

THE WEEK:

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Portrait of Horatio Seymour, frontispiece.
 "Horatio Seymour." Illustrated. Rev. Isaac H. Bartley D.D. "Historical Colorado."
 Twenty eight Years of Progress. Illustrated. Katharine Hodges. "An Old House in New Orleans." Illustrated. Charles Dimitry.
 "History of a Newspaper." The Pennsylvania Gazette. Paul L. Ford. "March of the Spaniards Across Illinois." Edward G. Mason. "Shiloh: the Second Day's Battle, April 7." Illustrated. Gen. William Farrar Smith.
 "The Battle of Cross Keys." Alfred E. Lee, late Consul-General U.S.A. "My trip to Canada with Jefferson Davis." W. G. Waller. "Burial of Black Hawk." J. F. Snyder M.D. "Extracts from Letters of Edward Gibbon, the Historian, 1774-1781. Original Documents. Notes. Queries. Replies. Societies. Book Notices.

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GOLDWIN SMITH, JAS. L. HUGHES,
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 March 15, 1886.

THE WEEK.

Third Year.
Vol. III., No. 24.

Toronto, Thursday, May 13th, 1886.

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THE HOME RULE RESOLUTIONS.

It would have been a great deal wiser for the Dominion Parliament to have let the Home Rule question alone. The snub which they received on a former occasion could not have been pleasant; and neither men nor communities who are endowed with an ordinary measure of self-respect care to expose themselves to a second snubbing.

In criticising the action of Parliament, however, we must not be understood to suggest that the Parliament or the Ministry are responsible for the introduction of the subject. It was just the kind of thing that a Government detests, and that only a factious Opposition would think of bringing forward. We are sure that the Ministers would gladly have shelved it, had that been possible. As it was not possible, they did their best to nullify it, and they succeeded admirably. This strategy has been made a ground of censure. It is, in fact, a reason for admiration and approval. When they could not entirely prevent the mischief they did their best to minimize it, and they succeeded. There is something almost comic in the wind-up. Parturient mountains never brought forth a more ridiculous mouse; and the mountains looked very serious indeed when their labour began.

It is rude to impute to politicians motives which they might consider unworthy, and which they would therefore resent. There is no impropriety in trying to understand the reasons which may have led to the introduction of the motion which was set aside by the acceptance of Mr. Costigan's amendment. And we confess that the undertaking is a somewhat arduous one. We find ourselves unable to discern any useful end that could be gained—at least any end that could be satisfactory to those by whom the original resolution was supported.

It is possible to regard the question from various points of view, among others, from a Canadian or from an Irish. Certainly we, in this country, have a national interest in all Imperial questions. It is the business of every country primarily to care for its own interests. Nor will the interests of one country, if intelligently sought and guarded, be found to conflict with those of others. What benefit could be thought to accrue to Canada from the passing of Mr. Gladstone's sweeping measure we are totally unable even to guess. One result—namely, the weakening of the strength of the Empire—would certainly be no benefit, but, as far as we can judge, an injury to this country. And this is a result which seems to us inevitable. It is true that, in the amendment accepted by the House, the hope for some measure of Home Rule being granted was expressed, "if consistent with the integrity and well-being of the Empire, and if the rights and status of the minority are fully protected and secured." There was no such proviso in Mr. Blake's resolution; and indeed the ample approval proposed to be accorded to Mr. Gladstone's scheme was altogether inconsistent with any such proviso. There are simple-minded persons (and some

not quite so simple-minded) who profess to believe that the Union will be strengthened by the Home Rule measure; but there are a great many persons, whose judgment cannot be despised, who are of a widely different opinion. This point is worth considering.

Mr. Gladstone, in his late manifesto to his Midlothian constituents, suggested that the opposition to his Bill proceeded almost entirely from aristocrats and *doctrinaires*. Probably Mr. Gladstone is deliberately of this opinion. It is not quite easy to think highly of the intellect of those who hold opinions opposed to our own. As a matter of fact, however, nearly the whole intelligence of England is against Mr. Gladstone. The newspaper press of London, until quite lately, was almost altogether Liberal and Gladstonian. At the present moment, we believe, there is only one daily paper, the *Daily News*, which follows him on this question, and that doubtfully. Of the weekly papers, the *Guardian* and the *Spectator*, certainly two of the most ably-conducted papers in the English language, were formerly devoted adherents of Mr. Gladstone; but on this question they are strongly opposed to him. It would be easy to mention the names of prominent Liberals—Huxley, Lubbock, Tyndall, multitudes eminent in politics and in literature—who are quite convinced that this particular measure will be most injurious to the interests of the Empire. These persons are as well qualified to form a judgment on this subject as Mr. Gladstone himself, or any member of his Government. What is the opinion of Irishmen on this subject—on the one hand, of the Fenian and Home Rule parties, and on the other of the loyal inhabitants of Ulster? Surely these are witnesses who may well be called in to court. Do they consider that Mr. Gladstone's proposed measure will add to the strength of the Empire? Is it the thought of the greatness of Britain that delights the mob of Dublin as it contemplates the prospect of a Parliament in its own city, and Irish affairs taken out of the hands of the Imperial Government? Is it the thought that the highest objects of the Union will be more thoroughly realized by means of Home Rule that strikes terror into the Protestants of Ulster? No one can hesitate about the answer. And yet these people must have some notion of the probable results of passing Mr. Gladstone's Bill. Every one knows perfectly well that the aim of the Home Rule Party is to injure England, that they hope to do so by means of Home Rule, and that they take the present measure as an instalment of a whole which must result in separation.

Are we, then, to understand that Mr. Blake and his supporters approve of Mr. Gladstone's Bill for reasons like these? That they, too, will rejoice to see the power of England diminished, her Empire perhaps shattered? Such a notion is incredible; yet we are puzzled.

But we must not forget the other alternative—Justice to Ireland. We can quite understand the view of those who say that a measure which is required in order to do justice to Ireland should be passed into law with the hope that, being good and right in itself, no harm would come from it. Will this measure be so evidently beneficial to Ireland that we ought to run the risk of its being mischievous to the Empire? It seems, at least, tolerably clear that it will not be beneficial to the Protestants of Ireland. This is a matter which will not bear arguing. And yet these Protestants are worthy of consideration. They are not the worst of Irishmen. They have not done the worst for the country in which they dwell. It is not among Protestant Irishmen that we hear of discontent, starvation, anarchy, rebellion. Yet these loyal and law-abiding people are to be given up to the tender mercies of neighbours who certainly bear them no good will.

But what certain good will accrue from this measure to the Roman Church or its members? What liberties or privileges does that Church need or desire which she does not now possess in Great Britain and Ireland? Will any Roman Catholic name a country in Europe, even among the countries whose inhabitants for the most part acknowledge the Roman supremacy, in which the Church is as free as it is in England? There are some signs that the rule of the Priests is not so absolute as in former days. If they get an Irish Republic with a strong infusion of American Fenianism and Continental Socialism, the day may come when they will look back with regret to the Union Jack.

But again we turn our thoughts to our own country and its politicians, and ask what they can be meaning by the course they are taking. The political adversaries of Mr. Blake and Mr. Mowat do not hesitate to declare that they are simply angling for the Roman Catholic vote. This is an imputation so odious that we shrink from putting it on paper as a

possible theory. It is incredible that honourable men should think so lightly of the greatness of that Empire from which they derive whatever importance they may possess as public men. It is horrible to imagine that they could sacrifice the interests of the great British nation for the sake of gaining a few votes, or even of obtaining office. When such things can be believed of our public men, either they must forfeit public confidence, or patriotism must be dead. Whatever difficulty we may experience in devising another theory, these things must by no means be believed. C.

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

It must surely be rather humiliating to the true Celtic and Catholic Irishman that the leader of the present Nationalist movement is an alien in blood and religion and descended from those English aristocrats denounced on every Home Rule platform as the cruel oppressors and blood-thirsty tyrants of the Irish people. Mr. Parnell, we are told, is a lineal descendant of the great Earl of Warwick, the famous king-maker, and is related through another noble English family to "Butcher Spencer," and to Lord Hartington, whose father, the Duke of Devonshire, has landed property in Ireland, "robbed," of course, by his usurping ancestors from Fin McCoul, or other legendary Irish chieftains, but expected to go back to their rightful owners, whoever they may be, when the flag of freedom floats over the coming Irish republic. Sad to say, Mr. Parnell himself is a landlord, and one whose lines have fallen in pleasant places. His estate of Avondale lies amidst the rich scenery of the fair and fertile Vale of Avoca "where the bright waters meet," whose beauties are sung in one of Moore's Irish Melodies. Besides these disadvantages of being a Saxon, a heretic, and a landlord, Mr. Parnell's appearance and manner are totally opposite to the popular idea of the Irish agitator and demagogue. His figure is slight, and not in any way striking; his face is pale, his features regular and clearly cut, their expression frigidly cold and reserved, with something bitter and contemptuous in the mouth. In his speeches there is nothing of that fervour and enthusiasm supposed to be characteristic of Irish oratory; no brilliant flashes, no glowing imagery, no impassioned appeals to the emotions. But he is not without power as a speaker. His sentences are brief and clear, and often wonderfully telling and incisive; he keeps straight to his point, and the steadfast determination, intensity of will, and latent force underlying every word make themselves felt, and are always effective. At any rate, whatever obstacles he may have had to contend with, he now holds undisputed sway over the Celtic and Catholic people of Ireland, and over every league and movement formed to expel the English landlords, and give Ireland, as the phrase goes, to the Irish. He is, Mr. Healy says, "the most glorious chief that Ireland ever possessed." Indeed, he is sometimes called the uncrowned King of Ireland. The existence of the loyal men of Ulster, or of any party loyal to English rule, is of course ignored by the so-called Nationalists.

Whatever Mr. Parnell's love for Ireland may be, his hatred of England is a deadly and deeply-rooted passion, though his cool and calculating temperament enables him to keep it within the bounds of political prudence. It is said that he learned this hatred of the country of his ancestors from his mother, who is an American. At the time of her marriage, American ladies were not so much admired and sought after in European society as they are now, and in marrying one of them Mr. Parnell was thought to have made a deplorable *mésalliance*. Many gentlemen of English descent had estates in the neighbourhood of Avondale, and lived on them most part of the year—among them Lord Wicklow, whose beautiful place, Shelton Abbey, is one of the show-places of Avoca. It was reported that Mrs. Parnell considered herself slighted by her aristocratic neighbours, and her consequent resentment and dislike of the offenders extended to the class to which they belonged, and to the English nation. "Great events from trivial causes spring." Mrs. Parnell communicated her own feelings to her children, and her son devoted the ambition of his life to the disruption of the Union. This explanation of Mr. Parnell's hatred to England may be only idle gossip, but it may be a veritable glimpse at the underside of the cards with which life's game is played.

After her husband's death, Mrs. Parnell, with her daughters, went to live in America. In conjunction with Miss Fanny Parnell and Miss Ellen Ford, sister of the publisher of the New York *Irish World*, Mrs. Parnell founded the American Ladies' Land League, of which she was the first President, Miss Ellen Ford, Vice-President, and Miss Fanny Parnell, Financial Secretary. This society preceded the Irish Ladies' Land League, and became a powerful auxiliary to the Parnellite agitation in Ireland, and among the Irish in the United States, where they openly declare that Home Rule is only a preparatory step to the complete separation of Ireland from Eng-

land, and the establishment of an Irish republic under the protection of America.

Two of Mr. Parnell's sisters, Miss Fanny and Miss Anna Parnell, have been his zealous and active coadjutors. Miss Fanny Parnell died in 1882, but while she lived she poured forth her indignation at "England's deeds of brutality," in impassioned prose and burning verse. One of her poems, entitled "Hold the Harvest," was read by the Attorney-General at the State Trials of 1880, as a specimen of the seditious and treasonable literature with which Irish imaginations were excited and inflamed. We give one stanza:—

Oh, by the God, who made us all, the seignior and the serf,
Rise up! and swear this day to hold your own green Irish turf;
Rise up! and plant your feet as men, where now you crawl as slaves,
And make your harvest-fields your camps, or make of them your graves.

Another poem, "Hold the Rent," was written in the same spirit; but the fierce and almost insane hatred of England and English institutions which inspired this Irish muse is perhaps most clearly shown in "Two Women." This poem was written on the death of Ellen McDonagh, a poor girl accidentally killed in the town of Belmullet, County Mayo, while a party of soldiers were endeavouring to disperse a mob of insurgents.

TWO WOMEN.

