

THE WEEK:

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THE CHURCH OF IRELAND.

THE Right Hon. Dr. Ball, formerly Conservative Chancellor of Ireland, has given us a volume on "The History of the Reformed Church of Ireland" (Longmans and Company), combining entire mastery of the subject with an impartiality so judicial that hardly a sign of feeling, much less any sign of passion, escapes. It was well that, after all the agitation, the case should be thus reviewed by authority from the Bench. The melancholy history of the Irish Establishment may be summed up in a few words. It was, and it remained to the end, the Church of Conquest and of the English Pale, and access to the heart of the conquered people was, therefore, always denied it. By no change in its own doctrine could its relation to the natives be improved. Planted by the Norman liegemen and emissaries of Rome, it was at first distinctively Romanist, while the Celtic clans adhered, if to any religion, to that of St. Patrick and Columba, which knew not Rome. But when it became Protestant, the clans, from sheer antagonism of race, threw themselves into the arms of the Papacy, and became the allies or the tools of the Roman Catholic Powers in the deadly struggle between the two religions. Hostility, permanent and hopeless, could not fail to be the result, though an effort to bridge the chasm, and reach the hearts of the natives, might occasionally be made by a man of eminently Christian spirit, such as Bedell, whose form appears like that of a redeeming angel on the bloody field of ecclesiastical strife. Relations became still worse when the Protestants, after being massacred by the Catholics in 1641, and attainted wholesale by them in 1689, seeing, at the same time, how their fellow-Protestants in France and other countries were being treated by Catholic Governments, bound down their enemies with the fetters of the Penal Code. The spiritual life and force of the Establishment also suffered fearfully from the political abuse of patronage, which put at the head of the Church such a man as Archbishop Stone, and generally from its subjection to the State in irreligious and corrupt times. Nor, even without these drawbacks, was a sober, formal, and somewhat cold worship, such as orthodox Anglicanism, likely to find acceptance with the fervid Celt. Methodism made way among the Celts in Ireland, as it did in Wales and Cornwall, and as Presbyterianism, of a specially enthusiastic type has among the Celts of the Scottish Highlands; but Anglicanism is the religious system of the Anglo-Saxon—perhaps we might say of the English gentry. The Protestant clergy were, however,

socially very useful as a resident gentry where the landowners were too generally non-resident. The liberal Roman Catholic Bishop Moriarty, in a passage cited by Dr. Ball, has borne generous testimony to the good done by them in that capacity, as well as to the general kindness and courtesy of their demeanour towards their Roman Catholic fellow-citizens. Socially, Ireland has lost by Disestablishment. Spiritually, we cannot doubt that the Reformed Church has greatly gained by it; and that, if her doctrine is sound and her system good, happier years are now before her. Dr. Ball could render the nation a very great additional service if he would write a history of the Union in the same judicial spirit in which he has written the history of the Reformed Church, and thereby put an end to partisan exaggeration and to wild talk about "devilish engineering," "black-guardism," and "St. Bartholomew." We earnestly commend the proposal to his favourable consideration.

RISE AND CONSTITUTION OF UNIVERSITIES.

MR. LAURIE'S lectures on the "Rise and Constitution of Universities" (Kegan Paul and Company) will be found a comprehensive treatment of one of the most interesting of historical subjects. Mr. Laurie traces the fall of Roman, the rise of Christian, education, and the gradual development, during the ecclesiastical middle ages, of the University system, the prototypes of which were the schools of Salerno and Naples, lights of early morning in a land which, by the adverse accidents of history, was afterwards consigned to a long night. In the days before printing, when knowledge could be acquired only by resort to the living oracle of the professorial chair, the Universities had an importance of which printing has in some measure deprived them; and there is nothing in intellectual history so romantic as the Paris or Oxford of the thirteenth century, crowded with eager students who had flocked from the dark realms of feudalism to the source of intellectual light and hope. The thirty thousand students of Oxford are no doubt a fable, even if we should reckon in the number the servants and attendants, all of whom were regarded as Academical persons, and enjoyed Academical immunities from the common law; but we know that at Oxford the concourse was so great that the bastions of the city wall were used as lodging-houses. That the student population was close packed appears from a case in which, a student having committed a murder and decamped, mediæval justice satisfied itself by hanging his four chums, or "chamber dekyns," as they are called. The turbulence, not seldom attended with bloodshed, which, as well as intellectual enthusiasm, prevailed in that youthful multitude, naturally suggested the idea of gathering the students for the purpose of regular government out of the private lodgings and hostels in which at first they dwelt, into colleges where the discipline of the Monastery was combined with the studies of the secular students. The first real college in England was Merton, founded by the Chancellor of Henry III., and in the quaint old quadrangle of Merton, called, nobody seems to know why, "Mob Quad," the visitor to Oxford sees the cradle of collegiate life. As the foundation of Colleges increased, that of Monasteries declined, and the growth of Universities may be regarded, perhaps, as the most important of those streaks of dawn which heralded the day of the Renaissance and the Reformation. Corpus Christi College, Oxford, in the statutes of which we find ourselves in full Renaissance, was founded on the eve of the Reformation by a prelate whose first intention had been to found a monastery, but who changed his design in deference to the advice of a shrewd brother bishop, who warned him that the doom of monkery was at hand. At a later period the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge completely absorbed the Universities, though recent reforms have restored to the University its separate life, and revived the activity of the University Professors, who, before 1854, had been completely supplanted by the College Tutor. To Mr. Laurie it appears a grave question whether it will be possible for Universities ultimately to maintain their freedom under a democratic social system. The tendency of the democratic spirit, he says too truly, "is to make all institutions tools of dominant though temporary opinion, or servants of a central bureau." He points to the case of France, where the University has been a mere office of the State, with results which he thinks by no means satisfactory. The New Despot, like the old, deems his own will divine, and tolerates nothing which pretends to exist by any other title.

ACROSS THE ISTHMUS.

ACTIVE little M. De Lesseps, with his sanguine disposition and unquenchable good spirits, has succeeded in infecting the whole civilised world with a certain degree of interest in that narrow neck of land concerning which it cared before but comparatively little, since the days when the gallant Cortez and his men gazed upon the broad Pacific, "silent upon a peak in Darien."

And it was with no slight degree of anticipation that the passengers of the good ship *City of Para* seized hat and umbrella as she neared Aspinwall one tropical morning last month, and prepared to see and know the facts of this greatest enterprise the age has seen. Many and diverse were the opinions expressed upon the Atlantic sea-board—there was a singular unanimity in those that prevailed upon the Pacific.

Aspinwall is a revelation. The main street is planked over all the way. Negroes, Italians, Spaniards, Turks, and Chinamen abound. All the streets lead off from the main one, and are exceedingly filthy, being full of mud and unnamable abominations. Pack-mules are tied up here and there. Public gambling prevails in the open street. One boulevard along the coast, down towards the Governor's residence and Aspinwall's monument, is neat and clean and the houses large and airy. The lawns are adorned with tropical plants, and the people seem to live. I leaped over the fence in this quarter and gathered a quantity of corals and shells and returned to the *City of Para* for breakfast. The other passengers were wild over the shells I had, and would not believe that I had gathered them myself. I volunteered to conduct them to the spot, and after breakfast we went back again. Our party got separated, and Mrs. T. and I remained behind to get some corals. Our train was to leave for Panama at half-past ten. We allowed ourselves time to get back, and on our return found all the passengers on board, but Mrs. T.'s baggage was not there. I went for it, but when I got to the steamer found the state-room door locked. I managed to get it open, and, with the aid of a porter, carted out a dozen bundles, and when we got over to the station the train was gone. I indulged in some extraordinary language, but it didn't come back. A herd of negroes shouted at me in Spanish I knew not what, but I ran along the track around a corner through the mud, and saw the train a few yards ahead. I got on board hot and glad enough, for besides the mortification of being left till the evening in Aspinwall, I should have had to pay twenty-five dollars fare if I had gone by any other train, although the distance is only forty miles. I had already purchased a Panama hat, with which I freely fanned myself, but my efforts in that direction were in vain; the heat was unendurable. Just before returning to the boat I saw a funeral procession—four men carrying a rough box and followed by four policemen, as funerals are not private enterprises in this country. This box is carried to a car kept for the purpose, where its contents are dumped out. This is repeated until all of the departed are gathered up, and then a dummy engine runs the lot out to Monkey Hill, about ten miles distant. This is the city burying-ground. The train goes every day with a good consignment, and is known as the "funeral train." I asked a New York merchant, with branch stores in Aspinwall and Panama, if it were true that the mortality on the Isthmus was so great that the Panama Railroad had cost a man for every tie, as I had been informed. He replied: "No; it is a lie; it cost three men for every tie." The police about Aspinwall were very numerous, being principally negroes, each carrying a loaded rifle, with a belt of cartridges around his body.

The ride to Panama was full of interest. Forests on either side, and the entire distance was almost one continuous village of boarding-houses for workmen on the Panama Canal. These houses contained a range of beer bottles on a few shelves, and a tier of bunks extending the whole length of the house. These were arranged so that each sleeper had about three feet, and lay upon an inclined plane with head a few inches from another sleeper on the opposite incline.

The tropical trees and plants, with their massive leaves and beautiful flowers, lined the track. Banana groves, cocconut, bamboo, palm, and mangrove trees formed an almost impenetrable forest. In the interior the people are all negroes and natives. The natives wore very little clothing, and in two or three cases along the line they were *sans* everything. They live in huts thatched with leaves, and the negroes live in frame houses raised up on pillars from six to ten feet high. They are built for the most part by the Canal Company. The canal, from all appearances, is a gigantic failure, and all the people living here to whom I spoke seem to regard it in the same light. There are extensive preparations all along the line and acres of machinery, but scarcely any work is yet done. In a conversation with one of the contractors he said they would do well if it was completed in twenty years.

We arrived in Panama about half-past twelve, and the whole party of through passengers immediately boarded a small steamer to go out to the *Granada*, which was anchored about two and a half miles out. Learning that we could go out again in the afternoon, four of us remained behind to "do" Panama. We walked for two hours through the streets, and unanimously pronounced it to be the foulest and filthiest place we had ever seen. The streets are so narrow in some places as to scarcely admit a mule cart, and garbage of every nature is pitched into them. The stores consist of a row of stalls. On one side of the stall a man sits engaged in the manufacture of cigars and cheroots; on the other a dirty tray full of oranges and bananas, with some yams piled around. Across the rear of this pen is a narrow, greasy counter, with a few bottles of beer and one or two of whiskey, on a shelf behind. Those of a higher (!) class have small gambling-tables, with the proprietor seated behind them and a pile of silver dollars before him. I found it an invariable rule that out of every ten

stores nine were beer shops and gambling dens. This vile practice is more extensively carried on here than in Aspinwall. On the corner of one of the best streets was a gambling-table; fifteen or twenty men and boys were gathered about it engaged in the nefarious little game. On either side of the "boss" stood a policeman, shouting, brawling, and endeavouring to keep the players in order, and giving all the protection he could to the owner, who evidently was regarded among them as a highly respectable gentleman and following an honourable vocation. The police are boys ranging from fifteen to twenty-five years of age. An ordinary man could handle half a dozen of them. Upon enquiring from a captain of one of the bay steamers what use they had for such policemen, he said that individually they were of no service, but there was a great number of them, and they rarely went about alone. The place is ruled—if it can be said to be ruled at all—by Spaniards, and all positions are filled by appointees of their own nationality, regardless of qualifications. I saw only ten or twelve beasts of burden in the entire city, and I was over the greater portion of it; for although it contains 20,000 inhabitants, it extends over just about as much territory as a northern village of 600. The horses are very poor and the mules most demoralised looking creatures.

The only redeeming features of this place are two old churches, and they were surpassingly magnificent. Built of a light brown stone and overgrown in spots with moss and ivy, and with bushes sprouting up here and there from the roof, they look quaintly pretty. Turkey-buzzards, large and not over handsome birds, run about the streets, roost upon the porches, trees and house-tops, and are ever busy gathering up the garbage. They are the only scavengers in the city, which has no drainage system except surface sewers in one or two streets.

