

THE WEEK:

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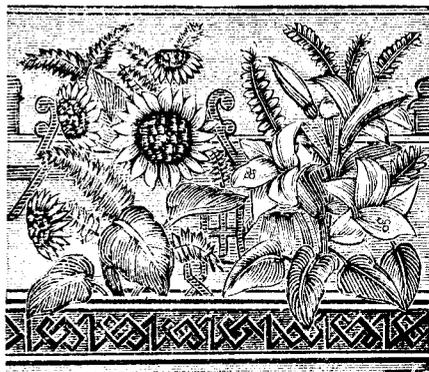
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THE LABOUR CONVENTION AT RICHMOND.

IN the industrial world all eyes are turned to the Labour Convention at Richmond. We shall see whether it will give birth to any practical and intelligible plan for improving the condition of the wage-earning class, or whether the aim of its conveners is merely to organise the wage-earning class under a centralised despotism for hostile action against the rest of the community. We cannot hope much in the way of a cure for social maladies from physicians whose diagnosis is not that of intelligence, but of passion. There are the usual invectives against the tyranny of Capital. In the name of common sense, what do those who utter the invectives suppose Capital to be? Is it not everything except bare manual labour? And what can bare manual labour by itself do? Suppose Mr. Powderly and his mates were set down upon an island where there was not a single capitalist nor a cent of capital, do they think that the result would be wealth and happiness? This is the logical consequence of the theory that Capital is the arch enemy of the workingman. Suppose there were a dearth of Capital in one place and an abundance of it in another, would Labour Reformers advise a mechanic in quest of employment to go to the place where there was a dearth? Accumulated capital in particular is the object of malediction on these occasions. But let it be shown how without accumulated capital any great work can be undertaken, and how, unless great works are undertaken, civilisation can go on. What is it but the accumulation of capital that has caused wages to rise, notwithstanding the immense increase of the numbers of the working class? What is it but the accumulation of capital that has caused interest to fall and produced that very cheapness of money which Labour Reformers propose, but would totally fail to produce, by tamperings with the currency, which would derange the whole industrial and commercial system? Mr. Powderly does not shrink from telling workingmen that their condition under the tyrannical reign of gold is actually worse than was the condition of the slave. It is a pity that he and those who believe his words cannot be raised for a few years out of their present abject condition to the higher state of plantation hands. The prospect of improvement in industrial relations is not bright when those to whom the workingman confides his cause base their policy not on fact, but on monstrous and malevolent falsehoods.

From the usual language of Labour Reformers, it would be naturally inferred that every workingman was literally the bondsman of some capitalist, or, at all events, that the whole body was in bondage and that a workingman was liable, as slaves were in the South, to punishment if he were found at large; yet it is perfectly open to mechanics any day to leave not only the employment of any particular capitalist but the employment of capitalists altogether, and to set up for themselves on the co-operative principle, distributing capital—if that accursed thing is to be retained—and wages among the co-operators in exactly such proportions as may accord with their sense of justice. If we lay aside declamation and

come to facts, what is meant by the tyranny of the capitalist is simply this—that he hires labour as cheaply as he can and requires a full day's work for a full day's wage, instead of giving more than the task is worth and paying for idleness. But the declaimers are themselves exercising precisely the same tyranny every day of their lives. They are not direct hirers of labour, but they are indirect hirers of labour in respect of every article which they consume, and when they buy their clothes, their provisions, or their crockery as cheaply as they can, they are keeping down the market rate of wages and keeping up to full hours of work labour of every description in every part of the globe. That the producer is also a consumer, and, as a consumer, an employer, identified with other employers in interest, would seem to be the most rudimentary of truths; yet it is habitually left out of sight, as is the truth, almost equally rudimentary, that the real employer of labour is not the capitalist, who is merely the organiser and paymaster, but the community which buys the goods, and which cannot be bullied by any association or demonstration, on however large a scale, into giving a cent more than it chooses and can afford.

"Monopoly" is another cry. We are told that if the people will only rise in their might and exterminate monopolists a reign of justice and happiness will commence. A monopoly is an exclusive privilege of exercising a particular trade, and there is no such thing, properly speaking, on this continent except the coinage, which is necessarily a monopoly in the hands of the Government. Protectionism is a monopoly as against the foreign producer, and in the opinion of Free Traders it works much mischief, injustice, and corruption; but it leaves internal competition unrestricted and it is not among Trades Unionists that its determined enemies will be found. Rings and corners, though, like gambling in stocks, very bad things in their way, are different things from monopoly, and are nuisances not to the working class solely or specially but to society at large: happily they, with gambling in stocks, are in a fair way to be extinguished by their general unprofitableness, without the use of the guillotine. Railroads from the nature of the case cannot be duplicated, but that they have not been privileged is practically shown by the large number of those which have never paid any dividends on their original stock. The monster against which we are exhorted to tilt is at present a dark figment of the Labour Reformer's fancy. But we are threatened with the erection of a monopoly of employment in the hands of an organisation which, by boycotting and other engines of lawless tyranny, will deprive of their right to labour and of their bread all who do not choose to submit to its domination and conform to its exclusive rules. Against this the community is indeed called by regard for its most vital interests as well as by the voice of justice to contend. It must maintain without finching the freedom of the labour market and the unrestricted right of employing and being employed.

Mr. Powderly is said to have exhorted the delegates at Richmond to abstain from strong drink during the Convention for fear of giving scandal. In issuing that admonition did the thought cross his mind that not all the ills, perhaps not the principal ills, of the mechanic's estate were due to the tyranny of employers or to the vices of the social system? There is a bondage to drink, or sensual indulgence, and there is a bondage to debt, both of which are far more real than the bondage to capital. It has been noted by those who know most about the English factory hands, that the condition of men who draw the very highest wages is often not so good as that of those who draw a rate below the highest, because the very highest wages, by placing a more expensive class of luxuries within the mechanic's reach, tempt him to dissipation on a larger scale. That this is only too excusable in men who live the life of factory hands is true; still it is a different thing from the tyranny of the employers, the vices of the social system, or anything which socialistic violence could possibly remove. The system of co-operative stores, in the North of England, is the work of men who have never dealt in social venom; and by liberating the workingman from debt and making him a proprietor, it has raised not only his condition but his character far more than either the one or the other has ever been raised by unionism or strikes. Why cannot our Labour Reformers, here, sometimes give their minds to practical and amicable improvements of this kind? Is it because there is a set of men, styling themselves representatives of Labour, but really not working at all, who subsist by industrial war?

*FREEMAN'S "METHODS OF HISTORICAL STUDY."**

WE are rather late in noticing Dr. Freeman's Lectures on "The Methods of Historical Study." They are, it is needless to say, rich in instruction and vigorous in style. Their author is the soundest and the surest to live of all the English historians of our day. His goodly array of volumes will hold their place with Gibbon, Thirlwall, Grote, and Arnold, on the shelf of honour when romances which ignorance now reads with ecstasy shall have been forgotten, or be remembered only as warnings of the ultimate fate of imposture. In that period of history of which he is the special master, it is hardly possible that he should ever be superseded.

The first of these lectures is inaugural, and deals with the history and functions of the chair. The Chair of Modern History at Oxford, with that at Cambridge, was founded by the Government of George I. for the purpose of training students for the public service, and in the hope probably, at the same time, of conciliating the Universities. Jacobite Oxford was not conciliated; and the foundation succumbed, like everything else, to the torpor which reigned in the University during the last century. It was awakened to activity and importance by the appointment of Arnold, whose lectures were crowded; and the appearance of the mighty form of the great Liberal in Puseyite Oxford will never be forgotten by any one who was a student in those days. Arnold's successor, Henry Halford Vaughan, is, by Dr. Freeman, passed over in disdainful silence; yet pathos, at all events, attaches to his history. He closed the other day, in obscure, probably in morbid, seclusion, and without result except a ponderous commentary on Shakespeare, a life which his contemporaries expected to be fruitful of the highest achievements. He was undoubtedly a man of powerful, gifted, and comprehensive mind. The son of an eminent judge, he had been destined for the Bar, the drudgery of which his philosophic spirit spurned; and his father having set him, as an exercise, to draft a judgment in a great case, wept to think what a lawyer would be lost in his son. A work on moral philosophy, embodying an entirely new system which he was known to have written, and the appearance of which was expected with the greatest eagerness, was thrice accidentally burned, or perhaps arrested on the eve of publication by a sensitiveness on the part of its author which bordered on disease, though it could scarcely have had a physical source, since he was a man of powerful build and a great fox-hunter. His own taste was curiously perceptible in his sympathy with the Norman passion for the chase. What was the real value of his Lectures on the Norman Conquest, as they were not published, we cannot pretend at this distance of time to say, but certainly they showed research, had an ethical interest, contained very eloquent passages, and were largely attended. The last two Professors, Dr. Stubbs and Dr. Freeman, have raised the chair to a level in importance and renown with any chair in Europe.

In any general survey of the subject Dr. Freeman could not fail to enforce his view of the continuity of history against those who divide history into Ancient and Modern, if indeed any of those depraved sectaries still linger in existence. Continuous, history is, as Dr. Freeman has often and irresistibly proved; perhaps some day we shall be reminded that it is universal and not confined to the basin of the Mediterranean. But a sound doctrine may have been pressed a little too far. There is a reason after all, for B.C. and A.D. The "Year One" of the French Republic was effaced by the next wave of opinion; the "Year One" of Christianity remains an irremovable landmark. From that era a change came over the spirit of humanity and history, though the vesture, political, social, and economical, did not undergo, nor was it possible that it should undergo, any sudden transformation. The survival of the Roman Empire again is a sound and fruitful doctrine; it has shed much light on history, and students of history owe gratitude for it to Palgrave and to Freeman. But we submit that it is capable of overstatement. Karl, saving in name and forms, was no more a Roman Emperor than Akbar. Christianity was not the religion of the Roman Empire: it had its origin in the East, and in a province which was the least Romanized of all; it combated and supplanted, socially as well as theologically, the Paganism which had its centre in the capital, and its triumph coincided with the termination of the Roman Principate and the commencement of the despotism of Constantinople. The separation of the spiritual from the temporal power, which is the grand characteristic of the Papal Middle Ages, stands in the sharpest contrast to the Pontificate of the Cæsars. Feudalism has been traced to the Empire. But of its two essential parts, the delegation of territorial jurisdiction and Commendation, both are the sheer necessities of a state of

things such as followed the irruption of the barbarians, in which there was no centralized administration, and in which, law affording no sufficient protection to life or property, the personal protection of the powerful was indispensable to the weak. The veterans of the Roman Empire received grants of land, but the grants conveyed no jurisdiction. Delegation of territorial jurisdiction is as marked a feature in the Persian or Turkish Empire as in the Frankish Kingdom; but it did not exist under the Roman Empire, which was an administrative monarchy of the most highly centralized kind.

