but her own perfection, and it may be that the artist, desiring merely to contemplate and to create, is wise in not busying himself about change in others: yet wisdom is not always the best; there are times when she sinks to the level of common sense; and from the passionate folly of those, and there are many, who desire that Beauty shall be confined no longer to the *bric-à-brac* of the collector, and the dust of the museum, but shall be, as it should be, the natural and national inheritance of all—from this noble unwisdom, I say, who knows what new loveliness shall be given to life, and, under these more exquisite conditions, what perfect artist born? *Le milieu se renouvelant, l'art se renouvelle.*

Speaking however from his own passionless pedestal, Mr. Whistler in pointing out that the power of the painter is to be found in his power of vision, not in his cleverness of hand, has expressed a truth which needed expression, and which, coming from the lord of form and colour, cannot fail to have its influence. It is true he has pronounced the panegyric of the Philistine, but I can fancy Ariel praising Caliban for a jest: and, in that he has read the Commination Service over the critics, let all men thank him, the critics themselves, indeed, most of all, for he has now relieved them from the necessity of a tedious existence.—*Mr. Oscar Wilde, in the Pall Mall Budget.*

AN Irish gentleman, in the warmth of national veneration, was praising Ireland for the cheapness of provisions; salmon might be bought for sixpence, and a dozen mackerel for twopence. "And pray, sir, how came you to leave so cheap a country?" "Arrah, honey! where were the sixpences and twopences to be got?"

MUSIC.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN'S new Opera, "The Mikado," does not appear to be an unequivocal success. Some critics speak highly of it, whilst others prophesy for it a short existence. Most are agreed that the music is superior to the libretto, the plot of which, though quaint and involving some of the dilemmas in which Mr. Gilbert loves to place his characters, is still somewhat forced and less comic than its predecessors. The opening chorus of Japanese nobles, "If You Want to Know?" is very bright as to melody and is rendered additionally attractive by its charming orchestration. Mr. Gilbert's well-known chorus of ladies has its place as usual in the work. It was well received, as was also a sprightly trio for three school-girl sisters. Other successful numbers are, a quartette, "Brightly Dawns our Wedding Day," written in the old madrigal style; a trio, "Here's a How-De-Do," a descriptive song for the Mikado, and a Japanese chorus, "Miyasama." In this the predominance of unisonous passages with the almost entire avoidance of the fourth and leading note, gives a peculiar effect that removes all impression of the modern European Scale.

THE Guildhall School of Music, of London, is rapidly becoming one of the most important in England. It was established by the Corporation of London, and was opened in September, 1880, with sixty-two pupils. There are now 2,400 students on the books. The school has been open nearly five years, and during this time \$250,000 has been received for fees. The number of persons included in the institution are:—Students, 2,400; Guildhall Orchestra, 110; Guildhall Choir, 200—total, 2,710. The corporation give the use of premises in Aldermanbury for the temporary accommodation of the students; but these premises have become inadequate for the purposes of the school. The Music Committee of the Court of Common Council has therefore decided to recommend that a piece of ground on the Victoria Embankment be secured, and that a building be erected thereon at a cost not exceeding \$100,000.

LONDON is to have a season of English Opera at Drury Lane, commencing at Easter and extending over eight weeks. Among the novelties will be Joring Thomas's new opera "Nadeshda," Massenet's "Manon," and Boito's "Mefistofele," for the first time in English in London. Marie Roze is the prima donna, and Barton McGuckin first tenor. A successful season is expected.

ITALIAN OPERA in London is in an unsettled state, but French Opera will be given at the Gaiety Theatre under the *baton* of Signor Bevignani. The *repertoire* will include Delibe's "Lakme," Ambroise Thomas's "Mignon" and Gounod's "Mireille." Marie Van Landt will be the prima donna, an attractive one doubtless, both on account of her vocal abilities, her recent triumphant success in Russia, and her no less brilliant fiasco through the persecution of the critics in Paris. Apropos of opera, it is not cheering news for those interested in English composers to hear that at the recent attempted sale of Mr. C. V. Stanford's two operas, "The Canterbury Pilgrims" and "Savonarola," an offer of \$25 was made for the first-named work, and there were no bids at all for the second. Messrs. Boosey, who paid nearly \$6,000 apiece for the operas a year ago, observe in their circular that "they had evidently over-estimated the commercial value of the music of the future."