There were two women of self-same clay,
Though one was a Queen of lofty sway;
A Queen both proud and cold;
Naught she loved but the yellow gold,
For her heart was cold and hard and old;
Little she cared for dying or dead,
Little she recked if the guiltless bled,
This Queen of whom I tell,
That loved her purse so well.

And the other woman—a simple girl,
Fresh as a flower, pure as a pearl,
Only a poor man's child!
Dearly she loved her native wild;
Life in its morning on her smiled,
Till "by the order of the Queen" at last
In a blood agony out she passed.—
The girl of whom I tell,
To that calm Night where all is well.

Ellen McDonagh, dark is thy grave!
Father and mother in vain may rave;
Stiff and stark thou art laid,
Only a gentle peasant maid,
That loved and laboured, suffered and prayed,
Yet rather I'd sleep 'neath thy churchyard stone,
Than sit with the Queen on her ghastly throne,
This throne of which I tell
That is built o'er the flames of hell!

Miss Parnell died rather suddenly, and her last recorded words were: "Arabi Bey is bound to whip the English." It is in such a spirit as this, which the leader of the Irish Nationalists undoubtedly shares with his family, and all his followers, that Home Rule in Ireland would be conducted. What wonder that patriotic Englishmen should resist it? L.

A THOUGHT FROM PINDAR.

TWIN immortalities man's art doth give
To man: both fair; both noble; one supreme.
The sculptor beating out his portrait scheme
Can make the marble statue breathe and live;
Yet with a life cold, silent, locative;
It cannot break its stone-eternal dream,
Or stop to join the busy human stream,
But dwells in some high fane a hieroglyph.
Not so the poet. Hero, if thy name
Lives in his verse it lives indeed. For then
In every ship thou sailest passenger
To every town where aught of soul doth stir,
Through street and market borne, at camp and game,
And on the lips and in the hearts of men.

—EDWARD CRACROFT LEFROY: *Sonnets of this Century*.

It is related of Caroline Bauer that every year she read Shakespeare's works "from beginning to end," and always "with greater appreciation and increased admiration." "Do you know," she said, "what part I should like to play? Richard III. For the sake of this part I have often regretted not to have been a man!"

It is said that Kant, the German philosopher, who had a habit of sometimes uttering his thoughts audibly, but unconsciously, when alone, was once dining at a friend's, where he was bored by the dulness of the conversation, when, with honest simplicity, he unconsciously, but audibly, soliloquized: "My God, what an intolerably tedious company this is!"

READING AND INTELLIGENCE.

MOST of the readers of THE WEEK have probably seen and examined the somewhat portentous list of books recommended by Sir John Lubbock as the best in their several departments, or at least as the most serviceable for any one desirous of laying the foundation of a liberal culture. The list is supposed to embrace one hundred books in all; but as many of the so-called books consist themselves of several volumes each, the mass of reading recommended is much greater than might at first be supposed. We do not hesitate to say that there are very few persons who have read all the books in Sir John's list, and far fewer still who have read them all to advantage. We feel almost disposed to add that the whole list scarcely could be studied with advantage by any one individual. Breadth of culture is of course desirable; but the great principle of the division of labour must be recognized. If a man, for the sake of "culture," attacks departments of study that, by the constitution of his nature, are wholly out of his line, the probability is that he will get more harm than good from his excursions into the foreign territory. He will come back with a smattering of names and phrases; but, from the nature of the case, the knowledge he acquired will lie loosely before him, and in attempting to use it he will be all astray as to its real significance. The object of all reading, we may assume, is increase of intelligence. Now, true intelligence consists in knowing one or two things well, so as to have the type of true knowledge formed in the mind, and in recognizing one's lack of knowledge, and therefore of competence, in other departments.

Far from promoting intelligence, the reading of a great many books often has the effect of arresting its development. In fact it may almost be said that when reading becomes a *habit* its beneficial influence is at an end. No book should be read without a definite purpose of deriving therefrom that which will make the mind stronger and clearer; and he who is really desirous of doing justice to his intellectual nature will watch the effect upon himself of all that he reads. "But how would this apply," some one may ask, "to what is called light reading—fiction for example—would you proscribe that?" By no means, we reply. Fiction may serve a useful purpose by cultivating the social side of our nature. That is its main office; and, if it does not fulfil that, it is not only valueless, but in all probability hurtful. If one reads a novel in the same spirit of idle curiosity in which one would listen to any social tittle-tattle, one might certainly be better employed. But a novel written in a genial spirit by one who knows what is best in men and women, may be a real source of edification. Next to living intercourse with our fellow-beings under circumstances favourable to the development of geniality, there is nothing so well adapted to the mitigation of asperities and crudities of individual character as the reading of a good novel. We come back to our point, however, that all reading should be done with a purpose. We should never make reading an end in itself, and should never let it degenerate into a habit. We should test it continually by its results and should resort to it in just such measure as we find suited to our needs.

Evidently, then, to read wisely requires intelligence. Certainly, just as much as to do anything else wisely. Then, where is the intelligence to come from in advance of reading? The answer is that it will come, if at all, partly by inheritance and partly by training. A child who, having inherited a well-balanced mental temperament, has been taught to take a true view of his or her position in the world, and, above all, who has been formed to sound moral habits, is already intelligent. Among the moral elements of intelligence we reckon as of the highest importance:

- (1) The sense of justice.
- (2) The sense of authority.
- (3) The sense of the vital character of the relation existing between the individual and society.

The sense of justice means something more than the instinct of fair play, noble as that instinct is. It means a recognition of the fact that a certain broad standard of equity is applicable to all human actions, and that no exhibition of more ornamental virtues can atone for a falling short in common justice. The implications of a well-established sense of justice are indeed too many to be even hinted at here. Suffice it to say that the mind in which such a sense has been implanted, has a clue of the highest value, to guide it through the complexities of thought, and an invaluable standard for the appraisal of all kinds of literary values.

By the sense of authority we mean, in the most general terms, the perception that, "there is a higher and a lower," and that the most mischievous thing the lower can do, is to refuse to recognize its proper place. The young person in whom the sense of authority has been developed, will respect experience; and respecting it, will learn to distinguish true experience from the sordid and shallow teachings that

sometimes usurp the name. To have the sense of authority is to know that some respect is due to long-established facts, and that only the very strongest theoretical reasons should be regarded as valid against what time appears to have sanctioned. It is, further, to know how to pay proper deference to all special knowledge and all established reputations, without falling a victim to the mere worship of names. A moment's consideration will suffice to show how extremely important for the intelligent pursuit of any department, either of knowledge, or of activity, such a sense of authority as we have described must be. It will give balance and caution, and will facilitate a true discernment of spirits, both in literature and in life. To one who has a reasoned respect for authority, the world of books will appear like a more or less well-ordered commonwealth. To one who is destitute of the feeling, all writers, past and present, will make up a mere mob of individualities. The first will have canons of judgment, which, though imperfect, will aid the formation of taste; the second, without any ideas of measure or proportion, will be at the mercy of every chance impression and will infallibly fall into many grotesque, and even hurtful, errors.

In the third place, we postulate a perception of the vital relation subsisting between society and the individual. This, above all, is what reduces the individual to his true place and checks the growth of egoism—the most misleading of all influences in relation to the intellectual life. The remark is as old as Spinoza, at least, that man is too much a victim to the habit of abstraction. One of the results of the habit is the wide-spread delusion that individuals are the true reals, and that society is more or less of an ideal conception. As well say that the branches or twigs of a tree are the true reals and that the tree itself is an abstraction. The commonest experience, if we will but open our eyes to it, shows that the individual is what society makes him, that his whole intellectual and moral life are the products of social action, that his whole happiness is dependent on social communion, and that his physical life itself is, from day to day, governed by his social environment. "That the social medium," observes Dr. Maudesley ("Body and Will") "has been created for man by humanity as the blood is formed by the tissues for the organism, is a fact which we cannot keep too clearly in mind. As soon as he (man) enters it, he finds himself surrounded with the fruits of the long travail of humanity in the most easily assimilable forms; a language that embodies its social evolution; all the various appliances of the arts and sciences that have been tediously acquired in the succession of the ages; commerce and its complicated monetary means for the interchange of commodities; the surface of the earth as it has been laboriously adapted to his uses by countless generations of mankind; human beings of his own kind, each of whom has, implicit in his nature, the experiences of the race from its beginning, and so appeals, as well by the silent eloquence of look and gesture as by the articulate word, to the like implicit contents of his nature." To have imbibed true ideas on this subject, we may therefore say, is to be enabled to see in literature, not so much the glorification of individuals as the glorification of humanity. It is to have done with the notion of literature as a thing made up of butterfly excursions over sunny fields, or as an endless competition of painted prettinesses. It is to demand in all that claims to be literature the dominance of a social purpose, a clear desire to win some good for the human race.

There must, therefore, as we hold, be intelligence in reading in order that there may be intelligence as the result of reading; and the precedent intelligence (as we may call it) is largely and almost wholly a matter of right moral development—the intelligence of the heart. With such a preparation a youth may almost be trusted to select his own reading, and he may certainly be depended on to derive real advantage—to gain increase of intelligence—from what he reads. Further help, of course, is not superfluous, seeing how much there is of so-called literature strewing the world's highways on which time would only be wasted. It should never be forgotten that reading is a kind of eating; and that like eating it should be done, not only with discrimination but with moderation. The selection of books which might be judicious for one might not be so for another; and the amount of reading which might be beneficial for one might overtax the mental digestion of another. We want in the world trained judgments and healthy activities. These we find in many persons whose literary equipment is very slender; these we too often miss in persons whose minds, as every one supposes, have been elaborately cultivated, and whose reading is immense. Books in the mass are good, bad, and indifferent. The bad and indifferent are to be avoided; and the right use to make of the good is, not to convert them into fetishes, nor to let them take the place of an independent mental activity, but to avail ourselves of them simply as aids towards the formation of sound intellectual habits, and a true ideal of life.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

NOT the least accentuated of the French characteristics was portrayed in that cry of old: "*Le roi est mort, vive le roi!*" Liszt has left Paris for a few weeks; he no longer plays; it is the signal for a general shriek from all journalistic hawks. Time was, when we were to pardon him much because he was much loved; now this would appear but one more plea against mercy. Indeed, some secret rivalry in by-gone days might be imagined, so warmly do several distinguished critics condemn the late little bursts of enthusiasm for the virtuoso of the past.

En revanche, the papers are filled with the praises of Rubinstein, who is giving here a series of enchanting concerts. To this great artist a very generous idea has occurred. From the 94,639 roubles realized by some fourteen recitals recently given in Russia, the sum of 25,000 roubles is to be put aside that the interest, amounting to 10,000 francs every five years, may be divided between the successful pianist and composer in an international *concour*.

It is the season for horse-racing and picture galleries, to which, needless to say, the "tout Paris" flocks in greatest numbers. The *sportswoman*, as they call her here, is becoming a more and more common figure. For the last fortnight belle marquise and duchess have gone day after day with never-changing ardour and ever-changing toilette to the Palais de l'Industrie, where took place the *Concours Hippique*—most interesting races, where the horses were mounted usually by the officers of the different regiments.

The Luxembourg has re-opened. The paintings and sculpture have been removed from the palace, and placed in the new galleries built for them in the palace gardens. A charming little exhibition is being held in Gustave Doré's old house, 3 Rue Bayard; Meissonnier, Bonnat, Delaroche, Ary Schæffer, Greuze, and Ruvis de Ohavannes are well represented.

The failure of "*A Midsummer Night's Dream*" (*Le songe d'une nuit d'été*) at the Odéon is another proof of the utter incapacity of the French to appreciate Shakespeare, just as the cry for the handkerchief in "*Othello*" evoked unbounded hilarity at the Theatre Français long ago, so the role of "*Bottom*," though most artistically interpreted by St. Germain, is considered rather a good joke!

ORIGINAL ideas for umbrella handles are not wanting. Imagine an ebony death's-head with diamond eyes, and a spray of perfume issuing from its ghastly jaws! Another is a silver ball with this inscription:

Guard you, princess, from these twain:
Public opinion and the rain.

IN Emile Zola's latest book, *L'Œuvre*, a touching tribute has been paid to the memory of that unfortunate artist Manet, whom the world had such difficulty in classing as a man of genius or an idiot.

L. L.

Paris, April 20.

SOCIETY SLANG.

EVERYBODY who reads the London society journals, or who has dipped into London society himself within the last few years, must have noticed that the word "smart" has lately acquired a new meaning in England. It is the fashion to use it in a sense very like that which the now outlawed term "genteel" was employed to convey a generation ago. When *Vanity Fair*, or *The World*, or *The Morning Post*, or *Truth*, notes that there were "a number of smart people" at this or that entertainment, the phrase implies, not that any clever men or women, but that persons of assured social position—persons who move freely and easily in the most exclusive circles, were present at the "function."