Another point respecting which we are disposed to be captious is Dr. Freeman's tendency to level the Classicist with the Byzantine and Mediæval writers, and indeed, to flout the idea of a classical literature altogether. It is true that the language in which a Byzantine historian writes is philologically identical with the language of Thucydides: and it is true that the language in which a monkish chronicler writes is philologically identical with the language of Tacitus; but it is also true that the language of the Byzantine or the chronicler, that of the chronicler especially, is a debased and hideous jargon; while those of Thucydides and Tacitus are the noblest organs of human thought. Nor is the disparity in the value of the writers, both as historians and as educators, less than the disparity in the language. The monk can be made valuable for the purposes of mental training only by being read under the auspices of such a teacher as Dr. Freeman, who, out of the stores of his own comprehensive learning gives life to the dry bones, while his criticism separates what is authentic from the miraculous and the fatuous. Classical education is now apparently about to give place to something more scientific, and no man of sense, whatever may have been his own training, wishes to oppose himself to the change. But as a thing of the past, at all events, let it be rightly understood and have its due. It was a study of Man through the medium of a body of historians, philosophers, poets, dramatists, and orators, unrivalled as a whole, and forming, especially when well illustrated, a most comprehensive as well as a most compact and manageable curriculum. It formed, at the same time, by far the best school both of taste and of linguistic training. It would have been utterly ruined in every respect by taking in a rabble of low-caste writers, such as the Byzantines and the monks. A professed scholar must, of course, read the monkish chronicler in the original. But, as we are on the safe side of the Atlantic, we will dare to say that the ordinary student may just as well read him in a crib. He will learn pretty much all that is to be learned, and will escape spoiling his Latin. Does not Dr. Freeman read Jewish history in a translation?

We would venture to add a word of caution to Dr. Freeman when he recommends Macaulay as an authority. Macaulay's period does not come within Dr. Freeman's special domain, and we suspect that he has not undergone, like Mommsen or Thierry, the Professor's critical examination. Of his brilliancy, so marvellously sustained, or his almost unequalled gift of narration, it is needless to speak. But as a historical authority he has two faults, one considerable, the other almost fatal. The fault which is considerable is a lack not of knowledge of history, but of mastery of the subject as a whole. The period which he treats in the annals of a single nation is never regarded by him as a part of a European and a universal drama; the consequence of which is the total absence of the light which the more comprehensive view would afford, and of the limitations which it would suggest. The fault which is almost fatal is an indulgence in rhetorical exaggeration for the sake of pictorial effect, so unbridled that when he is in that vein it is hardly safe to trust anything that he says. Probe his rhetorical passages where you will, and this weakness will appear. He does not, like some pretended historians, garble quotations, suppress evidence, or seek by sly and artful insinuation to produce effects which he knows to be false. But he does so overpaint, run riot in generalization, and even draw on his imagination, that the reader taking the rhetoric as literal fact will be very seriously misled. Let Dr. Freeman read Sir James Stephen's "Story of Nuncomar." Macaulay is there in the hands of a very friendly critic who does his best to extenuate, and pleads that the Essay on Warren Hastings was a mere review article carelessly thrown off, and not to be taken as a specimen of the writer's serious work. But a man who, being of mature age and in a responsible position, carelessly throws off, in a first-rate review, a tissue of monstrous and slanderous fiction to tickle and dazzle his readers, is surely to be read with caution when he assumes the part of a historian. It is to be noted, too, that some of the facts which show the charges made against Sir Elijah Impey in the Essay on Warren Hastings to have been groundless, such as the all-important fact that he did not preside alone at the trial of Nuncomar, but with three colleagues, were distinctly brought under Macaulay's notice in the defence of Impey by his son, and were by Macaulay in the subsequent republications of the Essay deliberately suppressed. Once more we would say, Let Dr. Freeman read the "Story of Nuncomar."

*"The Methods of Historical Study:" Eight Lectures read in the University of Oxford, in 1884, by Edward A. Freeman, D.C.L., LL.D., etc. London and New York: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company, 1886.

AUTUMN ON THE PRAIRIES.

BEYOND and beyond, and still beyond, on every side of us lay the limitless grassy plains of Southern Dakota and the great, fertile basin of the Missouri River. There was, at first, a strange new sense of boundless freedom in the prospect. All restraints were annihilated, or had become, at best, but the faint memory of what had been. From somewhere out of these infinite distances a feeling of unrestricted buoyancy and power flowed tumultuously over our whole nature, and vague suggestions of unbounded possibilities of doing and being thronged through our intoxicated souls. The heavens were not too high for us to climb, and there all about us lay wide, untracked roads to all the ends of the earth, and these seemed but a few days' journey from us.

Through this fine mirage lay our first day's ride on the open prairie. But that was in the early days of July, and we had but a few weeks before escaped from the restraints of university work and the wearying uncertainties of the year's final examinations. Then, too, nature was active, and visibly instinct with all the potentialities of a new summer. The grasses and flowers were still in the vigorous outburst of early growth, and the beauty and fragrance of the wild rose covered the plains for unknown miles.

When September came, a new expression grew gradually over the landscape. The wondrous feeling of infinity remained with us—that never leaves a prairie-traveller; but now it was an infinity of repose, not of action.

Early autumn on the prairies in temperate latitudes is one long Indian summer. All nature seems rapt in a dream. No sound breaks through the sunny stillness of the vast, blue arch of heaven, and a drowsy trance rests on the face of the whole earth.

As we rode one day up the valley of the Big Sioux River, we saw in miniature a graphic representation of the season, which will always remain in our minds as one of the most beautiful nature-pictures we had ever seen. A small spring stream running to the river had expanded in one place into a little lake of pure, clear water. There was not the faintest breath of wind anywhere, and the fair, placid surface of the water reflected the sun and the sky like a mirror. Near the centre of this tiny lake sat a young wild duck, motionless on the water, sleeping with its head tucked away cosily under its wing. The picturesque beauty and profound repose of the whole scene impressed us vividly, and we sat in our saddles gazing upon it for some time before continuing our journey.

We had been much interested throughout the summer in watching the farming operations of the scattered settlers we met with, and in comparing their work and the manner of it with that of their fellows in the east. The differences are especially noticeable in the autumn.

On the farms of the western plains the haying season does not precede the grain harvest, as with us, but follows it; for the wild grass of the prairie grows slowly, and does not mature until September. As it is of a very fine and tender nature, its nutritive qualities are liable to be injuriously affected by the early frosts. And so, as soon as the prairie farmer has his wheat stacked, he makes all haste to secure his winter's stock of hay.

An erroneous idea prevails among eastern people as to the height of the grass on the prairies. On the river bottoms and the low margins of lakes, and in the slues (*Anglicé*, sloughs), the grass grows rank and tall, sometimes reaching six or eight feet in height. But over the prairies in general the grass is seldom more than a foot and a half or two feet high.

In many districts where wood is scarce the coarse grass of the slues is cut and dried for fuel. A pile of this hay is made near the farmer's house, and it is prepared for burning as it is required. A large handful is seized and drawn out and twisted, in rough rope fashion, to the length of about three feet. Then it is doubled on itself, given an extra twist at the end, and it is ready for the stove. It now looks very much like a great skein of very coarse yarn. One of these bunches will burn three or four minutes, and makes a fierce heat. In very cold weather one member of the family is busy most of the time in keeping up the fire. The twisting is usually done outside, but in some houses great armfuls of loose hay are brought into a corner of the kitchen, and there prepared for the fire. Flax-straw and corn-cobs are also used for fuel in some localities.

The shorter and finer grass only is cut for feeding purposes. As rains are not frequent on the prairie, the hay is cured rapidly and retains a fine, fresh green colour. It is usually stacked on the ground where it is cut until it is needed. To prevent the destruction of the stacks by prairie fires, a "fire-break" is made. At the distance of two or three rods from the stacks, the farmer ploughs up in a circle several furrows of the sod all around them. A rod farther out he ploughs up three or four furrows

more. Then the stubble of the close-mowed space between the two circles of ploughing is burnt bare, and the prairie fires fail when they reach the outer barrier. A fire-break of this kind is sometimes made about the farm buildings, and also about the plots of trees which many prairie farmers set out.

At this period, also, the wheat is to be threshed and marketed. As there are no barns on the prairies it is very important that this work be all done before the late fall rains set in. If the field is within a few miles of a railroad station the wheat is taken there as soon as it is threshed and stored in an elevator. In other cases it is put into rough hay-thatched granaries, or even thrown, for the time, in a great heap upon the ground. No straw stacks are made on prairie farms, for hay is so plentiful that there is no use for the straw of the grain. A boy with a pony and a rough rake drags the straw away from the tail of the threshing machine, and leaves it in little piles all around on the prairie. When the threshing is over in the evening the boy sets fire to these piles, and the great blaze seems to him a sufficient reward for his hard day's toil. As the dusk deepens, these fires start up here and there at great distances all over the prairie, and the far-off clouds are illuminated with the reflection of other fires beyond the horizon.

As the fall advances, the waving green of the prairies fades to brown and gray, except in those regions where the blue-joint grass covers the far-stretching miles with its tall and slender stems. This grass matures later than the commoner plant. The stems are translucent and are tinged with a fine delicate wine colour; in the clear mild autumn sunlight, the bluffs and long prairie reaches glow with this soft, warm hue. In other places the eye is sometimes relieved from the brown monotony by little clusters and clumps of another species, which is suffused with a beautiful limpid yellow tint that looks like nothing else so much as the amber glow of an Indian summer sunset. And so it seems to the traveller that the autumn glory of colouring, which, in the east, nature lavishes on the woodlands, is not all lost to the west, but is there bestowed bountifully upon the grasses.

The common prairie grasses, as has been said, are of a tender nature, and so are blighted by the first frosts. At first, only the tops of the blades are frozen, but after a few nights of cold the whole plant is affected.

When the sun rises, the frozen grass gradually wilts, and dries in the clear bright air. The period of prairie fires now sets in. The fierceness and velocity of the fires depend entirely upon the force of the wind, and the extent to which the freezing and drying process has gone on. If the body of the grass is yet green, the traveller sometimes overtakes a fire travelling slowly in the direction he is going. Should the wind not be unfavourable he puts the spurs to his mustang, and makes a dash through the line of flame, and continues his journey in perfect safety. When a fire of this kind approaches a farmer's dwelling, if he has not yet made his fire-break, the whole family turn out, and, going in behind the fire, beat it down with rugs, or empty grain-bags.

One of the most magnificent spectacles of the prairies is this slow-burning fire, when seen after nightfall, on the horizon. As the clear blaze rises and falls silently and fitfully in the distance, it seems a beautiful fringe of living flame on the black garments of the night.

But when the grass has once become thoroughly dry, fire becomes a serious matter for the settlers, and a long journey on the open prairie may, very possibly, have a tragic ending for the traveller. When he sees those immense black billows of smoke tumbling over the horizon behind him, his main hope is to reach some slue, or lake, or perhaps a lonely farm-house, with its usual shelter of ploughed field or fire-break. But procrastination prevails among prairie farmers as well as with other people, and sometimes they only begin to prepare a protection when the fire is actually advancing upon them. Then they hitch their horses, with great precipitation, to the sulky-plough, and drive them backwards and forwards almost at a gallop, until a black earthen barrier has been turned up against the fire. One such scene as this we witnessed. Meanwhile, with the distant roar of a hundred furnaces, the great tornado of flame came sweeping on. It stretched across the prairie for five or six miles. Huge black, whirling masses of smoke rolled up to the sky, through which burst lurid spurts of fire. Sometimes the great storm-cloud of smoke would lift for a moment, and disclose the furiously-raging deluge of fire that swept over the plains beneath it. Fortunately, the efficacy of our fire-break was not tested. The fire passed by in a few minutes about one hundred yards to the north of us. Soon the sky was clear again, but as far as we could see, for miles upon miles, east, west, and north, the face of the earth was a dreary, blackened waste. In travelling over these sombre plains after the fire, the only break we found to the monotony of blackness was the wind-bleached skull or skeleton of a buffalo, the white gleam of which we sometimes saw when we were yet two or three miles off.