We started for the *Granada* about four o'clock, and when a few hundred yards from the shore we, for the first time, saw what a pretty place Panama is. A huge hill rises in the sea to an immense height, the shores are lined with tropical trees, and the bay just south of the city is full of pretty islands. Between two of these the *Granada* lay. We soon were on board, much to the delight of our fellow-passengers and ourselves. A commotion was created by the report being spread about that Panama was infected with small-pox. We who had remained ashore were taken to task for so doing, for the report was confirmed that the disease did prevail; that cases were walking about the streets, and that one of the islands, a few hundred yards off our port, was infected; and on another island, no farther away, was a pest-house, to which had been taken six patients that very morning from the other island, on which were situated this steamship company's building, and where the employes of the company lived. We were not much alarmed, but to satisfy the other passengers we all went to the surgeon, who told us that their fears were well grounded and that we had run a great risk. He vaccinated us all.

All the people in this country, who have any pretensions to civilisation, carry umbrellas. There is one quiet, respectable looking hotel in Panama, other decent looking residences I found not, and upon enquiring from one of the sea captains where the respectable citizens lived, his reply was: "There are none, sir," and I believed him.

Mr. R. and I were conversing with one of the captains about gambling "on a small scale" in the city. "Small, indeed," said he; "I have seen a man lose \$12,000 at one sitting." He informed us of a very extensive gambling-house run by one P., and upon further enquiry we discovered that he was the same P. who had accompanied us from New York to this place, having been up there to engage a variety troupe to come down and play for six weeks, as he is also interested in a theatre here. He is regarded as a very desirable citizen and leading light of the place.

Sara Bernhardt and company played here last week, a most monstrous thing to do, but just like that eccentric actress. She made, as her share of the proceeds, from \$4,000 to \$6,000 a night, the general admission being \$10.

It is difficult to understand how the people here live at all. The exports of the country in this district amount to nothing; the people do nothing, yet here is a city of 20,000 existing some way. It can be figured out only this way: 15,000 men are employed on the canal, several hundred on the railway, about 200 by the steamship company. These work hard, get their money; the city loafers steal it or win it from them, and gamble among themselves for it until it is gone, or there is another influx of gullible workmen.

The *Granada* is a very decent steamer, and is kept clean, even of cockroaches. The waiters are Chinamen, and they are not so submissive and obedient as one usually imagines; for this morning I heard a row in the dining-hall, and looking out saw a Celestial wildly gesticulating at the steward, and shouting at the top of his voice: "Me no fearee you no savee." The altercation arose over the disobedience of some order as to the manner in which the dish-washing was being conducted in the kitchen. I have heard loud talking from the same quarter several times, and have concluded that the lot of a steward who has Chinese subordinates, is not a happy one.

The next object of interest that attracted our attention was a stretcher with a dark object upon it, being carried by four men from the nearest island towards the pest-house. The tide was out, so what were two islands the night before was now one continuous body of land. There was no doubt as to what the dark object was. The four bearers deposited it on the ground about half way, when three men came from the pest-house and took the poor unfortunate back with them. About half an hour later we saw the operation repeated, but this time the bearers who had gone the first half of the distance were unable to get an answer to their signals, so they deposited their burden on the sand in the hot sun, with the thermometer eighty-five degrees in the shade, and left him there to live or die,

they did not seem to care which. He lay there half an hour before he was discovered by attendants at the pest-house, who came to his rescue and took him in. The uniform temperature here at sea the year round is eighty-five degrees. W. S. H.

LETTER FROM ITALY.

A CITY pre-eminently grave, an angular, gloomy collection of ponderous buildings, seemingly designed by professors and inhabited by savants from time immemorial. Entering the staid, serious precincts of Bologna, not a little intoxicated with the bewitching charms of Verona, the gorgeous beauty of Venice, is very much like the unexpected encounter of an awe-inspiring doctor in the moonlit alleys of some romantic garden.

There exists, unfortunately, but seldom "a happy medium" amongst Italian customs. For example, streets are either so narrow that at every instant, pursued by ruthless cabmen and other animals, one has to seek refuge in a hospitable doorway; or, on the other hand, the unfortunate pedestrian is hemmed in in such a manner that leaving home for air and sunshine is scarcely worth while. At Bologna, the latter fashion prevails. Arcades are everywhere—to right, to left, and beyond. Indeed, it would be difficult to find an unarcaded street. Picture an indefinite number of lofty, sober-looking edifices, all more or less alike, chilly and uninviting. Go where you will, the inevitable arcade covers the sidewalks. Finally, a despairing sense of imprisonment begins to weigh upon the soul, and although one may hitherto "have believed in nothing from the roof upwards," a wild, undefinable longing is felt—a longing for something above one's head not quite so positive and material as stone and mortar.

There is by no means a superabundance to interest the ordinary traveller in Bologna—its university, its leaning towers, its grand square—little else. Nowhere, perhaps, could the modern vehicles for conveying thought be dispensed with so easily as in Italy. The volubility of the ancients appears inherited in a most respectable degree by their quick-tongued descendants of to-day. The forum of Republican and Imperial times, the mediæval and modern piazza, with few modifications, present the same scenes of gesticulating, chattering humanity. Were a stranger suddenly to come across one of these great squares, crowded with groups of long-cloaked men, all, apparently, waiting for something, they don't know exactly what, he might imagine himself on the eve of some popular uprising; but, on the contrary, this lazy concourse is of a most peaceful turn of mind, enjoying two things dearest to the Italian's heart—talking and idleness.

The Piazza Vittorio Emanuele, a large, paved, open space, has, in common with a score of other piazze, a fountain and picturesque surrounding buildings. Here, on one side, rises the church of St. Petronio, intended to be the largest in Italy, but never finished. Its rough facade presents a very peculiar appearance, much like a wall divested of the marble or plaster destined to line it. The Palazzo Municipale, or Town Hall, the Palazzo del Podestà, or Mayor's Palace, both dating from the thirteenth century, and some minor buildings, enclose the quadrangle. The aspect of the square is mediæval truly, but the sombre, brownish stone, the massiveness, rather than a rich, picturesque beauty, of the neighbouring edifices, make the whole far less pleasing than the delightful Piazza delle Erbe, in Verona, the peculiar charm of which it would be difficult to find equalled.

The blighting hand laid upon so much in this fair land has not spared Bologna's university. Of the nearly ten thousand students it boasted in the thirteenth century there remain only four hundred to-day. In 1803 it was established in an old palace, but before that time, and from 1562, it occupied the Archiginnasio Antico, a building erected to this end. Here Galvani taught, and discovered galvanism in 1789. One may still see the charming little lecture room, preserved intact, where he made his experiments. There exists not, perhaps, a more beautiful anatomical amphitheatre, panelled in carved wood—linden, pine, and cedar of Lebanon. The statues of some of the greater professors of anatomy, likewise sculptured in wood, fill various niches about the walls, while a canopy over the tribune is borne by two anatomical figures of exquisite workmanship. Strange enough to discover among these illustrious teachers the effigy of a woman in grave cap and gown. But Madame Mauzolina is not the only fair one who has graced this university with her presence. Clotilda Tambroni (Greek), Laura Bassi (mathematics and physical science), and Novella d'Andrea have all added to its lustre. Curious in a country where there does not seem to be much talk about "the higher education of women." And these were by no means rough-featured old dames. Indeed, it is said the charms of one of the latter were so dangerous that she was forced to deliver her lectures from behind a curtain! Perchance, sweet girl-students here have learnt the best way to meet deep-rooted prejudice is to make it worth while for stiff-necked conventionality to yield.

A striking peculiarity of the Archiginnasio is that the brightly-painted arms of noble students entirely cover its walls within, and those of the court. The now deserted halls are devoted to a public library. On a tablet in one of the lecture rooms the inscription is to the effect that Rossini's "Stabat Mater" was performed here for the first time.

Of the thousand and one projects that haunt men's minds it is perhaps a fortunate thing but few are accomplished. The city of Bologna is disfigured by two of the most bizarre leaning towers one can imagine. Huge cracked chimneys they appear, without the slightest ornamentation. Rising in the centre of the town, the Torre Asinelli and the Torre Garisenda, named after their architects, are respectively three hundred and twenty and one hundred and sixty-three feet in height, and four and two feet out of the perpendicular. To Dante the giant Antæus seems like the latter "when a cloud passes over it." Not far from these huge sentinels stands the house of Rossini, bearing over the door the words, "*Non Domo Diminus, sed Domini Domus.*"

If the outward appearance of Bologna is cold, its inner aspect, that of its churches, is even colder. In Gothic edifices, with clustered pillars, groined roof, and stained windows, we require no further decoration. But it is very different in buildings of many other styles. Satisfying as they may be from a purely architectural point of view, they strike the ordinary observer in rather an unfavourable light. With few exceptions, however, Italian churches, as churches, are disappointing on the whole. It is hard to reconcile our preconceived idea of what an ecclesiastical edifice should be with the eminently unsympathetic specimens that meet us at every turn. Strange combinations, strange medleys often, when no style can be seen to a full advantage. But of all this later.

Bologna, in common with many other cities of Italy, boasts a work of art world renowned, to which our special homage is paid. Raphael's "St. Cecilia" holds the place of honour in its penacoteca, or picture gallery. As one by one all the wonderful scenes, contemplated with such passionate love and longing in cold prints and photos, come before us radiant with life and colour, Pygmalion-like, we can scarce suppress a little cry of rapture. The dearest objects of our hearts are warm-cheeked and living now, and the pictured landscape, no more pictured but a glorious reality.

The rich, calm beauty of the painting of "St. Cecilia" falls upon us as the fair saint's harmonies might have done—breathing peace and light and exquisite loveliness. Here we find a wonderful portrayal of the effects music produces on different minds: the simple enjoyment of the artist, the clerical pleasure of St. John and St. Augustine, the almost childish joy of Mary Magdalene, and, finally, the profound emotion it awakens in St. Paul. You know that strong, melancholy face, shadowed by a cloud of dark hair; the contracted brow; the sad, almost painful expression. Indeed, I think it is this figure which wakes in us the deepest admiration. Like sunbeams rushing in where none else would dare to tread, so have the subtle strains pierced through even to the most silent cells of that great heart, and the inexpressible, passionate thoughts find voice at length in the divine melody. Art does not always speak her grandest truths, reveal her loveliest charms, to the most skilled of her servants; nay, these would appear at times but cold interpreters, merely uttering the words that others may seize the spirit.

The marvellous beauty of St. Paul is cleverly enhanced by his mantle and underrobe of green and red; a soft, golden lustre is shed over St. Cecilia, by her yellow tunic, while the violet gown of Mary Magdalene is a perfect clothing for this charming figure.

Interesting as the cities of northern Italy are, we have, after all, only read the prelude to the poem ere we come to Florence and Rome. Doubtless, if not in reality at least in thought, you have wended your way many times through each, and a new description can tell you little more. Still, beauty and truth are things of which we never tire (or never should). So I take it for granted you will not object to wander once again upon the heights of St. Miniato; down by the river along the Lungarno; about the Piazza della Signoria; nay, nor even to thread some narrow ways that lead to the homes of the mighty souls who moved men to dare great deeds in centuries past. Come, it is Christmas morning, but the air is deliciously warm, the day perfect. There has been great clanging of bells, the shops are closed, and crowds of genial, buzzing loungers are many. Thus we shall gain by contemplating the city from afar. The Viale dei Colli they call the gently-winding road that from the southern gate of Florence, Porta Romana, leads to San Miniato. Every here and there, as we ascend, glimpses of loveliest scenery may be had, but not until the Piazzale Michelangelo is reached does the whole glorious panorama lie before us. We now stand on a projecting terrace, above rises the church, with the adjoining convents, and the little cemetery; below stretches the valley of the Arno; and farther away, like sentinels keeping watch around some sleeping beauty, the mountains guard the city. It is not an incomprehensible, irregular mass this Florence, as you see, but the most charming of pictures in the fittest of frames. Even from here one can discern much of that bold, sober architecture, so just an embodiment, as it were, of the proud, grave spirit reigning in centuries when its home was at the zenith of her glory. Between us and the principal part of the city flows the river, a narrow, muddy stream enough, but rapid. And now need I name tower and dome? This church to the right is Santa Croce, and here are buried not a few great Florentines. Ah! you recognise the marvellous cathedral—"Brunelleschi's wondrous dome," and the Campanile close by. There looks scornfully down the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio—a republican-looking tower truly, rising neither at the side nor in the centre of the Old Palace, but in the most arbitrary of positions between the two, an exceedingly ostentatious manifestation of unconventionality. S. Lorenzo, S. Maria Novella, can also be distinguished, but many well-known haunts are lost for us from here. Linger a little longer ere the sight fades. Drink one more draught of all this beauty, for it is just as well to see the whole, before we study the parts as after and now crowd fast upon the mind the memories which make of Florence a home, perhaps their dearest, to so many. For, after all, our truest friends and guides are not the ones who living, flavour their theories to our taste; but those whose "Thou shalt," and "Thou shalt not," are immutable, uttered by lips long cold. It is pleasant thus to contemplate, to dream, while the fires in the west burn low; only the light fades fast, and already the blue mist has crept from the valley up the mountains, over the city, shutting out at length even the cypress-covered heights of Fiesole from our sight. L. L.

