

# THE WEEK:

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Sixth Year.  
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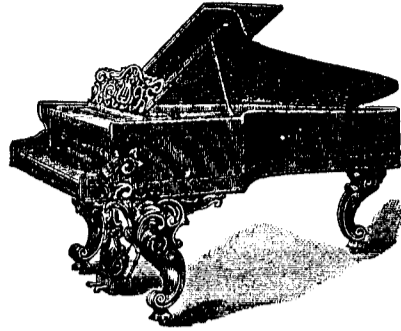
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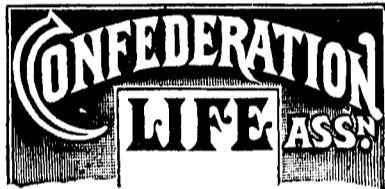
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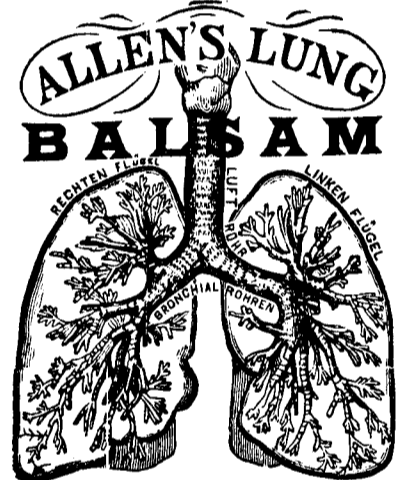
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

THE fact pointed out by Mr. Colter, the Liberal candidate for Haldimand, in his speech before the Nominating Convention, that no one under twenty-three and a half years of age can now vote in a Dominion election, sets in a somewhat striking light the failure, or at least the temporary break-down, of the Dominion electoral machinery. From a party point of view no reason is apparent why the want of revision of the lists should injure Liberals more than Conservatives. But it is surely desirable that the young men of the Dominion should be encouraged to value and to use the franchise from the period of earliest manhood. As Canada, in common with other English speaking countries, fixes that period at the age of twenty-one, it is quite too bad that even in a single constituency a considerable number of those legally qualified in point of age and other conditions should be deprived of so important a right by the act or neglect of the Government. The same remark applies, of course, to all those who have in other ways become possessed of the voting qualification, since the last revision of the lists. It could not have been very difficult or expensive to provide for revision in those constituencies in which, from any cause, vacancies might occur and elections be held during the Parliamentary term. The wonder is that the Government did not make, or the Commons insist on, such an arrangement.

"A DISGRACE to our civilization," said Mr. Goldwin Smith, in his speech at the Toronto Civic Nominations, of the fact that there are nine lunatics shut up with the prisoners in the city jail. The characterization is none too strong. The same state of things is to be found, we are told, all over the Province. In almost every town and county jail one or more of these most pitiable of all human beings, the demented, are shut up with the criminals and vagrants in the common jails. Shame on the wealthy and prosperous Province of Ontario, that it can permit such things. Shame on the Government and Legislature, so far as the fault is theirs that ample provision is not made for the proper care and treatment of these unfortunates. If fully reported, Mr. Goldwin Smith confined his expression of sympathy to the sane inmates of the prison, thus doomed

to constant association with those whose reason is dethroned. The ordeal is one to which no sane convict should be subjected. But does not society owe a duty also to the poor lunatics? Is it not one of the first and plainest of moral obligations that, in this scientific age, every one who is suffering from brain disease, or any form of mental malady, should have the best appliances that modern science can give to aid his possible recovery? Our hearts and consciences must have become case-hardened by use and wont, else we should recoil in horror from the thought of such neglect and cruelty, under forms of law and in public institutions.

IN a confederation of equal and practically independent states or colonies, what subjects of legislation and administration are properly national and what local? Can any clear and comprehensive principle be found to guide in drawing the line of demarcation between the two? This was undoubtedly the most difficult and perplexing problem before the respective founders of the two North American confederacies. The fathers of the United States Constitution tried to solve it in one way; the founders of the Canadian Confederation in another, and the events have already shown too clearly that neither body was absolutely successful. It is yet too early in the history of both countries to warrant an assertion as to which of the expedients adopted was soundest in principle, and most conducive to absolute success in practice. There are, of course, certain subjects falling so clearly within the limits of national jurisdiction, that there could be no hesitation in either case. Amongst these may be enumerated foreign relations, war or insurrection, commerce, the currency, the postal service, patents, copyrights, etc. In regard to unenumerated matters, the Tenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States declares that "the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people." The result is to-day the existence of the very "Difficult Problem in Politics," which Mr. Frank Gaylord Cook discusses in the January number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. While accepting, with pardonable inconsistency, such complimentary foreign opinions as that of Matthew Arnold that the United States have solved "the political and social problem," Mr. Cook proceeds to make it clear that that problem is really very far from being solved. The war of the Rebellion crushed out of sight for a season one set of difficulties, but others of great importance still rear their heads and create much and mischievous confusion, if they do not threaten immediate danger. The regulation of the liquor traffic, and of marriage and divorce, may be specially instanced. Mr. Cook admits that the old doctrine of State rights is still a force in politics, that the Constitution itself is almost incapable of amendment, and, virtually, that the only practical remedy lies in the direction of a suggestion made some years ago by President Woolsey, of Yale, looking to voluntary and concerted action by the Legislatures of the different States, with a view to uniform and concurrent legislation—a consummation which is hardly within the range of political possibility.

WITH the great Rebellion before their eyes as a warning against the principle adopted by the United States, the founders of the Dominion chose the alternative method, and expressly provided that all matters not given over specially and specifically to the Provinces by the Act of Union, should be relegated to the exclusive sphere of the central Government and Parliament. Whether this provision for strengthening the national at the expense of the local element of the constitution, will prove the wiser in the end it is yet too soon to predict. Certainly it has not been thus far found preventive of friction. It is happily evident that in the important matter of the marriage laws the division of subjects adopted in the Canadian Constitution is much the better, and we have escaped the terrible abuses which have resulted amongst our neighbours from the other arrangement, except in so far as the contiguity of the States exposes Canada to some extent to their baneful effects. It would indeed seem that the state of affairs existing in the United States to-day, as the result of this great constitutional mistake, should of itself be sufficient to deter Canadians who place social purity and order above material gain, from all thought of annexation.

Who would choose to become incorporated in a nation in which what constitutes marriage in one State may be no legal marriage in another; in which "persons divorced in one State may in another be lawful husband and wife," and in which "a man may at the same time have two or more legal wives, each in a separate State?" But so far as the settlement of questions of property or prerogative between the central and the local authorities is concerned, it is still too much to assume that the Canadian principle will prove safer than the American, especially should the right of appeal to the British Privy Council be at any time lost or repudiated. In fact, it is hardly too much to say that in the case of both nationalities this question of jurisdiction is the "rock ahead," which threatens most danger to the ship of state. It may be worthy of special consideration by Canadian statesmen whether our neighbours have not in the constitution of their Senate a safeguard which is conspicuously wanting under our own constitution.

THE Kingston correspondent of the *Mail* reports Principal Grant as saying, anent his three weeks' visit in Japan, that the Japanese amongst their other Westernizing tendencies, are growing dissatisfied with an exclusive rice diet, and are becoming bread-eaters. Dr. Grant thinks they will soon want an immense quantity of flour, and asks why this want should not be supplied from our great fertile prairies. The suggestion is far-seeing and patriotic, and may, for aught that appears, be within the range of the practicable. It might supply an additional reason, if any were needed, for pushing forward the Australian cable project. But the conception of the Japanese and other Eastern peoples as bread-eaters opens up a realm of future possibilities much wider than that of a new and immense grain market. Possibly Japan, like India, might betake itself to wheat-raising. The substitution of bread for rice might, we might almost say must, mean vastly more than this. It would mean, amongst other things, the awakening of new tastes, new wants, new ambitions, in a thousand other directions in a word such a revolution in the whole habits of the people, and such a stimulation of their industry and energy, as would lead to commercial operations vastly more important than any resulting from the mere demand, however great, for a single commodity.

THE relief societies of some of our cities and towns are finding a simple but very practical and effective means of dealing with the tramp fraternity, in the application of a work-test to all able-bodied applicants for charity. The indications are that Toronto, which seems hitherto to have been a favourite winter-quarters of the genus, will rid itself of from one-half to three-fourths of its professional mendicants of the travelling variety, by requiring a certain amount of exercise with the wood-saw as an equivalent for the food and shelter given at the House of Industry and the Jail. If it be objected that the lazy and worthless are thus driven forward to another locality, the ready answer is, let every other locality resort to the same expedient. The test is a most righteous one. It accords with the fundamental law of the broadest Christian charity, "If any will not work neither let him eat." If not only every corporation but every tender-hearted individual and family would but take the trouble to provide for and apply some such test in every case, tramp life would soon lose its attractiveness, a reforming agency of a most excellent kind would be set in operation, and immense stores of misapplied bounty would be saved from being worse than wasted, and made available for the relief of the helpless and deserving poor. The resources of benevolence, were they thus turned into the right channels, as they might be if the givers would but take a little more thought and trouble, would be ample in this land of plenty for the relief of all genuine destitution. The meaning and spirit of Christian altruism were grossly, though, no doubt, unwittingly, caricatured by the Vice-President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, when in his address before the Economic Section of that Society last August, he argued that the precepts of New Testament altruism ignore "the objective and ultimate effect" of the action, and "make not an iota of discrimination as to the effect upon others," thence deducing the conclusion that extreme altruism is just as far from virtue as extreme selfishness. It is a pity



that so much colour is often given to such misconceptions by the short-sighted and easy-going methods adopted by the altruists in their attempts at "the doing to another as one would be done by."

"GENERAL" BOOTH, of the Salvation Army, has, by a singularly bold and comprehensive proposition, brought to the surface in England some of the real difficulties with which all attempts at the systematic relief of poverty are beset. Under his direction the Salvation Army opened last January, near the West India Docks in London, a Food and Shelter Depôt, where food is supplied at the lowest possible rates, and a night's lodging in a clean and comfortable room given for a penny. No less than 23,500 beds at this price, and 470,000 meals, at prices varying from one farthing to one penny were supplied during the last nine months. Situations were found for a considerable number, who are now earning decent and comfortable livelihoods. Moreover, the Army has five Homes in London, seven in the country, and several abroad, at which fallen women at the rate of 1,000 per year are being rescued, seven-tenths of them it is said, permanently. This work seems to speak for itself, so long, at least, as it is carried on on the purely voluntary principle. But the Army now proposes to extend the work on an immense scale, by establishing no less than ten Food and Shelter Depôts, and ten Rescue Homes. In view of this magnificent project "General" Booth has presented a memorial to the Home Secretary, asking Government aid for the establishment, though not for the maintenance of these institutions. Fifteen thousand pounds is the sum needed. He would like best to have the money bestowed as a free gift. Failing that, he would like it as a loan without interest. Failing that, he would like the free use of Government buildings, and the use of Government stores free, or at reduced prices. The Secretary has promised to consider the proposal, and the papers are discussing it. Even the *Christian World* seems disposed to favour it, though it would evidently be the entrance of a wedge which would open the way for the virtual State endowment of a dozen churches instead of one. The *Spectator*, on the other hand, and with sounder logic, opposes the scheme, basing its objection on negative answers to three suggestive questions,—First, "Is it expedient that the thing be done at all?" This question is applied only to the Depôts, not to the Rescue Homes. Second, "If it is expedient, should it be done by Government aid?" Third, "Supposing both these questions to be answered affirmatively, should Government aid be given to the Salvation Army?"