In October the prairies are a paradise for sportsmen. The young

prairie chickens are nearly full grown, and the lakes swarm with water-fowl, chiefly ducks and geese. Foxes and badgers are yet quite common in some districts. But perhaps the best sport with running dogs is in the chase of the jackass rabbit. This creature derives its name from its long ears, which are often the only part of the animal to be seen above the grass of the prairie. Its body is about the size of that of an English hare, and its legs are very long. When hotly pursued, the jack rabbit runs with amazing swiftness. No dog but a grayhound has the slightest chance of catching it, and so expert at doubling is the game that it takes a pair of these hounds to make the capture. We saw a couple of bird dogs start a jack one morning, and as it ran off very leisurely they evidently thought to overtake it. But somehow they could not decrease the distance between them and the tranquil-minded jack, and after making the most frantic efforts to that end for a mile or so, they came back slowly with a ludicrous look of mingled shame and unconcern in their faces.

East of the Missouri River, coyotes are no longer common. We saw only one during five months. It was in the evening, and he came down the trail quite boldly until he was within a few yards of us. Then he stopped, looked at us for a few moments, and leaped off into the grass to one side. Trotting on slowly for a few yards he again stopped to regard us over his shoulder, but a salute from my companion's revolver sent him tearing away over the prairie with wonderful speed, and in a very short time he had disappeared over a distant bluff.

In late autumn, after the rains begin, life and travelling on the prairie become dreary and disagreeable. The whole face of nature is a melancholy monotony. There is no variety in the dismal prospect. The dull, gray plain stretches away on every side to meet the dull, gray sky. The slues are full of water and bottomless of mire. When the rain blizzards blow, the traveller has a good chance of losing himself, and, in any case, he is sure to be chilled through and through, in spite of all the clothes he can carry.

After some experiences of this kind, the recollection of the bright wood fires, and warm, comfortable homes of Ontario overcame our resolution to remain longer. We set out for the East about the middle of November, and were glad to leave behind us the first snow-storm as we crossed the *coteau des prairies*, and descended into the valley of the Mississippi River.

A. STEVENSON.

JOTTINGS OFF THE C. P. R.

THE even tenor of our way was broken by occasional soundings with a long pole, and shouts re-echoed from the promenade deck to the wheel-house of "no bottom," "no bottom," "six and a half," "six and a half," "six feet," with other variations of lesser degree, as we swung over the numerous sand bars which obstruct the course of the Columbia when the water is low. Indeed, I was much impressed with Mr. Armstrong's skilful navigation of the river's numerous and tortuous channels, and his thorough knowledge of all its knotty (one should coin a word, and say snaggy) points. We stopped for a second time at four o'clock at Spilla-Machine Landing, consisting only of a couple of cabins that lie at the foot of a gigantic mass of rock, clothed almost to its bare summit with a scattered growth of pines; in fact, we were so immediately below it that the eye was wearied and strained painfully by any effort to gaze up at its rugged crags. We paused here but a few minutes, then steamed on again up the wonderful Columbia, winding from one side of the valley to the other, now to the base of the Rockies, and again to the foot of the Selkirks.

Soon after we left Spilla-Machine, however, the valley opened out as we approached the Lake country, and away to the south of us rose a conical blue hill, like a giant sugar loaf, from which the Selkirk Range fell away in gentle undulations to the horizon. The Rocky Mountains, on the contrary, lost the low wooded plateaux (or grass benches as they are called here) that had marked their bases, and came sloping down almost to the water's edge, the silver river flowing so close by their precipitous sides that one could distinctly see a number of inviting paths marking the face of the rocks. On enquiry, however, these turned out to be the dry beds of mountain torrents formed by the melting snow in the warm months. We noticed, too, occasional signs of the pack trail leading from Golden City to the interior, and observed its course along a dangerous-looking slope, congratulating ourselves upon being able to prosecute our journey by steam instead of horse-power. Nothing could exceed the varied nature of these mountain peaks and summits; some, though barren and rugged, showed occasional scattered groups of pines and firs, while others were streaked far up their rocky sides with the brilliant greens of a recent undergrowth following in the track of some forest fire; all showed an unwearying diversity of conformation. Fourteen miles from Spilla-Machine the character

of the Columbia changed entirely; it left its mud banks, and flowed between low overhanging bushes of cranberry and willows on the west, and clay cliffs, some sixty feet high, on the east side. Near here we came upon a bit of wet sandy beach, in which the tracks of a bear were clearly visible not twenty feet from the boat. The lights and shadows of the setting sun on the mountains and river were exquisitely soft and tender, and the reflections of the trees in the swiftly flowing water were clear and sharply cut. Some twenty miles from our last landing a wooded rocky range came into view on the west bank,—a spur of the Selkirk Range. It was streaked in some places with a red mineral deposit, in others it showed a rich orange colour. These headlands rose to a height of six hundred feet and then fell away down to the water, to be succeeded by others of a similar but less rocky nature, till the shades of evening blent all into one.

At eight o'clock we tied up to the bank, in delightfully primitive fashion, for the night, and were off again at sunrise the next morning. When I stepped out of my cabin I found the mountains on the west bank had entirely disappeared and given place to high bluffs covered with the short bunch grass of the lake region, now burnt to the colour of pale brown paper by the long-continued drought of these dry summer months. Fine fir trees were scattered about, singly and in groups, without any undergrowth, giving the country the air of a well-kept park suffering severely from want of rain. The Rocky Mountains still lay in distant blue masses on the east bank. At nine o'clock we stopped beside a large sand-bar forming the north end of a wooded island, and deposited a settler with his effects, consisting of a farm waggon (in various parts), a plough, a harrow, six pigs, two coops of chickens, lumber, bundles, pots and pans, and other miscellaneous articles. He was a man well advanced in years, and it was positively depressing to leave him alone, a melancholy atom of humanity in the middle of the Columbia River. His son was to join him during the morning and convey him and his *outfit* (western) by boat to his future home on one of the smaller channels of the main stream. A little farther on we draw in to the bank for wood, which has been cut and piled for the steamer's use during the winter; then move on again for some uneventful miles till we reach a high, clay cliff on the east side, carved (by the action of water, it is said,) into the towers and battlements of a miniature fortification. To me it looked more like some curious and inexplicable freak of nature. There are detached pillars of clay, several feet in height, dotted about in this vicinity, which remind one strongly of the chimneys and *débris* of some ruined city. We saw several fine fishhawks floating high over the river, and remarked their large, untidy nests perched in—what would seem to be their favourite locality—the top of a decayed pine tree; on one occasion the tree in question hung so far over the water that the *Duchess* passed almost beneath it.

We had now almost reached our destination—a place called "Lilacs," the euphonious name being derived from its owner, not from any shrub that flowers in the neighbourhood. This delectable spot is some six miles from the Lower Columbia Lake, and we were rapidly approaching it on Monday morning, when we came to a shallow place in the river where the water fell to three feet. We made our way slowly towards a point round which the Columbia flowed with a rapid curve, and just as we were clearing it the current caught the boat's head, and turned it in a second down the stream again. Mr. Armstrong would not risk a second attempt to ascend the river, as we had already narrowly escaped running upon a reef of rock, when the steamer refused to answer her helm, and fell a prey to the violence of the current. We accordingly retired a couple of hundred yards down the Columbia to a favourable nook, and tied up the *Duchess* once more to the edge of the bank, which, fortunately, sloped down in a gentle, grassy declivity to the edge of the water. We found we were a mile from Lilacs, and an Indian, who had been observing our progress from the top of a high bluff, mounted his pony and rode up to spread the news of the steamer's arrival, which is quite an event in that isolated part of the country. From the middle of May, or earlier, until the middle of August, the waters of the Columbia, swelled by the melting snows from the mountains, are sufficiently deep to allow the *Duchess* to penetrate some twenty-five miles farther than the place we reached, viz., to the end of the Lower Columbia Lake, an extension which greatly increases the beauty of the trip. But, owing to the lateness of the season in our case, and consequent low water, these twenty-five miles were added to our riding expedition. We despatched a messenger for saddle and pack horses, and reconciled ourselves to a delay of twenty-four hours until they could reach us, which we were able, fortunately, to spend upon the steamer, as she did not leave till the following afternoon.

E. S.

THE slaves are no longer below us, but they are among us. Barbarism is no longer at our frontiers; it lives side by side with us.—*Amiel*.

IN THE GARDEN OF POESIE.

A SWEET-FACED maiden, whose clear, azure eyes
Shone 'neath a golden crown of sun-bright hair,
Wandered one day, with happy, careless steps,
Into a garden, where

Luxuriant bloomed bright flowers from every clime,
Fragrant of scent, and, oh! most fair to see!
"Since earth can hold such loveliness as this,
Ah! what must Heaven be?"

Thus thought the maiden; and upraised her eyes,
For by her stood, with grave and kindly mien,
The gray-haired gardener. Of him she asked:
"Oh! sir, *who* is the queen

"(For less she cannot be) for whom these flowers
Bloom in bright myriads, like the stars above?"
"My child," the old man said, "our beauteous queen
Is one whom all hearts love:

"But most beloved is she by those o'er whom
She rules with gentle, yet most potent sway;
At her command they rise, with eager feet,
Her wishes to obey:

"And this their blissful task—to bring sweet flowers,
That they may bloom within her garden fair.
Lo! through yon gate come they of whom I speak,
And fragrant offerings bear.

"With footstep soft comes one whose gentle hands
Are filled with heart dew'd blossoms, pure and white;
Oft hath she brought blest peace to anguish'd souls,
And changed their gloom to light.

"He of the noble brow (whose flowers are strewn
With cypress leaves) is one who safe hath brought,
O'er dark and troubled seas, his lonely barque
With rarest treasure fraught.

"A joyous youth, with happy, love-lit eyes,
Hastes with his spoils—roses of richest hue.
Now yonder gate opes wider still, and brings
An eager throng to view:

"And they are beckoning me. Good friend, farewell;
But thou wilt come again, some day, I ween,
To pay thy homage to fair POESIE:
'Tis she who is our queen!"

HELEN HOLTON.

NOTES FROM MONTREAL.