MALHERBE having dined with the Bishop of Rouen, who was a dull preacher, was asked by him to adjourn from the table to the church, where he was then going to preach. "Pardon me," said Malherbe, "but I can sleep very well where I am."

SOCIALISM.

WHAT is Socialism? What do Socialists want, and believe they have a right to insist upon? The fullest and most direct answers to these questions seem to be those contained in an article by Annie Besant, inserted in the July number, 1886, of the *Westminster Review*. She begins by quoting the saying of Professor Huxley, "that he would rather have been born a savage in one of the Fiji Islands than in a London slum," declares the Professor right, and gives reasons, not easily disputable by those who know what a London slum is, for the declaration. She then states the growth of the doctrine she expounds: the decay of religious belief among the classes interested, the influence of foreign writers, more especially the German, and the modifications of their doctrine by the habits of English life and their Democratic tendency, and says that "no mere abuse can shake the Socialist; no mere calling of names can move him; he holds a definite economic theory, which should neither be rejected without examination, nor accepted without study." She maintains that Socialists assent to all the sound doctrines of political economy, and more especially that capital is the unconsumed result of past and present labour: but they hold,—that individual property in land must disappear, that the soil on which a nation is born and lives ought to belong to the nation as a whole, and be cultivated by individuals and co-operative groups holding directly under the State; that capital always has been, and must be, obtained from the partial confiscation of the results of the labour of others, and is not found in the hands of the laborious and industrious, but of the idlers who have profited by such confiscation. She says,—the labourer is not free; nominally he may be, but in reality he is no more free than the slave. The slave is free to refuse to work, and to take in exchange the lash, the prison, and the grave, and such freedom only has the labourer: if he refuses to work he must take the lash of hunger, the prison of the workhouse, or, on continued refusal, the gaol. The remedy is the abolition of the landlord and the capitalist. Interest on capital has no place in Socialism, strongly as it protests against the whole system of which landlords and capitalists form an integral part, it reserves its uttermost reprobation for the theory which justifies a class of the latter in living solely on money drawn as interest on investments. So long as capital remains in private hands interest will be demanded and paid perforce for its use, and so long there will remain an idle class, a burden on the industrious who may labour for their support. Socialism aims at rendering the existence of an idle class impossible. Healthy adults will have to work for the things they require. The very young, the old, the sick, will be free from labour; but for the strong and the mature no bread of idleness, no sponging upon other people. In thus condemning an idle class, Socialism does not assail the individuals who now compose it; they are not to blame for the social conditions in which they have been born; it is one of the most hopeful signs for the Socialistic movement that many who are working in it belong to the very classes that will be abolished by it; they can do no good by throwing their fortunes away, and plunging into the present competitive struggle; all they can do is to live simply, and use their position as a pedestal on which to place their advocacy of Socialism, and employ their money in Socialist propaganda. There is no fear that individualism will be crushed. Exhausting toil and ever-growing anxiety, these crush out individuality and stifle genius. Socialism will give leisure as well as work to all, lift the heavy burden of care from all shoulders, and allow time to think and to endeavour. She adopts the doctrine of Malthus, except his objection to early marriages, for which she would substitute prudential restraint, and twits him quietly with having eleven children, thinks the doctrine is essential to the success of Socialism, and that highly educated women, full of interest in public work, and taking their share of public duty, will not consent to spend year after year of their prime in nothing but expecting, bearing, and suckling babies, and she concludes with the following emphatic passage:

"A glance backward over the history of our own country since the Reform Bill of 1832 opened the gate of political power to those outside the sacred circle of the aristocracy will tell how an unconscious movement towards Socialism has been steadily growing in strength. Our Factory Acts, our Mines Regulation Acts, our Land Acts, all show the set of the current. The idea of the State as an outside power is fading, and the idea of the State as an organised community is coming into prominence. In the womb of time the new organism is growing; shall the new birth come in peace or in revolution, heralded by patient endeavour, or by the roar of cannon? This one thing I know, that come it will, whether men work for it or hinder; for all the mighty forces of evolution make for Socialism, for the establishment of the brotherhood of man."

The article, of which I have endeavoured to give the substance in a condensed form, is inserted in the "independent section" of the *Review* set apart "for the reception of able articles which, though harmonising with its general spirit, may contain opinions at variance with the particular ideas or measures it advocates." Very able indeed the writer shows herself in the advocacy of the views and intentions of Socialism, and it is well that these should be widely known, for they concern us all. Forewarned is forearmed, and knowing what they are we shall be the better prepared to deal with them, and they strike at the very root of civilisation and progress in abolishing the right of property, and forbidding a man's enjoying or leaving to his children the enjoyment of the fruit of his labour, which is the great motive to exertion, bodily or mental.

To all fair means of promoting the more general distribution of wealth and diminishing the hardships of poverty,—by representation, by the association of workers, and by laws such as the writer refers to as passed by the British Parliament, there is no objection, and I rejoice with her at the spirit which led to their enactment. The writer has told us what she wishes for, but she has not told us by what means her wishes are to be

carried into effect, or what are the enactments by which she would provide for the division of all existing wealth equally among all, furnishing all with work equally well paid, and compelling them to perform it. The raising of the common fund, and the division of it equally among all would be no easy matter, and requires explanation. The scheme of general confiscation would probably be resisted. There must be government of some kind to enforce it, and we have a right to know how such government is to be constituted and maintained. The proper carrying out of the Malthusian doctrine which the writer declares (very truly) to be essential to the success of Socialism, would require some rather difficult and delicate legislation. With every wish to believe in her good intentions, I can hardly think the writer expects to induce the millionaire to divide his millions with the labourers by moral suasion; and indeed her last paragraph would seem to imply—"quietly if possible, forcibly if we must." There may be a gentle touch of dynamite in her "come it will." To me her scheme seems absurd as it is dangerous, and to be possible only if and when it shall please heaven to endue all of us with equal strength of arm and brain, with the same powers, wants, and wishes, and with such perfect faith in the Socialist dispensation as will preclude all desire of progress or improvement of condition. What may come to pass in Europe, with its ever increasing population and apparent want of useful employment for it, I do not know: the prospect is not bright, and even *Punch* speaks anxiously in words and cartoon, and the Laureate denounces it in patriotic and prophetic verse. But "there's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we may," and that shaping will be for good. In America there is less reason for anxiety. The Knights of Labour do not adopt Socialism or anarchy; and in *Harper's Weekly* of 6th November last there is an excellent article by P. M. Arthur, Grand Chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, in which he maintains that there is no antagonism between labour and capital which cannot be easily overcome. He says, "Every man of industrious habits may hope to become a capitalist; indeed, the desire to accumulate is one of the most powerful instruments for the regeneration of society, it supplies the basis for individual energy and activity. I have no sympathy with men who claim that might is right, and that the rich owe the poor a living." Let us try to diminish the amount of poverty, and to mitigate its evils by legislation in the spirit of that referred to with approval by Annie Besant, and by all other means that wisdom may suggest; there is the highest authority for doing this, by the exercise of brotherly love and Christian charity in the highest sense of the words, but none for confiscation, robbery, or violence. Poverty has its hardships, and we must strive earnestly to remove or diminish them; but difference of wealth or station has but a very limited influence on human happiness, and is a far less evil than what Socialism proposes to substitute for it:

"Order is heaven's first law, and this confest,
Some are—nay, must be,—greater than the rest;
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense."

W.

SHAKESPEARE.

IN a contribution to THE WEEK of 27th January last, the fact is propounded that Shakespeare "has but one solitary romantic hero, Henry V.," (is the absence of all others kinds of hero to be inferred?) "but all his female characters are noble."

In the interest of what is really true, it must be submitted, with all deference, that Shakespeare does not give authority for any such sweeping contrast between the sexes. According to this theory, as he drew from the life of his own day, the inferior sex of that period must have been deplorably over-weighted. Yet we hear of some strong men in Elizabeth's reign too. However, he was not immoderate; even he had his bounds; he was satisfied with one generation; he has many daughters—of fathers, that is—charming, loveable, pitiable, faulty, as the case might be, just as it is in the human nature from which he drew. But he has very few mothers, and two of these, *Lady Macbeth*, the murderess,

I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me;
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from its boneless gums,
And dashed its brains out, had I sworn, as you
Have done to this,

and the step-mother, would-be poisoner, queen, in "*Cymbeline*." *Miranda*, *Olivia*, *Viola*, *Isabella*, *Portia*, *Rosalind*, *Helena*, *Imogen*, *Cordelia*, *Ophelia*, *Desdemona*—what an unmatched invention of names, there is rhythm in the very recitation—are motherless, and more might be named. But Shakespeare's peculiarities, in this direction, do not end here. If we are to judge him by what he makes his characters say—and by that rule he always is and must be judged, for there is no other, and by that, in part, he has got his all-deserved immense fame—he was possessed by the idea that the degeneracy of the child, or his marital ill-fortune, is to be traced to the conjugal infidelity of the mother. In act ii., scene 5, of "*Cymbeline*," *Posthumus* says,

Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are bastards all;
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamped; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit; yet my mother seemed
The Dian of that time: so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this.

And these lines are followed by others consisting of an indictment against women in general, so intensely bitter, so exhaustive in its accusations, and summed up with

All faults that may be named, nay that hell knows,

that it shall be spared here. And—strange contrast!—this play contains an exquisite heroine, capable of rising into real heroism in a crisis of her fate. But, what is much more extraordinary and more telling, we have two young, unmarried girls, usually allotted a high place among Shakespeare's "noble" women, following in the same track. *Isabella* ("Measure for Measure," act iii., scene 1), confronted by a hideous phenomenon, leaps instantly to the conclusion that her mother must have been an adulteress.

Is't not a kind of incest to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?
Heaven shield my mother play'd my father fair!
For such a warped slip of wilderness
Ne'er issued from his blood,

she cries out. Says *Portia* ("Merchant of Venice," act i., scene 2.) of the Neapolitan prince, one of the suitors for her hand, "Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good that he can shoe him himself. I am much afraid my lady his mother play'd false with a smith." *Portia* may have been in jest, "I know it is a sin to be a mocker" she says; but in that we know there's many a true word said, and the solution came to hand with her at once. But *Isabella* was in deadly earnest. Her fierce defence of her own chastity makes her assault upon that of her mother all the more astonishing and shocking. Whether other examples of the same kind are to be found elsewhere in Shakespeare's plays is more than can be said at the moment. That there should be these three, and such as they are, must be admitted to be extremely characteristic and curious. If the like is to be found in any other writer that ever lived, perhaps he can be named.

There is a type of feminine character not to be found throughout the whole of Shakespeare's works. It is that drawn by Sir Walter Scott in *Jeanie Deans* in his "Heart of Midlothian." *Jeanie* is lowly, without personal beauty, simple and humble, gentle and tender, but of an exalted and unalterable principle, courage, and resolution. She is tried in the furnace again and again, and never found wanting. You may test her at any point you please in that inimitable tale, and you cannot hit a single blot. There is little audacity in saying that, if such a character as this is not to be found within Shakespeare's almost unlimited range, it is because it was not in him to create it. There are points of resemblance between *Imogen* and *Jeanie*, more particularly in the adventurous journey, but with wide differences. And the great charm of *Jeanie* is that she was a real woman in the two great incidents of the story, which are founded on fact. In the flesh she was a Scottish lassie, Helen Walker. D. F.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the heavy snowstorm which prevailed on the afternoon of Friday, the 11th inst, the large and handsome Convocation Hall of Trinity College was filled to the very doors by a select and fashionable audience who had braved the elements to attend Professor Clark's lecture upon "Thomas Carlyle."