The word "function," too, is now commonly subjected to a fashionable misuse. It is applied to any parade or show or formal social gathering. In fact it is used in somewhat the same sense, and with the same looseness, as the word "affair." Archery meetings, coaching parades, Sunday-school picnics, garden parties, fancy balls, are all "functions" now-a-days.

Society slang would naturally change more often than the *argot* of trades or neighbourhoods. All dialects alike alter from caprice or accident, but "society" sometimes has a special object in adopting new terms, a desire to avoid some idiom of the "mobocracy." It is the fate of most words and phrases expressive of social shades or types,—such words as "nobs," "bucks," "swells," "beaux," "stylish," "good" or "bad form," "genteel," "vulgar," "smart," "*beau monde*," "*crème de la crème*," "inner circle," "upper crust," "upper ten," "*haute gomme*"—to be introduced in one of the upper strata of society, and then to be adopted successively by each lower stratum, until, done to death by fashion reporters, barbers, and "gentlemen's gentlemen," they are given up in disgust by their originators.

In some of the best English papers, writers now speak of a victory on

the turf as a "win"—"an unexpected win," "this popular win," etc. And one sometimes hears well-bred Englishmen talk of a horse "lepping." In fact, it seems that one of the vagaries of fashion is to use incorrect forms and expressions in sporting matters. It may be that in modern times these come into vogue through "swells" jocularly imitating the rusticities of their grooms and gamekeepers. Old anomalies in sporting language—such as our having no plural forms for *grouse*, *teal*, *trout*, *salmon*, *deer*, and other game animals were more likely due to the ignorance of noblemen and country squires themselves, who in the Middle Ages could seldom write their names and despised clerical education.

F. BLAKE CROFTON.

CAMPING IN THE MUSKOKA REGION.*

WE live so fast and so hard of late years in Canada that it is becoming more and more the custom to spend a period during the heats of summer in recreation and sweet indolence for the purpose of renewing our vexed souls and wearied bodies. Many people mistaking a mere change of worry for rest, flock to fashionable resorts at the seaside or elsewhere. But the prudent man flies from all artificial conditions and yields himself to the soothing influences of Nature on the shores of the lakes and rivers in the depths of our primeval forests. Or is our annual invasion of the backwoods merely the assertion of a persistent primal instinct—a partial reversion, as it were, to the life and habits of our tree-climbing ancestors? But, whatever may be the reason of this summer exodus from our cities, it is a delightful and refreshing fact to the fortunate ones to whom it is permitted to participate in it.

Those who have visited, or who intend visiting, our great provincial park in the Muskoka Region will find much interesting reading in Mr. Dickson's book. It will serve to revive many pleasant memories in the minds of old campers in this region. To those who have not enjoyed a vacation in the forest wilderness, it presents a fair and truthful picture of everyday life there with its little annoyances no less than its refreshing pleasures. But to the intending tourist it is particularly valuable. The author describes at length his canoe voyage up the Muskoka river to its sources among the crystal lakes of the height of land, and then down the tributaries of the Petewawa and the Madawaska to the waters of those fair rivers. In reading this book one is reminded somewhat of Philip Gilbert Hamerton's "*Unknown River*," though our Canadian writer has the advantage of a wilder and more picturesque stream. Details of direction and distance, and descriptions of the character of the route are given with such minuteness that it is probable that many amateur canoeists will be tempted by this narrative to try the same voyage.

Yet Mr. Dickson's work is not a guide-book merely. There are many descriptive passages of considerable graphic force and vigor. On the whole, however, the writer evidently makes no pretension to literary excellence of an artistic character, but rather seems to have intended that his book should belong to what De Quincy called the "literature of knowledge." He gives us in simple and unadorned language the benefit of his many years of experience in camping and travelling in this district. Valuable suggestions are made as to the outfit necessary for such trips, and the management and care of the canoe, tent, and other equipments. The best localities for hunting and fishing are pointed out and the homely processes of real out-in-the-woods cookery are described. Then, incidentally, we get interesting glimpses of the wild and lonely life of the trapper and lumberman, and the haunts and habits of the moose, deer, otter, and beaver. The character of the soil, timber, and vegetation of the different localities is described in passing. One receives, also, a very vivid impression of the great number and beauty of the rivers and lakes of this region as well as of the countless fairy islands with which they are studded.

It would perhaps have been more interesting to some readers if the author had given fuller particulars regarding the fauna and flora of this district, but one should not expect a botanist's or zoologist's report from a tourist surveyor. It seems to us a defect, however, that a work of this kind should not contain a line map of the region through which the reader is taken. In the event of a second edition of the book being called for, which is not at all unlikely, a map should be supplied. Moreover, the narrative also offers a fine field for illustration, and the attractiveness of the book would be much increased by the insertion of a number of superior wood-cuts. The publishers are to be complimented on the neatness and perfection displayed in the mechanical execution of the book. Although our city book-binders manage leather very well, it has hitherto seemed to be almost impossible to get a book well bound in cloth here. A recently published poetical work was a dire failure as a mechanical production;

* *Camping in the Muskoka Region*, by James Dickson, P.L.S. Toronto: C. Blakett Robinson, 1886.

but the cloth edition of "Camping in the Muskoka Region" leaves nothing to be desired in this particular.

Books like Mr. Dickson's should receive a wide reading from all classes of Canadians. It is too much the fashion for our people to run off for their holiday trips to Europe or the United States, because they are not sufficiently acquainted with the beauty and delight of the wilder regions of our own land. Literature of the kind we are considering, and in fact all native literature, will do much to correct this self-decrying custom of our countrymen. It will tend to fill Canadians with admiration of their own land, and with a patriotism and self-sufficiency, of which the ultimate results will be great and glorious beyond prediction. A. STEVENSON.

THE RAILWAYS AND THE REPUBLIC.*

OF the abuse of railway power in the United States, the general public has only imperfect ideas. A clear and comprehensive knowledge of the whole subject will be the first step towards effective reform: the value of Mr. Hudson's work is that it places in a clear and strong light the leading facts which are necessary to a perfect comprehension of the numerous phases of the railway problem. If the indictment of these corporations is drawn up in vigorous phraseology, it is fully sustained by the evidence produced. Many of them are shown to be guilty of unjust discriminations in favour of some individuals and localities and against others. The pooling policy is arraigned, and shown to be contrary to the public interest, and the necessity of free competition, where combination prevails, is clearly established. The public has been burthened and defrauded by fictitious railway securities, which represent only the paper on which they are written, to an amount equal to two and a half times that of the public debt. Legislatures, State and National, have been tainted and sometimes controlled by the corrupt influences exerted by these corporations; and though the judiciary has, on the whole, preserved its integrity and its independence, the Supreme Court of at least one State has succumbed, and public suspicion, whether well or ill founded, fastens on the alleged means by which two members of the Supreme Bench reached their elevated positions. Of the bribery of legislators, in the interest of these corporations, the evidence adduced, unhappily, leaves no doubt whatever.

But on the whole, the law has been fairly and fearlessly interpreted by the courts. At the same time, the strongest laws have generally remained unenforced. At first the common law was the chief reliance of all who had to complain of the injustice of the railway corporations; and when other remedies were sought they were frequently embodied in the fundamental laws of the separate States. Eight State constitutions declared railways to be public highways; six assert the right of the Legislatures to regulate the operations of the corporations they have created; twelve forbid discriminations between shippers or passengers; nine forbid pools or combinations to the prejudice of other roads; five prohibit drawbacks and a greater proportionate charge for short than for long distances. But when we ask whether these prescriptions of the fundamental law are effective, we get for answer that the "railway magnates are stronger than the constitution and the law." The inaction of the Legislature, when remedial legislation is urgently needed, reduces the fundamental law to a nullity.

What then is to be the outcome of this persistent abuse of corporate power? How are remedial laws to be extorted from unwilling and corrupt legislatures? And if they be got, is it certain that the judiciary will honestly enforce them? Mr. Hudson touches on the true remedy when he says that "nothing but the power of the united people can successfully cope with the power of the corporations," and that the first condition of reform is a clear popular comprehension of the whole subject. The alternative which he presents is terrible: "if all the features which now mark the influence of the great corporations in politics are maintained and perpetuated, in defiance of the efforts to restrain them by peaceful means, the result will inevitably be, that one day their injustice and usurpation will be punished by a revolt of the classes they have wronged, beside which the French Revolution will seem an equitable and peaceable reform." But the classes are not distinctly marked, and railway wrongdoers do not form a government, the overthrow of which would be a revolution.

Still, if once the best elements of the nation be aroused to a full sense of the wrong, a remedy will be found. From whatever has been achieved in the case of other offending corporations, we are justified in indulging this hope. The abuses of the railway power only present one phase of corporate corruption; evils of the same kind, if less in magnitude, which more than half a century ago appeared in connection with other corpora-

tions, have been cured. In former times, it was the banks that created fictitious capital by taking the subscriber's note for stock and by returning the capital, by way of loan on the stock, when the subscription had been paid. One result was that, in the forties, the American public had lost two hundred millions by the worthless paper of broken banks. It is almost literally true to say that of these evil practices nothing can now be seen, but some lingering remains of the resentment against banks—no one any longer tracing to its source the evil to which the multiplied villainies of bank managers gave rise. That chapter of corporate wrong-doing, now become a matter of history, yet remains to be written.

Though the special facts, on which Mr. Hudson bases his theories, relate exclusively to the United States, the work is full of warnings and lessons by which it would be criminal in Canada not to profit.

THORPE MAHLE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

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

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

PERILS OF YOUNG SALMON.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—Noticing the paragraph on the above subject, in your issue of yesterday [29th April], reminds me of a singular occurrence that happened to some salmon ova and fry that I had given to a friend to stock one of his aquariums.

Among the many thousands of persons that came to see the first experiments in pisciculture in Canada in the Government ovarium (or hatchery), that I had established in Quebec in 1858, were the Hon. James Ferrier and his son.

Greatly interested, as all persons were in those early days, at the novelty of the inception of the artificial propagation of salmon on this continent, among many others, Mr. Ferrier asked me if I could oblige him with some salmon ova which were then almost matured.

I had great pleasure in complying with his request, and a few days after I sent some two or three hundred ova by rail to Montreal, where they arrived without injury and were placed by Mr. Ferrier in one of his large aquarium apparatuses.

In acknowledging the receipt of the novel consignment, Mr. Ferrier stated that on the morning after their arrival the most of them had burst their bonds and were swimming about quite lively.

And now comes the most singular part of the whole. About two months after, I received a most doleful letter from Mr. Ferrier, stating that all his pet salmon, which had been doing so well, had been devoured by a large goldfish that was kept in an adjoining aquarium.

Each aquarium was divided by glass walls, so to speak, which were about three feet by four feet with a depth of some twenty inches.

We must presume that seeing the young fry each day through the glass division, *reason, or instinct* if you wish, led the goldfish to devise a scheme for their capture.

Voracious to a degree, he leaped from his own aquarium into that of the young fry and made a clean sweep of them, with one exception, and that one was minus a pectoral fin, which was shown me by Mr. Ferrier on my visit to Montreal a short time after.

Another very curious incident occurred while I was procuring salmon ova in the Jacques Cartier River in 1859.

My men were engaged in procuring ova, and they called out to me that there was a large trout following the salmon, which at my request they captured and brought on shore.

I thought from its bulk that it had been preying largely on the salmon ova, and I immediately ripped it up with care over a tub in which there was a quantity of salmon *mill*.

The trout had swallowed from four to five hundred salmon ova, a large portion of which were not at all injured, or appeared not to be.

These were carefully manipulated, the injured ones removed, and the rest placed by me in a separate receiving box in my ovarium in Quebec. In due course of time, those, with others, when they became young salmon, were placed in the River St. Charles, where in some seasons, I had taken as many as twenty salmon in a week, some of them nineteen pounds weight, with fly.

I should be glad to know if any of your readers have ever read or heard of *salmon ova vivifying*, under the peculiar conditions of having been swallowed by another fish? If so, I should be glad if they would note it through the columns of your journal.

R. NETTLE.

Ottawa, April 30, 1886.

DR. PALEY was so enamoured of angling that he hobbled to the river's side in spite of his bodily infirmities, to ply the line, and had his portrait painted with a fishing rod in his hand. Being asked by the Bishop of Durham when one of his great works would be finished, he answered naïvely, as if fly-fishing, and not philosophy, were the main business of his life: "My lord, I shall work steadily at it when the fly-fishing season is over."