SUPPORTERS of Premier Mercier and his Government have been returned in all three of the Quebec constituencies in which elections were held last week. Of eighteen bye-elections that have been held since Mr. Mercier came into power fourteen have resulted in his favour. It is said that he will now have on his side forty out of the sixty-five representatives composing the Lower House, and a majority of the Legislative Council as well. It is thus clear that the principles and policy represented by Premier Mercier are decidedly in the ascendant in the sister Province. What is to be the effect, first, upon the well-being and progress of the Province itself, and, second, upon those of the Dominion? The answer depends, of course, upon the character of those principles and that policy. Are they truly, genuinely Liberal? If so, few broad thinkers of either party could help being glad, for the politics of the French Province certainly are sadly in need of liberalizing. The doubt, perhaps the danger, in the case is that the victory is claimed not for Liberalism, but for nativism, which is a very distinct, if not antagonistic, thing. The triumphant party call themselves not Liberals, but Nationalists, meaning, of course, French Nationalists. Is the triumph of Mr. Mercier, then, the triumph of Sectionalism? Is it also stamped by Jesuit assistance and other indications as the triumph of Ultramontanism? If so, whither is the Province drifting, and what is to be the upshot for the Dominion? We do not attempt to answer these questions. We not even assert that the answer must necessarily be unsatisfactory. We are far from meaning to imply that the outlook for Canadian unity would or could be improved by the overthrow of the Nationalist and the re-establishment of the Bleu administration. We merely suggest the questions as worthy of the most earnest and dispassionate consideration of every patriotic Canadian.

THE annual banquet of the Massachusetts Tariff Reform League, held the other day in Boston, derived considerable interest from a letter from the President and a

speech by Secretary Fairchild. The President's letter was somewhat grandiloquent in style, but was clearly intended as a declaration that an unflinching and persistent struggle will be maintained by those for whom he can speak, on behalf of tariff reform. "Temporary defeat," President Cleveland declares, "brings no discouragement." Every "alluring overture" and "deceptive compromise" will be rejected by the pioneers of tariff reform, who are to "regain and restore the patrimony of their countrymen, freed from the trespass of grasping encroachment, and safely secured by the genius of American justice and equality." Mr. Fairchild's address was direct and forcible. Perhaps its most noteworthy point was the distinction drawn between the two kinds of so-called protective tariffs. The one is the old-fashioned one of Henry Clay, "the promotion of the infant industries," the underlying principle of which was that by the promise of an assured home-market certain important industries would in a short time become so established that they could give their products to the people as cheaply as they could be bought anywhere in the world. The other—the modern protective tariff—"the tariff embodied in the platform of the party successful in the late election"—has its foundation in the principle that it is best for the American people to buy and use certain articles which can be produced in this country only when thus produced or manufactured, cost what they may, and that to the promotion of this end all the powers of the Federal Government should be invoked. The distinction is one that protectionists and people will do well to bear in mind in Canada as well as in the United States.

THE demand now being made on behalf of American actors for protection against foreign competition is surely the *reductio ad absurdum* of nativism, or protection gone mad. It is well nigh inconceivable that a shrewd and ambitious people can deliberately legislate with a view to shutting themselves off from contact with what is best in art and artists from other countries, thus not only depriving themselves of the luxury of seeing the impersonations and listening to the interpretations of the master actors of the day, but, at the same time, taking away from native histrionic talent its best models and its strongest stimulus, and foredooming the nation to mediocrity in this department of art. And if in this, why not in every other field of intellectual activity and production? Yet it is thought to be by no means improbable that this selfsame suicidal thing may be done by the forthcoming, if not by the present, Congress. If those who persist in measuring themselves by themselves are not wise, what terms will do justice to the unwisdom of such a course?

A FARMER correspondent of the New York *Independent* makes and supports by statistics a statement which, if true, affords matter for serious thought to political economists, and to all other students of social and political problems. He asserts that the small farmers, as a class, are disappearing from the United States, and large estates being steadily built up by aggregation. He, for instance, says: "In 1880 the Bureau of Statistics in this State (Indiana) found that for eight years preceding that time there had been a steady annual increase of real-estate mortgages in Indiana, amounting to more than \$12,000,000. A majority of these mortgages were laid upon farms. I have repeatedly asked county recorders whether they recorded or cancelled more mortgages, and have invariably received for answer that the number recorded far exceeded the number cancelled. In Kansas and other Western States, I am informed, the condition is far worse than it is here." Speaking from his own observation he says, "To reach a similar conclusion in a different way one need only look in his own neighbourhood. I could show you many large estates which have been built up by absorption of smaller ones. I cannot think of a case where a large estate has been broken up and sold to small purchasers." Speaking theoretically one might predict such a result as the natural, if not inevitable, outcome of the modern methods and spirit, and especially of the use of labour-saving machinery, which, in its very nature, must be better adapted, economically, to large than small operations. But whereto all this is tending is a question which, none the less, demands anxious consideration.

EVIDENTLY some of the better class journals of the United States do not feel exactly proud of the energy and pluck displayed by their Government in the Hayti affair. The facts of the case as impartially summarized by the *Beacon*, of Boston, which, though anti-Democratic, defends the action of Secretary Bayard in the affair, are:

an insurrection and revolution in Hayti; a declaration of blockade by the Government; the transport of armed men from one Haytian port to another by a merchant steamship of the United States; and the seizure of that vessel by the Haytians. On the failure of the Haytian authorities to restore the vessel on demand, followed the despatch of United States warships, the entrance of one in belligerent style into the harbour of Port au Prince, and the surrender of the captured vessel under the compulsion of shotted guns and men at quarters. Technically the United States was right. There was no efficient blockade as required by the law of nations, and the merchant vessel transgressed no international code. Her seizure was therefore illegal. On the other hand, as the *Beacon* admits, the captain and officers of the seized vessel can deny that they knew they were carrying armed insurgents only at the expense of their reputation for intelligence. The prestige of the United States would hardly have suffered in the eyes of the nations, and its finances would probably have sustained the shock, had it waited until the little trouble in Hayti was over and a settled Government again in charge. To an anticipated view of this kind the *Beacon* sneeringly replies, "We may even find that our performance seems, to Englishmen, whose Government so scrupulously respects the rights of small and weak nations, to have been harsh and cruel. We must try to bear up under their reproaches, and, while being duly ashamed of our conduct toward Hayti, learn to appreciate the philanthropic sentiments which control the governments of Europe in their scramble for territory in Africa and in the islands of the Pacific." But then should it not have been a part of the mission of the freest and most democratic nation under the sun to set such an example of forbearance and magnanimity before the Old World despotisms as would have humiliated them by contrast? Whereas now it is the little negro Republic which complains bitterly of having been humiliated.

DURING the current month a series of events of no little importance will take place in England, in the election of the county councils, which are to commence in April to work under the new Local Government Act. The Act is, it is true, not so much an innovation as the extension of a system already in use. Country places are henceforth to have elected councils, as towns already have. The elections and the proceedings are to be similar to those of the town councils. The county councils, which may average about eighty members each, will have very considerable powers. To them will pertain the administrative business hitherto done by magistrates in quarter session. They will have the making and levying of rates, borrowing of money when needed, the erection and maintenance of public buildings, the management of lunatics, appointment of coroners, payment of compensation for injuries by rioters, power over bridges, roads and footpaths, granting of licenses for music and dancing, the alteration of the areas of poor law unions, and many other important functions mentioned in the Act. The county police force is to be under the control of joint committees of the county councils and justices of the peace. The provision of the Act which is viewed with most suspicion by the more democratic is that which makes it the duty of each council, immediately on its organization, to choose a certain number of aldermen, who are to hold office for six years, while the elected members themselves retire at the end of three years. Some of the papers are already warning their readers that this part of the arrangement will require serious watching, else it may be made the means of placing great power in the hands of the local clergy and squirearchy, both parsons and peers being eligible for aldermanic honours. But the burning question at the forthcoming election will relate to the matter of licenses, the proposed control of these having been withdrawn from the county councils, when it was found inexpedient or impossible to carry the compensation clauses of the original Bill through Parliament. The publicans will naturally feel that their fate in the future will be to a large extent in the hands of the councils, and will be likely to bring their full influence to bear to secure councillors favourable to their views.

IT is so far satisfactory to find that the responsible representatives of the English East Africa Company are prompt and emphatic in their denial of the charge of complicity in slavery on the part of the agents of the company in Zanzibar. The matter is one in regard to which public opinion in England and throughout the British Empire is, we are proud to know, extremely sensitive. It is unfortunate for the Company that public suspicion should have been aroused. Nothing but the clearest proof of inno-

cence will now wholly allay that suspicion. It is, no doubt, a strong objection to endowing private trading companies of this kind with such extensive powers, that the temptations to their abuse, in a barbarous country, are always very great. It is, indeed, questionable whether the policy of bestowing such a charter as that given to this company is defensible on sound principle under any circumstances. It must always be more or less dangerous to entrust a body of private adventurers, whose controlling motive is to make gain for the shareholders, with prerogatives which can ordinarily be exercised with safety only by those who are responsible to the nation and the world for their dealings with the inferior tribes over whom they assert authority. There is little doubt that the allegations against the East African Company—the high character of whose chief promoters was supposed to afford ample guarantee of scrupulous good conduct—will be made the subject of rigid inquiry in Parliament and out. Nothing less will satisfy a nation which hates and abjures slavery in every form.

IT has been the habit of a certain class of people to lament Britain's lack of cunning in the councils of Europe. John Bull, they say, is too open-hearted, too free-spoken, too generous in trifles, to compete with the more astute, if narrower, diplomats of foreign countries. We think proof to the contrary has been abundantly manifest of late. John Bull has come off the better in many a bargain. For example, there has been going on between the Court of St. James and the Court at Teheran for a long time now, quietly and all unknown to the public, a series of diplomatic movements, resulting in enormous advantage to Great Britain. Persia is one of Russia's keys to India—she has a whole bunch of them—and a very important key it is; more important, some think, than Afghanistan, certainly than Turkestan. This England recognized when she sent out Sir Henry Drummond Wolff to be Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the Shah. And Sir H. D. Wolff has by no means been idle. We learn that his mission has been so successful in winning over the Shah's Government to recognize the importance and advantage of English influence that Russia's jealousy has been aroused, and Russian newspapers "vehemently complain of the predominant influence acquired in Persia by Great Britain." Nor is this the sole example we have recently had of the value of British diplomacy. The subsidence of the Fisheries problem was in no way due to Mr. Chamberlain's deficiencies. Parties of all shades will admit his liberal views and conciliating attitude on that much-vexed question. So, too, with the Sackville incident. Whatever may be thought of Lord Salisbury's action, or want of action, all will grant that there has been no lack of diplomatic manoeuvres on the part of England. In short, Great Britain may, we think, justly pride herself on the class of diplomats to which she has given birth. The name of Lord Dufferin needs only to be mentioned; Lord Lansdowne, the Marquis of Ripon, Sir Edward Malet—these, and many others, have shown that they well knew how to sustain England's influence in one or other of her far-off domains.