He opened his subject by stating that six years ago, when on February 5, 1881, Carlyle was laid in his grave, he possessed an honoured place in every library, and his writings were held to rank among English classics. It was said that Mr. Froude had changed all this, that he, the trusted friend of Carlyle, had torn him down from the pedestal on which he had been placed. There was something startling in this statement, but fortunately we know Carlyle better from the thirty volumes he has given us than through Mr. Froude. No deep shadow could rest upon his memory, and only the very general public could be affected by the so-called revelations. "Pay no attention whatever to Froude," said Professor Clark. Whatever place may be assigned to Thomas Carlyle by posterity, his influence has been profound, and his sagacity deep. The former has reached, directly and indirectly, to all circles. Charles Kingsley felt it in his "Alton Locke;" Frederick Robertson, the learned divine, breathed it in his discourses, Dickens betrayed it in his "Tale of Two Cities," inspired by the "French Revolution;" John Ruskin had regarded him as a teacher sent from God; and Emerson had worshipped him with reverend veneration, and thirty years ago had prophesied of him as a Moral Force.

There were, it must be conceded, insuperable hindrances to the actual study of his writings. A distinguished historian had said he would be ready and willing to read him, if he wrote in Chinese, Arabic, or any language he could acquire for the purpose, but, unfortunately, what he used was to him an unknown tongue. His language undoubtedly was often involved, and even grotesque; it contained many mannerisms, but no affectations. Frederic Harrison describes it as the skin of his body, which he could no more put off than his actual flesh. It was largely influenced by his Scottish birth and education, combined with his German proclivities, and may be characterised as Germanised Annandale English.

This style, popularly known as Carlylese, has nevertheless exercised one of the most potent powers ever obtained by any Englishman, and is well worth learning. M. Taine, in speaking of Carlyle's works, says: "We are beaten at the start—on est routé d'abord." He cannot reason; he must paint, and what pictures he can give us! Look at the "Flight from Yvernes," in the "French Revolution," a masterpiece of brilliant description. Look at the finished sketches he has drawn of the historical figures of that eventful period. The explanation of his want of lucidity is to be found in his views of mind and matter, as a world of thought and sense, the visible shadow of the Invisible. The peculiarity of Carlyle, as of every mystic, was to see in everything a double meaning. To the eyes of the vulgar, what is man? an omnivorous biped who wears breeches—to the eye of Carlyle, a supreme being, deeply hidden though he be behind his strange garment. His thoughts were all strongly tinged with mysticism,

which was at the same time not dreamy but practicable. To the general public there was something more repellent than his phraseology, viz., his cynicism. Mr. Frederic Harrison, a personal friend of Mr. Carlyle's, and Mr. Norton of Massachusetts, the author of the latest biography published, both proved, not only that the letters bequeathed to Mr. Froude were not meant for publication, but were left with the request, nay, command that they should be destroyed; instead of which they had been given to the world, and not only given but garbled in the giving, and distorted so as to convey a totally different impression of Carlyle's character from that entertained by his most intimate acquaintances. It was quite possible he was not always the pleasantest of companions, did not suffer fools gladly, was impatient of nonsense and humbug, but there was ample compensation for these faults, and, in spite of them, Carlyle belonged to the family of the illustrious Great.

Pascal and Dante were notoriously unamiable and unsocial beings, and we often feel annoyed at much that has been said of dear Charles Lamb and Coleridge. It is shocking that the private details of Carlyle's domestic life should have been given to the public to gloat over. Was it right that these should have been handed to the world by his trusted friend only to blacken his character? The Carlyle of the present day was not the ideal patriarch, the sage of letters, but the Carlyle of Mr. Froude—the Carlyle of his nine volumes of "Reminiscences." He had actually misrepresented his conduct to his wife in a most unjustifiable manner; and, in contradiction of much that had been written, he, Professor Clark, would read portions of the last letter he wrote his wife on the eve of their marriage, and one written after her death, both testifying to the great love and tenderness he felt for her. Jane Welsh Carlyle was a clever woman, with a bitter tongue, and no doubt her very temperament may have caused transient feelings of hardness and bitterness between her and her husband, and she may have suffered from that intimate association with genius which has been the lot of other women in similar situations, especially when we remember that Carlyle was a victim of dyspepsia, and the attacks of this insidious enemy often inspired his pessimistic views. At the bottom of it all, however, and with all his faults, Carlyle was essentially the kindest and gentlest of men. Miss Harriet Martineau dwells at some length upon his enormous power of sympathy, and it is certain that depths of tenderness existed in his stern, rugged nature. Frederic Harrison, speaking of the "Reminiscences," says: "Shut up this waste basket of a great man's spleen. Thomas Carlyle is strong enough to bear much, and will bear even this." He referred also to the last years of his life, in which he found him in his old age, courteous, kindly, even patriarchal. Carlyle's spiritual existence is never apparent in his "Reminiscences," but his intense admiration for his father is very strongly developed. He began life as a stone mason, and his son calls him an example of a man of God's own making, and says: "Let me write my books as he built his houses." To him he owed his education and his college life, and he ever considered him as one of the greatest of men. He was certainly remarkable for strength of character and for tenacious veracity. Carlyle's mother was not less uncommon than his father. Her religious tendencies were very strong, and her interest in her son's spiritual welfare unceasing. Edward Irving was Carlyle's dearest friend. But I will not dwell long upon him, for his life has been admirably written by Mrs. Oliphant. He was a former lover of Mrs. Carlyle's, and their intimacy continued until his death. Irving was a man of great sociability and real good nature, and probably attracted Carlyle by the intenseness of his humanity. An excellent notice of him, from Carlyle's pen, appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* after his death.

Readers of Carlyle's early letters will find in them the same clear insight, the same grotesque humour, and the same high moral purpose that characterises his later works. His criticisms are open to grave and serious faults. Voltaire he did not understand or appreciate, from a strong John Bullish prejudice to the frog-eating Frenchman whom he condemned as an impudent blackguard. His judgment was far from subjective, and was largely influenced by his sympathies.

His favourite characters were all predestinated to Carlylese salvation. He took immense pains in his biographical researches, and the labour he bestowed upon his "Life of Frederick the Great" was herculean. Mrs. Carlyle was wont to say he lived for twelve years in the shadow of the valley of Frederick. He never perverts the facts of history, but at the same time he pooh-poohs a great deal that does not adapt itself to his purposes, and is certainly not unbiassed in his opinions.

The "Essays" were his first contributions to literature, and were continued throughout his life. The best were written upon Richter and Burns. His first big book was the "Life of Schiller," introduced to the public by a preface from the pen of Goethe. This work Carlyle never esteemed highly, and valued least of his productions. His next was "Sartor Resartus." In the study of Carlyle, I would recommend beginners to commence with the "Essays," then read "Heroes and Hero-Worship," "Past and Present" and "Oliver Cromwell," after which they will be able to make their own way. Carlyle had two fundamental articles of Faith—his Hero-Worship and his Gospel of Labour. Mahomet was one of his idols, also Dante, Luther, John Knox, Robert Burns, Rousseau, Napoleon, and Goethe, which reminds me that the Germans consider Homer, Shakespeare, and Goethe as the three geniuses of the world. Carlyle's admiration of Goethe was a worship of intellect. That cold contained nature, possessing the serenity of a god, could have had little in sympathy with the humanity of Carlyle, but he loved the harmony of his literary genius and the cultivated power of his superhuman intelligence. Carlyle had a firm belief in the existence of a God. His own genius was transcendent, and his works are those of a consummate literary artist who always wrote with a high moral purpose in the spirit of Schiller, *Ernst ist das Leben*, Life is Earnest. In conclusion, Professor Clark expressed a hope that his remarks would lead some one to the study of the works he had produced. E. S.

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WE wish to give the Prohibitionists full credit for the goodness of their object; but they must allow us to consider whether they are taking the right means. No principle, however sacred, can enjoin them or us to do mischief. The Scott Act, in its practical operation, is not only substituting an illicit for a licensed trade, infecting the people with contrabandism, filling neighbourhoods with ill will, and fostering perjury, but it is actually increasing the consumption of ardent spirits. The use of ardent spirits, especially in the way of "nipping," is the real bane, and against this it is that the practical promoters of temperance struggle. But as ardent spirits contain much more stimulant than beer, and are thus more convenient for smuggling, the effect of all prohibitive legislation must be to discourage the use of beer and to promote the use of ardent spirits. The distilleries, we understand, are increasing their powers of production, while the brewing trade is proportionally depressed, and the other day one of our great brewing firms failed, amidst the exultation of charitable Prohibitionists, throwing all its workmen out of employment. Barley-growing, of course, suffers with the beer trade. It is an important branch of Canadian industry, and will become still more important, as Canadian wheat is exposed to severer competition, especially from the Indian wheatfields. Hitherto the superior quality of Canadian barley has secured for it a good market in the United States, but this advantage appears to be placed in jeopardy by recent improvements in American culture, so that if the Canadian beer trade is killed, the Canadian barley trade must die. With it, of course, will perish the trade of the five hundred and twenty-seven hop-growers, who the other day signed a petition for exemption from the Scott Act. Thus, unless by a sudden revolution in human nature, of which we have no example, the people can at once be weaned from the taste for stimulants of any kind, the practical result of prohibitory legislation will be to make our people drinkers of ardent spirits. Such is the effect which Prohibition has already had in the North-western territories, and the spirits, as might be expected, are of the very vilest and most unwholesome kind. No one in his senses can doubt that sound beer is at all events less noxious than bad whiskey. We believe it could be very easily proved to be less noxious than the poisonous stuff which is drunk by the mass of our people, especially by the farmers, under the name of tea

THE same caution as to the necessity of looking to the practical operation of a measure of reform applies to the legislation to which the council of this city is committing itself for a sudden and sweeping reduction of the number of licensed houses. You may wish, and rightly wish, that the number of drinking places were lessened. But will it be lessened by the proposed legislation? You cannot annihilate by your word of command the demand for liquor. Nor can you annihilate the men who have hitherto lived by the sale, and who have no other calling whereby to live. Driven from the licensed they will of sheer necessity take to the illicit trade. In other words, a really criminal interest will be called into existence, while drinking, as all experience tell us, will not be diminished. A policy guided by calculation of practical results, such as that of high license and discrimination against ardent spirits, does not suit the purposes of platform rhetoric as well as one of a more transcendental kind, but it better promotes the interests of Temperance.

THE chances of the Labour candidates appear to be poor. This is to be regretted. Class representation is bad, but there are special reasons for desiring that the wage-earning class should have a spokesman. The wage-earners have, however, taken measures to secure their own defeat. They have made their nominations and conducted their campaign in the most exclusive spirit, so as to declare their antagonism to the community at large, and repel all independent sympathy and support. Moreover, some of their candidates are not really representatives of labour at all, but professional incendiaries trading on the labour agitation, who, instead of the "scars of labour" have nothing to show but the inkstains of malignity and libel.

THE correspondent of the Guelph *Mercury* is right in saying that it will be very hard on Mr. Jury if he of all the Labour candidates were selected for attack as an atheist, when he probably alone has given religion a serious thought. Honest and deliberate doubt about religion is religious; it is religion in a state of eclipse, and it will be regarded with respect and sympathy by every truly religious man, though, as we said before, an elector may fairly, and without intolerance, prefer the candidate the basis of whose morality is the same as that of his own. The genuine atheist, whom all ought to vote down, is the man who professes to believe in God while he is playing the trade of a villain.

WHEN a Roman Catholic priest denounces a political or a municipal candidate from the altar, it is deemed a flagrant case of priestly usurpation and disregard of civil right. Is denunciation from the pulpit less objectionable than denunciation from the altar? People are beginning to say that there is not much use in having broken the yoke of the Roman Catholic priesthood if that of the Methodist clergy is to take its place. Government by ecclesiastics is not liberty, be they of what denomination they may.