THE fourth concert of the New York Symphony Society, postponed in consequence of the lamented death of Dr. Damrosch, took place recently at the Metropolitan Opera House. The chief feature of interest was the first appearance of Mr. Walter Damrosch, who, though unusually young for such a post, being only twenty-three, promises to be as successful a conductor as his father, by whom he has been trained. At his first appearance he was warmly greeted by the audience, which was largely composed of friends of his late father, who took this opportunity of testifying their respect for his memory by assembling to witness the *début* of his son. The programme included Schubert's symphony in C major, Barcarolle by St. Saens, Weber's Concertstück, played by Miss Fanny Bloomfield, and Liszt's wild symphonic poem inspired by Kaulback's fresco, "The Battle of the Huns."

THE fifth concert of the Toronto Quartette Club was given in Convocation Hall on Saturday to a fair audience—the weather not being favourable for a large attendance. The programme included Rubinstein's quartette, Op. 71 (second time of performance); a "Minuet" by Baccherine; "The Mill," by Raff; "Liebesliedchen," by Jaubert, and Haydn's quartette (Book 12, No. 2). The vocalists were Miss Berryman and Miss Lea. The quartette, as usual, acquitted themselves with great ability, and of the vocal numbers Miss Berryman's rendering of Schubert's "Serenade" evoked the heartiest applause.

It is seldom that Toronto enjoys three high-class concerts within a week, and we hope the last on the list will not suffer by its position. The Toronto Quartette Club's concert on Saturday was followed by the "Pappenheim" concert of last (Wednesday) night, which in turn is to be succeeded by the Kellogg-Huntington combination to-morrow night (Friday). Good wine needs no bush, and Miss Kellogg's (Clara Louise) reputation requires no extension here. The Misses Huntington, in a previous visit, made themselves many friends. The advent of the Buffalo Philharmonic String Quartette is awaited with some curiosity, and they will have to play well to maintain the good things said of them. Miss Kellogg is down for the "Jewel Song" from *Faust*, "Moolami" from *Ernani*, and Tosté's "Good Bye." Miss Huntington is announced to sing Rossini's "Non Piu Mesta," and selections from German songs. The remaining items assist to make a programme that should suit the most fastidious.

It is announced that Mr. Theodore Thomas will arrange a concert to be given in Toronto early in June, in which a quartette including the Emma Juch (soprano) and Max Heinrich (basso) will take a prominent part.

On Thursday evening a concert was given in Victoria Hall, London, Ont., by the Bernhard Listemann Concert Company, assisted by Miss Emma Howe as vocalist. The programme was not of the strictly classical type usually presented by high-class instrumental clubs, nor was there that uniformity and neatness in the *ensemble* playing which might have been expected. The best-played selections were a Liszt "Rhapsodie," Saint Saen's "Danse Macabre" and a charming Scherzo "from Suite Arlesienne" by Bizet. The latter selection was played with delicacy and precision. Mr. Bernhard Listemann gave Vieuxtemps "Fantasie Appassionata" with much expression and brilliancy, but this talented violinist has often played far better. Mr. E. Heindl's flute solo (by Briccialdi) was well calculated to display the executive powers of this gentleman, who is an old favourite in London. In a violoncello solo by Servais Mr. Alex. Heindl displayed, at times, a fine tone. Although all the solos were encored the greatest enthusiasm was created by Mr. Henry Greene on the double bass, it being new to a London public to see this unweildly instrument brought forward for a solo. Mr. Greene attacked his "big fiddle" with laudable zeal, but it would not always respond in tune! Miss Emma Howe is gifted with a pure mezzo-soprano voice of wide range which has evidently been cultivated with great care. She sang a selection from Traviata and three songs by Lassen, Abt and Plase with sweetness of tone and considerable flexibility; but whilst she is young she should endeavour to get rid of the too common defect of indistinct pronunciation. —*Marcia.*

THE PERIODICALS.

THE prince of war correspondents contributes an article to the *English Illustrated Magazine*—April number—entitled "Interviewed by an Emperor," in which he gives an account, in his own vigorous style, of a meeting with the White Czar during the Russo-Turkish War. J. E. Panton ("Highways and Byways") is the writer of a scarcely less interesting contribution descriptive of some lovely South of England landscapes. A timely story, "An Easter Holiday," and instalments of Bret Harte and Hugh Conway's absorbing serials, a poetic romance, and some "Imitations of Roumanian Lays" are also included. The frontispiece is an engraving of Alma Tadema's "Baby's Lullaby"; the illustrations accompanying Mr. Panton's paper also being worthy of special mention.