MRS. PAGE-TROWER'S concerts, held on the 8th and 9th inst.—at which the artists assisting were Madame Fanny Bloomfield-Zeiler, of Chicago, pianiste; Miss Wonham, of Montreal; the Dannreuther Quartett, of New York (Herr Gustave Dannreuther, Musical Director), and Herr Max Heinrich—were much appreciated by those who were wise enough to attend them; but the audiences were not so large as they should have been. At the Saturday matinée this might have been accounted for by the fact that a lacrosse match, between the Britannias and Ottawas, was in progress at the same time, and physical enjoyment, and the contemplation of it, supersedes, in the minds of many, that of the intellect. Herr Max Heinrich, who possesses a baritone voice of great richness and power, and uses it most artistically, joined the Cathedral choir on Sunday. His rendering, during the offertory in the evening, of Gounod's "There is a green hill far away," was simply perfection.

NATURE'S painting brush has touched the trees with warm tints of red and gold, and the Mountain is a glorious mass of harmonious colouring. The Montreal Mountain has been designated "a hill" by cynical strangers, but as I stood upon one of its highest points, I discovered that it was high enough to make one realise that humanity is very small indeed, that we are, in fact, but as a large species of insect. Space, sky, and the gleaming St. Lawrence alone seemed large: the houses, gardens, animals, and human beings below seemed but little insignificant things which could easily be swept away. And so it is with us, for change by change will come, and we shall reach the boundary line of life, where life loses us.

We do not lose our life, life loses us—snaps the frail thread to which we so blindly cling, as though displeased at the small use we have made of the great possibilities that life gives. And the Mountain, land, and river will give those who follow after us their placid welcome, while the trees will whisper of the "before" as they do to us now.

Town life makes one fully realise the *struggle* of existence. In the country, poverty is for the most part picturesque. Every thing is "cause and effect," however, and one's mind broadens and enlarges in the city; whereas, in the country one is apt to settle down into the narrow groove of one's own personal interests, and fancy we are the beginning and end of all things.

After a morning spent in the whirl and bustle of the town, it is refreshing to the mind and body to drive slowly through the park, drinking in the beauty and freshness of it all,—the trees on either side of the long avenue, through whose branches you catch sight of the sky's "celestial blue"; the sweet scents of damp bark and mossy banks which fill one's soul with delight, coming as holy, unspoken things; the merry squirrels chasing each other from tree to tree; the birds chirping among the branches; while over one steals a feeling of "rest,"—and a voiceless prayer of praise and thanksgiving rises, for the sense to see, and feel, and know.

FERRARS.

EDUCATION AND WAGES.

NOTHING is more natural or more common than to see sympathy asked for and bestowed upon the clerk who works hard with his pen for forty years, and yet never earns more than a hundred a year. It seems to many people utterly unjust that clerical work should not somehow or other be able to command a greater share of the good things of life than it in fact does command. While other forms of labour are not regarded as underpaid so long as the competition of the market leaves those engaged in them at least enough to support life, the clerk with £2 a week is looked on as an object of compassion by all classes. Yet, in truth, the feeling is chiefly a sentimental one. In a country where education has become universal, mere clerk's work is not skilled labour; and the man who uses the pen has, in the nature of things, no better right to expect high pay than has he who uses the chisel or trowel. So strong is the sympathy for what is supposed to be the more intellectual form of labour—though, as a matter of fact, mere writing or book-keeping is far less intellectual than carpentering or bricklaying—that to say this sounds unfeeling, almost brutal. We have, we need hardly assure our readers, not the slightest wish or intention to use harsh words, or to tell the clerk with £50 or £100 a year that he is not worth more, and that therefore he has no grievance; but only to point out how the spread of education, by increasing a hundred or a thousandfold the number of persons qualified for clerical labour has changed his position. In the Middle Ages, when learning was so much rarer, to be able to read, write, and cipher meant the attainment of an exceptional position, to which all men were willing to pay respect and honour. Thus it happens that clerical labour has come by tradition to be looked on as something valuable and good in itself, and deserving of special consideration. That this view must now, owing to the force of circumstances, be changed, is only too evident. What the results of increased competition arising from the spread of education are likely to be in the future in England may in some measure be calculated from its effects in Germany and America. Every one knows how in Germany not only can clerks be got to work for labourers' wages, but how, even in the learned professions, the salaries are reduced to an incredibly low scale. Germany, however, is a land of low prices; and something must therefore be in its case attributed to causes other than those connected with increased education. In America, however—the land of extravagantly high prices, where a dollar only goes as far as a shilling, where a bachelor cannot mix in society unless he has at least £1,000 a year, and where, in fact, the city life is three times as dear as in England—the result is shown still more clearly. The whole population has a good commercial or professional education within its reach, and the consequence is that not only do the wages of the clerks suffer, but the ministers of the religious sects get about half what they do in England, and many doctors at the very top of their profession only make £1,500 a year.—*The Spectator*.

THE *St. James's Gazette* relates a once famous incident that occurred in a great Lancashire cock-pit half a century ago. After a splendid battle two cocks desperately wounded made a last effort. One fell dying on the sand. The victor tottered towards his fallen foe, climbed laboriously on his prostrate body, beat his mangled wings, and tried to raise the glad crow of victory. A feeble croak was the result. But it reached the ear of the dying bird that lay bleeding beneath his enemy's feet. With a sudden dash he sprang from the arena, drove his spur through his triumphant rival's brain, crawled upon his corpse, gave one ghastly croak, and died.

AN account contained in the *Times* of recent date of the records recently printed by the India Office includes an interesting story about Napoleon, which the writer believes never to have been published before, and which is certainly not generally known. It comes from a letter written from Syria under the direction of Sir Sidney Smith, which relates that two French ships came out of Jaffa, and being captured, with only a formal attempt at flight, were found to contain about 1,000 wounded French soldiers, "without sailors, provisions, or the simplest necessaries for the wounded." Napoleon had, in short, set his wounded men helplessly afloat, in confidence, first, that the ships would be taken; and, second, that the wounded would be cared for by their perfidious captors. Both calculations were correct; though possibly it would not have broken the Emperor's heart if by accident the rescue had failed.

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It is difficult to separate religion from reverence, and it is impossible to connect reverence with the preachings of Sam Jones and Sam Small. This we must frankly say. But we do not want to be narrow or to stand up for a hide-bound Christianity. Whatever does good, is good: this principle, in its full extent, we without hesitation embrace. If it could be shown that Christianity could be most practically and forcibly taught by a clown from the circus, with his costume and paint on, and through the medium of a discourse varied by tumblings and grimaces, we should at once say, Let it be done. Nor does there seem to be any reason for mistrusting revivals in the abstract. Men advance and improve, individually and collectively, in the spiritual sphere as well as in other spheres, not always by regular progress, but sometimes by impulse. What amount of good Messrs. Jones and Small may be doing we cannot pretend to guess, because we cannot look into the hearts of their congregation, distinguish religious impression from the excitement of the platform, and tell whether the religious impression will be lasting, or whether, if it is not lasting, it will be followed by an irreligious reaction. Macaulay, in a well-known passage, has warned Protestant Churches against the exclusiveness which the Church of England showed in the case of Wesley, who, as he says, in the Church of Rome, instead of being rejected, would have been recognised and employed in a congenial sphere of activity as the founder of a new order of monks. Wesley, however, was reverent: he would have turned from irreverence with disgust; and his success in drawing hundreds of thousands to God seems to prove that irreverence is, at all events, not indispensable to conversion. The same may be said with regard to Spurgeon, though his style as a preacher is as free, vivid, and telling as any style can be. What we do earnestly deprecate is heedless disparagement of the ordinary ministers and ministrations of religion. The special influence of Messrs. Jones and Small must, in any case, soon be withdrawn, and people must return to spiritual food of the ordinary kind. It would be imprudent in administering a stimulant to poison our daily bread.

On the approach of winter, with signs of more than the usual demand on charity, Mr. Pell once more pleads in favour of some systematic provision for tramps and casual distress; the fear of introducing "the English poor law" stands in the way. It is utterly baseless. We need not do anything beyond what is required by the special circumstances of our own case. The growth of cities brings with it inevitably a certain amount of casual distress for which provision of some kind, public or private, must be made. Public provision administered by a regular officer with proper safeguards against imposture is really less demoralising and degrading than private alms lavishly, ignorantly, and often wrongly bestowed. How could our people be demoralised or degraded by the institution of a city officer to whom mendicants might be referred, perhaps by means of tickets, and who would be furnished with the proper records and other safeguards against imposture? The Conference of Combined City Charities stopped a good deal of imposture. It was public; but did it demoralise or degrade? It would be almost as reasonable to object to the institution of public hospitals as to object to public relief for casual distress. However, there is no use in trying to force sentiment. The prejudice will subside in time, and the necessity will be felt. For many years the duties of a relieving officer have been discharged, in no small measure, by the voluntary activity of Mr. Pell.

THE death of Mr. Capreol closes a rather pathetic history. No more will the good old gentleman buttonhole you on the street or take you to his office to show you how, by some letter of sympathy or some new invention, a gleam of hope had been shed upon the enterprise which formed the dream and the absorbing object of his life. His public spirit was unquestionable; his enterprise, if feasible, would have been very beneficial; nor does it seem to have been chimerical, though the obstacles were too great. Of a hundred seeds, one grows, and it takes a hundred failures, in the way of invention or discovery, to make one success. Ninety-nine adventurers are cranks, the hundredth is Columbus. After all, Columbus only stumbled on America in trying to find a western passage to India. An impartial tribunal will award the failures their share of gratitude.

WE were mistaken in our forecast of the result of the Quebec elections. For a reduction of the Government majority we were fully prepared, but we were not prepared for its total disappearance. The alliance between the Nationalists and the Rouges appears to have been better managed than there was reason to expect. Defeated the Government is, though the exact measure of the reverse will not be known till it appears whether the Nationalist-Conservatives are more Nationalists or Conservatives, and what course the Independents will take on a vote of want of confidence. It is utterly unlikely that Dr. Ross will resign; in Quebec a Premier with a majority of only one or two against him and the patronage in his hands is not in a desperate case. But the loss of twenty-two French seats is admitted by the Conservative organs. It is an event, the importance of which is very imperfectly measured by its effect on the prospects of a particular Administration. Riel was the ostensible issue. But who cares for the man Riel? Who, even in the most benighted of Quebec constituencies, really believes that if treason is a crime Riel was unjustly put to death. The name of the French leader of the North-West has become the symbol and watchword of the French nationality in its antagonism to the British. It is a struggle of races for the upper hand. This the English of Quebec see, and they seem to have cast a tolerably solid vote for the Government against the partisans of Riel. French nationality advances, it grows in intensity, it is thrusting the British out of every part of the Province, except the commercial quarter of Montreal; it is encroaching even on the British Provinces. It aspires to the revival of New France in connection with her mother country, and the complete obliteration of the Conquest. Had the conqueror used his rights in the first instance Canada would have been British; what it will be now, who can tell? Such is the state of things in presence of which we find ourselves, and it is the more menacing for Confederation because New France is interposed between Ontario and the Maritime Provinces, while the Maritime Provinces themselves are in a state of commercial, if not of political disaffection. The Government of Sir John Macdonald has apparently lost its French basis, and its fate in the approaching Dominion elections becomes doubtful. But supposing it falls, what will take its place? A "Liberal" party made up of (1) the hard-shell Grits; (2) the Canada First section, of which the leader himself is the founder, and which originated in a revolt against the hard-shell Grits; (3) Roman Catholics who are liegemen of a power which in its Encyclical declares internecine war against all Liberal principles; (4) French Nationalists, whose aim is the triumph of the French element over the British; (5) Irish Home Rulers, whose aim is the dismemberment of the United Kingdom; (6) people of the Maritime Provinces struggling to get out of Confederation. It seems hardly possible that out of such a medley anything stable should emerge. There will be a confused shifting of the political scene; but what will be the next act of the drama, only those to whom it is given to read the stars can tell.