SOME change, it seems, is proposed in the constitution of the Schools of Medicine and their relation to the Universities. The natural arrangement seems to be that the Medical Schools, so far as they are strictly professional, should stand by themselves, hold their own examinations, and confer their own degrees. Universities have, as we conceive, nothing to do with strictly professional studies. Culture and science are their province, and their function ends with the scientific studies which form a preparation for those of a profession. Clinical medicine and surgery are beyond their domain, and ought to be connected, not with the University, but with the hospital. The connection of Trinity Medical School, which appears to be seeking legislation, with Trinity College University is little better than a misleading form. One medical school is surely enough for this Province. The State, in the public interest, ought to exact the strictest securities for the independence of the examiners and the effectiveness of the examination. That there will otherwise be great danger of the prostitution of degrees is a fact which in the face of lamentable experience it is useless to ignore.

ONE benefit, at all events, we have reaped from the *Mail's* conversion to independence. We get fair accounts of the election meetings and of the course of the campaign. The *Mail* must expect that there will be a jerk in switching off, and that it will forfeit the patronage of some Tories who take no political literature except glorification of the Tory chief and abuse of his opponents. But this will pass away. The London *Times* went through the same ordeal in a more trying form, and its prosperity soon returned. The world would be in its dotage if it continued to prefer one-sided information and biased criticism. The mistake which the *Mail* has made is in going over to Prohibition. That market, it may be delicately hinted, was already full.

DR. GRANT has come to judgment on Partyism and the partisan Press. We need not say that in our estimation his judgment is true. That the domination of faction is evil, and that a public instructor ought to be free to tell the truth, are opinions which are fast coming to be considered within the pale of sanity. The readers of a partisan Press, says Dr. Grant, drink from a poisoned well. Now that the tide is visibly turning in favour of independent journalism, let the due meed of thanks be paid to a journal such as the *Bobcaygeon Independent*, which in the worst of times, has kept the flag of veracity flying, and maintained its right to see things and men, not through the glass of Party, but as they are.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD is reported to have said that it is lucky for him that he is an old man. Probably this is an invention. It certainly is, if it implies that an aged politician is ready to give up power, to which, on the contrary, all politicians of Sir John's stamp and character cling the more desperately the older they grow. But Sir John may well have been made conscious by the incidents of the faction fight that his system has not long to live, and that he would be in great danger of surviving it if he lingered much longer on the scene. To form the basis of his Government, a number of heterogeneous and warring elements have been held in forced union by bribery of various kinds. The disruptive forces are now manifestly becoming too strong for the unifying power of corruption, and the break-up is apparently at hand.

OF the Rykert-Sands affairs enough is known from the veracious lips of Mr. Rykert himself to assure us that the habits of that eminent servant of the public remain unchanged. Will Lincoln again disgrace itself, and dishonour the Legislature? We fear it will. On the other side, Mr. William Macdougall, of Silver Islet Fame, appears to prosper in South Grenville. Forty years of government by corruption have made the people callous. Indiscriminate slander has also played its part by levelling all reputations in the public mind. Mr. Mackenzie has been charged, by faction, with improbity as well as Messrs. Rykert and Macdougall.

THE faction fight goes on, casting up from its turbid eddies mire and filth of every kind, and affording new matter for reflection to those who deem it effeminate to protest against the needless multiplication of contests in which the citizen is utterly lost in the demented partisan. The fist is a manlier weapon than the slanderous tongue or pen, and we cannot help regarding with some sympathy the man who the other day, instead of railing back at his assailant on the platform, "hit out with his right," though, his pugilistic skill not equalling his spirit, he came home, not on the offending jaw but "on the jaw of a reporter." Bribery is being plied upon both sides in the form of promised drafts on the public purse for local jobs. On the side of the Government we may be pretty sure that it is being plied in a coarser though perhaps not a more noxious form. And by this process we expect a pure, patriotic and upright Government to be produced! It cannot be said that anything has occurred to throw much light on the probable result of the fight. Sir Charles Tupper is evidently not going to have it all his own way in Nova Scotia, but how much his potent presence will be able to effect remains to be seen. Those who care for upright government more than for Party cannot fail to be impressed by the Sands-Rykert affair, which reveals the corruption of the present system and the character of some, probably of not a few, of its supporters. Mr. Blake's appeals in favour of reform will thus gain force, and the disposition to turn to a man whose personal freedom from corruption no one doubts will be increased. Still, we must point to the fact that the Opposition has to pull down a majority of 60 at the very least in a House of 211. And this must be done entirely by gains in the old Provinces; for the North-west, succumbing to the combined influence of the Government and the C.P.R., has apparently again laid itself at the Minister's feet. Well-informed friends of the Government seem to speak sincerely when they predict a majority of twenty, and we see nothing at present to prove that their calculation is unfounded. The contest gives birth to strange alliances, none stranger than that between the Hon. Mr. Mowat and Messrs. Jury and Sheppard.

THE *Winnipeg Sun* has an important article on the encouragement of immigration, a subject vital to the North-west. It thinks that Canada must look for her immigrants to countries having a similar or colder climate than hers, such as Great Britain, Germany, Russia, or Scandinavia. She certainly will not get the Calabrians, and she may perhaps reconcile herself to that loss; but we doubt whether she will get much immigration from the countries named. The current of German and Scandinavian emigration has definitively set to the United States, which have an estab-

lished attraction as the land of wealth and hope, and where most of the emigrants have friends already settled. The volume of Scandinavian emigration, moreover, is not large. In Russia there is plenty of room for the people, though some of them may be driven from home by political discontent. The English naturally prefer the mild climate as well as the more thoroughly English communities of Australia and New Zealand; and two or three months' saving in expenditure of fuel makes up the difference between the cost of a passage to New Zealand and that of a passage to Manitoba. There was a plan for bringing the Irish to the North-west, but nothing could be less hopeful. Not one Irish "farmer" in a hundred has seen a machine; of the poorer class, not one in ten has handled a plough. No people have less in them of the pioneer, and if they were planted out in solitary shanties over the prairie, they would soon despond and go over to join their compatriots in the United States. It is mainly, we are persuaded, by Canadians and Americans accustomed to pioneering and to our mode of farming that the North-west must look to being peopled, and the great obstacle to its settlement and development is the Line. In forming plans for the public encouragement of immigration it must, unfortunately, be borne in mind that Old Canada and the North-west, though politically united, are economically as well as geographically separate countries, and have by no means the same interest in the matter. The Eastern artisan is strongly opposed to State aid altogether. Puffing, whether by Government, railways, emigration agents, or pamphleteers is, we conceive, about played out: the English, at all events, will no longer trust any testimony but that of Englishmen whom they know, and of whose character and independence they are assured.

THE North-west has an immense expanse of wonderfully fertile soil, but it has also a terribly severe climate, and a dangerously small margin of summer. It cannot afford to be weighted in the race of commercial competition. Weighted, however, and heavily, it will be so long as it is subject to railway monopoly, and to the present tariff. The teeming plain without free railway development is worth no more than so much sand or sea. The tariff, constructed for the purpose of giving Sir John Macdonald the support of a body of protected manufacturers in the East, is simply an instrument of strangulation for the North-west. Nothing more noxious to a new agricultural country than the tax on farm implements and some of the other taxes could have been devised. Yet the whole region seems unanimously bent on casting its own interests to the winds, and making itself a great pocket borough for the Government of Sir John Macdonald. True, the candidates are all pledged against Disallowance and the oppressive clauses of the tariff. But they will not have been at Ottawa ten days before they will all have been closeted with the Minister, and have come to an agreement with him as to the best method of ostensibly redeeming their pledges without disturbing his political arrangements. Disallowance and the tariff will remain as they are. Since the withdrawal of Mr. Macarthur at Winnipeg, it does not appear that the North-west will have a single independent member, and the larger its representation, if the members are not independent, the more complete will be the servitude.

It is doubtful whether success will attend Sir John Kaye's project for monster farms in the North-west. It would seem that if farming on the large scale would pay anywhere, it must be on the prairie, where machinery has the fullest power. Experience, however, seems to have decided the other way. The great Dalrymple farm has been broken up, and the tendency appears to be in the Western States to break up the monster farms. The impression prevails that the Bell farm is not a commercial success. It appears that the unsparing toil, the self-denial, the strict economy, and the hard bargaining of the farmer who tills his own farm, are necessary to make farming pay.

THE Imperial Government having disallowed a Newfoundland Act about bait, which would be likely to breed trouble with France, the Newfoundlanders are highly incensed, and rail against Imperial cowardice. The British Government is not an autocracy; it rests upon the suffrages of the people, the great mass of whom neither know nor care anything about the question of bait in Newfoundland, or any question on this side of the Atlantic; and a Government which appeared likely to draw them into a great war in any such quarrel, we repeat, would certainly fall. A war about the Newfoundland or Canadian Fisheries would be regarded by the English democracy as a war about the boundaries of Afghanistan would be regarded by ours. When there was talk here of voting men and money for the expedition to the Soudan, even the most Conservative of Canadian journals loudly protested against the idea. What the Imperial Govern-

ment can do for us in the way of negotiation, it will do, and with a good will; but we shall have to contribute to Imperial armaments if we want the protection of Imperial arms. Of that the Newfoundlanders may rest assured.

We pointed out the other day that political abettors of the Anti-Rent agitation in Ireland would soon have to decide how they liked the principle in its application to our own continent; and scarcely had the warning been uttered when the news came that fifteen thousand tenants in New York were meditating a strike against the paying of rent. Perhaps among the landlords there might be some who, to indulge their spite against England, and to court the Irish vote, had been applauding lawlessness in Ireland. The first consequence of insecurity in the collection of rents would be a collapse of the building trade. No capitalist would build houses of which he was to be robbed as soon as he had built them.

How can a man like Mr. Chamberlain go on talking of Canada as a precedent for the political settlement of Ireland? In its internal constitution Canada is, like the United States, a federation, in that which State is subject for federal purposes to the Federal Government elected by them all in common. Nobody has proposed or can propose anything of this kind in the case of Ireland. What Mr. Gladstone proposes for Ireland is a Vassal Parliament under the Parliament at Westminster, as though one of our Provinces, instead of being represented in the Parliament at Ottawa, should have a Parliament of its own, but with limited powers, and subject to the Parliament at Ottawa. As to the connection between the Dominion as a whole and the Mother Country, it is not in reality a settled constitution but a shifting relation, which has recently undergone, and is still undergoing, change through the institution of our Supreme Court, the assertion of our power of making treaties, and our definitive secession from the Imperial tariff. Its present phase is in fact simply the last step on the road to independence.

MR. DAVITT admits, it seems, that the "Plan of Campaign" is a rather lawless method of proceeding, but avers that it is better than the blunderbuss, while one of his brother agitators tells us that if this plan had not been adopted the country would have been soaked with the blood of landlords. To such a pass have things come in a realm which has been hitherto regarded as the pattern and the fountain of respect for law. Law is now assumed on all hands to be powerless for the protection of life and property in Ireland; the only choice is between the Plan of Campaign and the blunderbuss, between submitting to organised rapine, and having the land soaked with your blood. Under the rule of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley, Government, in its abject need of Parnellite support, openly abdicated its authority, and handed over the country to the lawless domination of the League. The present state of opinion is the natural result of a surrender to conspiracy, domestic and foreign, which has no parallel at all events in British annals, and seems to denote some extraordinary collapse in the character of public men and of the nation. The betrayal of order in high places is rendered more conspicuous and infamous by contrast with the fidelity shown in the lower grades of the public service. While Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley are bartering their trust for Parnellite votes, private soldiers and policemen do their duty under the most trying circumstances without flinching. A nation which ceases to uphold law must soon cease to be a nation. Once more we would warn those among our own politicians and journalists who purchase the Irish vote by applauding Irish lawlessness, that in these telegraphic days ideas soon cross the Atlantic, and what they abet in Ireland they may soon experience here.

MR. GLADSTONE says that the Plan of Campaign became necessary because Parliament had rejected Mr. Parnell's Bill for the Suspension of Evictions. Lord Hartington asks whether, in Mr. Gladstone's opinion, it is right that when the Legislature has refused to do a thing the people should take the law into their own hands. Did any one in Mr. Gladstone's position ever receive a more crushing rebuke?