*The Railways and the Republic. By James F. Hudson. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The Week.

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

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THE revival of the strike among the street-car operatives appears to be due to a violation by the Company of an implicit agreement not to interfere with the men's connexion with labour organisations. The Company entered into no specific undertaking to that effect, but certainly such an agreement was understood by the men to have been established when the first strike was adjusted, and the Company tacitly acquiesced in their view. It is most unfortunate that a clearer understanding of the Company's intentions was not then had: evidently there was a lack of candour on one side, and of business precision on the other. The Company has, unquestionably, a perfectly good right, legally, to impose the condition on its employes that they shall not belong to a labour organisation; the Company is not the sole employer of labour in the city, and if the men do not like the condition, they may without hardship decline the service. But, morally, we believe the Company to be entirely wrong. Trade organisations have in them the germ of much good, and if, while they avoid intimidation or other illegalities, they are encouraged by employers, they are likely to continue to avoid mistakes and to develop to the common benefit of both parties. To attempt to crush them out of existence, as a matter of precaution before they can get to work is, at any rate, impossible in these days; and it is unjust, for, until an overt act of hostility is threatened, the employers have no right to assume that any such is probable, much less contemplated. In the present case, happily, the strikers are behaving exceedingly well, and their reasonable and orderly conduct both justifies their action and commends their cause to the active sympathy and assistance of the public.

IN the few words reported of Mr. Blake's speech at the private banquet tendered him on Saturday week, we have an admirable sketch of the office filled by the Liberal Party just now. Although out of power for the past six years, they have, as he says, no cause to be ashamed of the efforts they have made, nor to be discouraged at lack of apparent result. In endeavouring so persistently to prevent extravagance in the public expenditure, and to insist on a sound policy in the North-West, they have brought these things far nearer accomplishment than is apparent on the surface: how much nearer may be seen more clearly at the next general election. To assert the predominance of the true federal principle of local liberties is another matter in which the Liberal Party has rendered vast service, not only to this Province, but elsewhere, in the solution of a problem which is pressing very hard on the resources of statesmanship. If the centralised, yet highly democratic, Government of the British Isles can be remodelled as Mr. Blake hopes, so as to give full freedom of local government to the several distinct peoples, and thereby afford in the very best manner a training for the political education of these peoples up to self-government in its broadest sense, why then the Irish difficulty will be solved; and to this solution, the Liberal Party of Canada, by their fight for decentralisation within the federal union, will have contributed a share that they may legitimately feel proud of. That the Senate needs remodelling, to bring it into accord with the spirit of representative institutions, is evident enough to the observer of its legislative methods and the results produced: but a graver piece of work, and one that most needs instant attention, is the restoration of the House of Commons to independence, purity, and respectability. The public have recently seen in that body examples of political turpitude of so gross a character that their guilt ought to cause their immediate expulsion from Parliament, and be a bar to their re-entry into Parliament for all future time. Yet the tie of Party has ensured their escape, at least from present punishment; and there is too much reason to believe that they are in fact but the overflow of a sea of corruption that carries secretly many another Member engaged busily in making his official position subservient to private gain. It seems hard, as Mr. Blake says, to reach the honest heart of the people; but the duty of the Liberals is to sound the true note; and though no immediate effect may be perceived, they, knowing this is the only way open, must persevere, for it is the sole means of bringing the country to a sense of its danger; and if the Liberal Party now neglect it, the cause is lost.

WE regret to see in Mr. Blake such an indication of the demagogic temper as we fear is shown by his Home Rule motion. In a statesman professing the sentiments uttered by him at the banquet of the previous Saturday, we should expect to find principles that would inexorably forbid an unqualified approval of Mr. Gladstone's gross mistake, for the sake of retaining the Irish vote. If Mr. Blake had been content to express his sympathy for the Irish cause in some such terms as those used in Mr. Costigan's successful amendment to the Blake resolution, he would perhaps have pretty accurately reflected the opinion of Liberals of the old school, and reasonable people of all parties; for none such doubt that if any scheme of self-government in purely local affairs can be devised that will be satisfactory to the people of Ireland and so remove the discontent so long unhappily prevailing in that country, it ought to and must be adopted. But that Mr. Gladstone's scheme cannot do; it proceeds from totally wrong premises; and in "hailing with joy" the introduction of that ill-advised measure, Mr. Blake simply expresses sympathy with the wild attempt of a parliamentary tactician to force on the country, through the power of his unfortunate gift of oratory has given him over the people, a measure that will in no wise conduce to the local self-government of Ireland by her native best men, and according to true Irish ideas—which is the end to be sought; but, on the contrary, to the handing over of the government to a class of agitators who for years past have shown themselves utterly unfit to be trusted with any share in it.

OF the inexpediency of addressing the British Parliament at all on this subject there can hardly be question. It is a piece of impertinence, which the Dominion Parliament, at any rate, with its experience of one snubbing, should have too much self-respect to repeat. The other day a great outcry was made in the Canadian Press at some advice of the *Times* in respect to the fisheries; and the Mother Country was told very plainly that her semi-independent daughter would brook no interference with affairs purely Canadian, even to avert complications of which England alone would bear the brunt. But now it is proposed, on the other hand, to interfere directly in a matter purely British; and in doing this, the Dominion Parliament is to publicly condemn the action of every person and party in England opposed to Mr. Gladstone's policy. That is, it is to side with him and his personal and Parnellite following against the whole Conservative Party, the great body of the Liberal Party, and the Radicals, Scotch and English,—against, indeed, as far as can be known now, the great mass of the British people. Is this a desirable position for Canada to place herself in? Mr. Blake, in proposing it, may represent the Neo-liberal-Fenian Party; probably also to some extent the better Irish element in Canada; but he certainly represents nothing of the general Canadian sentiment on the subject. It was quite natural for the Quebec Assembly, the other day, to be led by some Irish wire-pullers into a similar *faux pas*; but the Dominion House represents the enlightened opinion of the whole country, and it ought not to be committed by its managers, on one side or the other, to interference on any occasion with the deliberations of the Imperial Parliament. This is an impertinence that, however pleasantly it may be received by the party or faction in whose favour it is made, must be, and very justly, resented by all others; and if the Imperial Parliament had more control of its business than is now unfortunately the case, the resentment might perhaps take a form not unlike that which we may suppose would follow in the case of the French Chambers addressing Bismarck on his treatment of Polish nationality.

THE great strike in the South-west has ended in the acknowledged failure of the Knights of Labour to coerce the railway companies. The Knights believed the railways could not be operated without their consent; and it has been proved that they were wrong. And so, after inflicting serious injury to the commercial interests of the whole country, and throwing large numbers of persons, besides members of the Order, out of employment, they have yielded, on a representation of the facts by the Congressional Investigating Committee; and the strike being declared at an end by the General Executive Board of the Knights of Labour, most of the strikers have resumed work, only those guilty of committing depredations being refused employment.

THE riots in Chicago and Milwaukee seem to have been entirely the work of foreign Anarchists and Socialists who took advantage of the eight-hour agitation to have a field day; and no blame whatever appears to be due to the strikers, who, however, are bent on a most mischievous piece of folly. The eight-hour work day they are clamouring for cannot, in the nature of things, be of any use to nine out of every ten workmen on this

continent. If it were their design to lessen the hours of labour, in order that the unemployed might get a chance to cut in and earn a little, this would be a laudable movement. But, no; this is not at all the design: while insisting on eight hours being considered a full day's work, the strikers insist also on being paid for ten hours. An addition of twenty-five per cent in the cost of labour must be a serious matter to every manufacturer concerned; and it is not surprising that they prefer to close their establishments rather than yield. It is a most unwise demand. In this country no workman can do more than get a bare living by working only eight hours a day. It is not so that men get along in the world, but by steadily working as long as possible, consistently with the maintenance of health and strength. If these workmen have no ambition beyond merely vegetating, they can be hardly worth the increased wages demanded; but the arrangement that would be fairest to all, good and bad alike, would be to pay for all labour by the hour. The industrious and the idle workman would then each get exactly what he earns.

THE duel between the President and the Senate has been brought to a close by the Senate ignoring the Edmunds resolutions, and confirming the President's nominee in the office of District Attorney of Alabama, the discussion over which nomination brought on the acute stage of the dispute. This is, it is to be hoped, an end to the disagreement; evidently the Republican majority in the Senate went too far in their demands, and in withdrawing from an untenable position, they show more real dignity than they would by insisting on a doubtful prerogative.

OUR friend, the *Globe*, commenting on the statement made by Professor Goldwin Smith in England that neither Canadians nor the bulk of Americans sympathize with Mr. Parnell in his demands, says the opinions of a people can best be ascertained from their representatives, speaking in a representative capacity, then admits that in some or in many cases the representatives say rather what they know will please their constituents than what they think themselves; and goes on to twit Mr. Smith with taking the "absurd" position of asking the people of Great Britain to believe that he expresses the opinion of both the United States and Canada better than their representatives do. Well, as it is admitted that these representatives in general say "what the people wish to have said" rather than what themselves think, will it not be admitted also that it is the opinion or sentiment of the majority rather than the whole constituency they seek to reflect? And where, in any constituency, a stratum of opinion exists, distinct from all the rest and able by force of numbers to turn any majority into a minority, is it not this balancing power the representative, who expresses his constituents' inclinations rather than his own, is likely to have chiefly in view when he abdicates his function as an independent representative and consents to act as a mere delegate of numbers? We think so; and therefore we assert that in this Irish business the public utterance of delegates to Congress, Parliament, or Assembly, in the States or Canada, being prompted chiefly by regard for the Irish vote, is not worth a rush as a guide of the thought of the great body of the constituencies.

THE *Globe* further says it is satisfied that at least three-fourths of the people of Canada earnestly desire to see as large a measure of Home Rule conceded as is compatible with the safety of the Empire. That all grant; but it, by no means follows that the Canadian people sympathise with the Parnellites or their demands. Those demands are, indeed, wholly incompatible with the safety of the Empire; and, too, it is a capital objection to Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule scheme that it also, by dividing the sovereignty now lodged in the Imperial Parliament, is inconsistent with the safety of the Empire. This qualification, "compatible with the safety of the Empire," or some equivalent, is now, it will be observed, invariably used in the discussion of the Home Rule question; it is a saving clause that, persistently used by the pro-Gladstone Press, has rendered Mr. Gladstone's scheme palatable to many who, if they examined the matter for themselves, would perceive at once that the two things—the Gladstone Home Rule Scheme and the Safety of the Empire—are quite inconsistent with each other. And much more inconsistent is the safety of the Empire with Mr. Parnell's demands—the end, that is, which the Irish Nationalists have in view, and which they intend steadily to pursue till attained in full. As one of them significantly replied, when asked whether the Irish would be content with Mr. Gladstone's measure, "having breakfasted there was no reason why they should not take dinner." What the nature of the dinner is to be may be gathered from the declaration of Mr. Parnell himself at Castlebar, in November last: the attainment of the legislative and administrative independence of Ireland, free from outside control, he then frankly avowed to

be his object. Legislative independence means that the Acts of the Imperial Parliament shall cease to bind the Irish people; therefore they will not consider themselves bound by any provisions of Mr. Gladstone's present bill. Administrative independence means that the Irish Executive shall be purely Irish; and what that means we can guess from the reported appointment the other day of a Minister for American Affairs. And, finally, "freedom from outside control" means absolute freedom, not only from the laws of Great Britain, but also from any interference by Great Britain with the laws passed by the Irish Parliament or the acts done by its Government. This is the Home Rule unthinking persons are applauding Mr. Gladstone for setting under way. His project, which Mr. Blake desires the Dominion Parliament to "hail with joy" is but the initial step, it is true; but if adopted it would be an irrecoverable step down a slippery incline that leads to certain ruin. But though the understanding of Canadians may, it seems, be insulted with impunity by the flimsy device of covering a fact with a misleading phrase, the nation with whom the decision rests are not likely to be for long deluded or misled, either by Mr. Gladstone's wonderful facility of self-delusion, or by the transparent guile of his Nationalist supporters. And in estimating the chances of the ultimate success of these in their designs, let it not be overlooked that really they are but a faction who have obtained the ascendancy, partly by terrorism of some, partly by holding out hopes of further plunder to others. Most noteworthy is it that among the representatives of Celtic Ireland cannot be counted one who may be considered as representing the Catholic gentry, the landed interest, the trading interest, the professional classes, or the intelligence of the island. Journalists there are, but these have floated thither on the tide of the prevailing sedition. Have all these better elements ceased to exist? Mr. Gladstone proposes to banish them all from the island by his Land Bill, but surely they for the present must be reckoned as forming part of the Irish people. Yes; they are still there; but their voice is stifled. By the late ill-advised extension of the franchise, the balance of power has been thrown overwhelmingly into the hands of the least educated part of the people, and one-third of the Irish people, including all its better elements, are totally unrepresented in Parliament. It would be a mistake to suppose that this preponderance of the largest class in Ireland is any triumph for true democracy; the democratic instinct leads one usually to approve of an accretion of power to the people; but in this case the balance has been shifted overmuch, and in consequence the wealth, intellect, and rank of the country have been practically disfranchised: the Nationalists in Parliament no more represent even the Celtic Irish people than do Bradlaugh and Howells the people of England.