ESPECIALLY interesting to those who watch Russia's fixed gaze on India is this success of England's mission to Persia. Professor Arminius Vambéry, the well-known writer on the relations between England, Russia, and India, characterizes it as a "diplomatic triumph." "Sir H. Drummond Wolff's success," says the *Times's* St. Petersburg correspondent, "is considered [by the Russian press] as a national Russian disaster." Such expressions of opinion from such sources are significant. Russia has ever kept an eye on Persia, and it has generally been considered an evil eye; for it was avowedly for political, not at all for commercial or amicable purposes. Persia, in such close proximity as she is to Afghanistan, would have been an ugly foe were open hostilities to break out regarding the thousand and one frontier questions that a few years ago kept everybody on the *qui vive*. She would be a still uglier foe were she openly to side with England. This would mean a large drain on Russia's armies. Again, England's influence throughout the East is spreading and diverging much too fast for Russia's equanimity. Many recent events must have caused acute pangs of jealousy in Muscovite military circles; the liberal offers of wealthy Indian feudatory chiefs to contribute towards the influence of India's north-west frontier not least of these. The accession of Burmah, Russia has not talked much about; but peradventure she thinks the more. Indeed, England has, we think, made during the last few years great strides in strengthening her foreign relationships, especially those over which the hostile shade of Russia's sinister influence broods.

THE Durbar of seven hundred ladies held by Lady Dufferin in Calcutta, on the eve of her departure from India, was an event unique in the history of the East, and one full of present and prophetic significance. All men, even the Viceroy, were rigidly excluded. As the *London Spectator* observes, subservience in India, even to a Viceroy or a Viceroy's wife, has strict limits, and "before Indian gentlemen would have allowed their wives to risk breaking the immutable custom of the Zenana—and there must have been a risk—they must have felt some emotion very keenly." That emotion, the *Spectator* believes, was gratitude for deliverance present and prospective, from a terrible evil. That evil is that the women of India are, by the iron hand of immemorial custom, totally cut off from skilled medical attendance. No matter how dreadful the accident, how deadly the disease, or how great the extremity, they are given over absolutely to the tender mercies of the most unskilled and ignorant of their sex. Lady Dufferin has already wrought wonders. Aided by her influential position, she has "induced many Princes nobles and rich men to help her; raised a fund now exceeding £70,000, started female hospitals, imported female doctors from England, set up colleges where native midwives receive a scientific training, and spread everywhere the opinion that Indian ladies have as much right as men to scientific treatment, and that it could be and should be administered by trained women." The movement is but in its infancy and needs pecuniary help. An appeal is to be made to England, which the *Spectator*, for reasons which seem to us wholly unsatisfactory, refuses to support. But in the great ladies' Durbar, and in the state of native opinion and feeling which it represented, Lady Dufferin must have had both the first fruits and the ample pledge of ultimate success in her noble undertaking.

#### FEDERATION AND ANNEXATION.

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH was perfectly justified, when he pointed out, in the *Mail*, that Mr. Butterworth's propositions for the annexation of Canada to the United States are the best proof that there was no conspiring between him and the Professor and Mr. Wiman in their campaign on behalf of Commercial Union. All the same, it was very unpleasant to have the proposition "sprung" upon them at this particular moment. Everybody must admit that there is a great deal to be said in favour of annexation. In fact, there is so much to be said for it that ordinary people have to think a moment before they are ready with the arguments on the other side.

One cannot help thinking, in such a train of thought, of the relation of Belgium to France, and of the many arguments that might be used in favour of the annexation of the smaller country to the larger. Frenchmen and Belgians are largely of the same races, they speak the same languages, for in most of the Belgian towns the Flemish language is almost unknown and French is universally spoken, and they have the same religion, for the Belgians, like the French, are nearly all either Roman Catholics or unbelievers. It would seem the most natural thing in the world, therefore, that Belgium should be united to France; and the French wanted it; and Louis Napoleon had almost arranged to effect it, only the German Chancellor thought better of it, or worse of it as the case may be, and would not allow him. How, then, is it that the union does not come off? For the simple reason that the Belgians do not want it, and will not have it, and that the rest of Europe will not have them coerced.

Well! it is very much the same thing with ourselves. Canadians may be unwise, they may be blind to their own interests, they may not appreciate to its full worth the "almighty dollar;" but, however it may be accounted for, they do not want annexation, and they will not have it. They cherish the kindest feelings towards their neighbours, they are willing to trade with them, to associate with them as equals, cordially to recognise them as men of the same blood; but they are not prepared to be politically one with them. A change may come over us in the future; but at the present moment the vast majority of Canadians are utterly opposed to annexation, and those who are in favour of it are an insignificant minority.

A certain number of our fellow-countrymen favour independence; but, however it may be in the future, the notion cannot at present be entertained by any serious politician. We are not strong enough to stand alone, and it is wasting time and words to discuss the question. The advocates of the immediate independence of Canada are either irresponsible talkers, mostly of tender years, or else they are not absolutely sincere.

On the back of all these come the Imperial Federationists, with their undeniable theory and their impossible

practice. They are perfectly right, as we have often pointed out, when they say that the bonds between the Mother Country and her Colonies must be tightened, or they will, by and by, be dissolved. But their adversaries are also justified when they declare that the Federationists have propounded no feasible scheme the adoption of which they can themselves recommend. Moreover, they point out, quite properly, the enormous difficulty of giving a preference to the Colonies by admitting their produce free of duty, and taxing imports from other countries. Such a change, they contend, would disorganize the commerce of the world and produce the most injurious consequences, more especially in Great Britain.

Shall we say, then, that meetings like that held last week, by Mr. D'Alton McCarthy and his Association, are useless, and merely wasteful of the time of those who take part in them? By no means. A change which is quite inconceivable in the present may be quite possible in the future. No one can deny that something like Imperial Federation is theoretically desirable; that, unless something of the kind can be brought about, the various portions of the Empire will almost certainly drift asunder; nor is it impossible that in the development of the colonies and in the changes which may occur in the Mother Country, circumstances may arise which may render workable a theory which, at the present moment, no one seems able to put in shape.

But whether this be so or not, it is in the highest degree desirable that the various theories which find favour with different thinkers and politicians should be thoroughly ventilated, especially that they should be expounded and discussed with the greatest freedom before any action is taken to carry any of them into effect. Some few among us are in favour of annexation to the United States. A similar number may probably be found who are impatient for independence. A large and increasing number, including some of our ablest men, have pronounced in favour of Imperial Federation. The great mass of the people are contented with the *status quo*; and in this case the "masses" are right, whether the "classes" agree with them or not. Whatever may be our future destiny, it is well that, for the present, we should "rest and be thankful." It is possible that Commercial Union or Annexation might make us richer, but, as it is, we are not badly off. It is, of course, possible that we might better ourselves, but it is not absolutely certain; and it would be a pity to sacrifice a possible remote future for a nearer future which disappointed our expectations. With nations, as with individuals, it is a mistake to act before the circumstances seem to demand it. Nations, like individuals, are generally shown what is best to be done, if they will only exercise a little patience and are ready to do their duty.

#### A REPLY ON OVER-EXAMINATION.

IT was quite natural that the protest against over-examination, on which we commented a fortnight ago, should call forth replies and counter protests. For, indeed, the subject is one of real difficulty; and it is much more easy to point out the evil than to show how it may be avoided, or to indicate a remedy.

The protest before us in the December number of the *Nineteenth Century* consists of three short articles by Professor Knight of St. Andrew's, by "Harold Arthur Perry," and by "H. Temple Humphrey." We have not the honour of the acquaintance of the last two gentlemen, and it is quite possible that not to know them is to argue ourselves unknown. But certainly these three names are hardly of much importance as placed over against the vast array which took the field as against over-examination.

Professor Knight's paper, which naturally invites attention first, rather bears out the remark made the other day by one of his reviewers, that he seems to be attempting too much. The Professor is undeniably capable of doing good work. His volume on Hume in Blackwood's *Philosophical Classics*, of which he is the editor, is a very satisfactory book; and he has rendered other excellent services to literature and science. But even a clever man may attempt too much, and we hear great complaints of the careless correction of the press in the expensive new edition of Wordsworth, which Dr. Knight is editing. Is it possible that the learned gentleman is doing something akin to the cramming in education, against which the first protest was directed, and feels the need of self-defence?

Professor Knight says that the protest has "manifestly overshot the mark, and erred in another way" from that of the abuse of our examination system; and he tries to point out some of its errors. He is peculiarly unfortunate in the first which he selects. He says it is a libel to say that children are regarded as "suitable instru-



ments for earning government money," and "are trained for scholarships as horses are trained for races." Doubtless the expressions are strong, but they are not exaggerated. Dr. Knight says quite truly that there is no educator "who has ever espoused the doctrine that the main end of education is to win a money prize or a professional post;" but we cannot go with him when he continues, "and there are very few—even among the satirized 'crammers' who act as if it were so."

We have not the least doubt that Professor Knight is saying what he thinks and believes. But in that case, his experience must be decidedly limited. If parents and children, and crammers and examiners could be got, separately and without previous consultation, into the witness box, we imagine that the resulting convictions produced upon the jury would leave in their minds no doubt of the truth of the protest and the insufficiency of the defence.

It is quite beside the question when Professor Knight says that it is much more common to have a keen eye for existing defects, than the constructive instinct to devise a remedy. The protesters had already said this very thing, although in less grandiloquent language; but neither they nor any one else—not even Professor Knight, we imagine—would think of laying down the principle that the diagnosis of a disease was of no value, unless a remedy were forthwith provided. At least there can be no perfect cure so much as thought of until we understand the malady; and a tolerably complete knowledge of the disease will bring us on our way towards its removal.

Again, the Professor denies that the present system tends to make education all of one type and to destroy individuality. The Professor has evidently never crossed the Atlantic, or he would have seen that which is only a tendency in England and in Scotland turned into a concrete fact on this side of the ocean. Only the other day a Canadian speaker at an American Congress lamented the loss of individuality in the Dominion, expressing the hope that matters might in this respect be in a better condition in the States. "Why," said an American clergyman afterwards, "in this country we turn them out of our schools like so many yards of calico, all alike."

On some points the critic agrees, in a measure, with the contents of the protest; but he almost makes merry over Mr. Max Müller's proposal to have two kinds of examinations. "It is curious," he says, "that when Mr. Max Müller hints of [at?] a remedy for the evils which we all deplore, he actually proposes another examination." It would be almost rude to suggest that he had not taken the trouble to understand the meaning of the proposition to which he objects; for it certainly did suggest something that would have proved at least a partial remedy for the acknowledged evil.

Mr. Müller had been complaining of the amount of cramming that, more particularly in the case of Honour men, was taking the place of education. Now, he said, in effect, with regard to Pass men and all men, we must secure that they come up to a certain standard, and, in order to this, their knowledge must be tested by examination in the contents of authorized text-books. But with regard to Honour men, the examination must be of a different kind, of a kind that will test and recognize not the mere possession of the contents of a certain number of books, but the general intelligence and education of the examinee. It is quite true that this is, in a certain sense, the addition of another examination, but it is for the purpose of substituting a rational method for one that is irrational and mischievous.

The second paper in the series is partly sarcastic and scornful, but partly also in agreement with the representations of the "Protestants," as the author calls them. He agrees that examinations are too frequent, and examinees are too numerous, and, in accounting for this fact, he dwells upon a consideration to which we have, on former occasions, drawn attention, namely, "that growing hatred for manual labour, which is fostered by cheap schooling, cheap printing, and cheap politics. Crowds of candidates, with constitutions enfeebled by bad food and want of care in infancy, are now engaging in educational competitions, which are far more trying to them than any handicraft would have been. . . . Hence the victims whose physical collapse is deplored in the Protest."