THE commercial treaty between Great Britain and Spain, that came into force on Friday last, ought to benefit the trade of the Maritime Provinces very much. Canada has a year to try the treaty in before committing herself to its acceptance; and this should enable the merchants of the Maritime Provinces to lay the foundation of an extensive trade with Cuba and Porto-Rico, exchanging the fish the Americans insist on shutting out from their markets for raw sugar and other West Indian produce. We incline much, however, to the opinion that if the Americans saw that Canadian fishermen were independent of the American markets, they would hasten to throw these markets open: at any rate independence, and self-reliant indifference to the attitude of the Gloucester fishermen, is a good position for Canadian fishermen to attain.

THE sub-committee of the United States Senate, appointed to investigate the Fishery Question, has concluded its task, and, has to all appearances come to the conclusion that the making of a satisfactory treaty with Canada is an impossibility. This can be hardly surprising when regard is had to the ludicrous character of the statements which the committee, of which Senator Frye was a member, gravely took down as evidence. Thus, one large owner and outfitter of vessels at Gloucester said: "We want no treaty; all we want is more duty on Canadian fish, and then they will soon come to terms, as they cannot do without us." Another, after complaining that "Our vessels have been seized unjustly by the petty officials of a dependency of Great Britain" declared: "We want no treaty, as we can get along without Canada. All the bait we want can be procured on our own coast. Give us equal commercial privileges, increase the duty on Canadian fish, and adopt retaliatory measures." And an irate captain declared: "I am an American, and my six generations were. If the United States submit to a little insignificant bankrupt dependency like Canada,

I will get naturalized in some other country and denounce the American flag forever. When the United States was in its swaddling clothes, it was aggressive. Since it has become one of the greatest nations of the earth anybody can kick her, and she will never resent it." No wonder the distinguished Senator from Maine proposes that the President shall declare a commercial war against Canada and close the country's ports against her trade. But it is unfortunate for the Gloucester fishermen that the facts of the last fishing season, when their operations outside Canadian waters proved a failure, and so many vessels were captured for running in for bait, are somewhat against what we have cited above; no doubt the American people will perceive that the cry for retaliation, in which all were unanimous, means simply a monopoly of the American fish market for Gloucester.

THE sensation of the day in the United States is the candidature of Mr. Henry George for the Mayoralty of New York. The *New York Times* has a very vigorous article arguing the question upon the ground of fitness for the particular office. It says, with perfect truth, that Mr. George may be a philosopher, but that what is wanted is a man of business; that he may be honest, but that honesty alone may run a railroad into bankruptcy, wreck a ship, or bring municipal affairs into hopeless confusion; and to say that a man of fifty, who has passed his life in study, ought to be allowed to try his hand at municipal administration, in the hope that he may have some latent faculty for it, is as absurd as it would be to say that he ought to be allowed to try his hand at leading an orchestra or conducting an intricate law suit. This is all very sensible and conclusive; but it is not municipal administration or reform that the supporters of Mr. George want: what they want is a Socialistic demonstration. It will be curious to see the result. But, apart from any serious belief in Socialism, there is hardly anything of which the levity of a city like New York and its love of sensations are not capable. Did not the Parisians vote for Eugene Sue simply because he had tickled their giddy fancy by saying that Property was Theft? We shall not be greatly alarmed even if Mr. George should poll a large vote at New York. The election of a Socialistic Mayor at Brandon or Regina would be a far more ominous sign of the times.

"LABOUR is of no country." Such are the words with which a labour journal opens an appeal to Canadian mechanics for subscriptions in aid of the candidature of Mr. George at New York. The term Labour here, as throughout these discussions, is grievously misused by being applied exclusively to the labour of mechanics, as though no other kind of labour had any worth and dignity, or even a right to the name. But with this qualification the saying is in an important sense true, and points to a political fact of the utmost significance. In England the great masses of factory hands, especially in the North, are, for the most part, denationalised and almost entirely devoid of any patriotic sentiment. They care for nothing but the objects of the wage-earning class. Their grand aspiration is to unite the members of that class throughout all nations in a grand combination against the other classes. This they have hitherto failed to bring about, and the chairman of the Labour Congress at Hull the other day was obliged to confess that if the English artisans refused to work for a full day the artisans of foreign countries would take advantage of their refusal to beat them in production and undersell them; so that the only result would be the destruction of British industries. So far, the British factory hand is a patriot in his own despite, and he is a patriot no further. So far as he is concerned, the greatness, honour, and integrity of the country may perish, provided his class object can be attained. To ask of him any sacrifice for the maintenance of British power, unless he could be made distinctly to see its connection with his industrial interests, would be vain. He is alien and almost hostile to national tradition, and to all that constitutes the historic grandeur and glory of the country. The men whom he sends to Parliament, such as Jacob Bright and John Morley, are simply organs of national emasculation. There are social philosophers to whom the fact is welcome as the commencement of a process by which the narrow boundaries of nationality will be removed, and the nation will be merged in humanity. But of the fact there is no doubt, and it is one of which British statesmen who have to measure the forces on which they can count in any struggle for national or Imperial objects are profoundly conscious. Colonists, too, when they look to England for support, will have to remember that she now, so to speak, is but half English, and that there is a portion of her, and a portion politically very powerful, on which they cannot reckon for any sort of response, even in the way of sympathy, to their appeals. The factory hands may be the best of all materials for a human commonwealth and a Parliament of Men, but they are the worst of all materials for a nation.

IN the same columns we note a literary advertisement relating to the Chicago Anarchists, which indicates the connection of Anarchy with the Labour Movement, and the identity of their propagandist organs. This is a new and most ominous feature of the social situation. Hitherto the Labour Movement has been merely industrial: it is now becoming political, and combining with the other revolutionary elements in what threatens to develop into a general attack upon existing civilisation. The motives of the leaders we understand: they may expect to gain by a reign of havoc; and what they mean by Anarchy is a destruction of all existing authority, and the erection of their own despotism in its place. Like the French Jacobins, their precursors and their models, they would exercise in the name of liberty a tyranny more sanguinary and more grinding than ever was the tyranny of kings. But a prosperous and respectable workman ought surely to think twice before he lends himself to an attempt to convulse and wreck society. He is not without the teaching of experience to guide him as to the probable results. In the French Revolution the Destructives had it all their own way; they did without restraint everything that the Anarchists and the fanatical enemies of Capital in the present day burn to do; they pillaged and butchered the rich to their hearts' content, and broke up the whole framework of society. What followed? Universal misery and famine, after which natural laws prevailed, and society fell back into its old course, so that the Parisian workman now, particularly if he drinks absinthe, is as discontented and querulous as ever. We are all members of a complex and graded civilisation which, whatever its faults, cannot be torn to pieces without causing so much confusion and suffering that it may safely be said that there is no living man, the buccaneers who organise revolution alone excepted, who would not personally lose more than he would gain by the process. To take the calling most nearly connected with our own, what would a printer who is receiving good wages gain by throwing society into convulsions? Literature is one of the refinements rather than of the necessities of life; it is taken most largely by the wealthy and highly educated; it is notoriously the first thing given up in times of distress; it can hardly flourish except in quiet times. An anarchist or revolutionary printer may perhaps glory in the hope that printers a century hence will set their feet upon the necks of kings; but he will himself run no small risk of being deprived of bread.

THE gallant appearance of the Ulster delegates at Philadelphia, and the success of their meeting, have set at rest the question whether they would dare to present themselves before any but a Unionist audience. It will also bring home to the minds of Americans the great fact that there are Irishmen, Irishmen representing the very flower of the population, and wholly unconnected with the Government, who are not only attached but ardently attached to the Union. In regard to institutions, laws, and relations to Great Britain Ulster in no way differs from Celtic and Catholic Ireland, yet she is prosperous and contented and loyal. The irresistible inference is that the cause of the poverty, discontent, and disloyalty of Celtic and Catholic Ireland is not to be found in the laws, the institutions, and the relations to Great Britain, but in the character and religion of the people, or in one of the two. If the Americans want to know why the British Government has trouble with the Irish, the answer is for the same reasons for which they have trouble with the Irish themselves.

MR. PHELPS, as American Ambassador in England, has won golden opinions. But he appears now, by a doubtful act, to have stirred a swarm of hornets with particularly sharp stings. The Prince of Wales, it seems, has been of late very much in the habit of seeking the friends of his bosom among the Americans, and Mr. Allen Thorndike Rice, the editor of the *North American Review*, has come in for a share of his attentions. Mr. Rice hereupon makes up his mind that etiquette requires him to go to Court. We do not profess to be well instructed in these matters, but we were not aware that an acquaintance with the Prince of Wales made it incumbent on any one to be presented to the Queen. Mr. Phelps, however, refused to present Mr. Rice on the ground, as is stated, that he had admitted into his review an attack on the Secretary of State. Mr. Rice considerably wrote to inform his Royal friend of the catastrophe, and we should have liked to be present when the mournful communication was read. The cry of "liberty of the Press" is, of course, at once raised, and the correspondence is called for, that Mr. Phelps may be roasted alive. What disqualifies for presentation at Court is a question which we must leave to the higher intelligence of Polonius and Fadladeen. It is admitted that Mr. Phelps might with propriety have refused to present any one whose character was unsatisfactory or who was "fantastic" in appearance, and the responsibility of deciding whether an American citizen is "fantastic"

in appearance seems to be one of the gravest and most perplexing that can be laid upon official shoulders. The last gun in defence of British dominion on this Continent, it has been said, will be fired by a Frenchman, and the last person presented at the British Court will, perhaps, be a citizen of the American Republic. Mr. Bayard is not likely to be wanting in personal magnanimity, and he will most likely allay the storm which begins to agitate the tea-cup by sending directions that the presentation shall take place.