It is true that the constituency of St. George's, Hanover Square, is a Conservative hive. Still it is a mixed population, the owner of the finest mansion has only one vote, and the ballot protects the elector against influences which indeed it is always difficult to exert in cities. Mr. Goschen's election by so overwhelming a majority is, therefore, a strong proof that London, which is the heart of national feeling, remains true to the Union.

We have now the real history of those Glenbeigh evictions which excited so much emotion among the kind-hearted but credulous. It is, as we suspected. The mortgagees, in whose interest the rents were being collected,

offered to remit about four-fifths of the arrears. At the instance of General Buller even a further reduction was made. The tenants would have paid; but the agitators visited the estate, interviewed the tenants one by one, told them that they should have the land for nothing, and threatened them with the vengeance of the League if they kept their word. There was then nothing for it but eviction, unless the agitators were to be allowed to confiscate property at their will. Of course the agitators did their utmost to produce a harrowing scene. But of sixty-four decrees granted by the court, only thirty-one have been placed in the hands of the sheriff, and only twenty-one have been executed. The agent has been generally willing to restore evicted tenants as caretakers (as is done in a large proportion of the evictions), or to let them remain at a rent of a penny a week. Nothing has really been done beyond asserting the right of property against the League. The four cabins which were burned down were not those of regular tenants, but of squatters who had returned after previous eviction, and could be got rid of in no other way. Nothing, in short, was done which is not done on this continent and wherever property in land exists.

A MAJORITY of one hundred and six against Gladstone and Parnell in the House of Commons shows that the Unionist phalanx is unshaken. The moral effect of the victory will be at once felt in Ireland, and will smooth the path of those who are maintaining law and order there. The question now is, Whether the House will deal vigorously with Obstruction? Mere alterations in the forms of procedure are of little use. It is not disorder with which the House has to cope, but mutiny. The expulsion of one or two of the ringleaders would be more effective than any *clôture*.

THERE is little doubt that Mr. Neville, the Gladstonite, who was elected against Mr. Goschen at Liverpool, will be unseated on petition, as the Irish personated, not only largely, but recklessly. So we learn on the best authority.

THAT there is serious danger of war in Europe is proved by the preparations which are being made on all sides. Yet we cannot believe that, saving through some personal outbreak on the part of the Czar, war will arise out of the Eastern Question. It appears to be well in the hands of diplomats, whose professional interests are always in favour of a peaceful solution. The France-German quarrel is a different matter. In that quarter there will be war apparently, if Boulanger can bring it about. But Boulanger, it must be remembered, is not a successful general in whose star France confides, but only an energetic and aspiring Minister of War. The nation, when he has brought it to the brink of the precipice, may recoil.

AT Vienna, some erratic sprite announces a journal entitled "Woman-Hater," and destined to liberate man from bondage to a fatuous woman-worship. This sounds grotesque enough, and probably the journalist is a lunatic. Yet, if women are going to demand political power and generally to alter their relations to men they must not be surprised if the sentiments of men are altered towards them and if their claims hereafter are discussed with a freedom which, while they were content to be under the protection of the male sex, chivalry and poetry forbade. A change of this kind, we are afraid, is in the air.

WHEN the Canada Permanent Loan and Savings Company was compelled, the other day, to increase its capital in order to be enabled to receive the large sums pressed upon it by way of loan for investment through the Company, it illustrated some recent remarks of ours. The Company has grown, during its thirty-two years' existence, into a great financial institution. The figures in its Financial Statement for the year are most imposing: Subscribed capital, \$3,500,000—paid up, \$2,300,000; Reserve Fund, \$1,180,000, besides a Contingent Fund of \$100,378; Cash Receipts for the year, \$3,076,762; Amount Expended, \$3,032,649. The Liabilities to the Public amount to \$5,589,224, against which the Company holds assets to the value of \$9,301,615. Out of the profits of the year have been paid two dividends of six per cent each, and \$30,000 has been added to the Reserve Fund. The vastness of the Company's operations afford indeed a striking confirmation of what was said by Mr. Darling at the annual meeting of the Board of Trade, on the advantage of attracting money here for investment, and not repelling it by taxation. The Company now owns mortgage loans to the amount of \$8,802,484, and other loans, \$96,590: the foreign money invested through the Company is unquestionably of great benefit to this city as well as to the country at large. It has manifestly relieved the borrower by reducing the rate of interest.

BEREAVED.

DEAD! Did you say she was dead? Oh, what a villainous lie!
 See! I am living, and, think you, I'd live if she were to die!
 No; for the sigh that bore the life from her beautiful breast
 Would reach me, and take mine too with hers into heavenly rest.
 Dead! and the sun still shines? Hark, sir, to that little bird;
 Think you, were she lying dead, its merry song would be heard?
 Dead! do I hear you aright? Cut off in the flower of youth!
 Your arm—there, there, I am better! Oh, God! sir, tell me the truth!
 Ailing a month you say, and never a letter to me.
 Curse them, curse them, Nellie! that kept me away from thee.
 Oh, sir, think of that child, God's purest and loveliest flower,
 Dying, with never a friend to cling to in her last hour.
 She who had never known grief, heard never a word unkind,
 Whose feet trod ever on flowers, whose gentleness tamed the wind,
 To tread the Valley of Death alone through tempest and rain,
 When I would have threaded it with her. Oh, curse them again and
 again!
 She thought of me to the last? My name was the last she spoke?
 "Tell him I'll wait for him there!" She slept, and never more woke.
 And I knew nothing the while. Oh, Love, blind, blind as a bat!
 Where was your boasted strength, to give me no warning of that?
 Fool! fool! A beast of the field! Unfeeling as senseless clay!
 Why did my brain not reel, my heart become ice, that day?
 Closed are her lustrous eyes, and silenced her eloquent tongue.
 What had she ever done that Death should take her so young?
 She never sinned. It is I; I carry the branding of Cain;
 I feel it hissing and burning its way to my very brain!

Let me go! You gave me her words; and think you I will not obey?
 I died when they closed her eyes. Life fled from my heart that day!
 Bury us both together; and then, when God bids us rise,
 She will plead for mercy for me, and win me to Paradise.

Montreal.

ARTHUR WEIR.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A TORONTO ART GALLERY.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Nothing is more wanted in Toronto than a permanent Art Gallery and a collection of good works of art, always open to the public. It would be difficult to find a city in Europe or America of the wealth and population of Toronto that is so badly off in this respect. An attempt is now being made to remedy the deficiency. At their last meeting the Council of the Royal Canadian Academy granted \$3,000 towards the purchase of a site; a corner lot on Wilton Avenue, close to Yonge Street, has been secured at a cost of \$6,000; the balance of the purchase money will be made up by the artists, and form their contribution to the scheme. The estimated cost of a suitable building is \$25,000, and a number of citizens have already promised to contribute: one, Mrs. Alexander Cameron, who has largely contributed to many objects of service to Toronto, has authorised me to say that she will give \$5,000 towards the Art Gallery, provided that we raise the rest of the money, and leave the building free of debt. This should not be difficult to do. The Gallery, once opened, would form a permanent home for any collection of good works of art that could be made, by loan or otherwise, forming a nucleus that would doubtless be added to from time to time by donations and bequests.

The Art Association of Montreal and the Art Museum of Boston are notable instances of the manner in which, the beginning of such a collection being once made, it has rapidly increased by the benefactions of those to whom it has suggested a means of making their wealth and culture of service to the public. In Boston the collection of the Art Museum is continually enriched by pictures, sculpture, and valuable curios, lent by persons leaving their homes for a time, who are glad both to have their valuables in safe keeping and to exhibit them to the public. The same is true of Montreal and other places where the same accommodation exists.

The lease of the gallery, at present rented by the Ontario Society of Artists, expires this year, and it is hoped that it may be possible to erect the building, and open it with the joint exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy and Ontario Society of Artists in 1888. Yours,

February 8, 1887.

L. R. O'BRIEN.

DISALLOWANCE IN MANITOBA.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I observe, in the last number of your journal, that in speaking of the C.P.R. contract, you refer to the "Disallowance clauses" of it. This is an error that seems better rooted in the minds of writers for the Canadian press than is the Canada thistle in our fertile soil, and one which, repeated *ad nauseam* by the friends of Manitoba, is calculated to do us much injury in our struggle to get rid of monopoly in railroads. We may well cry out: "Save us from our friends." Would you kindly take the trouble to look up the clauses you refer to, and, if not too long, print them for the benefit of your numerous readers?

The fact is, there is no "Disallowance clause" at all in the C.P.R. contract, and, what is more, there is no "monopoly clause" in it, that can

affect the Province of Manitoba as it was prior to the extension of its territory in 1881.

The clause to which reference is made only prevents the *Parliament* of Canada from *authorising* the building of any line of railway to compete with the C.P.R. There is nothing to prevent the *Manitoba Legislature* from exercising its undoubted right to charter lines of railway from any one point in the old Province of Manitoba to any other point therein, nor to require the Dominion Government to disallow such a charter. There *could* be nothing of that kind in any Act of the Canadian Parliament, because such a provision would be a direct infringement of the B.N.A. Act.

How, then, has Disallowance taken place? Simply because the Dominion Government has arbitrarily exercised the power of Disallowance that they have over all Provincial legislation by virtue of the B.N.A. Act. They have done this in pursuance of a settled policy which they say is in the interest of the Dominion as a whole. This has been pointed out over and over again by members of the Government themselves and their organs in the press. Yet ever and anon some of the best friends of Manitoba in the East, and those most opposed to the railway monopoly, *will* fall into the same old error and talk of the "Disallowance" and "monopoly" clauses, and prate of the necessity of compensation to the C.P.R. for giving up their monopoly. It is enough to make one feel "tired." Within the old Province of Manitoba the C.P.R. has no monopoly to give up, except that conferred upon them arbitrarily, and without consideration, by the Government exercising the power of Disallowance.

There is absolutely nothing to bind the present Government or any Government to continue the policy of Disallowance. The idea of compensation could only apply to the territory outside of the old Province of Manitoba.

Winnipeg, 8th February, 1887.

Yours sincerely,
GEORGE PATTERSON.

[We should be glad to believe that the case was as our correspondent contends. But he is aware that a different position is taken by the Government and the C.P.R.—ED.]

A WORD FOR ARCHBISHOP TACHE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I observe the following paragraph in your issue of the 10th inst., from a contributor signing himself "Garry": "From private information I have strong reasons for believing that the letter from Archbishop Taché to Mgr. Lafleche, of Three Rivers, which has created a sensation by its publication in the East, was not written last March, as the date it bears would indicate, but was the production of the prelate's brain less than a month ago."

I am neither a member nor an adherent of the Church of which Archbishop Taché is a distinguished ornament; I have no sympathy with that Church; I do not even belong to the political party in whose interest the letter referred to by your contributor was published. On the contrary, I am a Protestant—a Presbyterian—and a Liberal in politics. But having the honour to know Archbishop Taché well, I take the liberty of saying that numerous readers of THE WEEK are surprised that such a serious accusation against the honour and honesty of one who has long occupied so honourable a position not only in the ecclesiastical body to which he belongs, but in the educational and political history of the North-west as well, should have found expression in its columns. The Archbishop is sincerely devoted to the cause of his Church, and has missed no opportunity of promoting her interests or of extending her influence and power in the section of Canada committed to his spiritual supervision. The Metis of Manitoba and the Territories of the North-west he has always regarded as his particular children, and to their temporal advancement he has always given the closest attention, occasionally lending the weight of his powerful influence to demands on their part which people less partial have, with some degree of justice, considered exorbitant. Politically, he may have, for all I know, some leanings to the Conservative side, although even that much seems doubtful. But that he would lend himself to such baseness as your correspondent suggests, no one who can pretend to any knowledge of him personally, or to any acquaintance with the history of his long and faithful labours in the cause of Christianity and humanity among the simple children of the plains, will for a moment believe. There is nothing in the story which "Garry" tells of the visit of Mr. Montplaisir to the Archiepiscopal Palace at St. Boniface which is not quite consistent with the theory that the letter referred to was, as it professes to have been, written in March last. On the contrary, I submit that there is much in it to confirm the impression which I, for one, have formed after years' acquaintance with the Archbishop, that, according to his lights, he was sincerely desirous of promoting the welfare of Canada; cares little or nothing for the party politics of the time, and for that reason, probably, objected to the publication of his letter; and sees more clearly than most of us, in these exciting times, that no good, but only harm, can flow from appeals to the racial and religious prejudices of any portion of our population. If the voice of the revered Dr. Black, of Kildonan, the contemporary and neighbour of Archbishop Taché in ante-Confederation days, were not stilled by death, I know that it would be raised loud in protest against the charge so broadly made by your correspondent, "Garry." I am, sir, your obedient servant,

Ottawa, February 12, 1887.