ON the same occasion, Mr. Goldwin Smith is reported by the cablegram to have referred to Mr. Gladstone's secession principles as applying to India equally with Ireland. There can be little doubt that the lack of common sense, not to say merely lack of statesmanship, shown by the matchless arguer, placed for some inscrutable purpose of Providence at the head of the Empire, is taken note of by other Nationalists besides the Irish. In Bohemia for instance, we read that the Radical journals declare that Mr. Gladstone has spoken for Bohemia also in proposing the "Emancipation of Ireland." But to confine ourselves to Mr. Smith's reference, there is too much reason to believe, we fear, that Mr. Gladstone's unstatesmanlike humanitarianism and credulity have kindled among the Babus hopes that are likely to cause much trouble when the Government of the Empire falls into more capable hands. From the ludicrous easiness with which he has been inveigled into the ditch dug for him by the Irish Nationalists, his now chief supporters, whose persistent treason he, the Chief Minister of the Crown, both approves and proposes to reward by furthering their designs, the malcontents of India are becoming expectant of the break-up of the British Empire. In India as well as in Ireland there is a Nationalist Party; and never since the great mutiny was its tone so insolent and threatening, as it has grown under Gladstonian government. The demands of the natives comprise concession of the right of self-government—a right as far as concerns local affairs which is being conceded as fast as it ought to be; the reduction of the English garrison—an inadmissible demand, in presence of the fact that the English garrison is the police that prevents the dozen nations or so of the Indian Peninsula from flying at one another's throats; the formation of a strong body of native artillery, which again is inadmissible (as also, of course, is native control of the native army), and a transfer from English hands to native of the control of Indian finances and of judicial appointments. These concessions are what is demanded by the Indian Nationalists, and they are totally inadmissible, as we say, while England governs; but if the Gladstonian system of yielding to sedition so soon as it grows a little incon-

venient is to prevail throughout the Empire as in Ireland, it will not be long before the Government of India will be as the Government of Ireland is, virtually in the hands of a Conspiracy League, which is known already to exist in its beginnings, behind a hostile and aggressive native Press.

As the Powers seem at present unanimous in the determination to prevent the threatened Greek attack on Turkey, the suicide of that ambitious little State is postponed. Apart from the sentimental regard held for the lineal representative of old Hellas, Greece is a factor in the Eastern problem that none of the Powers are disposed to see crushed out of existence. All know that, if left alone, the Turkish armies would make short work of any force Greece could oppose to them; Greece knows this also, but trusting that Turkey would not be allowed to work her full will, she has been disposed to venture the risk, knowing, pretty certainly, that if it came to the worst she would be saved from the extreme consequences of her recklessness. However, her aspirations are repressed for the present by a blockade of her ports; and this blockade, participated in by Russia, may, with the withdrawal of the Russian embassy from Greece, be taken as an indication of peace for the present. Either there is no secret treaty between Greece and Russia, or Russia is not in a condition at present to give it effect. We notice a cable story that the Czar has been pleased at the prospect of war between Turkey and Greece, because it would leave him free to strengthen his hold on Afghanistan; also that Lord Dufferin has recently insisted on a more vigorous policy in preparation for the so-called inevitable conflict between Russia and England. But we take it that these are mere Russophobic rumours. No doubt the Czar has a hard task to keep his army quiet, and perhaps a war might also divert the attention of the Nihilists; but if he move at all it will not be on so distant and doubtful a venture as the invasion of India; but rather on the one nearer home, which the Russian heart has been set on for ages.

THE London State says:—That Lord Lytton was right in passing, and Lord Ripon was wrong in repealing, a Press Act in India will be apparent enough to any one who reads the following atrocious libel on the British and Indian troops recently assembled in the camp of exercise at Delhi:—"People had to conceal their wives and daughters for fear of violation. The merchants had to bury their treasures for fear of the soldiers. The agriculturists whose crops have been destroyed have not yet been paid, nor has a valuation of these crops been yet arrived at." This was actually published in a native Bengali newspaper, and there now exists no means of punishing the author of a seditious falsehood worthy of United Ireland.

THE completion of the Canada Pacific Railway appears to have given a fresh incitement to the discussion among Russians of their own long talked of line to the Pacific, across Siberia to Vladivostock. It will be a very long time, however, before Russian locomotives compete with those of England and America in reaching the shores of the Pacific. The branch to Tiumen has not yet been made, and the Ufa Zlatoust section to Ekaterinburg has only lately been decided upon, after years of dispute over the conflicting claims of different towns. At a recent meeting of the Society for Furthering Russian Trade and Commerce, a discussion took place on the several projects for this great work, among them being one tendered by an enterprising exile living in Siberian banishment. All difficulties were satisfactorily disposed of, excepting the question where the 150,000,000 roubles required for the enterprise is to come from.

SIR GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS, a great and wise Liberal statesman, who died before Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy had rendered coercion so necessary, once made some observations on coercion that are well worth considering just now. "We are told," he said, "that government must be founded on the national will, and can only exist with the consent of the people. No one doubts that it is desirable that the Government should be beloved by the people, and that the people will, in general, know how to appreciate a good Government; but that all Governments exist by force, and that force ultimately is the sole check on wrong-doers, is equally certain. The existence and administration of a criminal law are necessary to the existence of a State, and no criminal law can be carried into effect without the means of applying constraint to those who infringe it. Nevertheless the knowledge that force may, if necessary, be applied induces offenders to submit without resistance. The fear of coercion renders the use of coercion unnecessary. The criminal walks willingly to the gaol and the scaffold, well knowing that, if he does not go with his will, he will be forced to go against it. The cases, therefore, in which force is *actually* applied are not many; and, as the effect of the law authorizing the use of force is to render

its use unnecessary, it has been thought that force is of little benefit in civilized societies and might be banished from the resources of government, although it is in fact the keystone in which all government must ultimately rest.

THE *Quarterly Review* believes there will be no extensive or real reforms in the Church of England so long as it remains legally connected with the State. Even the attempts to secure reform will be but few, and will be but feebly supported by the great bulk of those who are supposed to be most deeply interested in them. Liberal Governments will be far more likely to rid themselves of the difficulties belonging to the Establishment by getting rid of, than by reconstructing it; while Conservative Governments will be much more anxious to obtain the votes of Churchmen at elections, than to give a *quid pro quo* for their support in the form of well-considered measures of Church reform. The Parliaments of the future will be as Gallio-like in this matter as have been the Parliaments of the past. The result will be that in the course of two or three years it will be seen that the only hope of real reformation in the Church lies in the direction from which so many Churchmen and politicians now turn away their affrighted gaze. It will then be useless to cry any longer, "Reform, and not Disestablishment!" The cry will have served its purpose for a time, but will have lost all efficacy. Another cry will then be heard, "Disestablish as the only means of reform!" And when it prevails—as prevail it will—Churchmen will discover that the mere act of Disestablishment has destroyed many of the inveterate abuses which now defy all their efforts to extirpate them; while every other evil can be grappled with, in the interest of the Church and of religion, without any regard to the traditions of a State-institution or the exigencies of politicians. They will breathe the air of freedom, and that alone will invigorate them for the great but inspiring task of winning for the Church of England, not only the deserved affection of its members, but the admiration and gratitude of the entire nation.

SONNET.

"MY LADY SLEEPS."

CIRCLING her hallow'd head, bright golden hair
Shines as an aureole of sacred light.
Over her parting lips a sweet delight
Playeth in tremors, and the silent air
Unwhisper'd messages of love doth bear
Fast through the murky shades of shapeless night,
Making, with unheard music, fairy flight
To me, in marvel that she is so fair.
The royal beauty of her arch'd brow
O'er-canopies the curtained throne of sense,
Before whose sun-lit splendour, all intense,
Lovers of Nature's loveliness must bow,
And through the silken fringe the soft light peeps
To watch and warn the soul that gently sleeps.

Paris.

E. G. GARTHWAITTE.

THE SEVEN AGES.

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players,
They have their exits and their entrances
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages.

AT first the INFANT:—Long, long ago when good Queen Bess had sat some six or seven years upon the throne of Merrie England, we can picture to ourselves a glorious, English spring day "proud pied April dressed in all his trim," the little, white cloudlets chasing each other across the clear, blue sky, the south wind sighing softly like the cooing of doves in the tall elms, making sweet music with the notes of a thousand feathered songsters, and the ripple of the soft flowing Avon babbling quietly along bright and cool in the sunshine, meandering through lovely, green, Warwickshire meadows silvery with cuckoo-birds and lady's-smocks, gradually widening through banks of wild thyme and oxlips as it nears the cosy little town of Stratford.

We can imagine an admirable and right jovial company of fellow citizens and friends from all parts assembled at the ancient dwelling of John Shakespeare, the woolstapler, in Henley Street, who that very afternoon was going to have his infant son "made a Christian." In fancy, we see the happy, contented mother, gentle Mary Shakespeare, prettily and modestly clad, seated on the old, oak settle, in the spacious chimney corner—with the baby, William, on her knee—laughing and chatting gaily with a group of wise matrons around her, who, in all probability were discussing according to their different imaginations, what auspicious fate Lady For-

tune's wheel would have in store for this lad who "lends metal" to them all.

The walls of the room—now covered with thousands and thousands of visitors' autographs—were hung with coarse tapestry, the oak floor neatly strewn with rushes, the tables well garnished with "nodding violets, pale primroses, streak'd gillyvors," and such fragrant flowers that bloom in the sweet o' the year.

Then the SCHOOLBOY:—William Shakespeare himself—for "he was a scholar and a ripe and good one"—when a boy "with satchel and shining morning face" wending his way from the old home in Henley Street, past the wooden Market Cross, down the quaint old town, to the Grammar School.

In Shakespeare's youth the school room underwent repair, and for some weeks school was kept in the Church of the Holy Guild adjoining; no doubt the young poet often "conned his task" there, perhaps in *Twelfth Night*, when he described Malvolio "smiling his face into more lines than the new map" and with "yellow stockings most villainously cross-gartered like a pedant that keeps a school o' the church," he was sarcastically alluding to his own old schoolmaster and those few weeks of study in the Guild Chapel.

Then when "school broke up each hurries to his home and sporting place," we can fancy him and his chief companions, young Burbage, Greene, Condell, and Heming, in some neighbouring field playing their favourite game of acting "Gammer Gurton's Needle," a coarse interlude much in vogue at that time, and which, no doubt, they had seen acted many times by Lord Leicester's strolling players, who frequently visited the town.

We can picture the young poet, too, at the home fireside, relating some ancient historical ballad to amuse his little sister Anna, who then "prattled poesie" in her nurse's arms. Or better still, can we imagine him on a summer's day roaming alone under the greenwood tree, in the leafy glades on the outskirts of the forest of Arden, watching the budding wild flowers and the herds of fallow deer feeding, listening to the lark soaring high above the clouds, singing its hymn of praise at heaven's gate, gathering in his daily rambles a far richer store of ideas from God's best book of nature than he could have procured in a whole lifetime's study of worn-eaten volumes. Indeed Shakespeare's ideas are numerous as the stars in the sky and always as bright and sparkling; he has "held the mirror up to nature, showing virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time its form and pressure."

And then the LOVER, "sighing like a furnace": in thought we can easily take our footsteps across the pleasant fields, bright with golden buttercups and starry-eyed daisies, from Stratford to Shottery, a thoroughly rustic, almost Arcadian walk, so familiar to the young poet. There we see, standing by the side of the road, the pretty, thatched cottage of the Hathaways, with its quaint dormer windows, its timber-lath and plaster walls and its wooden-latched doors.