We quote these words for the sake of the timely warning against the "growing hatred for manual labour;" but we cannot in the least agree with the writer that the breakdown of young men, at or after those examinations, is accounted for by their being badly fed and cared for in early youth. It is quite well known that many young men have had quite good constitutions shattered by the present competitive system of education, and that some of them have never wholly recovered.

The writer of the third paper disposes of the protest, signed, as our readers will remember, by nearly all the most distinguished scholars and teachers in England (!) in little more than one page; and his arguments are of a very peculiar character. Here they are: "I have been successful in two open competitions: the appointments were for the Indian and Home Services, with £1,000 and £500 per annum respectively, the highest ever given direct in open competitions. . . . I left a small London day-school at fourteen years of age, and taught myself all I know after that in the evenings and anyhow; but I never had an hour's 'coaching' or 'cramming' from any one," and so forth. Consequently, argues the writer, cramming is not necessary, and more to the same effect. But who needed any such proof? All that the argument proves is that Mr. H. Temple Humphrey is a very clever, perhaps a very able, man, and, like other able men, overcame difficulties under which most men would have succumbed. But this no more affects the general contention of the Protesters than one swallow makes a summer; and we find ourselves only more convinced of the substantial truth of the protest, and of the necessity of publishing it, by the reading of this "Reply."

### THE GOVERNMENT AND THE BANK CIRCULATION.

FROM a report in a commercial journal of an interview with a leading banker it appears that the Treasury having been depleted by largesses to the C. P. R., Better Terms and grants to constituencies for local works, the Government propose to replenish it by appropriating the circulation of the banks. Dealing with the currency is a time-honoured expedient of governments in financial difficulties. They used to debase the coin; now they issue paper currency and make it legal tender. In addition to the expected profit, Government, by seizing on the circulation of the banks, may earn a little popularity among the State Socialists and the partizans of the Rag Baby, and not only among these theorists, but among those who hate the banks and would rejoice in any mischief done them, simply because they are prosperous institutions by which other people are making money. Where commerce and commercial communities would be without banks to keep deposits, to sustain trade by supplying credit and to economize gold by affording a trustworthy basis for a paper circulation the enemies of these corporations probably care little to inquire.

It is the business of the Government to stamp the coin and thus to assure us that the pieces are up to the proper weight and fineness. But with the issue of bank bills, Government, I would venture to submit, has nothing to do, any more than it has with discounting or with any branch of the money trade, or indeed of any trade whatever. The impression that it has, and that the profits of the paper circulation properly belong to it seems to arise partly from a loose use of the name "money," which ought to be confined to coin, but is extended in common parlance to that which only represents coin. A bank bill, like a check, a bill of exchange or a promissory note, is not money but an instrument of credit. It is not a payment but a promise to pay on demand. When it changes hands, gold passes, just as it does when a check changes hands, from the credit of the giver to the credit of the taker at the bank of issue. Bank bills differ from other instruments of credit only in being generally current. As they are generally current it is necessary, in the public interest, to surround their issue with special safeguards, such as the requirement of a sufficient reserve, secured by inspection, and that of a double liability. To provide these safeguards by legislation is the function of Government. A Government has no other function that I can see in regard to bank bills any more than in regard to other instruments of credit.

At the time of the American Civil War the Secretary of the Treasury issued a flood of legal tender bills which he called money. He was told, but refused to believe, that this proceeding was simply a forced loan, and that when the day of resumption came he would have to pay an enormous rate of interest, besides the mischief which would be done to commerce in the meanwhile. When the day of resumption came he had virtually to pay a rate of interest measured by the depreciation of his paper, which had sunk at one time to more than fifty below par. The example is a good one to keep in mind if we wish not to forget the difference between currency and money. Mr. Chase's printing machine, aided by the Legal Tender Act, made currency with a vengeance, but the event showed that it could not make money.

In the annals of commerce, I will venture to say, there

is not a cleaner page than the record of the banks of British Canada during the last twenty years. One very bad case we have just had; and the Government, in its raid upon the circulation, may perhaps be supported by the feeling which this case has excited. But even the Central Bank pays the holders of its bills, and not only the holders of its bills but, in part, its depositors also. The bills, I believe, were offered at a discount of about ten per cent.; but they were accepted the day after the suspension by the other banks at par and the redemption of them began within a week. The bills of the American Government were at a discount of more than fifty per cent. The English bank notes were at a discount at one time of twenty-five per cent. The paper currency of the Jacobin Government of France, that paragon at once of State Socialism and Greenbackism, sank to zero; the Government then forced the circulation with the guillotine, and the results were the wreck of commerce, the ruin of industry, and a national famine. It is needless to recount the doleful history of Government paper in Austria, Russia and Spain, to say nothing of the South American Republics and Hayti. Bank paper, under proper regulations, must always represent cash; Government paper too often represents the want of it.

The circulation, while it is in the hands of the banks is under the control of the Legislature, which can impose all needful restrictions in the way of reserves or inspection, and is pretty sure not to be too indulgent to the banks. A Government commanding a majority can vote itself all the license that it pleases; it is its own inspector, and is subject to no double liability. Some day we may have Greenbackers in power. The reserve held by the Government against its paper circulation at present in gold or guaranteed securities is twenty-five per cent.; and of the twenty-five per cent., only fifteen per cent. is required to be in gold, the gold moreover being English gold, which is not well suited for the purposes of commerce on this continent. Of the Chartered Banks the resources immediately available are large and the bank note issue is a first charge on all the assets, including the double liability of the shareholders. The paper of a bank is not legal tender, and can be refused if there is any ground for suspicion. The paper of Government is legal tender even when tendered by the Government itself. Nobody's paper, surely, ought to be legal tender. When the paper is good it will be taken; if it is bad or doubtful the people ought not to be forced to take it.

So long as the paper circulation is issued by the banks, its volume, like the volume of every other instrument of credit, will be regulated by the requirements of commerce. But what is to regulate the volume of the paper circulation when it is issued by the Government? The theory of the Finance Minister for the time being, who, as I have said, may some day be a Greenbacker. Even honest attempts at government regulation of the volume of the paper currency made by the most skilful hands, have failed. The English Bank Charter Act has been several times suspended at the very junctures for which it was intended to provide. Its chief effect seems to be a sort of hysterical constriction in the money market whenever a crisis comes in view. It should be borne in mind, by the way, that the Bank of England, by which the bills are issued, is a corporation entirely distinct from the Government, and strictly regulated by law.

The standard of commercial morality among us is unquestionably higher than the standard of political morality. Political morality, in fact, is almost a jest. In transferring the control of the paper currency from the bankers to the politicians we shall be transferring it from the higher morality to the lower. The "State," of which State Socialists talk as if it were an earthly vicar of the Supreme Being, is nothing but the leading politician of the hour. Again, the hands in which the circulation now is are skilled hands, the hands of men chosen for their financial capacity and experience. But men are often pitch-forked into the office of the Minister of Finance, as well as into other Cabinet offices, by the mere convenience of party. The present Finance Minister is, I believe, a very good speaker and very useful to his party through his influence over the Prohibitionist vote; but nobody seems to think that he owes his appointment to special fitness.

In laying its hands on the currency, Government, it is needless to say, touches the very life of commerce and industry, and its proceedings, especially when it is acting under the temptations arising from financial deficit and difficulty, ought to be closely watched by the commercial world.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

JOHN STUART MILL says, in one of his works, that it is a very doubtful question whether the great mechanical discoveries have ever eased the daily burdens for any human being.

THRUSH AND POET.

THE thrush's song is strongest when he sings  
 Love messages to some entrancing bird ;  
 His eager heart, with inner impulse stirred,  
 Gives untold sweetness to the lay that rings  
 Through the cool wood and by the laughing springs,  
 With melody she ne'er before had heard ;  
 His song is to all other songs preferred,  
 And swift she joins him with love-quicken'd wings.

The poet bird-like sings his keenest strain,  
 When all his being pulses with love's fire,  
 When all his moments feel the thrilling reign  
 Of her who can ennobling thoughts inspire ;  
 Each way he turns, sky, air, and hill, and plain  
 Receive new beauties from his soul's desire.  
 T. G. MARQUIS.

LONDON LETTER.

I HAD the *Century* for December in my hand, the other day, as I sat perched up in the narrow gallery of that dull, dull commission—four winds from heaven blowing round me from innumerable draughty doors and windows, the Irish witnesses' extraordinary jargon confusing my brain—and, turning over the pages, dry as dust for the most part, I tried to take pleasure in Mr. Cable's dull little story, and allowed myself to be interested, absorbed, in Mr. James' *London* in a manner that made me for the time oblivious of anything that occurred in Court. If I speak of the paper more highly than you think it deserves you must remember the place in which it was read (where I should have pored over even *Rasselas*, I am sure, without missing a word), and something should be said, too, for my love of the subject of Mr. James' affection, a love never ceasing, only increasing with a more intimate acquaintance.

It seems to me impossible that any poor soul who has never seen London should read this *Century* article without longing to start off at once to those dear kind streets and houses with their friendly faces and charming old-world names—a longing that would go near to break one's heart if it were likely never to be satisfied. Never to have been here, that must be dreadful ; never to wish to come is beyond my comprehension. Do such people exist ? To listen to Bow Bells for the first time ; to stand on Tower Green with the tame ravens flapping about your feet, the shadows falling as peacefully on Bishop Gundulph's walls, on the low grey church and gabled Tudor houses, as if one were on a village common ; from the roar of Holborn to turn at once into the straight-pathed gardens, steeped in repose, of Gray's Inn, where the tongues in the trees whisper of all sorts of strange forgotten memories, where the ghosts dress in ruff and farthingale ; to loiter in the balconied courtyards of the Southwark posting houses, unchanged since Sam Weller was last there ; to watch the pigeons circle round Guildhall—what delightful experiences ! Cockneys are made of London clay, and, in consequence, to them no other town is so entirely sympathetic (is it not bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh ?) but even to the ordinary visitor within our gates the gold-paved streets must appeal, in many different ways of course. If to a love of solitude you add moments when you desire gaiety, if with an affection for Letters yet you occasionally take a hatred to any sort of booklearning, in any and every mood, in most circumstances of life you must be blind indeed not to discover the great city to be of inestimable value, true as steel, modest, wise, watchful, a friend in the best sense of the word, for it makes one help one's self, the truest kindness—this is the character of the British capital.