EACH succeeding part of *Descriptive America* is an additional testimony to the lavish enterprise of the publishers, Geo. H. Adams and Son, and to the care and industry of its editors. The last division to hand is devoted to Georgia, the "Empire State of the South." Including the map, corrected to date, there is here a mass of information on the geography, topography, history, commerce, resources of this State which amply justifies the claim made by the publishers, that it is "the most complete description and history of the State and of its eminent public men ever published." The next part will treat of New Jersey, and the work when completed will be one of the handsomest, as well as one of the most valuable, of its class ever offered to the public. Moreover, it is very cheap.

THE *Literary Magazine* will in future be published on about the 18th of each month, instead of the 5th as heretofore. The April number is rather smaller than usual, but the publisher announces that the part for May shall contain one hundred and sixty pages. A dozen original and selected articles on political and social subjects of the hour are given.

THE editor of *Literary Life* has applied the condensation principle to his magazine, and is apparently of the opinion that there is vocation for a literary monthly conducted upon the line of the *Toronto World* and the *New York Sun*: short, crisp articles and selections. The experiment will be watched with much interest. The April number has papers upon "Bayard Taylor," "Chicago Illustrated," "Emerson and Taylor," "The Claimant at Washington," "Restraints, Cures, and Substitutes for Drink," "Letter to Literary Beginners," besides a quantity of shorter contributions in poetry and prose.

THE *Canadian Missionary*, we are glad to hear, is making headway as the Dominion organ of the Church of England. The Easter number was specially attractive, the publishers having secured original matter of no little interest and of much literary merit. Several poets, English and Canadian, have undertaken to brighten its columns by occasional contributions, and, in the words of the editor, "our prospects are again assuming a more cheerful hue." Churchmen might very gracefully respond to the hint, that if they always look to England for their literature it will be long before they can have a good publication in Canada.

THE publishers of our valued exchange, *The Dial*, of Chicago, request us to give circulation to the following explanation, which we do with much pleasure:—The recent announcement of the suspension of a daily paper called *The Dial*, published in New York during the part year, has given an impression that our journal, *The Dial*, is the one referred to. Will you kindly aid us in correcting the injurious impression? *The Dial* has just closed successfully its fifth year.

BEH-CULTURE has received a considerable impetus in Canada during the past few years, and has developed into an important industry. It was inevitable, therefore, that it should sooner or later have a recognized organ, and bee-keepers are to be congratulated that the first journal entirely devoted to their interests ever published in Canada is so practical in scope and so attractive in get-up. The *Canadian Bee Journal* made its appearance in Beeton, Ont., on April 1st, and it is intended to issue it weekly.

THE numbers of *The Living Age* for March 28 and April 4 contains "The Poetry of Tennyson," and "George Eliot," *Contemporary*; "Hadrian's Address to his Soul," *National Review*; "The Life of George Eliot," *Fortnightly*; "Finland: a Rising Nationality," by Prince Kropotkin, *Nineteenth Century*; "Clementina Sobieska," *Temple Bar*; "The Trade of Ancient Egypt," *Science Monthly*; "Nursing as a Fine Art," *Lancet*; "Prisoners of War in England," "Spinning-Wheels in New England," and "The Seventh Centenary of the Temple Church," *Saturday Review*; "Academic Belles-Lettres," "Some Turkish Proverbs," and "The Dean of Wells on the Future Life," *Spectator*; with instalments of "A House Divided Against Itself," "Plain Frances Mowbray," "Mrs. Dymond" and the conclusion of "A Millionaire's Cousin." A new volume begins with the number for April.

BOOK NOTICES.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, Dramatist, Poet, Actor. By Gabriel Harrison. With Illustrations. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

IN his preface Mr. Harrison explains that he was induced to revise this book for a second edition on the grounds that the edition of 1875 is exhausted, that another biography was threatened which must be founded on his, and that interest in the subject was revived by the removal of Mr. Payne's remains from Tunis to New York. Mr. Harrison proceeds to apologize for his diffuseness, and for having included all the correspondence having a direct or indirect bearing upon his subject—an apology which will be readily accepted by all who have (and who have not) an interest in the author of "Home, Sweet Home." Throughout the volume there are indications of an industry and pertinacious investigation such as only can ensure an authentic record—and we are constrained to believe Mr. Harrison's book is all that. Payne's birth took place in New York City on the 9th June, 1791, his death in Tunis on 9th April, 1852. The song which has immortalized the dramatist-poet-actor was written by him in London in 1821, and was introduced in his opera "Clari," the music being by Henry R. Bishop. The air, however, was not entirely original with that gentleman, Payne having heard something like it during a visit to Italy. In addition to the biographical portion of Mr. Harrison's work, a list of Payne's dramatic works is given, his juvenile poems are included, as well as those of his later days. Fac-similes of play-bills, of Edmund Kean's handwriting, of Payne's autograph, and several illustrations lend additional value to the work. Poor Payne's life was a sadly disappointing one both to himself and his friends, and one lays down this loving chronicle of it with a feeling akin to depression.