MR. SHAW LEFEVRE'S paper in the *Nineteenth Century*, on "The Liberal Split," is a curious embodiment of the true Machinist spirit. Its author is the most respectable of Radical politicians, yet, in discussing the conduct of men struggling for the integrity of the nation, it does not seem to occur to his mind that they can have been, or ought to have been, swayed by a paramount sense of duty to the country. He thinks of nothing but the Liberal Machine, which, if it can only be preserved from the disturbing influences of conscience and mental independence, will put his party into power and keep the Tories out. He regards with perfect complacency the action of the local caucuses in "bringing dissentient Liberals back to the fold," that is forcing them to vote against their consciences on a question involving not only the most important interests, but the very life of the nation. What shocks him is that the Conservatives should have so far forgotten the rules of political poker as to promise their support to Liberal Unionists in resisting the dictation of the Liberal caucus. "The Liberal Party could not have returned to power at the beginning of 1886 without the support of the Irish Party. If an agreement had not been come to with Mr. Parnell, a Liberal Government could not have been formed; the Tories would have remained in office, and would have proceeded with their policy of coercion." The words about the Tory policy are surplusage or a mere phrase of conventional disparagement: the rest of the passage gives the caucus justification for a complete change of front on the Irish question, and an agreement with an Irish leader whose objects had been pronounced those of a traitor and a marauder, but who commanded the required number of votes. The alliance was immoral and unpatriotic, but it was necessary in order to turn the Tories out and get their places. This is plain, business-like, and, in our judgment, less injurious to public morality than the fabrication of "histories of ideas," which not only violate truth, but legitimize dissimulation. Only, Mr. Shaw Lefevre can hardly be allowed, at once, to maintain, on behalf of his Party, that the change was made necessary by lack of votes, and, on behalf of his leader, that there was no change at all. Mr. Lefevre evidently feels confident that the Machine will crush out of existence Liberal Unionism, which, as it is based upon nothing but conviction, he naturally regards as a most offensive anomaly in nature. We only wish we could persuade ourselves that his calculations were unfounded, and that the one body of public men on which experience has shown that the nation can rely for self-sacrificing patriotism was not in serious danger of elimination. When bye elections come on, it will be seen, we fear,—indeed it has been seen already in the case of the election for King's Lynn,—that between the two Machines no Liberal Unionist can ever be elected. The Conservatives will grudge the sacrifice of a seat, and the Radicals who have possession of the caucus hate an Independent more than a Tory. As soon as this becomes apparent Lord Hartington's following must inevitably be weakened, and he will not find it easy to hold together, even within the House, a body of men who are to be entirely excluded from the hope of office and to have little prospect of re-election. He ought to have recognised the verdict of the election, taking the hand which Lord Salisbury in perfect good faith held out to him, and given the nation in its hour of peril a strong Government, of which, whether ostensibly its head or not, he would have been the most powerful member. As it is, all party relations must remain unsettled so long as Mr. Gladstone remains at the head of the Radicals. That he shall not return to power is the fixed determination of a body of men strong enough to bar the way, and who will not allow themselves to be lured by any bait into a Radical trap of any kind. Nobody can now foresee what will happen when he goes. A reunion of the Hartingtonians with Mr. Labouchere and the extreme Radicals seems out of the question. But the assumption upon which Mr. Shaw Lefevre builds, that all the Gladstonians are sincere Separatists, is, we have said before, unfounded. Not a few of them would be only too glad to follow Lord Hartington or Mr. Chamberlain if the screw of the caucus were removed.

THE sinister passage of Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet in which he threatens to punish England for her rebellion against him by stirring up Home Rule movements in Scotland and Wales as well as in Ireland has been followed up by a letter to one of his Welsh partisans announcing the

approach in Wales of "a new political development." Wales is not an Ireland. She is not separated from Great Britain by the streak of sea which seems so insurmountable a gulf of national division to Home Rulers, who at the same time propose to unite Crete to Greece; and her mountains, which once barred the march of the Norman cavalry, are no boundaries now. Yet there are in her seeds of mischief which, if Mr. Gladstone lives, may by his fostering hand be made to spring up and bear fruit. There is a religious division, a division of race, and in some districts a division of language between the gentry and the mass of the people. An anti-tithe movement is already on foot, an anti-rent movement is apparently commencing. The Irish agitators will, of course, do their best to kindle disaffection in Wales, and the Principality, without actually attempting to break out of the Union, may be brought into such a state that government will be very difficult. Among other things, recruiting for the army might be arrested. And this is at a time when, between the Egyptian complication and the Bulgarian question, the country, largely from the effects of Mr. Gladstone's own policy, is in great difficulty and peril. It is barely possible to believe that a politician may be conscientious in flinging himself suddenly into the arms of men whom he has just been describing as marching through rapine to the dismemberment of the Empire. It is surely impossible to believe that he is conscientious in behaving as Mr. Gladstone is now behaving to his country, except upon the supposition that the idea of duty to his country has never found entrance into his mind.

WE almost despair of seeing the Irish Question understood or fairly treated by Americans, when we find a journal of so high a class as the *Chicago Current* believing that the Irish have to cross the water in order to obtain a voice in the making of the laws by which they are governed. Ever since the Union, Ireland has enjoyed her full share of representation, and her people have had as much of a voice in the making of their own laws as the people of any other part of the United Kingdom. If her representatives choose to filibuster and obstruct instead of legislating, whose fault is that? The Scotch members lay their heads together on all Scotch questions, and Parliament almost invariably does what they advise. There is nothing whatever to prevent the representatives of Ireland from doing likewise. The law is the same for England and Ireland, and is administered in Ireland by Irish judges and juries. The municipalities in Ireland, as well as in England, are elective, and are being freely filled with Nationalists at this moment; and, if the counties are governed by non-elective boards, so are those in England, and Parliament in both cases was preparing to introduce the elective system when this rebellion broke out. There is no inequality of any kind between Irishmen and other citizens of the United Kingdom. The Irish have the full run of the Empire, with all its honours and emoluments; and Irishmen are now actually occupying high posts in every department of the Imperial service. The sole political grievance is the Union; just as the Union was the sole political grievance in the case of the seceding South.

THE tidings that a body of tenants on an Irish estate have purchased their holdings under the Ashbourne Act promises better than anything we have yet heard for a peaceful settlement of the Irish problem. The real question, it cannot be too often repeated, so far as the masses of the people are concerned, is not political but agrarian. The politicians, especially the politicians at Chicago, want a Parliament and Government of their own in College Green, with all the offices, patronage, and political plunder thereto annexed, and with unlimited power of taxation. But what the people, except the populace of two or three cities, want is not a Parliament in College Green, but a fixed tenure of their land. The politicians, well aware of this, have always striven to prevent a settlement of the land question, which they know would shut off the steam from the engine of political agitation. They have done their utmost, and hitherto with fatal success, to prevent the people from taking advantage of the Ashbourne Act. The land law in Ireland, like all other parts of the law, has been the same in Ireland as in England, but its practical operation has been worse in Ireland than in England, because it has led to more absenteeism. Long ago Mr. Gladstone ought to have done what he has not done even now; he ought to have abolished primogeniture and entail, and to have swept away the cumbrous and costly system of conveyance. The relation between landlord and tenant has now unquestionably become in Ireland very full of bitterness, and very difficult to maintain. Legislation regulating rents like Mr. Gladstone's Land Act is sure to be a failure, because the legislator cannot foresee the fluctuations in the price of produce which are always altering the value of land. To facilitate the purchase of the land by the tenant is the only hopeful course; and when this has been done with effect, the political agitation will be deprived of fuel, and

the agitators will have to take up some honest trade. It seems possible that in some cases the dispute might be arranged by the simple conversion of the landlord's interest into a mortgage, which would make the farmer a freeholder, though subject to an encumbrance, and give him the much coveted fixity of tenure. To assert that the farmer, who in many cases came into occupation but yesterday, has a right to the entire interest in the land merely because he happens now to be tilling it, is preposterous. If there is to be a general confiscation and re-division, the labourer as well as the farmer is entitled to his share. He is just as much a tiller of the soil as the farmer who hires him, and in many cases has been at least as hardly used.

It is hard upon the Duc d'Aumale that his magnificent gift of Chantilly to the French Institute should have served to revive the scandal as to the mode in which Chantilly was acquired. It was bequeathed to him by the Duc de Condé, father of the ill-starred Duc d'Enghien. The Duc de Condé was enormously rich, childless, and fatuous. His wife was dead, and he was living with a mistress, la Baronne de Feuchères, English by birth, and a woman of aspiring character, who had gained a great ascendancy over him. Louis Philippe and his wife coveted the vast inheritance of the Condés for their son, D'Aumale. The mistress also had her designs. The Royal pair stooped to make common cause with the mistress, and Amelia, generally so excellent, wrote to the Baroness letters which, when made public, brought her and her spouse to shame. With difficulty, it is said, the Duke's repugnance to the regicidal branch of his family was overcome, and he was persuaded to sign a will making D'Aumale his heir, and at the same time leaving a great fortune to the mistress. It is alleged that, upon the fall of the Restoration Monarchy, the old dotard meditated flight from France, and scandal suggests that the fear of his slipping through their hands drove the Baroness and her confederates to a crime. The Duke was found one morning by his valet strangled by a cord composed of two handkerchiefs knotted together and tied to a window-fastening. His feet were trailing on the ground, so that by standing up he might have saved himself; a fact which was said to repel the hypothesis of suicide. The door was bolted on the inside. A verdict of suicide was found; the Orleans family took the inheritance, and the Baroness her huge legacy. But mystery hung over the affair; the inquiry instituted by the Government was not thought searching or satisfactory; public suspicion was strongly aroused, and the Jacobins worked the case against the Royal family with malignant zeal. Louis Blanc makes the most he can of it. The reception of the Baroness de Feuchères, on whom suspicion directly fell, at the court of Louis Philippe did not improve the aspect of the affair. The mystery never was publicly cleared up, but the truth is pretty well known. There was no crime. The Duke's senile imbecility was really the cause of his death. So say those who are best informed about French Social history. So scandal may hold her tongue and the Institute may without misgiving accept the superb heritage of the Condés at the hands of the Duc d'Aumale.

THE commercial classes in Montreal appear generally to have gone against the labour candidates in the election last week: one of them polled 1,472 votes in a labouring-class ward against only 101 votes in three other wards. But although all three labour candidates were defeated, they polled about one-third of the total votes cast; and this would show that the labour element is a factor that will have to be taken into account in future elections.

MR. BLAKE'S attention may be profitably invited to the fact that the Liberal delegation to the Quebec Legislature is now wholly Catholic, the only two Protestant Liberals in the last House having been rejected by their constituencies for shirking the vote on the Riel Resolution, or rather for not voting against it, and the only two English-speaking Liberals now returned being Irish Catholics, the Protestant Liberal wing of Mr. Blake's following is in effect wholly unrepresented at Quebec.

THE air of Canada seems to inspire every creature with patriotism. Thus, the Lewiston (Me.) *Journal* informs us, the gulls, millions of which congregate about the mouth of St. Croix, and furnish profitable sport for the Indians, "for some unknown reason stay on the Canadian side of the line, and," it is complained, "the Canadian authorities have forbidden Americans to shoot at them in the Provincial waters. This is a great grievance to the gull hunters, who have petitioned the Governor of Maine and his Council to take some action in the matter. The course of the Canadians is believed to grow out of the fisheries imbroglio." And the course of the gulls is no doubt due to the same patriotic motive.

THE Jews in Quebec have been hardly treated. First, the day of election was set for the day on which one of the most solemn and important of Jewish festivals, the Feast of Tabernacles, began this year, which practically disfranchised them; and then the Ultramontane organ, *L'Etendard*, not content with setting the French against the English, tried, by an atrocious attack on the Jews of the Province, to import into the electoral contest an animosity between Christians and Jews. Is a Jewish persecution one of the Nationalist planks?

M. BARTHELEMY ST. HILAIRE, in a paper on India, read to the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences in Paris recently, expressed a belief that the colonial expansion of Christian nations would eventually cover the whole world, and that India, drawn into the current, would one day spontaneously embrace the faith of her masters and educators, as she had already adopted their arts, industry, and commerce. In any case it would be a disaster for mankind if any unforeseen accident arrested the grand experiment conducted by the English in Hindostan.