It is certainly not to the unappreciative that Mr. James addresses his icily-genial, coldly-warm eulogy of our town, but to those who have "submitted to Londonization," (so he says in his own American language), or having once been here are troubled till they visit us again, and yet again. Often he writes guardedly, as if the praise were wrung unwillingly from him ; he writes unjustly when he says of the London populace in general that a race of more vulgar or abominable tone he knows not of ; he writes with no sense at all of the humorous side of the life of the streets, but all the same he shows at every turn of the sentences how vast is his regard for the picturesque districts, these different lands, with each their own costume and language—the talk of Islington is not like that of May Fair, neither do the inhabitants of Hammersmith dress in a manner resembling the dwellers in Belgrave Square—and in consequence of that regard the paper is pretty much all it should be. There is a desire not to puff us up unduly ; there is a wish that we had made better use of our many advantages, had not gone three on a Nap Land, so to speak, in the matter of the Embankment—or was it Hyde Park corner ? He is pleased when he meets on Ludgate Hill Queen Anne, sceptre in hand ; he is courteous about Piccadilly, the Strand, the parks, he would like to tell us, only he has not the time, all he sees when he strays into Bloomsbury or Kensington ; in passing, he assures us that, personally, he can find no serious fault with our atmosphere ; in a word, Mr. James is content, I think, to take London for better or for worse, and not even a fog, or the "miles of the dreariest, stodgiest commonness" he has discovered on the banks of the Thames can scare him from his purpose. I don't know that I missed a word, and, though I particularly remember that Kensington is called "the once-delightful" (that phrase is wrong, the "once" should be eliminated), and St. James' Palace "queer and shabby" (queer!

when on every brick history has stamped a hundred delightful marks ; shabby ! when within hang priceless treasured pictures in stately saloons, and fine coloured lengths of tapestry decorate Anne Boleyn's own morning room, while without, gorgeous yeomen of the guard keep watch round its battlemented walls), yet I can hardly find it in my heart to wish that anything should be altered. The town charming Mr. James as a whole, he fails to conceal his satisfaction with it, even though his lodging was stuffy, its ornamentation of lithograph and wax-flower not to his taste, and this satisfaction is communicated to the reader.

It is impossible, I know, altogether to please a London lover ; our particular points of view are too apt to be ignored, and we discover that our piece of perfection is for someone else quite ugly and meaningless, oddly enough ; but in this particular case I have little fault to find of any moment. As a last word but one I should like to be told why the famous Hampstead inn is called *The Three Spaniards*. That may be its name, but to those who frequent it, it is never anything but *The Spaniards*, (you will remember Mrs. Bardell), and often to the holiday folk it is *The Spaniards*. As a last word I should like to say I found the article all too short, and wished ardently that so much had not been left unsung. The clever unequal little illustrations—Piccadilly has the effect of an instantaneous photograph—helped me over another half hour, and then at last I had to close my magazine, and devote myself seriously to the business of the Court.

What I was doing in that *galère*—or rather gallery—I know not. It was difficult to get places ; I like to see most things ; everyone else had been or was dying to go ; these, I suppose, were some of the reasons why. At the monstrous hour of a quarter to ten I and a sleepy companion were at the policeman-guarded portals of the Law Courts ready to make a rush for front seats directly we were permitted to pass through the great hall and go up the Gothic staircase to our eyry. The time seemed long, waiting there in the porch, and we were glad when at last, after a deal of unnecessary hurry, we found ourselves, by virtue of our pink tickets, in a sort of private box high up in the wall where no one attempted to dispute our right to the best, and where we and the draughts were alone for the first part of the morning. But business there we had none, for neither of us knew anything much of the cause we had come to try. At first, I am bound to say, we did our duty ; nothing escaped our vigilance. We noted the unpicturesque look of the square room, and wondered what sort of a picture Mr. Calderon will contrive to make with these unsuitable materials, and what point of the trial he will select ; we watched the usher as he filled the inkstands with fresh ink, and likened ourselves to unfashionable guests at a rout who, coming too early, assist at the lighting of the candles : we took a deep interest in every fresh arrival, and could have stood an examination on the personal appearance of most of the people in the crowded public gallery to our left, and in the body of the Court, for nothing was too trivial for our attention. All the counsel came by degrees—we soon learnt to distinguish them by name—and in front of them sat Biggar and Harrington, Davitt and George Lewis, and behind them the *Times* reporters and the small fry. Courteously we all stood as the three grave judges came through the curtains and sat in their great armchairs in front of the piled and littered desks ; breathlessly we waited for Webster's opening words to the remarkably nervous gentleman who crept into the witness-box, and who answered the question asked in a manner that was perfectly unintelligible, at all events as regards ourselves. No one could have found fault with our demeanour for the first hour ; we were deeply and deadly in earnest, and my companion gave way to so many harsh whispers on the subject of the Irish Question that I had to remind her of Johnson's remark "that political asperity is as unbecoming in a woman as a long beard." We listened to a gray-haired old man who had had his right ear cut off by the cruel boycotters ; to another who had lost, to his stupefied amazement, seemingly, his left arm ; to yet a third, who had had terrible armed and masked midnight visitors who had threatened vengeance, but had done nothing further, and we wondered, when at last we grasped the meaning of the words (the awe of the Court was upon us, and we still spoke low), how these things could possibly happen in a Christian country within a few hours of London. *Why are these awful things allowed ?* said D., sorrowfully, to me. It was not long after that, I think, that we had a police inspector as witness, in the middle of whose lengthy examination I noticed an intense desire, both in myself and my companion, not only to yawn but to fidget. That we were still tender-hearted over the victims I can vouch, but we caught each other watching the slow-ticking clock. D. took off her hat about this time to see if it was that which made her feel so tired, and I furtively ran through the pages of the *Century* ; but it was not till an hour and a half of the inspector's cross-examination (he was a charming looking person, Oxford-bred, and at first we had taken much interest in him) that I openly busied myself, with no sort of reserve at all, in the magazine, hearing D. say, half to herself, but still much too loud, *I do hope Balz will have a good dinner*. On and on I read. The Court, listening to the wearisome questions and answers, must, I think, judging by my own feelings, have been pleased when luncheon time arrived—a refreshment of which we partook in a chilly Gothic crypt somewhere out of the hall, and over which we hurried for fear others should take our seats ; I can't tell why ; they might have had mine, and welcome—and the Court, judging again by my own feelings, must have been still more relieved when at the stroke of four,

the judges, bowing to us, retired (like Mr. Chops, the dwarf) behind their curtain, and we were free to complain bitterly of the horror of having to sit still the whole day, and to wonder what on earth made us wish to come to such a gruesome entertainment. Out in the Strand the grey dusk, jewelled with stars of light, made of Holywell Street the most picturesque old-world lane, and caused even prosaic Clement's Inn to assume an appearance of Romance. We turned to the west, and threaded our way back round the familiar turns, along the well-known short cuts, into Piccadilly, and so through Knightsbridge (the very names are music in one's ears), and as we walked we registered a vow that never, never, shall that awful Court be again graced by our presence. Orion, striding across the heavens, looked down upon us, and heard our wrathful words ; the Great Bear listened to our vows. I intend to keep my oath, I think, but already D. is intriguing for more tickets, as her visit has, she says, caused much jealous heartburning among her intimate friends. It may be our duty to hear the other side, in which case, when the Irish gentlemen have their turn I should not wonder if we found ourselves again among the audience.

WALTER POWELL.

MONTREAL LETTER.

PATRIOTISM, like all effervescent conditions of the human mind, is infectious. The echoes of St. Andrew's Day have hardly died away when our French citizens, at a meeting of their St. Jean Baptiste Society, stir the hearts of each other to a sense of the duty they owe to their patron saint. After drafting and passing some new by-laws the members had their patriotic sentiment fanned to white heat by their president, Mr. L. O. David, who, in terms to which his native language so happily lends itself, depicted the inexcusable apathy of his fellow-countrymen in a matter of grave importance in the organizations of the Church to which they are attached. For all great public demonstrations our French brethren have to resort either to an English hall or to nature's free and unlimited accommodation under heaven's ethereal blue. It is possible that for the one emergency we possess no hall capacious enough ; and for the other no weather (now at least) constant enough. At all events, we are to have a magnificent building erected for this society, with large halls and suites of offices as head quarters for various other French communities. Commodious and attractive shops are to occupy the ground floor, and the revenue from this source is expected to reach a high figure. Nevertheless the prospective dividend has been fixed at not more than five per cent, and any surplus is to be set aside for decorating the hall with works of Canadian artists, and for the charitable schemes of the societies which meet under its roof. The site chosen is one of the very finest in the French quarter, the corner of St. Catherine and St. Denis Streets, and overlooking the exquisite Church of Notre Dame de Lourdes. The erection will constitute a feature in the neighbourhood, and an aesthetic addition to the east end. The patriotic sentiment was struck while hot, and some enthusiastic subscriptions were thrown off. The Hon. Mr. Mercier contributed handsomely by telegraph.

Annexation, like Federation, comes in puffs. "L'Electeur" is being dragged over the coals for breathing, not a suspicion of a leaning thitherwards, but a conviction that there is no reason for excluding that, any more than other public questions, from its pages. It fails to see why a man should be considered a traitor to his country for discussing the feasibility and probability of Annexation, instead of unfeasibility and improbability. The day has passed for ever when Imperial Federation is possible, even if advisable. The day may come sooner than many of us dream when we shall have to choose between absolute partnership and absolute responsibility in a limited future, and limited partnership and responsibility in an absolute future. And who dare say which is the choice of the patriot and which of the traitor ? I find no sentiment whatever in Canada which can stand the strain of the stock exchange or the annual dividend. That is to say, individual sentiment, which we are always ready to own. There is much of a kind of conglomerate bombast which men put on with their overcoat on their way to a public meeting, and are content to leave recorded in official minutes. All our schemes for the future are what Mr. Wilfrid Chateaufort would call "crimes of leisure," and lie folded away in a cupboard for perusal with our church magazine. We shall reach our future as a nation as we arrive at it individually, in the most practical and least theoretical fashion. We do not trouble ourselves about the shape and colour of our dollars, so much as about the number of them and the expedition with which they can be secured and multiplied. The question is being gradually but surely solved under our very eyes, while we imagine we are leaving it for pompous legislation. How many thousands of us Canadians have not waited for Annexation but have already arisen and departed, a momentous stride further than Annexation ?

The fame of Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera, *The Yeomen of the Guard*, or *the Merry Man and his Maid*, was wafted across the ocean by October winds, and Montreal has already had an opportunity of judging of the opera itself. The first night in the Savoy in London, though betraying tokens of nervousness and anxiety, was a most brilliant success. The audience comprised most of the indefatigable first-nighters, and the reception was a series of triumphs and encores. That the opera was not so well received in Montreal is but another



unfortunate illustration of the extent to which a manager may presume upon accumulated success and invest it as a capital to play upon Colonial forbearance. Tawdry costumes, careless detail and monotonous economy did their best to prejudice Montreal against the opera. The *libretto* displays more attempt at a coherent tale than Mr. Gilbert has accustomed himself to supply to his admirers, and the story is related with a refreshing freedom from the alliteration and the supernatural in incident which now constitutes the Gilbertian style. The period is the sixteenth century, and the action is placed in Tower Green. The hero, Fairfax, is accused by a treacherous and half-witted uncle of having had dealings with his Satanic Majesty, and for these dealings he is condemned to die. The uncle will inherit the property of his nephew should the latter die unmarried, and he is not so utterly devoid of mother-wit as to ignore the advantage either of preventing a marriage or of securing a prior execution. The hero has a friend who resolves to spoil the uncle's little game, and between hope and fear the audience is kept on the rack till the block is actually brought on the stage and the grimly-masked executioner takes his place.

A strolling singer, the merry maiden, consents to marry the doomed Fairfax for one hundred crowns, much to the disgust of a most amusing jester who had made his own dainty little plan of matrimonial possession, but who comforts himself on reflecting that his love will be a widow within an hour of her bridal, and that then the face and the fortune will both be his. The jester and his merry maiden dance off their transient chagrin to a rollicking ditty, concluding that

Though as a general rule of life  
I don't allow my promised wife,  
My lovely bride that is to be,  
To marry any one but me;  
The circumstances  
Of this case  
May set such fancies  
Out of place;  
So if the fee is duly paid,  
And he, in well-earned grave  
Within the hour is duly laid,  
Objection I will waive!