PERSONAL TRAITS OF BRITISH AUTHORS. Edited by Edward T. Mason. With Portraits. Vol. IV. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Standard Publishing Company.

THIS is the concluding volume of Mr. Mason's clever and novel work. It contains word portraits of seven famous English writers—Hood, Macaulay, Sydney Smith, Jerrold, Dickens, Charlotte Brontë, and Thackeray. The omission of Carlyle and George Eliot is accounted for "because the available material concerning one was too recent and concerning the other too scanty." The reason, if acceptable now, will not be available when, in some dozen years, the second or third edition of "Personal Traits" which will no doubt be called for, is issued. In all—in the four volumes—there are matters relating to twenty-seven authors whose work ranged from the latter part of the eighteenth to the middle of the nineteenth century. The plan followed is to begin each volume with a chronology of the births and deaths of the persons written of, after which come the successive sketches, with editorial and marginal notes, and a tabulated statement of the principal events in each life. The sketches themselves are the flotsam and jetsam relating to the several authors which have floated about the sea of literature until now, industriously gathered and so arranged as to give something like connection to the whole. Mr. Mason's volumes are as unique in conception as they are interesting in treatment.

HARRIET MARTINEAU. By Mrs. F. Fenwick Miller. Famous Women Series. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Toronto: Standard Publishing Company.

READERS who have made themselves acquainted with Mrs. Miller's untiring efforts to force herself into prominence in England both as an advocate of the "emancipation of women" and as a female politician, will readily understand her failure to make all that was possible out of this biography. Mrs. Miller so perceptibly struggles to prove that with Miss Martineau, as with other intellectual women, womanly duties were distasteful and disastrous, as to rob the biography of half our sympathies. And surely this was unnecessary; for, whilst her abilities and her industry must be conceded, Miss Martineau's character, apart from the influence which her physical infirmities had upon it, was a curious admixture of unlovable virtues and, we might almost say, of uncanniness. With her work and her career up to 1855 the world was already well acquainted, thanks to Miss Martineau's autobiography; and although Mrs. Miller has made so indifferent a use of the new material supplied by Mr. Atkinson and others, covering the last twenty years of her life, still it is new, and that fact alone makes this one of the most interesting of Messrs. Roberts' popular series.

PILOT FORTUNE. By Marian C. L. Reeves and Emily Read. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

A CHARMING story wherein is depicted the primitive life of fisher-folk living on Bryer Island, a Nova Scotian "hurly-burly of dark rocks, where the eddies never rest." The lives and loves of Millicent Chaudron and Stephen Ferguson previous to, during, and after their even tenor was disturbed by the visit of a yachting man of the world, are the chief burden of the narrative, and the telling of it is done so cleverly yet withal so naturally that the book, once taken up, is not easily left unfinished. Though there is nothing of the pamphlet about "Pilot Fortune," an involuntary prominence is given to the fact that "the sins of the father are visited upon the children"—Millicent passing through much tribulation for her father's sake before Pilot Fortune brings her safe to the haven of a good man's heart and home.

MARIUS THE EPICUREAN. His Sensations and Ideas. By Walter Pater, M.A. Two volumes. London and New York: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: Rowse and Hutchison.

WE are in receipt of a handsome edition of this work, which has created a great sensation in England. We purpose referring to it in another column at an early date.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

MR. F. MARION CRAWFORD has placed a new novel in the hands of Messrs. Macmillan and Company for immediate publication. It is entitled "Zoroaster the Prophet," and the scene is laid in ancient Persia.

"CHINESE GORDON: The Uncrowned King," is the title of a small paper-covered ribbon-tied book, by Laura C. Holloway, which Funk and Wagnalls have just issued. It is a compilation from Gordon's private letters of his sentiments regarding life, duty, and religion.

AMONG the many letters which Mr. Bosworth Smith has received from admiring readers of his "Life of Lord Lawrence" is one from Lord Dufferin, written *en route* to India. Lord Dufferin speaks of it as one of the best biographies he ever read, a fitting record of the life of one of the greatest of English officers in India.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN are about to issue a treatise on the nature of the fine arts by Mr. Henry Parker, Fellow of Oriol College, Oxford. Its eight chapters deal respectively with art and science; theory and practice; realistic theory; artistic opinion; taste; poetry and painting; statuary, architecture, and music; and art and nature.