JUSTICE.

WOMAN.

God be thanked, the meanest of his creatures
 Boasts two soul-sides, one to face the world with,
 One to show a woman when he loves her.—*Browning.*

CANADIAN NOTES AND QUERIES

Queries on all points of Canadian History and kindred subjects are invited, and will be answered as fully and accurately as possible. Address Editor, "Notes and Queries," THE WEEK.

"A. G. F." asks: "To what regiment belonged the old colours in the English Cathedral in Quebec? When and why were they placed there?"

They belonged to the 69th Regiment. New colours were presented to the regiment by Prince Arthur, on the 21st of June, 1870, on the Esplanade at Quebec. Next day took place the ceremony of depositing the old colours in the English Cathedral, where, to use the words of the Rector, "they were received as a sacred trust, not only as emblems of loyalty, Christianity, and civilisation, but in remembrance of a regiment which has been conspicuous in repelling a recent invasion of this Province, whose conduct has been characterised by a singular regard to order and regularity, and which, by its general bearing, has deservedly won the highest esteem of every member of the community." The 69th bears on its colours the words "Bourbon," "Java," "Waterloo," and "India," in commemoration of its distinguished and brilliant services at these places. It is said that no other church in America has the honour of having the colours of a British regiment.

A QUEBEC reader enquires: "Who discovered Lake St. John, and what are its exact size and distance from Quebec?"

Lake St. John was discovered by Father Jean De Quen, on the 16th of July, 1647. While stationed at the mission of St. Croix at Tadoussac, news was brought to him that some baptised Indians of the Porcupine nation were sick and in need of his services. He started on the 11th July in a bark canoe, with two Indians, and after five days of toil reached a lake called Piagouagami or Piuagamik, on whose shores dwelt the Porcupine nation. They received him as "the first Frenchman who had ever set foot in their country." His interesting account of the journey is given in the *Relations des Jésuites* of 1647. Father De Quen came to Canada in 1635, and laboured chiefly at Quebec and Sillery. He was Superior of the Jesuits in Canada from 1656 to 1659, and died at Quebec on the 8th of October, in the last named year, while ministering to the sick during the pestilence.

Father De Quen wrote that the lake was "so large that the shores could hardly be seen." According to modern explorers, it is nearly oval in shape, covers about 510 square miles, and is over 100 miles in circumference. In the widest part, from the mouth of the Metabetchouan to that of the Peribonca, it measures 30 miles, and in the narrowest part, from Point St. David to Pointe Bleue, about 18 miles. It is about 100 miles north of Quebec, as the crow flies.

"It is not perhaps generally known," wrote Lieut. Baddeley in 1828, "that there exists highly respectable evidence of a volcanic eruption having happened somewhere in the interior in the rear of St. Paul's Bay. No one, we think, will feel disposed to doubt the fact after perusing the following account." Lieut. Baddeley was one of the party sent by the Provincial Government in the summer of 1828 to explore the Saguenay country, and this account was furnished him by Mr. Gagnon, of Baie St. Paul. It is given in French in Lieut. Baddeley's report, and the following is a literal translation:

"In default of my journal, which has been mislaid, please accept the following account: On Saturday, the 6th of October, 1791, at Baie St. Paul and in surrounding country, about half-past seven in the evening, a great earthquake was felt, and during the whole night there were many slighter shocks with a trembling in an easterly direction. During the next forty-one days there were from two to five shocks a day. . . . Before the night of the 26th or 27th, I had not noticed the eruption of a thick smoke, sometimes like waves of fire. The temperature at a quarter-past seven that evening was 11° below zero Reaumur (7¼ Fahrenheit), and next morning at half-past six the heat had reached 21° (79¼ Fahrenheit). Between two mountains to the north-west of my house, there is an opening which allows of a distant view. It was through this opening that I saw a continual eruption, a mixture of smoke and flames, rising high above the horizon, and at times striving as if the vent through which they were vomited was too small. I noticed repeatedly that this eruption was almost invariably followed the same day by an earthquake, and that when it did not occur the atmosphere that day was dark and yellow. It could be foretold that the nearness of the next shock was in proportion to the difficulty with which the mass of smoke forced its way out. Some persons, whose attention I drew to these precursory signs, assured me in their turn that the shock would soon be felt, and so it happened. Finally, this night of the 26th to the 27th, there was a great spectacle offered to our admiration, the whole atmosphere being ablaze and agitated. The heat was so great as to hurt the face, the air being very calm. The eruption, accompanied with flames, lasted all night. The coming of an earthquake is known with certainty, when, through the opening between the two mountains, is seen a cloud or mass of smoke, either stationary or in motion, and the horizon on either side is perfectly clear."

Lieut. Baddeley observes that "this description, as far as it extends, agrees so well with the known phenomena of active volcanoes, that little doubt can be entertained of the flame seen by Mr. Gagnon proceeding from any other source than that of an eruption. . . . Although it is believed that no one now living, except Mr. Gagnon himself, saw the flames, etc., many were witnesses to the comparative violence of the earthquakes of 1791. The fact is accounted for by saying that there were few settlers at St. Paul's Bay at the time, and fewer whose habits or education

would lead them to take notice of a phenomenon which among the vulgar might be supposed to be merely a fire in the woods, had they seen it. A fall of ashes covering the snow is also within the remembrance of many, but of this interesting fact we have no further particulars."

MUSIC.

THE last ten days have been unusually crowded with concerts—major and minor, big and little. Chief among these, of course, we notice the fourth Classical Concert, on Monday, 7th inst., at which a smaller audience than usual greeted the admirable playing of the now well-known String Quartette. Miss Gunther, a local pianist of merit, and a young German vocalist divided the honours of the evening. The Queen Street Methodist Church was the scene of a very good performance, at which Mr. Sims Richards, Mrs. Young, and others assisted. The Saturday Popular Concert was also fairly attended. Public interest centres at present in the Choral Society's Concert, for which very handsome ivory and gold tickets have been issued.

Of the soloists engaged for the occasion, probably Mr. Winch, the popular tenor, will score the greatest success. Of the Oratorio to be performed, a book on the Mendelssohn family says: "Felix had finished his 'St. Paul' during the winter of 1835, and the Oratorio was performed for the first time at the Düsseldorf Festival of 1836. At first, only his brother Paul and his wife intended to go, but at the eleventh hour Fanny accompanied them." This was, of course, Fanny Hensel, the truly remarkable sister and twin-spirit of Felix, the composer.

In a subsequent letter, she says: "The same afternoon the first orchestral rehearsal of the first part of 'St. Paul' took place. You can fancy with what excitement I looked forward to it. The overture is very beautiful; the idea of introducing 'St. Paul' by means of the chorale ('Sleepers, wake, a voice is calling') is almost a stroke of wit, and exquisitely carried out. He has completely hit the organ sound in the orchestra. The apparition scene sounds quite different from what I had expected, but it is so beautiful, so inspiring, so touching, that I know little in music to equal it. It is God coming in the storm. . . . After rehearsal Felix went home with me, and we remained together till half-past eleven."

We recollect, too, that on the occasion of Mendelssohn's famous visit to Buckingham Palace, in 1842, this oratorio figured. Said Felix, in his letter home: "Next, it was my turn, and I began my chorus from 'St. Paul'—'How Lovely are the Messengers.' Before I had got to the end of the first verse, they had both joined in the chorus; and all the time, Prince Albert managed the stops for me so cleverly—first a flute, at the *forte*, the great organ, at the D major part, the whole register—then he made a lovely *diminuendo* with the stops; and so on, to the end of the piece, and all by heart, that I was really quite enchanted."

THE "Golden Legend," by Sir Arthur Sullivan, all testimony of Festival press to the contrary, does not bear upon its surface—more especially the piano score—that brilliancy and inspiration attributed to it. No doubt the instrumentation is superb, and the treatment that which only so experienced and accomplished a writer can give; yet, as a whole, it is less original, fascinating, melodious, and satisfying than the name of Sullivan warrants, and surely not nearly so important as many other recent English works. When Sullivan is content to be Sullivan, how great he is! To be himself, to be natural, is all we want; though, perhaps, there may be critics who expect more in a Cantata, who would despise naturalness in the treatment of a mediæval epic, while they would applaud it in opera bouffe. In the "Golden Legend," Sullivan is, on rare pages, perfectly natural, fascinating, and truthful; he is again to be found laboriously creating a kind of Wagner scena, with profound enharmonic changes, chromatic accompaniments, and violent changes of *tempo*, or striving after Berlioz-like effects in the disposition of chorus and concerted work. His storm, with which the work opens, is the orthodox and traditional storm from Rossini down, with the chromatic rushes of wind and growling *tremolo*, apparently inseparable from all conceptions of the elements at war. But his Lucifer is quite a new species of fiend. In fact, he is a very comfortable devil, and smacks of the wine-cellar, the roystering companions, and the unsteady gait that certainly go far to characterise the hypocritical monks whose privileges he seeks to usurp. There is, too, an actually English air abiding in the music assigned to him, and a clever song in the third scene suggests, in some distant way, Sterndale Bennett's "Robin Hood," as well as "Simon the Cellarer." Sir Arthur, in this, does no more than every composer does who, like himself, is greatly modelled on the national music of his country; and if Gounod may give us a "Mefistofele" full of deadly grace and cruel glitter that belong, by right of birth and breeding, to all villains of the South, be they human or fiendish, real or ideal, it is surely no matter for surprise if our English composer *par excellence* surrounds, either consciously or otherwise, the figure of the "familiar fiend" with suggestions drawn from Anglican, or churchy, and English sources. The wonder is that he is able to do this, inasmuch as to some it is given to think that there is, and can be only, one Mefistofele, and that is Gounod's.

ON March 1st, the Toronto Musical Union (conductor, Mr. Harrison), will produce an earlier work of Sir Arthur's, namely, "The Prodigal Son." This Oratorio has never been heard in Toronto, and contains some beautiful choruses, as well as solos. The important tenor music is assigned to Mr. Norris, of Boston, and includes one of the finest songs the composer has yet written, "I will Arise and go to my Father." Miss Huntington will also make her second appearance here this season.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

It is an encouraging sign of the times when an art work like the "Cyclopedia of Painters and Painting" proves so successful as to warrant its publishers to increase the price of the volumes. This has just been decided upon by the Messrs. Scribner, in accordance with their original announcement, and on and after February 10 the work will be increased from \$100 to \$150 per set.

THE report that Dr. McCosh is about to retire from the presidency of Princeton College, owing to ill-health and increasing years, seems entirely unfounded. In a letter lying before the writer, just received from him, he writes: "I am in perfect health, and the college is in every way prospering. I am at this moment engaged in important work for the enlargement of the college, and have not the slightest intention of resigning for the present. Nobody in the college wishes me to resign."

THE Hon. Emily Lawless has consented to write the "Story of Ireland" for the Putnam's series of the "Story of the Nations," and the larger portion of the manuscript is already in the hands of the publishers. Through a series of interviews had by the author with a number of prominent merchants, a large number of new facts will be embodied in the book concerning the agricultural and commercial facilities of Ireland, and an entire chapter will be given over to the discussion of the Home Rule question viewed from a woman's standpoint. The author is at present sojourning in Ireland, gathering facts for her work, and is devoting the utmost care to its preparation.