The wit of the jester, Jack Point, has more than a Shakespearean ring about it. "His Grace was paid £10,000 a year for being good; poor Jack Point was good—for nothing." "A joint of meat half-cooked? Why then, sir, what is *underdone* cannot be helped." "Kissing the kitchen wench under your very nose, sir? Under *her* very nose, sir, not under *yours*."

The maid, blindfolded, is married to Fairfax in his cell, and led out again; and, the first part of the scheme thus thwarted, the friend in need turns his resolve to save the life as well as the property of the hero from the uncle's grasp. As our hopes rise, difficulties increase, and the plot thickens. A substitute for Fairfax is to be introduced to the prison, and the most cleverly-amusing scenes of the whole opera are enacted in this effort. The jailor happens to be violently, but hopelessly in love with the sister of the young substitute, who has persisted in scorning and spurning the attentions of the lanky keeper of the keys. She now, however, enters into the spirit of the plot; affects a series of yielding coquetries, during which the keys are cajoled from her love-sick suitor, the substitute exchanges dress and place with the prisoners, and Fairfax, of course, effects his escape.

Sir A. Sullivan's part of the work is charming indeed, and is literally laden with the richest profusion of melody, trio, quartet, ballad, catch, and chorus. But music is like a picture. The more you bring to it, the more you take away from it. VILLE MARIE.

### THE NORTH-WEST FARMER.

I HAVE given the readers of THE WEEK an account of Ontario farmers and of Englishmen who have become North-West farmers. There remain at least three classes I have not dealt with, Scotchmen, Irishmen, and Germans.

A little over twenty miles to the north-east of Regina there is a German settlement. A visit to it would be the most eloquent proof of the excellence of our Germans as settlers.

Good substantial houses built partly of lumber, and partly of earth, and a kind of cement. They are warm as a toast. All is neat and clean and tidy within. Great heaps of straw and stocks around the outhouses. The school house is a model of what a school house should be. On the 21st they had a meeting here, conducted almost entirely in German. Fine tall strong men, grave, and full of earnestness, they thoroughly appreciate the advantages of the wealthy soil and free institutions of the North-West.

To the west some eight miles is a Scotch settlement where you find thrift, energy and warm hospitality. The settlers here are well to do and making great progress. They have magnificent crops and their success in gardening has been remarkable. It would tire your readers to go into detail respecting cultivation and the yield per acre, for the experience of these settlers duplicates that of those Ontario farmers whose success I have already described.

On the occasion of my visit I was the guest of Mr. John Sheva, a very enterprising man, well known in Regina. His career in the North-West is wholly different from that of any farmers already mentioned. He comes from Roscommon. He is a man of education and possesses much of the humour said to be characteristic of his countrymen. He first settled in the odd quarter section on a Hudson Bay section, 26, within a mile and a half of Regina. Here

he farmed and paid special attention to raising pigs, taking at every fair prizes for black and white Berkshires. Some eight months ago he sold his farm, eighty acres at \$10,50 an acre and eighty at \$13 an acre. He thus got \$1,880 for what cost him \$10 for his homestead of 80 acres, and \$200 for his pre-emption of 80 acres, in all \$210, showing a clear profit of \$1,670, besides what he made out of it during five years of farming. He and his ten sons are now settled near each other, and between them have nearly 1000 acres of the finest land in the world, with plenty of timber. He has a team of oxen, two colts, four pigs, three cows, a team of horses and one fine grade stallion, and a filly, six months old.

The new house nestling among the trees is a commodious one. The coloured prints on the wall are all in good taste, amongst them being an admirable one of Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair." Seated, we discuss his new departure in going to live in the Bluffs, and having reviewed his stock, I ask him, "Have you a donkey about the establishment?" To this he replies, his eyes twinkling with fun and his hands playing with the dark rich growth on his chin: "They are more plentiful about this country with long beards than with long legs." Mr. Sheva was for some years Postmaster and Clerk of the Petty Sessions in the County of Roscommon. Having discussed the "Horse Fair" of Rosa Bonheur, I open the large album, and among the photographs I find not only mine host as he was twenty-six years ago, but the fine old homestead at Erris, near Rockingham, whence he hails; also Col. Tennyson, of Kilonan Castle, where Lord Kingston now resides, and Lady Louisa Tennyson, the sister of the Bishop of Qu'Appelle. I was much interested by a photograph of two Australian natives, sent him by his brother-in-law, the Rev. Richard Steven, of Melbourne. The gorilla type was very marked, and I thought the originals must have been very near in kinship to the missing link. Mrs. Sheva and the young ladies are as well educated and refined as the ladies of most country gentlemen's houses in the old land.

We went out to see the "chickens." In the fowl-house, in part a dug-out, surmounted by log walls and straw roof, were over one hundred hens, a couple of roosters and five turkeys, one being a gobbler which weighed eighteen pounds. So fine has been the weather, the hens are laying. A wag of my acquaintance assures me the mosquitoes are becoming troublesome. As we left the fowl-house Mr. Sheva pointed me to two collies, one of which "can do anything but speak." "We have," he added, in a fine rich Irish accent, "five cats of the rale tortoise-shell." Then he harked back to the fowl. "They are all thoroughbreds, either Wyandotts or Plymouth Rocks from the St. George's Poultry Yards, Fergus, Ontario." When we visited the stables I was much pleased to find all the horses pets. Miss Louisa Sheva, a young lady of sixteen, is the "horse-tamer" of the establishment. When an animal is unmanageable it is turned over to her. The stallion came out of the stable at call to be petted like a dog. And a fine broncho mare which I know myself (because she was owned by a gentleman in Regina) could not a few months ago be approached, proved to be as gentle as a lamb. A fine filly, six months' old, which lost her mother a few days after she was born, and which was reared by Miss Louisa on eggs and milk, frisked round us, came to the hand when called, followed us about, and finally, when we were driving towards the Scotch settlement, was with difficulty prevented following us.

We had dinner at 12.30. How do farmers in the North-West live? I have already given some idea of this. Let me now say, a more bountiful table I never want to sit down at than that which Mrs. Sheva spread for her family and her guests. The table cloth and napkins white as snow, the beef tender as a chicken, the pastry crisp and light, the tea—I am a judge of tea, and therefore avoid, when I can, taking any at "5 o'clock teas"—as good as I ever wish to drink. In fact, I never want anything better in the way of bed and board than I got from my hospitable friends.

I wish I could give you an idea of the cheerfulness and hope which pervades this household: Mr. Sheva and his two stalwart sons the picture of health, and looking forward to certain competence, perhaps wealth, at an early day; the mother of the house and the two young ladies full of pleasant gaiety. I had with me a splendid team of bronchos which would take you eighty miles a day. But I left them in Mr. Sheva's stables and entered his double-seated sleigh. Some of the party lay down behind as in a box; two young ladies, one on each side of me, and two came on with one of the boys in a jumper, to which the stallion was yoked. Thus we drove to the meeting in the German school-house. It was my first sleigh ride this year, the weather has been so mild we have no sleighing in Regina. But the trees in the bluffs have prevented the wind taking away the little snow that fell there. As we went along, the ladies and young men sang snatches from many a pleasant song.

On our way back from the meeting, though late, we called in at Knowsley Park to greet Mrs. Holden, and give her her husband safe and sound. Mr. Holden is from Lancashire, from near Lord Derby's place, and he humorously, and he is full of Lancashire wit, calls his place after that of Lord Derby. Mrs. Holden is an English lady, looking so young it was hard to believe she was the mother of the three young men who have taken homesteads around them. All have had a most successful crop, and have between them a considerable quantity of land.

As you go out on the trail to the Bluffs you always meet at least half-a-dozen teams of settlers coming in with wood; as many more with hay, and perhaps three or four

more teams with hay driven by Indians from Pie-a-Pot's Reserve, for the Indian has become a North-West farmer too, and is, more rapidly than could have been expected, learning to use the plough and the reaper.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

### LESSONS FROM FRANCE.

IN the current number of the *Fortnightly Review* there is a very entertaining, a very instructive, a very admonitory article by M. Jules Simon, a member of the Academy, entitled "A Few Thoughts by a Patriarch about French Women." In it a serious subject is handled in that serious, yet sprightly, manner which seems to come naturally to Frenchmen. At least M. Simon treats it as a serious subject, a very serious subject. He points out the influence of what the late Mr. Matthew Arnold called the *Zeit-Geist*, the Time-Spirit, upon different classes of women, and the consequent reflex action (if I may be allowed the expression) of women upon men and upon the State. A single sentence will suffice to show the large view he takes: "Whatever faith and whatever veneration we still have in France we owe to our women."

But the article is not valuable only because it gives us what, from a writer like M. Jules Simon, we may take to be a very accurate and a very unbiassed account of the character and influence of French women. French women, as the patriarch himself hints, are not a distinct class, differing from the women of any other country. "Differences are disappearing," he says. "In the last century, climate, education, local customs and, above all, religion, brought about differences which have gone on fading away ever since. . . ." He is right. We are fast becoming cosmopolitan, our women, perhaps, faster than our men. Differences of nationality are after all superficial differences. The deeper parts of our characters and temperaments (and it is, in reality, with these that M. Simon deals: "You deal first with womanhood, afterwards with French women," he says), the deeper parts of our characters and temperaments, I say, are surely much the same throughout civilization, throughout Europe and America. "We do not live any longer to ourselves," to quote him again, "since Europe has invaded us. Europe—in which I include America, and I am not sure that America is not the larger half of Europe. . . ."

If he is right, then much that he has to say of his own countrywomen will be of use to us here in Canada. At all events we can make it to be of use, for we can, without much difficulty, strip his opinions and statements of what they owe to influences and circumstances peculiarly French and put in their places influences and circumstances peculiarly American or Canadian. Let me, then, quote without comment, or with little, some passages from M. Simon's article.

He regards his countrywomen class by class. Of "Society" he says, "Its most characteristic and most deplorable feature is the separation of the sexes. . . . We have brought them (women) into the drawing room; and once brought together there, we make them a low bow and leave them there and go off to argue and smoke in the tap room (*estaminet*). . . . We do dine together; this is something, a relic of the old times, the good old days gone by; and we meet a couple of hours later, exchange a few words, and separate. I assure you I am not in tone with this fashion. The French woman has been false to her duty and to her history; she ought to have been the first to resist such a fashion. . . . I accuse women of cowardice for not having declared war against the smoking room; I accuse the women of France of lack of patriotism. It is no use to tell me that the ball room is still with us; the ball room is miles below the drawing room."