MESSRS. HARPER AND BROTHERS, who issued Mr. Stanley's last book, "Across the Dark Continent," will publish the new work, "The Congo, and the Founding of its New State; a Study of Work and Exploration." The manuscript of the book has just been completed, and it will be published as soon as it can be put through the press—this month very likely. There will be many maps and illustrations.

MR. HORATIO GILBERT BARKER, author of the poem, "Flower Pieces," published in THE WEEK of March 26, has just issued a quartette of Easter poems, including that mentioned, in circular form, and dedicated to Rev. Canon Bleasdel, rector of Trenton. The other pieces are headed: "Easter Bells," "The Stars of the Church of God," and "Sing and be Glad."

In a few days Messrs. Scribner will publish a striking new novel of the North and South, entitled, "Across the Chasm." The author is a Southern lady, whose name is not divulged. She has hit upon a new "situation" in American life, and the result is a remarkably original and attractive story, which will attract innumerable readers, both in the North and South.

WE have to acknowledge the receipt of sample Easter cards from the Toronto News Company. They are from the press of the well-known Boston art printers, Messrs. L. Prang and Company, and are remarkable for beauty of design and rich, artistic execution. Amongst them are representations of the works of Gibson, Latterley, Miss Bridges, and other prominent artists.

SIR WILLIAM THOMSON'S idea of employing the water power of the Niagara Falls for the purpose of generating electricity by dynamo machines has been realized. In the mill of Quimby and Company magneto-electrical machines are driven by the force of the waters, which supply the electricity for a large number of telephones, many of them being in Buffalo, twenty-five miles distant.

MR. IRVING'S admirable Harvard address, which will be found in this week's Critic, quite justifies the unprecedented act of the management of the University in inviting the distinguished actor to address the students at that seat of learning on the subject of the actor and his art. The address was delivered on Monday evening last. President Eliot was present, and an audience of 2,000 persons packed the theatre.—Critic, April 4.

IN the May Century a paper which is said to be of unusual weight and interest will appear, from the pen of the Rev. T. T. Munger, of North Adams, Mass. Mr. Munger takes up the subject of "Immortality and Modern Thought," and makes at least the attempt not to summarize what has already been said on the subject, but to throw new light upon it, mainly from the scientific standpoint; in other words, not to summarize past accomplishments, but actually to advance the discussion a step farther.

A PAMPHLET has been prepared and published by Charles Scribner's Sons which will be a great boon to those who are laying the foundation for a private or a circulating library. It is a "library list," containing about one thousand titles, which includes the most standard works in all branches of literature. Prices are given of the best and also of the cheapest good editions. Beside the value of the list to librarians, it will be found also of exceptional usefulness as a priced reference catalogue of standard books.

MR. PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE, whose beautiful verses have won for him the title of "the Longfellow of the South," recently celebrated his fifty-fifth birthday. The poet, notwithstanding his years, still retains his youthful appearance, and in spirit is as light-hearted as a young man. He resides at Cope Hill, near Augusta, Georgia, in a pleasant home surrounded by a devoted wife and a son to whom the poetical abilities of the father have descended in no small degree. In nature the poet is exceedingly kind and appreciative, and he is very popular among his Southern neighbours. His kindly manners and genial disposition win all who meet him, and his exceptional conversational qualities captivate the listener from the commencement of a chat to the end.

MR. LAWRENCE BARRETT is a lucky man. When he was playing at the Lyceum Theatre last summer he made many pleasant acquaintances among the leading literary men and artists of London. One substantial token of their regard for him is a copy of Mr. Austin Dobson's "Old World Idylls." Mr. E. A. Abbey began to illustrate it by making a pen-and-ink sketch on one of the blank pages. Mr. Alfred Parsons added a border of flowers to another poem. Mr. George H. Boughton lent a hand and sketched in a lovely female figure. Mr. Alma Tadema found in the truly Greek Antinoë of the "Lines to a Greek Girl" a fit subject for one of his charming reproductions from the antique. And so the little book was passed along from hand to hand, from studio to studio, gathering toll by the way, until now it contains sketches, illustrative of Mr. Dobson's poems, by Sir Frederick Leighton, Mr. Millais, Mr. Lanley Samborne, Mr. Randolph Caldecott, Mr. Du Maurier, and many another.

MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS announce a series of volumes in which the "story" of each of the great nations will be told. To quote from their prospectus: "It will be the plan of the writers of the different volumes to enter into the real life of the peoples and to bring them before the reader as they actually lived, laboured and struggled—as they studied and wrote, and as they amused themselves. In carrying out this plan, the myths, with which the history of all lands begins, will not be overlooked, though these will be carefully distinguished from the actual history, so far as the labours of the accepted historical authorities have resulted in definite conclusions." It is hoped to publish this year the story of Greece, by Prof. J. A. Harrison, of Rome, by Arthur Gilman, and of the Jews, by Prof. J. K. Hosmer. Prof. Charlton T. Lewis will tell the story of Byzantium, Miss Sarah Orne Jewett of the Normans, Prof. H. H. Boyesen of Norway, and the Rev. E. E. and Miss Susan Hale of Spain. The series promises to be a most interesting and valuable one.

MESSRS. ESTES AND LAURIAT, of Boston, include the following on their list of spring announcements:—"The Works of Samuel Richardson," with a prefatory chapter by Leslie Stephen and edited by Dr. Mangin. "Carlyle's Complete Works. The Sterling Edition." The first complete edition ever issued in America at a popular price. "Carlyle's Complete Works. The University Edition." Uniform with the University editions of Dickens, Thackeray, Shakespeare, etc. "Carlyle's Complete Works. The People's Edition." The most compact and only cheap edition of Carlyle published in America. "Rimbaud's History of Russia." From the earliest times to the present. Translated by L. B. Lang. The only trustworthy and complete history of Russia in the English language. "The Daemon of Darwin." By Prof. Elliott Coues. This work forms the natural sequel and complement to the same author's "Biogen." "A Buddhist Catechism, according to the Canon of the Southern Church." By Henry S. Olcott, President of the Theosophical Society. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by Prof. Coues.

CHESS.

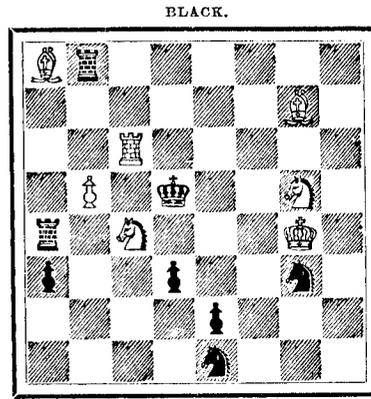
All communications intended for this department should be addressed "Chess Editor," office of THE WEEK, Toronto.

PROBLEM No. 92.

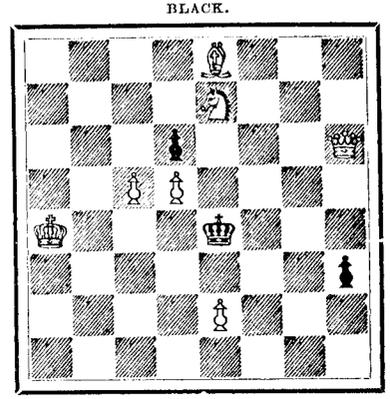
Composed for THE WEEK by E. H. E. Eddis, Toronto Chess Club.

PROBLEM No. 93.

Composed for THE WEEK by E. H. E. Eddis, Toronto Chess Club.



White to play and mate in two moves.



White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 91.

The White Rook should be Black.

STEINITZ' PRETTIEST.

The following Mr. Steinitz considers one of the prettiest games he has played in America. Moves 10, 14, 19 and 21 are particularly worthy of notice.

Table showing chess moves for White (Steinitz) and Black (Michaelis) in a game. Moves include P to K 4, Q Kt to B 3, Kt to B 3, P to K 5, P to Q 4, P to Q B 4, P to K 3, K Kt to B 3, Kt home, P to Q 4, P x Q P en pas, Kt to Q Kt 5, B to K B 4, Kt to K 5, Kt to B 4, Q x P, Castles, P to K B 3, Kt to K 2.

From now on White's game is prettily won. Black's mistake was loss of time in the opening. See moves 3 and 5.

Table showing chess moves for White and Black. Moves include K Kt to Q 6 ch, Kt x B ch, Q home, B x Kt, K to B sq, Q x P, Castles, P to K B 3, Kt to K 2.

On P to K 4 White can play Q to B 4, menacing mate.

Table showing chess moves for White and Black. Moves include B to Q B 4, Q to B 5, Q to K R 5, Kt to Kt 5, Kt to B 2, P to Q Kt 3, Kt to Kt 3, Kt to Q 4, R x Kt, B checks, Q x Q P and Black resigns, for on Q to K sq White continues with R to K sq.

CHESS IN LIVERPOOL.

(From the Field.)

Remove Black's K B P.