Opposite the deep well, green with mosses and lichens, the accumulation of successive years, is the doorway, under a canopy of trailing woodbine and luscious jessamine, where we can imagine the fair Anne herself seated at her spinning wheel, singing in a sweet, clear voice one of Shakespeare's love verses, her large, soft, dark eyes drooping low over her work, the rich crimson of her cheeks deepening as the wheel goes round and the young poet-lover bends over her "all adoration and observance."

What a lover must not Shakespeare have been! Can we not picture him in his manly, English beauty a very Romeo? And Anne with a love for him as boundless as the sea, for, in spite of the eight years' difference in their ages, we have no real reason to doubt theirs was true love. Does not the poet himself say, "Let not the marriage of true minds admit impediment," and "to me, fair friend, you never can be old, for as you were when first your eye I eyed, such seems your beauty still."

Then a SOLDIER: Shakespeare means at this period of our life we are soldiers, not in the literal sense, but soldiers in the great battle of life, walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent, steeling our hearts against temptation and sin whilst seeking the "bubble reputation" in the world's up-hill fight, as he must often have done during his many years of hardship and suffering in London, when but an obscure player at the Globe Theatre on the Bankside, or before that time, when, driven to the last necessity, he picked up a little money by taking care of the gentlemen's horses who came to see the play. But "as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds" so did his extraordinary genius overcome all obstacles, and although we cannot trace many years of Shakespeare's life in London, yet we know that his position there grew to be one of the highest in his profession.

It is well-known the Virgin Queen delighted in witnessing his plays,

several times commanding him to appear before her. One anecdote we especially remember of the poet's ready wit and more than courtly tact. On one occasion he was taking the character of a king in the presence of Her Majesty, who, in moving across the stage—in those days the honoured seat for the noblest of the audience—dropped her glove as she passed by him; but at first he took no notice of the incident, and then the Queen, desirous of knowing what he would have the courage to do, again moved towards him and let her glove fall. Then Shakespeare stooped to pick it up, saying with courtly grace in the character of the monarch he was personating "and though now bent on this high embassy, yet stoop we to take up our cousin's glove," at the same time retiring from the stage and presenting the glove to the Queen, who was highly pleased at this act.

And then the JUSTICE: we may regard this as the period of prosperous repose.

What a time of exquisite enjoyment it must have been to William Shakespeare, when, become a man of worldly means, he was able to return to Stratford, repair his father's broken fortunes, and to purchase from the Clopton family the largest and best house in the town—the mansion *New Place*—standing in its present grounds, opposite the Church of the Holy Guild, where, continuing to supply the stage with two plays every year, he lived in peace and retirement in his dear native town, with his loved wife and children. I say *loved*: unbelievers who doubt Shakespeare's love for Anne Hathaway, can never have read those three beautiful sonnets, the 104th, 109th, and the 110th.

Alas!—though, this great master of the human heart, who found "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything," lived but seven years this peaceful retired life, *his acts being only five ages*,—although on March 25, 1616, he praised God he was in his perfect health and memory, and did make and ordain his last will and testament, yet just a month afterwards, on his fifty-second birthday, April 23, he breathed his last, with his children's faces around his bed, passing quietly away to the "best of rest."

Now the SIXTH AGE: "His big, manly voice, turning again towards childish treble."

What sweeter character can we take than the good old Adam, in that thoroughly Warwickshire play, *As You Like It*: who was ready to give all his thrifty hire he had saved from his youth to his young master in adversity, and to follow him "to the last grasp with truth and loyalty," firmly believing: "He that doth the ravens feed, yea, providently caters for the sparrow."

Pope tells us, "an honest man is the noblest work of God," then, surely that honest old man is a suitable object for our contemplation and reverence.

There is scarcely one step more from the sixth age, to the last scene of all "second childishness and mere oblivion." Then in seeking death, we find life in "the undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller returns."

How profound must have been Shakespeare's knowledge of the works of God, to place such sentiments in the hearts of his characters; how deep his religion and belief, as uttered in the words of King Henry the VI: "My God shall be my hope, my stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet": and that most beautiful prayer of the Earl of Richmond, when he retires to rest the night before the battle of Bosworth.

We must always regret that the great poet was taken from "this wide and universal theatre" so soon. Truly, his was "a noble life before a long." "Take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again."

Toronto.

TARIO.

THE LAND PROBLEM IN ENGLAND.

THE history of every nation that has ever emerged from barbarism to the higher life of law, system, and empire has been the history of a process whereby the ownership of landed property has passed from the possession of the many to that of the few. Prophets may denounce their woe as loudly as they please against "them that join house to house and lay field to field till there be no place." Fiery optimists with Utopian dreams may come forward with all sorts of schemes for nationalizing the land and limiting the acreage that any man might own. Literary country gentlemen with a taste for philanthropy may practically deplore that the wide domains of the moneyed men have been the ruin of the country; but the son of Amoz at Jerusalem, and Gracchus five hundred years after him at Rome, and Pliny three hundred years after *him* simply testified to the fact that eternal laws go on from age to age, working themselves out by the agency of the instincts or the follies, the sins or the aspirations, the greed or the needs of the children of men.

Almost within reach of my hand as I write there are lying the original conveyances of land in a single Norfolk parish, more than six hundred in number, the most modern of which belongs to the end of the fifteenth,

the oldest to the beginning of the thirteenth century. In that long series of documents, so carefully preserved, I have the history of less than 1,500 acres during less than three hundred years. It is an eloquent record, which needs only to be read, of how, under conditions by no means abnormal and circumstances in no way extraordinary, the tiny patches of land that were distributed among a hundred owners in the days of King John came gradually but steadily into fewer and fewer hands, the holdings becoming larger and larger as the generations passed, the little ones then, as now, as always, being swallowed up by the larger capitalists, till these in their turn became the Little ones, and they too had to go. It is a great law of the universe. It always has gone on; it always will. And who are we that we are going to set ourselves against it and say this shall not be? Who are we that we are going to stop the clock or drive back the shadow on the dial of Ahaz?

Are you going to make war upon the things that are, in ignorant disregard of how they came to be as they are? That experiment has been tried before now, and it has always failed most signally. Confiscation of large estates was proposed in Italy 2,000 years ago and more. Rome again and again "nationalized" large tracts of land, and again and again made provision for the poor to occupy it. It always came to the same thing. It was only a question of time when the capitalist should buy up the needy occupier. The Little ones dropped out by the help of the law or in spite of it. Philanthropists of the Gracchus type persuade themselves that they have discovered the supremely desirable, and obstinately resolved that that must be the practicable, blind to the melancholy truth that the loftier your ideal the further it must be from the attainable.

There is a period in the development of a nation's life during which what we may call the process of consolidation goes on without a break; the tide is rising. But there is a point beyond which it cannot go. Then peradventure another process comes into operation, the progress of disintegration. Only once in history as far as I can remember has the former process gone on unchecked till all the land of a country fell into the hands of a single proprietor. Once we are told it did so when that great administrator from the loins of Israel "bought all the land of Egypt for Pharaoh; for the Egyptians sold every man his field because the famine prevailed over them: so the land became Pharaoh's." Long after Pharaoh's time things were travelling fast in the same direction in at least one Roman province; Pliny tells us that half the province of Africa was owned by six landlords, whereupon Nero, being of opinion that "something must be done," promptly slew the six. We are not told what became of their estates; I doubt if they were cut up into allotments.* Surely, surely we are a long way off from this kind of thing.

The other process is in the ascendant now. Even rich men tell you that they can no longer afford to buy small properties, because small men will have them. Nay, the largest properties, when at all near a town, are, to the dismay of the sentimental, cut up into "desirable sites" or bought for cash by building societies. It is said that these associations own land and houses to the value of many millions. What does this mean but that there are tens of thousands among the working classes who by this agency alone in *esse* or in *posse* have risen to be owners of the soil? It may be answered that the great bulk of these are townsmen or artisans. What then? Are not townsmen and artisans the "people," just as much as the peasantry? But it is a mistake to assume that even in the country districts the number of landowners is diminishing at anything like the speed which some believe. Nay, there are some influences at work which make in exactly an opposite direction, and some prospect of landed property coming back to the conditions of, say, a century ago.† Certainly the mania for ring fences is not what it was; as certainly the motive for giving way to it and the opportunity of indulging in it is very much on the decline.

Whatever doubt, however, may exist as to whether or not the tendency to increase the area of *ownership* of land by capitalists is still going on, no man who has studied the subject thoughtfully can have any doubt that the tendency to increase the size of the holdings of tenant farmers has decidedly declined. Large undertakings demand not only large capital to make them remunerative, but they require something else which is very much more rare, and that is administrative ability. In a cotton mill or a coalmine, in a shipbuilding yard or any large workshop, there is, and there must be, a very elaborate discipline. The great army of workers is easily overlooked; there is subordination and gradation from the lowest to the highest. In a factory or workshop you may easily supervise a thousand operatives in an hour and detect at a glance where things are going wrong. It is very different in our agricultural operations. Given a tract of 2,000 acres in its most compact form, and you have a parallelogram of three miles long by one mile wide. Assume that this tract employs one man to every twenty acres, and you have a hundred men dotted over this area, working in twos and threes, and working at half a dozen different kinds of labour. The problem how to get the most out of your labourers and the utmost out of your land is an immeasurably more complex one than can ever present itself to a manufacturer whose hands are all at work in the same yard or under a single roof. It is a problem so full of difficulty and requiring so much tact, delicacy of treatment, foresight, decision, and versatility as to demand an amount and a quality of brain-power that must needs be granted to few. Moreover discipline among the agricultural labourers is something of which they have only the faintest conception. Subordination to one of their own class they resent with the fiercest jealousy and submit to with the utmost reluctance.—AUGUSTUS JESSOPP, on *The Little Ones and the Land*, in the *Nineteenth Century*.

* See Pliny, *H. N.* xviii. § 35.

† See Toynbee's chapter on "The Decay of the Yeomanry." Oh! why was he snatched from us when we needed him so much? Shown to us for a very little while—"such splendid purpose in his eyes!" A star of promise that we looked to and hoped.

CONTENT.

THE world is bright, the world is fair,
Sunshine and gladness everywhere;
Fresh winds laden with sweetest sound,
Summer sheds joy on all around.

They tell me there's a lovelier wood,
Yet nothing seems to me so good
As this dear nook on such a day,
Where I may pass the hours away.

They tell me ferns are lovelier still,
Down by yon babbling little rill;
Yet nowhere do I think them sweet,
Save in this spot beneath my feet.

They tell me there's a fairer maid
Lives in the cottage in the glade:
I answer, that my love to me,
Shall always true perfection be.

Here have I gazed upon her face,
Her form has hallowed all this place,
And she has loved these ferns with me:
How can such beauty elsewhere be?

The world is brightest, fairest, here
To me, because my love draws near;
All nature filled with sweetest sound,
Her voice gives joy to all around.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

TROUTFISHING IN MAINE.

MEANTIME the trout, agitated by the appearance of these morsels just above his head, piqued perhaps by his own failure to comfort his gluttonous appetite with a dainty tidbit, is balancing himself over the hard, sandy bottom, his fins slowly fanning the water, his keen eyes turned expectantly upward. Once more these luring flies dance across the water. There is a sudden movement of the broad tail, a quick rush upon the prey, which gives an instant's glimpse of dark mottled back and gleaming vermilion spots at the surface, and then the cheat betrays itself. The angler, every sense on the alert, strikes quick and hard, and a heavy resistance to the bending, quivering rod tells that the hook is driven home. The palate of the trout is tickled by no choice morsel, but instead there is a sting of mortal agony. Downward through the clear water darts the fish, carrying that burning pain, while, on the shore, the angler's reel sings cheerily as in derision.

A fair and honourable duel has begun. On one side an eight-ounce rod, a thread of silk, an almost invisible strand of gut directed by a human brain; on the other, the strength and cunning of a powerful, maddened trout. . . . At each wild rush there is heard the music of the reel, but the line is reeled back whenever a chance offers, and the trout kept to the stiller water as persistently as the angler dares. And now there is silence. The fish is sulking at the bottom, shaking his head from time to time in vicious, bulldog fashion, seeking to shake out the wounding hook, or to rub it out against a stone. A turn or two of the reel brings a harder strain to bear, and there comes a rush which nothing seems to check. The lengthening line cuts into the white water, and is swept downward as the fish is hurried away by the current. . . . Now, aided by a friendly suspense becomes more tolerable.