From "Society" he goes to the middle classes, and what he says of them, I think, we may take very much to heart. "If I were asked to reckon up the qualities of our French middle-class woman," he says, "I should say that she is religious, and even has a tendency to be superstitious; that she is strictly moral and even a trifle austere, devoted to worldly gains, a good manager, splendidly faithful to her duties as a mother, though obeying rather blindly tradition and habit in preference to her own rights; finally, ignorant in political matters—a defect which could easily be overlooked if she were not so enthusiastic for or against individuals; scrupulously honest in her dealings, an earnest patriot; in a word superior to her husband. She has a larger heart, more enthusiasm, more intense devotion to her duties, a more impregnable common sense. . . . The fault of our middle-class women is that they are vain, even foolishly vain, and that their vanity includes all whom they love. They will not put up with any superiority; that is the disease of France; and further they insist upon showing themselves superior to others, which is an absurd contradiction, and ruinous alike to persons who are attacked by this lunacy and to the whole of society. The proof of this twist in their natures is to be seen in their ideas about education. They want their children to be well educated, which is admirable; but if they have under their nose a good primary school and a bad college, they select the college because it seems to them a higher grade. Their son might become an intelligent foreman, . . . but they keep him for seven years at college . . . in order to lift him out of his proper sphere and make him a bachelor of arts. . . . Trade and business are far more profitable. But there it is—the craze for a uniform, to be a somebody, to lord it over some one, to rise higher in the social scale than one's father." Thus much of the middle-class mother's aspirations for her son; those for her daughter M. Simon animadverts upon thus:—



"The same longing for an idle life, under pretence of refinement and aristocratic ideas, drives mothers to select the occupation of governess for their daughters. This at first blush sounds like a contradiction, for no more toilsome employment exists. The reason is, that even if they cannot play the lady, and have those two magic words, "no occupation," after their names—which are almost the same as those blessed words, "independent gentlemen," or "landed proprietor"—they at least long to escape from manual labour. To work at all is humiliating, to work with the hands is degrading. The same sentiment induces the peasants of Western and Central France to put forth inconceivable efforts to make one of their sons a priest. They have this vanity, if they have no other. It does not come purely from love of religion, nor is it simply in order to escape from military service; it is mainly to make their son a gentleman. Just so, among the middle class, a girl who is forced to be a teacher will not cease to be a lady. So the over-crowding of the profession is caused, and the number of the applicants is legion. In Paris, with 1,800 women teachers and about sixty vacancies a year, there have sometimes been as many as 8,000 applications. In the whole of France, in 22,313 schools carried on by women, more than 50,000 girls offered themselves for examination in 1885; half of these—27,792—passed; 2,000 obtained appointments. The remaining 25,000 (25,000 every year) will spend their youth in fruitlessly sighing for occupation. Thenceforth they have two reasons for not working with their hands: first, their prejudices; and secondly, their certificate. When one is officially certified as knowing so many fine subjects, it is impossible to sink to earning half a crown a day as a weaver. It is better to die heroically of hunger.

"These same middle-class women—who have a dread of work, and above all of manual work, and whose dread of it is stronger the lower they are on the middle-class ladder, and the nearer they consequently are to the working class, with whom they cannot bear to be confounded—are they really idle? On the contrary, they are hard workers, heroic and untiring. I beg you look at our little middle-class women under this new aspect. She does nothing in novels except amuse herself and flirt. In real life she does not flirt at all, she does not amuse herself at all, and she works from morning to night; but—and this is the important point in her eyes—she does not work for payment: she does not become a workwoman, she remains a middle-class woman, and, therefore, a lady; her honour is intact."

In regard to a great deal of this, very many Canadian mothers and daughters might cry, "Peccavi." That thrust about education touches us in a very sensitive spot, I think.

Thenceforward M. Simon passes on to consider the position of the working women, touching not inconsiderably upon their general character as regards what now-a-days goes by the name of "morals." With this we need have nothing to do. In his closing paragraphs, however, he approaches the borders of a subject which will one day claim—nay, I believe, is now beginning to claim—the most thoughtful consideration of the most thoughtful men: the attitude of women towards religion. Naturally, in his own country—where for years the Government has done much to, in M. Simon's phrase, "unchristianize France"—he considers this subject, the attitude of women towards religion, of all subjects touching women, the paramount one. His own views on the subject are firm and clear; but many of the readers of the article will, I doubt not, regret that this kindly and genial religious patriarch has seen fit to express those views only in two short paragraphs. It is a difficult subject and a delicate one. A subject, too, from which many divergent subjects spring, each in its turn difficult and delicate. Let me cull from M. Simon's closing paragraphs a few isolated sentences to show what his hopes and fears are with regard to the influence of religious women:—

"Whatever faith and whatever veneration we still have in France we owe to our women."

"If they were to let us men alone, we should have nothing but civil marriages and civil funerals; our women insist that religion should have part in both, and we obey their wish."

"It is they who tell children about God, and they are the first to advise the dying to think of Him."

"France remained Christian after 1793; it is still Christian after 1879, thanks to its noble women."

"Men dare not go too far in their opposition to religion, because when they return home they find themselves in the presence of their wives."

"If they (the Socialists and Jacobins who attempt to 'unchristianize France') did succeed, above all, if they went so far as to take away from our women the support of religion, then, I admit, we should have to bid farewell to morality."

It is not every day nor every month that we find such views expressed in such a manner on such a subject. When we do find them, it is worth while, I think, however differently we ourselves may regard the matter—it is worth while, I think, to ponder them in our heart. The French patriarch has told us many truths about France and the French women which are truths about Canada and Canadian women. One thing is encouraging: he speaks in an optimistic vein of France; much more, therefore, in an optimistic vein may it be spoken of Canada.

ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

HOPE is, indeed, very fallacious, and promises what it seldom gives; but its promises are more valuable than the gifts of fortune, and it seldom frustrates us without assuring us of recompensing the delay by a greater bounty.—*Dr. Johnson.*

VALE.

Speaker.—The "OLD YEAR."

You ask my name? Men call me the "Old Year."  
Uncertain grow my steps; I've wandered here  
How long? Perhaps you may remember. Fair  
Was I, and young, when first I breathed this air;  
Fresh morning's beauty dazzled; Fortune smiled;  
And Hope my hapless heart too soon beguiled.

Golden were then my locks, though now so gray;  
And rosy-red my cheeks, like buds in May;  
No sombre cloud had yet obscured the sun.  
The skies are changed. Life's course is nearly run.  
Age yearns to counsel! Vainly warning give!  
The soul learns best through living how to live!

Behold! we come to where our paths divide!  
Cheerful companions have you by your side;  
I solitary am—without a choice.  
In the hereafter you shall hear my voice,  
Sounding like some far distant village chimes;  
Then may you sigh for the old happy times.

Hush! for I feel Death coursing through my veins!  
Unto stern Destiny I yield the reins!  
Where-to she leadeth I have never been;  
She hath to show what man hath not yet seen.  
Earth almost unto me hath closed the door;  
Even the Gods cannot my youth restore!

When I shall buried be—and lying low,  
You, pensively, will name me "Long Ago."  
Adieu! I see, in the dim shadow-land,  
Proudly approaching me, a stately band—  
Procession infinite—the "Days of Yore!"  
They beckon now—I go—forevermore!

1888.

GOWAN LEA.

ARNOLD TOYNBEE.

IN these days of doubt and pessimism it is cheering to study the life of anyone who is filled with a genuine enthusiasm for humanity, and who has given, ungrudgingly, time and thought for the elevation of his fellows. And when such a life is not that of a professedly religious teacher, but of a layman, formed intellectually amid the conflicting currents of opinion that ebb and flow in a great university, its inspirational force becomes all the greater, especially for that large class in whom the *zeitgeist* has left only the ruins of an inherited creed. Viewed in this aspect few lives of recent times have greater inspirational value than that of Arnold Toynbee. His life does not number many years, only thirty-one in all, and many of them years of weakness and pain. Yet how fruitful his life was is abundantly evidenced by the tender and enthusiastic admiration of those who knew him. Here is a tribute of one who knew him well: "No words can tell what we lose in losing our comrade and our guide. Deafened by the din of the importunate world and distracted by insatiable cravings within, few of us can ever listen to the voice of reason, lead our true life, or fulfil our proper destiny. How many soever our harassed and baffled years, how few soever the years of the wise and the brave, it is they who have lived, not we. Yet in the thought of such lives we find our strength. The memory of an Oxford student who freely gave up his life to help his fellow-citizens will long live in the hearts of all Oxford men, to silence a cynical despair and to shame an epicurean indifference."

Arnold Toynbee was born in 1852, and was, fitly as it proved, named after the great Dr. Arnold. He was originally intended for a military life, but delicate health made that career impossible, and he relinquished it for a quiet life to be devoted exclusively to the pursuit of truth. Here are the words in which this young knight-errant of truth utters his purpose: "I have no inclination to enter any profession. The small means at my disposal, and those which, without the expenditure of much time, I hope to be able to add to them, will be sufficient for my maintenance. I do not care to spend my life in acquiring material benefits which might have an evil, and, at any rate, could not have a good effect upon me. These ideas may appear ridiculous in one so young (he was nineteen), and of powers so immature, but they are not the result of mere ambition, or of an empty desire for fame in itself, or for the rewards with which it is accompanied. My sole, and so far as it can be so, unalloyed motive is the pursuit of truth; and for truth I feel I would willingly sacrifice prospects of the most dazzling renown. I do not even think myself capable of accomplishing any work of importance. If my labours merely serve to assist another in the great cause I shall be satisfied."

After spending some time at King's College, London, and later in private study, he entered Pembroke College, Oxford, at the age of twenty-one. Here he found himself in thoroughly congenial society. "Life here," he writes, "is very sweet and full of joy." He was not able to study hard. In the letter just quoted he says, "I am reading Aristotle's *Ethics*, and shall read *Thucydides* as well, and I hope a little political economy; that is all this term. With care I may be able to do this, but even this will require great care." Before he entered college he had been strongly attracted to the philosophy of history, but while there his mind received a bent toward political

economy and social science. It was not, however, the old political economy, the dismal science. That lacked the moral element, the element that could alone make the study attractive to young Toynbee. The new so-called historical school of political economy was just becoming known in England, and was winning the sympathies of young and ardent students. Arnold Toynbee became a disciple of this school, and was soon recognized as one of its most influential academic champions. The old political economy builds up a science upon human selfishness. The new economy says: Men do not in business, any more than in other departments of life, act entirely from selfish motives, and even if they did, it would be necessary to teach them something better. Hence the new school recognizes an ethical factor in political economy. As a writer of the school well puts it: "The dismal science is being humanized. Doctrines of selfishness and individualism are supplemented by conceptions of generosity and public spirit, which co-exist in human nature and modify economic action according to the stage of moral development which society has reached in the different nations." This school is now firmly established, not only in Germany, its birthplace, but also in England and in America. It is a matter for congratulation that, judging by his inaugural lecture, the newly appointed professor of political economy in University College belongs to this school.

One of the chief characteristics of the historical school is the effort it makes to study economic laws in their practical application. In this respect indeed it is simply following the trend of all modern scientific investigation. It does not doubt for a moment that there are great economic laws, but it judges that these will vary in their application according to the social and ethical advancement of a people. It is necessary therefore to study the actual social and ethical condition of a nation. Arnold Toynbee undertook to do this during his college vacation, in what was then a very original manner for an Oxford student. He took lodgings in an ordinary lodging house in the now notorious Whitechapel district of London, and there studied the actual condition and needs of the lower classes. His plan is now, thank heaven, no longer peculiar, as out of it has sprung Toynbee Hall, an institution of which a few words will be said presently. Toynbee did not go about Whitechapel merely as a philanthropic investigator or as a meditative student of social science, looking at men from above; he became a companion of the working men for the time being. He joined some of their clubs and took part in their discussions. In this way he learned to speak so that working men listened, and the joy he felt at this is thus simply and beautifully told: "I feel as if I had discovered a new power to do God's work with; though I am still doubtful, naturally, about it; it drains my energy, I must use it sparingly, but I hope always in God's service."