Table showing chess moves for White (Mr. R. K. Leather) and Black (Rev. J. Owen). Moves include P to K 4, P to Q 4, Kt to K B 3, Kt takes P, B to Kt 5 ch, Kt to K 6, Kt to B 3, Kt takes B (d), Castles, B to Kt 5, P to Q 3, P to B 4 (a), P takes P, Kt to K B 3 (b), B to Q 2, Q to B sq (c), Kt to B 3, R takes Kt, K to B 2, K to K sq.

(a) We prefer 2. . . . Kt to K B 3. If White continues with 3. B to Q 3, then 3. . . . P to K 4, etc.; and if 3. B to Q B 4, then 3. . . . Kt takes P, may be played safely. (b) 4. . . . Kt to Q B 3 would lessen White's chances of an attack. (c) This appears to be better than 6. . . . Q R 4 ch, because of

Table showing chess moves for White and Black. Moves include B to Q 2, B to K 3, Q to Q 2, Kt takes Q, Q to Kt 3, Q to K 4 ch, Q takes Q ch, B takes B, B to K 7 ch, Kt takes B, with a well developed game.

It would not be advisable to take the Rook, because the Knight has no retreat, if after 12. Kt takes R, 12. . . . Kt to B 3. White could only take another Pawn at the utmost.

(d) White has nothing better if he intends to continue the attack. (e) A premature advance which compromises White's position. 16. P to K B 3 might have been played here.

(f) It is too dangerous to capture this Pawn. 17. Q to Kt 3 is the right move. (g) This is compulsory. If 18. Q to R 4, then 18. . . . Kt to B 6 ch, etc. If 18. Q to K 3, then 18. . . . B to B 6; 19. P to K Kt 3, P takes P and wins. If 18. Q to B sq, then 18. . . . B to B 6; 19. Kt to K 3, R takes P ch; 20. Kt takes R, Q to Kt 5 and wins.

(h) This interesting ending was played by the Rev. J. Owen in his best style. White has nothing better than to move 19. P to K Kt 3, then 19. . . . B takes Kt, winning a piece. If 19. K R to K sq, then 19. . . . R takes P ch; 20. K to B sq, R to Kt 8, ch; 21. K takes R, Q to Kt 5 ch, etc.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE proposed National Tournament at New Orleans has fallen through for lack of funds. PROF. R. A. PROCTOR, eminent in astronomy, social topics, chess and whist, is booked for a course of lectures in New Orleans. HARRY BOARDMAN has started a new chess column in the Newton, Mass., Graphic.

WHAT IS CATARRH ?

From the Mail (Can.) Dec. 15.

Catarrh is a mucous-purulent discharge caused by the presence and development of the vegetable parasite amoeba in the internal lining membrane of the nose. This parasite is only developed under favourable circumstances, and these are:—Morbidity of the blood, as the blighted corpuscle of urberle, the germ poison of syphilis, mercury, toxo-moza, from the retention of the effeted matter of the skin, suppressed perspiration, badly ventilated sleeping apartments, and other poisons that are germinated in the blood. These poisons keep the internal lining membrane of the nose in a constant state of irritation, ever ready for the deposit of the seeds of these germs, which spread up the nostrils and down the fauces, or back of the throat, causing ulceration of the throat; up the eustachian tubes, causing deafness; burrowing in the vocal cords, causing hoarseness usurping the proper structure of the bronchial tubes, ending in pulmonary consumption and death.

Many attempts have been made to discover a cure for this distressing disease by the use of inhalants and other ingenious devices, but none of these treatments can do a particle of good until the parasites are either destroyed or removed from the mucous tissue.

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The following extract from a letter from the well-known Author and Artist PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON appeared in a recent number of the *New York Publishers' Weekly*:

"I saw by the advertisements in American periodicals that a New York pirate had got hold of 'An Intellectual Life.' We sadly need a copyright law. It would be a benefit to all honest men, including American authors, who would be spared part of the rivalry produced by flooding the States with cheap pirated reprints. Yours very truly, P. G. HAMERTON."

To which I beg leave to reply as follows:

DEAR SIR,—The above note evidently refers to me, as I am the one publisher who has reprinted the work referred to at a low price. Of course it warms the blood, a little, of an honest man, to have another honest man call him a knave. When discussion gets to that point, argument is cut off. I will, however, make a few points on my side of the case.

First.—I am, and long have been, heartily in favor of giving authors the control of their productions upon their own terms, within the limits of the bounds of common sense—it would hardly be practicable for us to pay copyright to Homer, and it may be an open question as to when Macaulay's heirs should cease to receive their tax; there is, of course, some limit; honest "doctors disagree" as to points of equity, expediency, and the best methods of bringing a happy future out of the evil present.