"IN Boston," we are told by a recent writer, "a famous author cannot walk along a prominent thoroughfare but he is followed by scores and sometimes hundreds of curious eyes. In New York this is different. We allow our best known authors the unalloyed freedom of our promenades, and no head is turned to look after them; not that the appreciation of our literary lights is less than in Boston, but distinguished people are encountered so much on Broadway, for example, that one might be continuously following with their eyes some luminary in art, literature, statesmanship, finance, or the other professions. I remember when Mr. Lowell was in town, some month or six weeks ago, to attend the Greek play at the Academy of Music, that I followed him down Broadway for nearly a half dozen blocks, and not a head was turned although he was recognised by many. A nudge, a casual look, perhaps, was all that the poet received. Mr. Stedman flits through the down-town streets, and in and out of Wall Street; R. H. Stoddard saunters quietly up Broadway from his literary 'den' at the Mail and Express office to his home in Fifteenth Street; George William Curtis unobservedly walks from the Staten Island ferry to the Harpers' establishment; Julian Hawthorne and his brother-in-law, George Parsons Lathrop, often walk arm in arm up town; Dr. Hammond threads his way in his splendid open barouche and prancing team through the trucks and vehicles on Broadway; Mark Twain, with slow steps and bent head, leisurely saunters through the park on Union Square, and for not one of these eminent moulders of literary thought has the New Yorker a crane of the neck, or a turn of the head. And the New York author understands it, and who can tell but that he is the better pleased by it. It is not pleasant to be stared at and followed by a battery of eyes, and our New York author is by far too modest to seek conspicuity of any kind when he can avoid it."

A CORRESPONDENT talking with a friend who had just returned from a European tour, in the course of which she stopped at Florence, Italy, and had called upon Ouida in her home, learned from her the following facts regarding the famous novelist:—"It is a common belief that Ouida, or Madame De la Ramee, as she is known and called by her friends and neighbours—is not an observer of what are called the proprieties of life. This is an erroneous impression. Her manners and deportment are lady-like, and I heard nothing but praise about her habits of life from those of her neighbours who know her best. She is proud, and prides herself on her blue blood, which she inherits from her father, who was an Italian aristocrat, one of the old noblesse. Her mother is an Englishwoman, and an entertaining hostess. Ouida is a warm personal friend of the Queen of Italy, and she frequently spends hours in the palace talking with her Majesty, and is on the closest terms with her. She lives in a beautiful home in Florence, and her tastes and those of her mother are reflected in the works of art that embellish every room. She told me that all her literary work was done in the early morning. She rises every day at five o'clock, and goes straight to her library, where she works three or four hours before partaking of any breakfast. Before she begins her literary work she makes herself up into a sort of literary trance. Her enthusiasm in whatever she attempts in a literary way is very great, and her pen moves like lightning over the sheets before her. She writes very quickly in a large hand, and when thoroughly enthused sometimes covers a sheet of foolscap paper with only two or three lines of five words each. She expressed to me her great opposition to having any stories by her published in serial form, and it is evident from the warmth of her manner that she will never permit any of her novels to appear before the public in that form. Her mother told me that her largest pecuniary returns had resulted from her story of 'Under Two Flags,' with 'Moths' second in order."

"WHAT methods do you employ in your literary work?" is a question often asked the author who rises to fame, and the public is always curious for the answer. Chancing not long since to have occasion to write Mr. Philip G. Hamerton, a correspondent asked the above question. The answer which it elicited is interesting:—"I think," writes Mr. Hamerton, "that there are two main qualities to be kept in view in literary composition—freshness and finish. The best way, in my opinion, of attaining both is to aim at freshness in the rough draft, with little regard to perfection of expression; the finish can be given by copious subsequent correction, even to the extent of writing all over again when there is time. Whenever possible, I would assimilate literary to pictorial execution by treating the rough draft as a rapid and vigorous sketch, without any regard to delicacy of workmanship, then I would write from this a second work, retaining as much as possible the freshness of the first, but correcting those oversights and errors which are due to rapidity. My last work, not yet published, 'The Saone; a Summer Voyage,' was written first in the form of a private diary, then in very rough and rapid manuscript with a lead pencil, and from this manuscript it was entirely rewritten for the press, especially with a view to concentration. For one volume of 'Wenderhohne' I used shorthand, but found that, although easy to write, it could not be read or glanced over with sufficient ease for literary purposes. 'The Intellectual Life' was begun in quite a different form (not in letters), and many pages were written before I concluded that it was heavy and that letters would give a lighter and less didactic appearance. 'Marmome' was begun and remained in my desk for several years unfinished, when Messrs. Roberts Bros. solicited a story for their 'No Name Series.' 'Marmome' was taken up again and finished. The earlier part of this novel was written three times over. I have sometimes, instead of rewriting, sent a corrected rough draught to a typewriter. There is an economy of time in this, and the work can be rechecked in the typewriter's copy, but on the whole, for very carefully finished work, I think the old plan of rewriting the whole manuscript is superior."

Canada Permanent Loan and Savings Company.

ANNUAL MEETING

THE thirty-second Annual Meeting of the Shareholders was held on Wednesday, the 9th inst. in the Company's Building, Toronto Street, E. Hooper, Esq., in the chair.

The Directors submitted the following report:—The Directors have very much satisfaction in presenting to the Stockholders their report of the business of the Company for the year 1886, and the duly audited Annual Statement. It was intimated in the preceding report that the limit of borrowing power on the existing stock capital had been reached. As the demand for loans continued and could not be met without additional money, the Board decided to offer to the Shareholders, *pro rata*, a half million dollars of new stock, upon which twenty per cent. has been called up and paid. No premium, beyond a proportionate contribution to the Reserve Fund, was charged the shareholders, but the shares not taken were disposed of at a profit of \$3,072. This issue enlarges the Subscribed Capital to \$3,500,000, and the Paid-up Capital to \$2,300,000. With these increased funds, and those which they were thus empowered to accept for investment, the Directors have been enabled to supply all approved applications for loans. The cash receipts for the year reach the unprecedentedly large sum of \$3,100,000. Of this amount there were received from investors here and in Great Britain \$1,167,079, and on account of mortgage loans and other securities \$1,751,968. The amount invested during the year was \$1,554,325. The total assets of the Company exhibit an increase of \$528,054 over last year, and now amount to \$9,301,615, of which \$8,802,484 consist of mortgages on real estate. Out of the net earnings the Board was able to declare the usual half-yearly dividends of six per cent. each on the Paid-up Stock, as well as to pay the income tax thereon levied by the city of Toronto, amounting to \$4,345, and also to add a further sum of \$300,000 to the Reserve Fund, which now amounts to \$1,180,000. The Contingent Fund of \$100,378 affords an additional safeguard against any possible, but at present unforeseen, depreciation in securities. Further enlargement and changes in the Company's buildings have been found necessary, for which increased rental-are obtained. It is hoped that no considerable expenditure under that head will be again required for many years. The prevailing low price of agricultural products has had a depressing effect on the value of farming lands in Ontario, and has prevented the full realization of the prosperity expected from the better harvest and freedom from summer frosts last year in Manitoba. In both Provinces, however, the business of the year has been satisfactory. The Directors have deemed it advisable to give notice of an application to Parliament for power to open registers of the Company's Debenture Stock in Great Britain and elsewhere, and also to give power to the Company to transact business in all parts of the Dominion.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

E. HOOPER, President.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

CASH ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR 1886.

Receipts.	
Balance January 1, 1886	\$37,550 29
Mortgages and other securities	1,751,968 91
Deposits	730,646 15
Debentures	436,432 91
New stock	153,072 00
Rentals	4,742 39
	\$3,114,312 64

Expenditure.	
Loans on real estate	\$1,502,236 02
Loans on other securities	36,494 50
	\$1,538,730 52
Municipal debentures purchased	15,595 00
Deposits repaid	575,743 36
Debentures repaid	248,062 00
Interest on deposits, debentures, etc.	231,989 00
Dividends on capital stock	269,994 00
Municipal tax on dividends	4,345 13
Disbursements chargeable to mortgagors	68,336 17
Repayments for and on account of mortgagors	5,441 17
Commission to agents and appraisers	20,234 04
Inspection and travelling expenses	1,294 38
Cost of management	44,187 40
Enlargement of Company's building	13,996 91
Legal expenses	274 86
Exchange	444 75
Balance	81,663 35
	\$3,114,312 64

PROFIT AND LOSS.

Fifty-second dividend	\$132,000 00
Fifty-third dividend	132,000 00
Municipal tax on dividend	4,345 13
Reserve Fund, addition thereto	30,000 00
	\$298,345 13
Net profits, after providing for interest on deposits and debentures, cost of management, etc., etc.	\$295,273 13
Additional premium on new stock sold	3,072 00
	\$298,345 13

ABSTRACT OF ASSETS AND LIABILITIES.

Liabilities to the Public.	
Deposits	\$1,109,536 40
Interest on deposits due and accrued	118,020 15
Sterling debentures	3,859,952 77
Currency debentures	457,926 00
Interest on debentures due and accrued	33,449 51
Sundry accounts	10,340 05
	\$5,589,224 88

Liabilities to Stockholders.

Capital stock paid up	\$2,000,000 00
Capital stock (\$1,500,000, 20 per cent. paid)	300,000 00
Reserve Fund	1,180,000 00
Contingent Fund	100,378 61
Dividends unclaimed	\$12 25
Fifty-third dividend	132,000 00
	132,012 25
	\$9,301,615 74

Assets.

Mortgages upon real estate	\$8,802,484 71
Mortgages upon other securities	96,590 04
	\$8,899,074 75
Municipal debentures	209,475 23
Company's building	109,431 61
Accrued rentals	1,970 80
Cash on hand	\$203 40
Cash in banks	81,459 95
	81,663 35
	\$9,301,615 74

J. HERBERT MASON, Manager.

We, the undersigned, beg to report that we have made the usual thorough examination of the books of the Canada Permanent Loan and Savings Company, for the year ending 31st December, 1886, and hereby certify that the above statements are strictly correct, and in accordance with the same.

Toronto, 2nd Feb., 1887.

J. E. BERKELEY SMITH, } Auditors.
JOHN HAGUE, F.R.S., }

The Directors' Report was unanimously adopted, as also were votes of thanks to the President, Directors and officers of the Company. The retiring Directors were unanimously re-elected. At a subsequent meeting of the Board the President and Vice-President were also re-elected, the Board now consisting as follows:—Messrs. Edward Hooper, President; S. Nordheimer, Vice-President; Joseph Robinson, A. M. Smith, William Gooderham, Henry Cawthra, Judge Boyd, and J. Herbert Mason, Managing Director.

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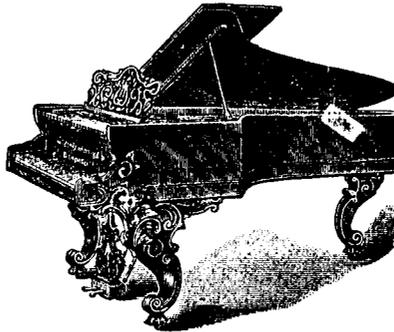
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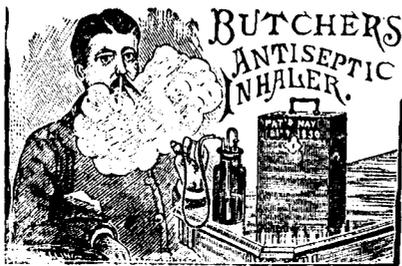
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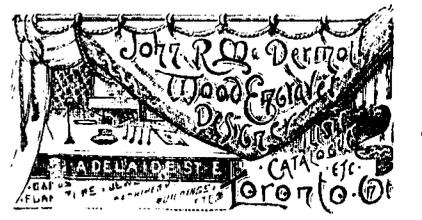
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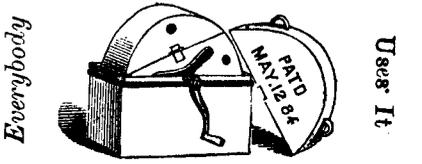
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Clinton.	"	17 7.30 a.m.	6.50 p.m.	" 17
Wingham.	"	17 8.00 p.m.	12 noon	" 18
Lucknow.	"	18 1.15 "	6.15 a.m.	" 19
Brussels.	"	19 7.02 a.m.	11.45 "	" 19
Listowel.	"	19 12.14 p.m.	8.25 p.m.	" 19
Walkerton.	"	19 9.57 "	2.55 "	" 21
Pt. Elgin.	"	21 4.25 "	10.00 a.m.	" 22
Paisley.	"	22 10.45 a.m.	2.30 p.m.	" 22
Tara.	"	23 10.20 "	4.40 "	" 23
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