Who can explain the exquisite fascination of such a struggle? It is almost affection that the true fisherman feels for his gallant victim, and yet the escape of that victim from death would well nigh break the angler's heart. The two are in close, fairly electric communion through this delicate tackle. The moods of the fish are clearly read by the brain behind the rod. When each succeeding rush grows shorter and feebler, when now and then there comes a glimpse of white, as a side flecked with gold is turned up now, that brain begins to compose a paean of victory. The plucky trout is nearly done for. His strength has turned to weakness, and his free, wild life in the clear Rangeley waters is drawing to an end. Fainter and fainter grow his struggles, as the line, steadily reeled in, draws him, swaying from side to side, towards the shallow water where the guard awaits him, and the meshes of the landing net cuts short his last convulsive fight for life.—RIPLEY HITCHCOCK, in *Outing* for May.

FRANCIS I. OF AUSTRIA.

"It was said that at one very important council which the Emperor attended, his chair was not far from the window, and commanded a good view of the thoroughfare through the court of the Burg. His Majesty seemed much more attentive to something outside than he was to Prince Metternich's speech; but when a pause took place, he evidently made a move as if he was going to offer a remark, and all, of course, were duly attentive, when he said, 'It is curious, I have been watching the great traffic through the palace-yard, and I have counted one hundred and seventy-three vehicles that have passed during the short time that the Prince Chancellor has been speaking!' At another council the large maps of Europe were on the table, and all were much interested in Prince Met-

ternich's proposals for new boundaries, and eagerly followed the chancellor while he made his suggestions to cut off here and expand there, and restore many provinces which had been arbitrarily allotted to some of Napoleon's new kingdoms. The Emperor, who had his own private atlas, and seemed quite absorbed in the interesting subject, all of a sudden quickly clapped his book together, saying, 'Ich hab's' (Ich hab'es) 'I have it.' All turned to His Majesty, thinking a bright idea had flashed upon the imperial brain, and Prince Metternich ventured to ask whether His Majesty would be graciously pleased to explain, and give the court the benefit of his suggestion. 'Oh!' said the emperor, it was not that; he had no suggestion to make. He had been watching a tiny little spider which had been creeping up the edge of his book all the time the prince had been speaking, and at last it just turned the corner on to the leaves, and he clapped it up, and exclaimed, 'Da ist er todt!' (There he is dead.) The same wisecrack was one day at the garden of some imperial relation, where he saw a magnificent specimen of a bird that had been shot at, slightly wounded, and taken in the Carpathian Mountains, and was now chained by the leg to the perch. 'What is that?' said His Imperial Majesty. 'That, Sire, is a grand specimen of the eagle tribe.' 'What, a common eagle?' 'No, Sire; the great Kaiser adler. The most stately in Your Majesty's dominions. He was wounded, and so caught.' 'Poor beast, wounded. Ah! yes, I see, he has lost a head.' 'Pardon me, Sire. He has his usual complement: the Kaiser adler has only one head.' 'Ah! indeed, the Kaiser has only one head! I always thought all eagles had two heads!' I need scarcely remind my reader of the split or spread eagle on the Austrian coat-of-arms, which, of course, was emblazoned at every turn of the palace, and so familiar to the imperial eye.—REV. C. ALLIX WILKINSON: *Reminiscences of the Court and Times of King Ernest of Hanover.*

NAPOLÉON III.

On the appointed morning, the 28th of December, 1868, I was ushered into the Emperor's study, my two volumes under my arm. As the door closed behind me, I saw standing in front of me a figure as stumpy in appearance as the face was seemingly lifeless. Indeed, I looked hard at the face, and it seemed to me as if there were no eyes in it at all. Presently some sounds reached my ear, which I could not make out in the least. Was the Emperor speaking in English? Not having understood what His Majesty said, I took refuge in a deep bow, looked up, and beheld a hand twirling the moustache on the face without eyes, but still I saw no eyes. Again inarticulate sounds came forth, and this time I had little doubt they were in English; but my surprise was not lessened, for I had always heard that Napoleon III. was a good English scholar. Still the fact remains that, on his two attempts with me, the Emperor was very unsuccessful, and left me with the conviction that the reputation given him was mistaken so far as his knowledge of English went. A second deep bow greeted this second effort, at the end of which, however, his Majesty, not having found the exact English word he wanted, used a French equivalent, which I quickly took as a signal that he desired the conversation to go on in that language. From that moment the eyes opened, the fat seemed to melt away, the limbs became animated, and there poured on to the countenance a ray of sunlit intelligence such as I have never seen before or since, or probably never will note again on any human face.—H. E. H. JERNINGHAM: *Reminiscences of an Attaché.*

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

THESE exhibitions are often such a doubtful good that it is little wonder they have ceased to tempt Toronto society to the investment of its almighty dollar, besides which, they have been rather done to death among us this winter, as no one, I think, will venture to dispute. The stage, on a more or less ambitious scale, as represented by the boards of the Opera House, or some public hall, seems to be looked upon in these latter days as a legitimate field on which the youthful tyro may disport himself. Few realize that something more than a capacity for remembering and repeating lines is necessary to the formation of an actor, and the satisfaction of an audience, and we of this ilk have many times suffered severely at the hands of our young friends. But that there is dramatic talent to be found in the ranks of the amateur, no one I think will deny who was present on the evening of Easter Monday, at the performance given in the Opera House, in aid of the Toronto Cricket Club. Before I enter upon its merits, I must call attention to the selection of the pieces, which is generally such a stumbling block in the way. It is a remarkable and astonishing fact, that amateurs are notorious for choosing long and difficult plays, such as "Engaged," lately given here by a New York company, "School," "Caste," etc., all of which require plenty of scenery, a large company, and careful stage manipulation, and are unquestionably quite beyond their powers. Fortunately, however, useful additions have been made of late to the dramatic repertoire, in various bright and witty little pieces which have been given here professionally this winter. I refer especially to—"My Milliner's Bill," "The Pantomime Rehearsal," and, "The Tinted Venus," played by the Vokes Company; and on Easter Monday, "That Dreadful Doctor," and, "My Daughter's *Debüt*," were "put upon the list." The former of these was written by Sir Charles Young, the unlucky lessee of the Haymarket theatre, who, I was glad to see, had scored a brilliant success in London lately with a new piece of his own composition called, "Jim the Penman."

The production of "That Dreadful Doctor" was rendered more interesting here from the principal part, that of the Doctor himself, being taken by Sir Charles Young's son, who volunteered his services, and came from

Montreal for the special occasion; and he certainly treated his audience to an admirable bit of acting in his portrayal of the keen, worldly, yet kind-hearted medico, his make-up and by-play being particularly happy and effective. He had caught the English professional manner to the life, and his cultivated stage voice reached the farthest corner of the house. He was ably supported by Mr. Lane, likewise from Montreal, and Mrs. R. D. Gamble, a young married lady well known in Toronto society, who made her first appearance before the footlights and played the tragedy part of another man's wife with much tact and delicacy of execution. This piece was very short, lasting only about three-quarters of an hour, but the dialogue was clever and amusing, and the interest of the audience well sustained throughout. At nine o'clock the curtain rose again upon the more ambitious piece of the evening, "My Daughter's *Debüt*," with a cast of seven characters. In this, the central figure, upon which the others revolved, was the old broken-down French actor, admirably rendered by Mr. Walter Townsend, who is so thoroughly at home on the boards that he does not deserve to be classed as an amateur, considering he compares most favourably with any but a first-class professional. His conception of the character showed so much careful study of the part—an exceedingly difficult one, combining as it did French and broken English throughout the whole play; that it left nothing to be desired—and to him, all must concede, belong the laurels of the evening, Mr. Young's part being a much lighter and shorter one. Mr. Townsend entirely, to my mind, monopolized the interest of the play, identifying himself so completely with the old Frenchman that his most familiar friend would not have recognized him but for the appearance of his name upon the programme. He also was ably supported by his caste, the ladies, Mrs. Townsend and Miss E. Shanly filling the diverse parts with much ability: with regard to Miss Shanly I can fully endorse the criticism of a daily, "that she acted with much fire and skill," her make-up being especially good and effective. Mr. Baines acted with his usual coolness and aplomb, and secured the interest of his audience, though he had but a minor part to play.

"My Daughter's *Debüt*" introduces a novel element of—before the scene, behind the scene, and down in the orchestra, which we were treated to in a less degree in the pantomime rehearsal, but which seems to strengthen the realistic effect of the piece and bring it home certainly to those near the footlights.

I must not close these remarks without allusion to the promptness and punctuality of the stage management. There was no single hitch throughout the evening, none of those delays and hesitations so familiar to amateur efforts. The curtain rose a few minutes after eight and all went with perfect smoothness and precision; the actors were sure of their parts, and seemed independent of prompting. It is strange that a performance reflecting so much credit upon the whole company should have met with such scant encouragement and approval at the hands of the public Press, and though I am behind hand in wielding my pen to fill the breach, I crave indulgence on the better-late-than-never principle. No one, I am convinced, could fail to leave the Opera House without resumed confidence in the powers of amateurs, provided always these powers are as skilfully guided, directed, and controlled as they were on the night of Easter Monday, April 26, 1886.

L. C.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

SIGNS AND SEASONS: By John Burroughs. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

This is one of Mr. Burroughs's delightful books redolent of the scent of trees and flowers, of the country, and the sea. It contains thirteen studies whose very names are an irresistible invitation to the reader familiar with Mr. Burroughs's writings. They are each perfect pieces of literary architecture, breathing the very breath of nature. The author has the rare ability of enveloping his readers in the atmosphere he loves so well: perhaps the list of the subjects treated of in this volume, apt and pithy as the titles are, will serve best to arouse an appetite for a book that every lover of nature should read. The articles are: A Sharp Look-out, A Spray of Pine, Hard Fare, The Tragedies of the Nests, A Snowstorm, A Taste of Maine Birch, Winter Neighbours, A Salt Breeze, A Spring Relish, A River View, Birds' Enemies, Phases of Farm Life, and Roof Tree.

WE have received also the following publications:—

- BROOKLYN MAGAZINE. May. New York: 7 Murray street.
- OVERLAND MONTHLY. May. San Francisco: 120 Sulter street.
- MUSICAL ITEMS. May. Boston: Musical Herald Company.
- LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. May 8. Boston: Littell and Company.
- LIBRARY MAGAZINE. May 29. New York: J. B. Alden.
- FRANK LESLIE'S SUNDAY MAGAZINE. June. New York: Mrs. Frank Leslie.

It is hardly to the credit of American bookmaking that so many of our most attractive juvenile publications are manufactured abroad. Hitherto the English colour printers have done the best work for American publishers, but now Messrs. E. P. Dutton and Company have carried their fine art printing to the celebrated Nuremberg house of Nister. Mr. E. C. Swain, the active partner of Messrs. E. P. Dutton and Company, has just returned from London, having put into the hands of the German printer a large number of designs by English and American artists to be reproduced in colour, and made into some of the most delightful art books for children which have ever been printed.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE Scribners announce that the title of Mr. H. C. Bunner's novel has been again changed from "The End of the Story" to "The Midge," and that it will be published immediately.

A NEW book which is soon to come from the press of Messrs. S. C. Griggs and Company, Chicago, is expected to attract attention among scientists. It presents a new theory to explain solar phenomena, and attacks the generally accepted beliefs. It is to be regretted that the author does not sign his work.

MESSRS. GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS have in preparation a very elaborate and beautiful edition of Goldsmith's "The Vicar of Wakefield." The illustrations have been drawn by French artists, they will be printed in colours in France, and the sheets sent to England and this country, where the text will be printed. The American edition will be ready in August.

WE learn that by request Mr. J. Macdonald Oxley, of Ottawa, has written a paper on the History of the Fisheries Question for the *Magazine of American History*. It will appear at once. Mr. Oxley has a bright, interesting story, "The Professor's Last Skate," in the *May Wide Awake*; and the same magazine has on hand another article of his on the "Birds and Beasts of Sable Island," which will be richly illustrated.

THE series of Sunday evening addresses on the labour question, delivered by Rev. A. J. F. Behrends, D.D., in the Central Congregational Church, Brooklyn, and which have attracted such large audiences and widespread attention, are to be collected and issued in book form by Messrs. Baker and Taylor, of New York. The book will be entitled "Socialism and Christianity," and is to be published within a fortnight.

AT the solicitation of Mr. E. P. Roe, Messrs. Harper and Brothers have sold the plates of "Nature's Serial Story" to Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, who publish his other works. The novel first appeared, it will be remembered, in *Harper's Magazine*, but its publication in book form, it is said, was not especially successful. Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company will also bring out in book form the series of papers "The Home Acre," by Mr. Roe, upon their completion in *Harper's*.