A BENEFACTOR to his species, writing to the *Gardener's Magazine*, says: It is admitted that in the act of crowing, a bird stands up, and then stretches his neck to its full extent. A small lath, loosely suspended about eighteen inches above the perch, will obviate this. It in no way interferes with the bird's roosting; but the moment chanticleer contemplates a nuisance the swinging lath comes gently into contact with his comb and effectually stops him. I have a dozen birds, and none of them presumes to crow till the hour that I let them out.

AT a meeting of the Municipal Council of the Irish National League, in New York, a Mr. Dyer somewhat indiscreetly said: "It was just as well for one branch to drop the cloak of hypocrisy and come out boldly in favour of dynamite;" but President Delaney promptly "sat down" on him with force. And yet, in spite of these occasional warning flashes of light from the sulphurous depths of Fenianism, there are people who still believe that the assumed moderation of Parnellism is not hypocrisy—that the Irish Americans would not use the power given under Gladstonian Home Rule to wrest Ireland from Great Britain.

THE Irish vote, which was made to play so important a part in the election of 1885, proved in the election of 1886 to be a mere bugbear; the evictions in Ireland, which Mr. Parnell waxed passionate over when begging for Fenian money, have been shown to be no more numerous or burdensome than the ordinary evictions for non-fulfilment of obligations in any other civilised country; and now the Return of Irish Migratory Agricultural Labourers, just issued, affords another and a striking proof of how small an amount of wool often goes in Irish affairs to a monstrous large amount of crying. To read the speeches of the No-Renters, both in England and in Ireland, one would imagine that half the population of Ireland habitually went to England to earn there the money that the grasping landlords wrung from them. Coming to facts, we find that something under 9,000 agricultural labourers crossed the channel between January and August. About the same number of vagrants passes through the casual wards of London alone every three weeks at this time of year. If this pricking of bubbles continue, there will really very soon not be a single Irish grievance left.

THE Paris jury that tried three anarchists the other day are not of the same mind as the Chicago jury whose anarchists now lie under sentence of death. In the Paris case, most people were convinced from the evidence, and the speeches of the accused in court, that they had used certain expressions which directly incited to the perpetration of pillage and murder. "Let the workingmen combine. Let them form an army of the robbed against the robbers, of the murdered against the murderers; and if we are compelled to resort to the gun, well, then so much the worse for those who give the provocation." "When they came to form the Government they would send the financiers to execution." Rothschild was "the king of the plunderers," and the prisoners "wished to make them disgorge, as was done under the old monarchy; and in doing so they would not be plunderers but the enemies of the plunderers." "All the administrations, the public institutions, and the army, are schools of murder." "Their part was to tell the people they were made tools of and plundered, and that would continue until the *prolétariat* had its 1789." Such are a few specimens of the doctrines which the prisoners admit they preached in the streets, and which they preached again from the dock; and they found a jury to agree with them that they did not amount to "incitement to murder and pillage."

BRANT.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO KARIOVEYOH.

[This poem was written by Mr. John L. Stuart, a graduate of Toronto University and a young *littérateur* of promise. Mr. Stuart, who died some years ago, was a brother of Dr. A. S. Stuart of this city. "Karioveyoh" is Mr. Allen Cleghorn, of Brantford, the President of the Brant Memorial Association.]

COME, Sachem of the Mohawk race,
While I Euterpe's lyre unstring,
Thayandanegea's deeds to trace,
And patient hear me while I sing.

When dire Rebellion first unfurled
Her blood-striped banner to the wind ;
Its stars like gems from heaven hurled,
That left their glory all behind.

The shrine of Liberty profaned,
Her sacred filets stained with blood,
America's escutcheon stained,
As freedom sunk beneath the sod.

Thayandanegea then arose,
Of the free Mohawk's purest blood ;
That wild untainted blood which flows
Through the proud warriors of the wood.

In peace, he was his people's sire,
A Christian monarch, and a sage ;
In war he stirred their martial fire,
While rebel foemen to engage.

Brave and undaunted in the fight,
Yet generous deeds increased his fame ;
For, while he fought for truth and right,
No cruel action stained his name.

He loved the harp's chord better still,
The organ, solemn, grave, and sweet ;
But sounds of war his soul did thrill,
His heart throbb'd with the drum's loud beat.

Tremble, Rebellion, to thy base ;
The Mohawk arms victorious rise ;
And Onondaga's warlike race
With awful war-cry rends the skies.

Through Seneca's full ranks it flies ;
They raise their hatchets for the right ;
And fierce Cayuga's voice replies,
And calls her warriors to the fight.

While Tuscarora loud resounds,
And sendeth forth a warrior band ;
Oneida's chiefs obey the sound,
And seize their arms at Brant's command.

What dread array ! their hatchets gleam
Fierce, like the lightning's vivid fire ;
Bright, like the solar noonday beam,
While quick the invading hosts retire.

Thayandanegea, thanks to thee,
And thanks to our defenders brave,
And thanks to God, that 'mongst the free
Our maple leaves victorious wave.

The sound of that first Sabbath bell,
That woke our western woods at morn,
Thayandanegea's deeds shall tell
To generations yet unborn.

While forests stand—while flowers grow,
While grass and daisies deck the meads,
While rivers to the ocean flow,
And while the day to-night succeeds,

While on the earth the sun doth rise,
Shedding below his gladsome ray ;
And while he gilds the eastern skies,
In purple robes declining day ;

While the Great Spirit from His throne
Looks down to bless the Mohawk name,—
Brant's glorious actions shall be shown
On the undying scroll of fame.

When time shall cease its course to run,
His piety shall have reward ;
And far beyond the setting sun
He'll rest rejoicing with the Lord.

JOHN L. STUART.

EVERY landscape is, as it were, a state of the soul, and whoever penetrates into both is astonished to find how much likeness there is in each detail—*Amiel*.

SAUNTERINGS.

THE monument that Brantford unveiled last week to the memory of the chieftain whose name the city bears, commemorates more than the probity and prowess of a dead Indian, though notable the one and indomitable the other. Brant's name and fame are imperishable in the annals of Canada as the bronze which has been cast in his likeness ; but more imperishable still is that British sense of honour and of justice which holds its bond with ignorance and weakness as sacred as with enlightenment and power, which brings double payment for the ancestral acres of barbarism in the gentle and kindly arts of civilisation, which recognises a hero in a subject and an alien race. Were the bronze Brant animate and vocal, he would speak to us of these things ; as it is, his silent figure is dumbly eloquent of them. Honourable to the great Indian and his people as the tribute is, it is not less honourable to the fidelity and fairmindedness that made and embraced the opportunity of its erection. And by no means least among British glories should be the fact that whenever the Sovereign of the United Empire has by direct representation entered into treaty with, or received allegiance from, previously hostile tribes, the representative has been invariably revered, the treaty kept, and the allegiance recognized. For the gentlemen directly commissioned by the Throne to exercise its functions of guardianship appear to have been happily above considerations of—pork, an elevation which we are given to understand the Dominion Government's present delegates have not yet attained. To the combined and corrosive influences of pork and party upon the provincial mind is generally attributed such unpleasantnesses as we have known in connection with the Indians of Canada.

We are all lineal descendants of the person who stood upon the street corner and thanked the Lord that he was not as other men. And the Pharisee that still survives in us can with difficulty refrain from seizing what the newspapers unanimously call, "this auspicious occasion," to glance with lively gratulation across our southern boundary. And truly the inherent dignity and nobility of the Indian policy which Canada sealed and celebrated last Wednesday, stand strikingly forth by contrast with that which has resulted in "A Century of Dishonour," "Ramona," philanthropic societies for the propagation of information concerning Indian wrongs, and the introduction of a bill into the United States Senate for the purchase of a comparatively inaccessible island on the Pacific coast, upon which to "settle" Geronimo and his unutterable Apaches, in the not unreasonable hope that these "wards of the nation" might be induced to emulate the self-annihilating example of the Kilkenny cats. While its object was admitted to be laudable, the bill had not passed at the close of last session, partly because the disinterested character of its parent's philanthropy was not wholly evident, but chiefly on account of the conspicuous absence of any clause which should indicate a reliable method of securing the desired settlers. Meanwhile, the General in command of the United States forces at present in New Mexico is, in the language of the current witticism, "Miles behind Geronimo." The difficulty attending the administration of Indian affairs in New Mexico appears to be the necessity of administering them from a point inconveniently in the rear.

The ideal attitude toward our own honesty and munificence is, doubtless, that of sublime unconsciousness, and, but for the contrast afforded us by our neighbours to the south, we might still be magnificently unaware of our virtues. Comparison, however, of the method which made and honoured Indian heroes, with that which first used and then abused them, provokes a consciousness of rectitude, with a flavour of uncharitableness that does not make it less gratifying.

BRANT's father was a Mohawk Sachem of the Wolf tribe, with a perfectly unpronounceable and virtually unspellable name—a name that should inspire us with gratitude that its owner sought the happy hunting-grounds before rendering King George any distinguished service which posterity would feel bound to acknowledge. For beyond the fact that he was paternally connected with Thayandanegea, we know little of Tehowaghwen-garaghkin. If we may believe one of our leading journals, "the home of the family was Canajoharie Castle," a statement which would imply that the young Thayandanegea was rather more than to the manor born, but for the unfortunate fact that the future brave first saw the light upon the banks of the Ohio River, whither his parents had gone upon one of "those temporary removals, by which," as the same journal vaguely remarks, "they asserted rights of conquest over the Ohio and Sandusky country." The delicate ignoring of all ulterior motives in connection with these "temporary removals," and the effort of the imagination which substitutes turret and drawbridge and moat for the usual wigwam accessories, we may possibly

attribute to a tender consideration for the red man's sensibilities, as illustrated by the red man's vote. The somewhat stolid and unimpressionable character of the average Iroquois is to be regretted, in view of the kindness and delicacy which prompted these statements.

Quite early in life Thayandanegea knew the domination of a stepfather, and Carribogo, whom the other organ, somewhat disrespectfully to the memory of Tehowaghwengaraghkin, characterises as a "respectable Indian" ruled in the lofty halls and councils of Canajoharie. Carribogo's Christian name was Barnet, or Bernard, gutturally corrupted into Brant, and his step-son, from being known as Brant's Joseph, easily became Joseph Brant to his contemporaries, and hence to posterity. According to some authorities it was at the battle of Lake George in 1755, when the young Indian was but thirteen, that his bravery first attracted the attention of Sir William Johnson, whose *protégé* he afterward became. Certain it is that four years later he numbered one of Sir William's thousand Iroquois who defeated D'Aubrey's relief party, and captured Fort Niagara in the final campaign of 1759. To his distinguished leader he owed the education he received in Connecticut, between this time and the date of his marriage with a daughter of the Oneidas, whom he brought to Canajoharie. We know that his tomahawk was pitted against Pontiac's in the latter's bold conspiracy of 1763; but not until the rebellion of the Colonies in 1775 did Brant become an important factor in the problem, the result of which decided the political destiny of this continent. In the meantime he had grown in influence and dignity among his people, and had attained the position of their supreme war chief. He had been maintained in the favour of the Johnsons and the British; he had done much for the advancement of his race along the contracted lines which bounded the opportunities of his day; and his fellow-warriors recognised in his mental and physical powers those qualities which in primitive states of society entitle to pre-eminence. He was at that time and until his death acknowledged leader of the Mohawk Indians. By a visit to England, where he was received with honour, his fealty to the king's servant became fealty to the king, an allegiance in which he never swerved, and to which we owe, perhaps, in great measure, the fact that we are not to-day a part of the great democracy. The Six Nations combined under him to the last against the disaffected colonists; and some of the bloodiest chapters in the history of the rebellion bear his name as their author. At Oriskany in 1777, in the valley of the Susquehanna a year later, at the massacre of Cherry Valley, and all along the banks of the Mohawk River, Brant and his warriors left desolation behind them. Their fierce loyalty was rewarded by General Haldimand by a grant of a tract six miles in width along each side of the whole course of the Grand River. Disturbed and angered by the assertion of the Government's pre-emptive right over this territory, the old chief, after settling his people upon it, built for himself a house near Hamilton, at the point now known as Wellington Square, where he died in 1807.