Second.—The laws of this country (and I believe the same is true of all countries) are not as you and other authors desire they should be. Evidently, too, it is quite as useless for authors to expect to get what they want without a CHANGE in the laws, as to hope to reach the result by calling publishers bad names. Where is the common sense of characterizing me as a "pirate" because I multiply (within the bounds of law and of custom since the time of Cadmus) copies of your book from the copy I bought and paid for, more than in applying the same term to one who reads the book aloud to a dozen friends, who consequently do not buy it—or more than applying it to YOU for appropriating the language and thoughts of the patriarch Job in one of your books without giving him any payment—you give "credit," doubtless, to the authors whom you quote, but you give them no pay,—I give YOU credit, but no "pay" beyond the copy I buy, till we are able to secure a change in the present unsatisfactory laws.

Third.—General Grant once said, "The best way to get rid of a bad law is to enforce it," that is my theory, and I shall continue to practice upon it; I expect to aid in securing to you by "enforcement" of the legitimate consequences of the present laws, what authors would never get by whining or growling. Some people give to my methods the credit of being, possibly,

the largest single influence which is working in this country to bring about the much desired change in the laws.

Fourth.—While authors certainly have their "rights," readers have some rights also. When I was a boy under fourteen years of age the good literature accessible to me was limited, nearly, to Murray's English Reader, and Josephus' Works. I do not pretend to be the reader's especial champion, but I DO look at the question of the "intellectual life" for them from their standpoint as well as from that of the author—and it is amazing to me that an author of your high character, intellectual, humane and Christian (whose inspiring words "The humblest subscriber to a mechanics' institute has easier access to sound learning than had either Solomon or Aristotle," I have placed before millions of readers—that you should seem to take no pleasure in the fact that the best literature of the world has by my efforts been placed within the reach of millions to whom it was before unattainable; that I give to YOU an appreciative audience (far more appreciative than you find among your wealthy patrons) among tens of thousands, who without my efforts would never have known you. I say readers have rights as well as authors; what they are I will not discuss; I say, simply, let the laws be changed as authors demand; while Homer, Shakespeare, Milton, and Lamb are free to readers, any "monopoly" which living authors can secure upon their own writings will not seriously hurt readers—and, furthermore, folly in law-making, if foolish changes should be made, would be likely soon to work its own cure, in this age of the printing press.

Finally.—Hamerton's "Intellectual Life" ought to sell by the hundred thousand—ought to sell a hundred where it has sold one by the methods of your approved publishers; when the "good time coming" is here, and authors can make their own terms with publishers and the public, perhaps you will give me a little credit and thanks for the LARGER audience you will then have because of my present "piracy." Respectfully, JOHN B. ALDEN.

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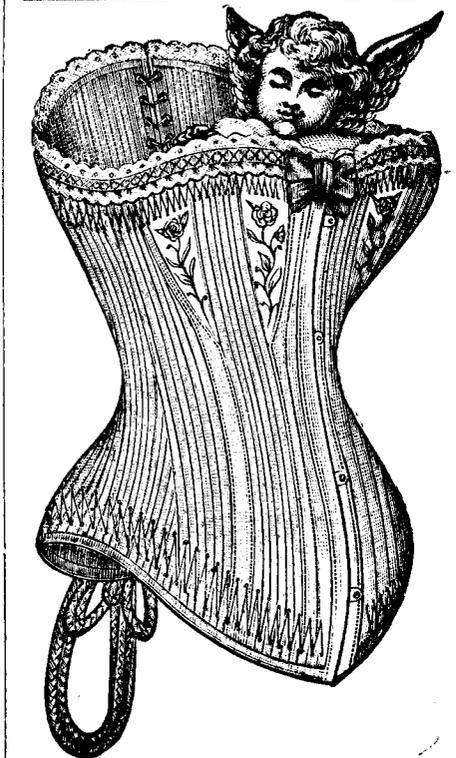
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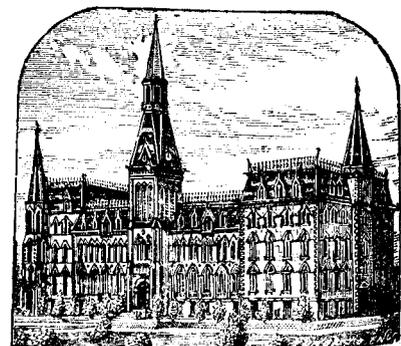
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