A VOLUME of "Consular Reminiscences" by G. Henry Horstmann is in the press of Messrs. J. B. Lippincott and Company, of Philadelphia. Mr. Horstmann, who was United States Consul at Munich from 1869 to 1880, and later on occupied a similar position at Nuremberg, will embody in the book a series of recollections of his consular terms, and afford interesting glimpses of German life. The same firm will issue a new novel by S. Baring-Gould, entitled "Court Royal."

MR. H. C. BUNNER, who since his marriage has resided in the same apartments formerly occupied by Richard Grant White in Seventeenth Street, New York, has pledged himself to write four short stories for one of the popular magazines during the next fall and winter. One, already completed, is said by a friend, who has been allowed to read it in manuscript, to be written in a vein entirely unlike any of his previous stories, and to be pre-eminently the best which has thus far emanated from the pen of *Puck's* editor.

MISS MATHILDA BLIND, who has been chiefly known, at least to American readers, as a writer of several biographies, has just completed a long poem, which is said to be highly ambitious. It gives a realistic account of the tragic incidents of the eviction of the Highlanders from certain districts early in the present century. Some of the facts were made known to her by surviving witnesses. The volume will appear in England in a few days with the title "The Crofters." Messrs. Roberts are Miss Blind's American publishers.

A SINGULAR method has been adopted by the new magazine, the *Forum*, for the review of books in their pages. Having no regular literary department, or space for suitable book reviews, and desirous still of securing the good will and interest of the publishing houses, announcement has been made that, in return for each book of importance forwarded to the *Forum* office, an advertisement will be given of the volume in the regular advertising pages of the magazine. Why this arrangement will find favour with the publishers it is easy to understand; but whether the owners of the *Forum* will find it profitable to pursue this course for any length of time is not equally clear.

THE new publishing firm of Henry George and Co. will make its entree into the literary world next week by the issuance of Mr. George's new work, "Protection and Free Trade," which will also have simultaneous publication in England. It is the present intention of the firm to publish only the works of its senior member, and besides a new work upon which Mr. George is now engaged issuance will be given later on to new editions of "Progress and Poverty" and "Social Problems." The members of the new firm are confined to the family of Mr. George, the latter assuming an active interest in the business. The office of the new firm is at No. 16 Astor Place, New York City.

MR. BRANDER MATTHEWS sailed for Europe on April 7, where he will spend the summer, returning to America in September next. Mr. Matthews' visit is made entirely for pleasure and rest, and save a series of letters which he will probably write for the *New York Commercial Advertiser*, he will perform no literary work of any character. In London he will be the guest of Austin Dobson, Edmund Gosse, Andrew Lang, and other members of the younger school of English literature. He leaves a short story, entitled "The Perturbed Spirit," to appear in the May number of the *Century*, and a series of literary recollections from his pen will also form part of "The Experience Meeting," in the June *Lippincott's*.

MR. D. BLACKMORE has just sent to the Harpers the final chapters of his story, "Springhaven," which is appearing as a serial in the *Magazine*. Every reader of "Lorna Doone," or in fact any of the author's stories, knows how familiar Mr. Blackmore is with nature in all her moods. Indeed, the author is out of doors a great part of his life at his home in Teddington, only staying under cover long enough to write his daily stint, or to play chess—his one dissipation. As a chess-player, the writer is uncommonly skilful, and when opportunity offers tries his hand even with professional players, among whom is Steinitz, one of his most intimate friends. As a market gardener, Mr. Blackmore has been very successful, and his land yields him quite as much, if not more, money than his pen.

MR. HOWELLS and Mr. Curtis will, in the forthcoming June number of *Harper's*, both write of Longfellow, the former of the poet's right-mindedness and lofty purpose, while Mr. Curtis will discuss his life as illustrating the character of his work. In this number of the magazine will also be printed Rear Admiral Edward Simpson's article on "The United States Navy." A feature of the paper will be the copious illustrations and vessels now in use by the navy. Special pictures will be given of the side-wheel steamer *Powhattan*, the sloop-of-war *Brooklyn*, the frigate *Tennessee*, and the historic sloop-of-war *Kearsarge*. In a subsequent paper the same writer will treat exhaustively of "United States Docks."

MISS EDNA DEAN PROCTOR, the poetess, now lives in retirement in Brooklyn at the residence of her friend, Mrs. Laura C. Holloway. Miss Proctor performs only an occasional piece of literary work, and in consequence her name is rarely encountered in the popular magazines. For the past few weeks she has devoted the greater part of her time and attention to the issuance of the genealogy of the Storrs family, of which the late Charles Storrs and Dr. R. S. Storrs are the best known members. Miss Proctor is in the prime of her womanhood, is possessed of delightful manner, and has a distinguished carriage that would attract instant attention to her. Her voice is low and musical, and she has the rare gift of being a good listener as well as a charming conversationalist. Such literary contributions as emanate from her pen find publication generally in the columns of the *Youth's Companion*. She has derived a comfortable revenue from her writings, one volume of her complete poems having run through several editions.

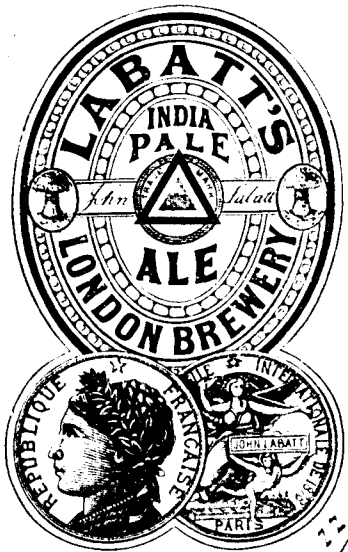
FOR some months Mr. Henry Clews, the banker, has been at work upon a volume of his reminiscences of Wall Street and the famous men who have been conspicuous in the financial world. The book is now nearly finished, and it will be issued about the 1st of July by a New York firm of publishers, under the comprehensive title, "Twenty-eight Years' Experience in Wall Street." Mr. Clews has written the history of the street for the first time. Going back more than a quarter of a century, he describes every important event, and gives a sketch of every prominent operator and familiar figure in Wall Street. The book, which is to fill 600 pages, will contain a large number of portraits, many of which have not before been engraved, and several of bygone Wall Street worthies. Among the engravings already arranged for are excellent pictures of the Vanderbilts, Jay Gould, James R. Keene, Daniel Drew, Jacob Little and William R. Travers, which accompanies a very amusing chapter devoted to Mr. Travers' sayings and doings. The dedication is "To the Veterans of Wall Street."

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT is one of the few authors who are not disturbed in their literary composition and work by noises in the same room wherein they labour. Her work is usually done, writes a member of her household, in the breakfast room, with her children about her, prattling and playing their innocent pranks, laughing and crying by turns—noises which to most brain workers are more trying than anything else. No matter how noisy the children may be, they never disturb the mother's literary work, and occasionally, when perplexed and weary, she finds pleasant relief in a few moments' romp with them in their play, or assists them in some juvenile sport which they are unable themselves to carry out. She writes at a plain desk, along which are arranged all of her published works, in costly bindings, placed in the order of their issuance. The novelist generally employs a dull pencil and odd scraps of paper for writing materials. She writes quickly, her thoughts coming as fast as her pencil writes. Her costumes are of the costliest description, she possessing numerous dresses of different colours and quality—all of which, however, become her.

THE "Vest Pocket" edition, just brought out by the Appletons, of Mr. O. B. Bunce's clever little work, "Don't," promises, from present sales, to add several thousands to the copies already sold since its issuance. In all 144,000 copies of the little book have been sold, 71,000 of which were disposed of in America, while the balance were sold in England and the Continent. And to these figures must still be added the sales of the German translation. The writing of the little work was suggested to its author in June, 1883, on a train while reading an editorial in the *New York Evening Post* treating of "Books on Deportment." In this article the writer quoted a series of directions of etiquette furnished by Mme. Patterson-Bonaparte by Lord Cholmondeley about 1835, and it was the negative character of the directions given by the titled writer that suggested to Mr. Bunce the peculiar title of "Don't" for a book and its use at the beginning of every paragraph. Upon reaching home Mr. Bunce began his odd literary task, and inside of a month the book, which has since entered into thousands of homes, was written, printed and ready for publication. The author's extreme sensitiveness to public notice prevented him from attaching his name on the fly-leaf, and for months its authorship was surrounded in mystery.

THE business methods pursued by the Century Company in issuing their popular magazine are extremely interesting, as we learn from one of its officers. The first copies of the complete number are sent to the editor for inspection and approval. If satisfactory, the order is at once given to print from 15,000 to 20,000 copies to supply the English market, which are shipped to London in sheets before the middle of the month. By the 14th of the month the advertising sheet will be ready, and several thousand copies are immediately started off to San Francisco, the furthest American point. A day later a large shipment is despatched to New Orleans by water for the southern market. Commencing on the 15th, as a rule, the presses are put to work for the American News Company's supply, and for fifteen consecutive days give an instalment of 10,000 copies daily, which are by them shipped to the furthest points first, and so gradually nearer New York until the first day of the month is reached, when the local dealers are supplied. The subscription list requires a few less than 50,000 copies, and they are forwarded generally on the last two days of the month preceding that of the date of the magazine. Between 3,800 and 3,900 copies are required for the newspaper exchange list, with a probable 200 or 300 for a special complimentary list. The papers and editors receiving advance "literary notes" printed on a postal card, number 757 alone. These facts will enable the reader to form some idea of the perfect business system which prevails in the *Century* office.

NOTHING apparently delights the modern literary paragrapher more than to write incessantly concerning the rates of remuneration received by the most popular magazine writers for their work. The chief value of these statements lies in their erroneous and misleading character. Miss Murfree, for example, is made to receive \$500 for a single short story in one instance, while in another the figure is cut down to \$150; the facts in the case being that the author in question receives \$250 for any single story which she may write, Miss Murfree having a "standing order" from two of our most popular magazines for the story Miss Murfree commands and receives \$3,000. Mr. Howells and Mr. James are the best paid of magazine writers, each having received \$5,000 for their latest novels published in the *Century*. A similar figure will be paid to Mr. Cable for his "Grande Pointe." Mr. Aldrich also commands high figures for his work, this being, perhaps principally due to his rare appearance of late as a writer of short stories. For one short story, published some time since, entitled "One Day in Africa," he received \$1,000, and a similar sum could have been obtained by him for his latest piece of fiction, "Two Bites at a Cherry," had he permitted its publication in a magazine other than his own, the *Atlantic*. Julian Hawthorne receives \$300 for an ordinary short story. For his serial, "Love or a Name," published in *Outing*, he received \$1,000 for the American rights to serial publication, and a similar sum for its simultaneous publication through an English magazine. Mr. Bunner, Mr. Matthews, and other short story writers of less renown, receive from \$100 to \$150 for a story of five to seven magazine pages. Mr. Stockton receives a high figure, seldom disposing of a short story for less than \$500.



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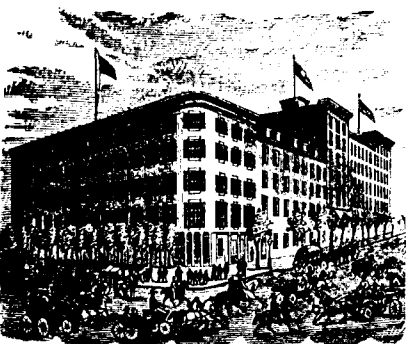
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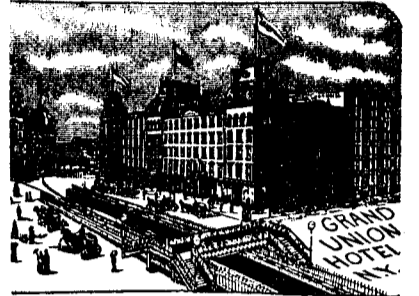
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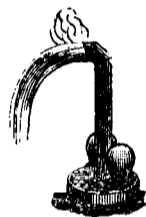
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The large and increasing demand for my Ales, Porter and Lager Beer compelled me to increase my manufacturing capacity to double, and now I can

BREW DAILY 12,000 GALLONS.

The fact that the Dominion Brewery is only seven years in operation, and that it has far outstripped all the old establishments and is now the leading brewery in the Dominion, speaks for the quality of the Ales, Porter and Lager Beer produced, and which is made from the

Choicest Malt, English, Bavarian, American, Californian and Canadian Hops.

No substitutes or deleterious substances ever used, and

CAN ALWAYS BE RELIED UPON AS PURE. My India Pale Ale and XXX Porter in Bottle surpasses anything made here, and equal to any imported.

One trial is all that is necessary to enroll you amongst my numerous customers.

Be sure you get the Dominion Brands.