Little of the original shell is left, and that little is glorified into a summer hotel, which rejoices in the name and fame of the "Brant House." We who enter into his labours can sit, if we be so minded, upon the very sward from which the veteran warrior used to look across the blue and shimmering stretches of Ontario into the Mohawk Valley and Canajoharie, and all his chequered history, chequered in a *bizarre* pattern, even for an Indian past—can sit there and absorb iced lemonade through a straw to his memory, retailed at the seat of his ancient hospitality at five cents a glass!

THE conception of the monument cannot be over-praised. The attitude of the colossal warrior is one of simple dignity and authority; the poise of the head is superbly commanding. It is impossible to imagine a more effective arrangement of the Indian groups of three that flank two sides of the upper base, or more appropriate incidentals than the trophies upon the remaining sides. The Indian war dance and council, and the totems of the Six Nations, the bear emerging from the snow-laden pines, and the wolf in a summer forest, leave nothing to be desired for striking bas-reliefs. The idea of the pedestal is especially good. As a rule pedestals will assert themselves. This one is repressed within almost entirely rectangular lines, with great gain to the work of art it supports, and with singular appropriateness to the stern primitiveness of the whole subject.

One instinctively recognises the Indian spirit behind the varied features and dress of the grouped Iroquois. Much Canadian history may be read in their dark, immoveable countenances—much North American history, when North America was theirs, not ours, in their muscular limbs, their traditional weapons, their trophies, and their totems. In the face of Brant, the sculptor has been compelled to overcast aboriginal traits with the dawning influence of civilisation. In view of the difficulty of this task, and the fact that Mr. Wood is the first to undertake it, it will be conceded to

have been accomplished with skill and insight. The sculptor, like the poet, must idealise, however; and we can hardly suppose that the august and benignant chief who speaks peace to his people in Brantford's city square is a realistic representation of the Indian warrior to whose hatchet we owe so much. A little more aboriginal fire, a firmer grasp of the war-hatchet—loosely held in the left hand—somewhat more of the "monster" of Cherry Valley, and somewhat less of the translator of the New Testament into Iroquois, would have handed the Indian hero down to posterity in possibly a less pleasing, but more impartial light. As it is, the figure of Brant, with all its effective trappings and faithful Mohawk features, carries with it an irresistible suggestion of Henry Clay.

One is disposed to congratulate the sculptor upon having, at the outset, connected his name with Indian representation. For the sachem in art as in literature is bound to make a sensation. His figure lends itself so well to noble lines, his character to striking conceptions. Then he has the unspeakable advantage of looking well in the stone or bronze representation of his own clothes. His immortaliser is not compelled to a frantic choice between the graceful but somewhat inadequate habiliments of the ancient Greeks and the conventional, but altogether hideous, garments of nineteenth century civilisation. The garb of North American barbarism is as protective as picturesque. To escape at least one horror of approaching dissolution, that of being perpetuated in the frock coat and trousers evolved by the modern tailor, our distinguished politicians should be immediately prevailed upon to adopt it.

THE same October sun was shining through the same mellow haze on the day that saw the bronze Brant unveiled as on that day in October so long ago when the spot whereon it stands was part of an unbroken wilderness that knew his footstep only, and his people's, and its own wild creatures'. The river wound as placidly under its wooden bridge and past the quaint little church, with its weedy burial ground and painted palings, that he built for his Mohawk brothers, and past his tomb. The maple leaves fell silently at his imaged feet, bringing, as often before, their yellow tribute to his prowess. Among the alien multitude that came to see, the dusky descendants of the Mohawks, Tuscaroras, Oneidas, the Senecas, Onondagas and Cayugas pressed curiously forward. As the veil fell off, and the warrior whose name they revere stood erect before them, the painted feathered chiefs of the Six Nations danced with strange cries and pointings about the base of the statue. And the mothers of the race, stolidly holding their brown skinned sleeping offspring, laughed in approbation.

There was an element of pathos in it all, in this pomp and ceremony of rendering tribute unto the warrior of his race who did most to dispossess it of its great inheritance. One felt in a vaguely sentimental way the pang of the usurper at the sight of these early Indian freeholders of the soil, joining to honour him who had given allegiance to a power that robbed them of their right of tenantry, and all their wild ancestral life; and one thought instinctively of the time which cannot be many centuries away, when these people shall have vanished as a dark, impotently-forbidding shadow from this continent, and the bronze incarnation of their being will be all that the sun and wind will find of the tribes they knew before they knew us. Shall liberty be any the less dear because fetters are of bronze and of honour? Shall extinction be any more acceptable because of carven memory? The strength and agility and endurance of the red man are set up before us in a graven image to his everlasting renown—but at what price!

SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

MUSIC.

THE TORONTO VOCAL SOCIETY.

THIS society, which, as our readers may remember, was organised last fall for the purpose of making a distinct specialty of the highest kind of concerted vocal music, viz., unaccompanied part-singing, has resumed its work for the season.

A single announcement in the morning journals of the fact of several vacancies existing in the society was sufficient to bring nearly a hundred candidates for admission. Many of these, however, on examination proved to be ineligible, as only those possessing really good and fresh voices, with some ability to use them, could be accepted. It will be readily understood that, owing to the delicate and refined nature of the work undertaken by the Toronto Vocal Society, care has to be taken in the selection of its material. The model on which it was formed, viz., the Henry Leslie Choir, of London, England, is indisputably the finest body of vocalists in the world, and proved its title to the claim in the International Choral Competition which took place in Paris in 1878, where it gained "the Grand Prix" for choral singing.

We understand that the piece selected by Henry Leslie for that occasion will form one of the principal numbers at the Toronto Vocal Society's first concert. The study and practice of this kind of music is decidedly a

school in itself, and as the conductor, Mr. W. Elliott Haslam, is an acknowledged authority in Europe on the subject of voice-training, besides being an accomplished and experienced conductor, the performance of this society last winter marked a distinct era in musical art in Toronto. The important points of precision, attack, attention to the minutest details in the matter of expression, intonation, etc., were all very marked. Indeed, it was a revelation to many to hear sometimes two consecutive difficult numbers sung, as intended to be, without accompaniment, with nothing but the simple chord at the commencement and another at the end to show that the pitch had been retained throughout.

In the Henry Leslie Choir most of the amateur members could sing a solo fairly well; and, of course, when these, coupled with a great many professional vocalists, were contented to sink their individuality for the love of part-singing in perfection, the result was a foregone conclusion—success. This sinking of individuality is imperative in an organisation of this kind; but when it is remembered that in the highest kind of part-singing each member must execute his or her part with as much attention to detail and finish as would be bestowed upon it by a solo singer, then to belong to such a society is a sufficient proof of musical talent, and confers a status upon every individual member.

The business management of the Toronto Vocal Society is in the hands of an energetic and capable Committee, consisting of the President, J. K. Kerr, Esq., Q.C.; David Kemp, Esq., and J. F. Kirk, Esq., 1st and 2nd Vice-Presidents; Henry Bourlier, Esq., Hon. Sec.-Treas.; and Richard Tinning, junr., Esq., Asst. Sec.

The Directors of the Monday Popular Concerts are negotiating with the Executive of the Toronto Vocal Society to give a series of three concerts, at which, whilst the specialties of the society will form the principal and prominent attraction, they will be supplemented by the appearance of soloists of the greatest eminence.

We hear that Mr. Haslam, during his recent visit to Europe, arranged for the first production of several striking and important novelties, and as the repertoire of two of the finest musical societies in England has been placed at the disposal of the Toronto Vocal Society, it rests with its members and conductor to make it not only worthy of its illustrious model, but also an institution musically unique in Canada.

TORONTO MUSICAL UNION.

This society has recently been organised under the conductorship of Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, late conductor of the Ottawa Philharmonic Society. Its object is the performance of the shorter works of the great masters in as perfect a manner as possible; also, part songs, madrigals, etc. It is expected that the first concert will take place in December, when will be given the fine sacred Cantata, "The Prodigal Son," by Sir Arthur Sullivan, a work of great beauty, not hitherto heard in Canada. At the second concert, when a secular Cantata will be produced, it is hoped that the committee will be able to secure the assistance of a first-class orchestra. As this will entail considerable expense, it is necessary that a large number of honorary members be obtained, in order to form a guarantee fund, for which purpose the subscription has been placed at the unusually low sum of three dollars for the season, a course which it is hoped will secure the hearty support of the musical public. This amount entitles the subscriber to three tickets to each of the two concerts; also, to choice of seats in advance of the general public. Those desirous of becoming honorary members are requested to give their names to one of the committee, or the conductor, Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, 183 Jarvis Street.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

MUSIC.

Toronto: Published by the Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association.

"MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY." Wilford Morgan. A simple ballad, which will find favour with amateurs. Medium compass.

"LEETLE JAN." I. L. Molloy. Especially suitable for an encore song. Very simple, tuneful, and taking, with words by Fred. E. Weatherly.

"IN THE CHIMNEY CORNER." Frederic H. Cowen. Again Weatherly's verses, charmingly wedded to music by this gifted English song writer.

Toronto: Published by I. Suckling and Sons.

"SOUVENIR DE VERSAILLES" (Gavotte). Victor Delacour. Quite within the grasp of an average pianist, and very melodious and bright.

"MARGUERITE" (Valse). J. A. Barnaby. This waltz has a good rhythm, and will doubtless prove attractive to pianists who do not aim beyond dance music.

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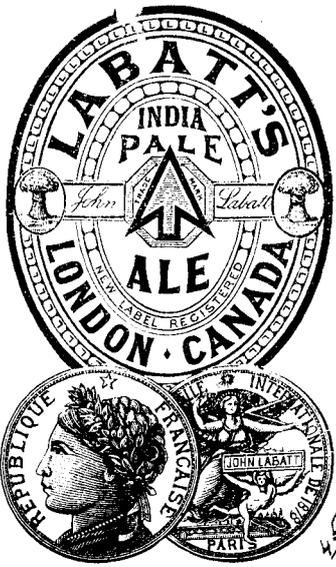
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