Toynbee graduated in 1878, but retained his connection with Oxford as a tutor of Balliol College. He devoted himself more heartily than ever to the study and discussion of economic questions. He sought to organize University men into a society for the study of scientific politics that they might have more influence on practical life. He took a deep interest in co-operative experiments and in all questions of social reform. And he never lost his interest in the working classes. In 1880 and 1881 he lectured to working men on a variety of economic questions with remarkable success. Sad to say it was his success in this direction that cut short his all too brief career. He found that the doctrines of Henry George were captivating the working men of England, and as he considered some of them as extravagant and fallacious he resolved to answer them. In January, 1883, he lectured to a strongly hostile audience in London on Progress and Poverty. This and subsequent efforts completely prostrated him. He was unable to sleep, inflammation of the brain supervened, and he died on the 9th of March, 1883.

Arnold Toynbee wrote no great books, performed no great deeds beyond the power of less able men, yet his life of earnest endeavour and consecration to truth has exerted an influence that will tell powerfully upon the present generation of university men. Friends have sought to perpetuate the spirit of his life in the vigorous activities of Toynbee Hall, London East. Toynbee Hall is a university colony in the most degraded quarter of England's capital. To describe what it is and what it does would require a paper for itself. Suffice it to say that it is a place where Oxford and Cambridge men spend part of their time in close contact with the lower classes of London, seeking to bring some of the influences of academic life to bear upon them. It aims at being an educational, social, and religious centre. Some of the best men of Oxford and Cambridge give encouragement and help. S. R. Gardiner, the great historian, has lectured there to an audience of working men. But it is not merely the working classes that are learning something in Toynbee Hall. The Oxford student and Cambridge don is learning still more. As one student significantly puts it, "We learn much! we unlearn more." No doubt of it. What if the students of University College were to begin a university settlement in St. John's Ward? Edinburgh, Boston, and New York either have or will soon have such settlements.

J. M. HUNTER.

If a man wants to disseminate his opinions or to criticize institutions let him do it where he has to appeal to facts and not to figments, where he is bound to substantiate his statements, and where he can draw no larger inferences from them than their nature warrants.—*Goldwin Smith.*

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## TAX EXEMPTION.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—I have read with much interest the article from the *London Spectator* of the 14th of November, copied in your last week's issue, on the subject of taxation. It has led me to make some enquiries as to the state of things in this regard in Toronto.

The total value of assessed property here is \$100,000,000, the total value of real estate exempted from taxation is \$15,879,000. How much of this total is ecclesiastical, how much educational, and how much Governmental can easily be ascertained through the different assessors, although it is not anywhere in print that I know of; but so far from every body in Toronto being equally interested in the exemptions, no two citizens of the place are. Why should I, who am a Presbyterian, be compelled to pay part of the just taxes of Trinity College? Why should all Toronto University, its land and its buildings, not only escape taxation but I be called upon to pay more taxes because they are exempt? Why should the Methodists have all Metropolitan Church and Square exempted and my taxes be raised accordingly.

The large amount of real estate held by Roman Catholic corporations is very valuable, and will be enormously so. Why should I swell it by paying a portion of its just taxation?

The Government holds large blocks of land in Toronto—notably the blocks where the Parliament Buildings, Government House and Upper Canada College are. There can be no reason why they should not pay their taxes.

The total amount required for city taxes last year was \$1,646,000, but every body has to pay so much more to make it up if the assessors omit to levy taxes on \$15,879,540 worth of property. This sum is about one-sixth of the total value of the assessable property in the city, and I pay one-sixth more every year than I would do if all property was assessed alike. There is no sense in the rule which is being acted upon. The immense expenditure made every year on city improvements, and on every thing which tends to swell the convenience and the comforts of those who dwell in Toronto, augments the value of all property, including that which pays nothing. It is true that exempted property belongs to many different churches and many different colleges and institutions, and there is a sort of rough "Scratch me, and I'll scratch you" aspect to it; but many thousands, and in fact the large majority, of tax-payers find no relief in this; they do not want to be compelled to contribute to the support or objects or wealth of any of these churches or corporations or their teachings, but when they contribute, to do so voluntarily and place their money where they judge best, and in the meantime to pay their own taxes only and let others pay theirs.

A CITIZEN OF TORONTO.

## METHODS OF M'GILL.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

DEAR SIR,—I have to thank Prof. Clark Murray for his frank and manly offer to substantiate my statements by the publication of his share of the correspondence between him and McGill College. I beg now to inform him that it is unnecessary to do so, as Mr. George Hague has more substantially corroborated them by his pathetic silence.

MEDICUS.

## POLEMICAL AND PROPAGANDIST NOVELS.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—In Prof. Goldwin Smith's article on "Polemical and Propagandist Novels," which you reproduce from the *Independent* in last week's issue, the statement is made that "it certainly is difficult to find a copy of *Loss and Gain*." I certainly had no difficulty in obtaining my copy. It is published by Burns and Oates in the new and uniform edition of Cardinal Newman's works, and may be had of any Catholic bookseller. What is more, it is still widely read and admired, though the phases of Anglican life therein depicted are rapidly passing away.

Yours, etc., H. F. McINTOSH.

## MISS ARDAGH'S "TANGLED ENDS."\*

THE *Canadian Monthly*, though after a long and honourable career it had to meet the fate of most literary enterprises in Canada, was, it must be admitted, a good school for our young native writers. Many are the names, and Miss Ardagh's *nom de plume* is among them, one now meets with whose early literary efforts appeared in that national magazine. It is interesting to make acquaintance with the old pens again and to trace in later and more matured work the development of minds which in former days gave pleasure, partly in performance and partly in promise. The promise in Miss Ardagh's case has been more than fulfilled, as the present volume of tales attest; and its success, we can well understand, must not only be gratifying to the writer herself, but a source of pride to those who were connected with *The Monthly*, in which, as we have said, the author's earliest work appeared. Considering the indifferent encouragement given to native writers to pursue a literary life in Canada, it is a matter of surprise that the native writer remains in the field of active labour and that good and honest work continues to

\* *Tangled Ends*. Tales by "Espérance" (Alice Maud Ardagh). Toronto: William Briggs.

be written. It is only another proof, of which we have not a few instances in Canada, of the devotion of gifted minds to intellectual pursuits, which no chilling indifference can wholly restrain, or, where the taste for it exists, succeed in weaning from the literary calling.

Miss Ardagh takes for a motto and the title of her booklet of tales the following lines:

Better to weave in the web of life  
A bright and golden filling,  
And to do God's will with a happy heart  
And hands that are ready and willing,  
Than to break the delicate minute threads  
Of our curious lives asunder,  
And then blame God for *tangled ends*,  
And sit, and grieve, and wonder.

The lines are a fitting prelude to the book, and indicate the spirit in which the two tales of which it is composed are written. That spirit is the spirit of resignation and of happily making the best of things; and though this quality, called into exercise by the chief characters in both stories, adds pathos to the incidents, it leaves behind a moral flavour sadly wanting in much even of the ambitious fiction of the time. It must not be inferred from this, however, that the author has written her stories with any set serious purpose or didactic intent. This does not appear to be the case, and the presence of the moral atmosphere is, in some degree accounted for in a hint we get in the author's preface, that the incidents in both tales are occurrences in actual life. The moral atmosphere is therefore, in part, at least, an exhalation from the characters portrayed in the tales, in whose lives inherent goodness is a rich and elevating quality.

The first of Miss Ardagh's two tales, "A Piece of Tannen," (*sic*)—why it is so called one scarcely discovers—is the more ambitious of the two; but it is the most sad and least pleasing. The plot is a simple one, but it presents the opportunity for a strong picture of the thralldom of love in the heart of a woman whose tenderness and constancy is ill-matched with the shallow-heartedness of her lover, who, when he has won the prize he so eagerly sought, tires of it, and turns away rather than feel the poverty of his own nature in the presence of one infinitely its superior, and who, despite the base desertion, loves on to the bitter and woful end. Were it not that we have had a hint, as we have said, that the story is a true one, we would question the art of introducing the loathsome disease, to which both characters in the story fall victims, and which proves fatal to the one who least merited a death so dire and distressing. The story is, however, told with exceeding pathos, and in language full of grace and simplicity.

The other tale, "Dora," is an idyll in prose, and though it, also, is full of pathos, it partakes of the gloom which envelopes the preceding tale. It is, however, charmingly and sympathetically written. The story is one of simple, domestic life, on a farm near Brantford, and narrates the loves of two brothers, who are twins, for one woman, who has grown up with the young men as a foster-sister and playmate of both, but who on developing into womanhood is sought in marriage by one of the brothers, both of whom are her lovers. The young woman, Dora, accepts the offer of marriage, apparently mistaking the one twin for the other. Very tenderly is the story told of the mental struggle which Dora has to suffer on learning of her mistake and in setting herself loyally to carry out the compact. How the story ends the reader must find out for himself; and its perusal, we venture to think, will afford him pleasure, subdued only by the quiet grace and simple pathos of the tale. "Tangled Ends" is a meritorious addition to native literature, in the department of minor fiction, and readers of the work, we feel sure, will not only give it welcome but look expectantly for more from the same source.

G.M.A.

## A FOREIGN ESTIMATE OF LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

THE following is a portion of a paper in the *National Review* translated from the *Revue des deux Mondes*: No one who has visited Blenheim can ever forget that singular edifice, half temple, half palace; the ode in brick and stone to the glory of Marlborough, as emphatic, ostentatious, and heavy as all other odes of that day. The size of the house, built to the stature of a hero, or of one who deemed himself a hero, must have appeared excessive to those who, after him, inhabited, without filling it; worthy ducal mediocrities, dignified supers on that political stage on which the English aristocracy has played so many parts. Under this magnificent roof, Providence took five quarters of a century to create a man of mark, and then she willed that he should never become the master of Blenheim. Born on the 13th February, 1849, Lord Randolph Churchill is but the second son of the late Duke of Marlborough. To the elder he allotted the title, an immense fortune, and every form of pleasure. To the younger, a serious life, a modest income, and a rotten borough as inheritance and sole stake.

Lord Randolph distinguished himself at Eton by his zeal in attacking boys bigger than himself. This aggressive and combative humour followed him to the University. In the year in which the Franco-German war broke out, he took his B.A. degree. At twenty, many a duke's son would have rested on these laurels for the rest of his life. But this was only a beginning for Randolph Churchill. During the elections of 1874, after a certain amount of struggle, he took possession of his borough of Woodstock.

Let us follow the young member for Woodstock to Westminster. A Conservative majority, a little surprised to find itself there, has blithely invaded the ministerial

benches on the Speaker's right. These benches stand in the same relation to those of the Opposition as the sunny side to the shady side of Pall-Mall in winter. On the front bench is old Disraeli or, more familiarly, Dizzy, slightly bent, and in a somewhat languid attitude, with clear-cut features, a pale countenance, deeply furrowed and clean shaven like an actor's, with eyes closed by feline habit, so that one cannot tell whether he sleeps or watches; his wrinkled brow is adorned by a flat curl. Smile not at this curl, as historic as the *mèche* of Girardin; it is all that is left in 1874 of Byronism and the age of Dandies.

You would seek in vain for his illustrious rival on the bench opposite Disraeli. The skull of polished ivory, the seagull's eye, and the enigmatic grimace of Gladstone, have disappeared from the House, with the memorable green umbrella, and the huge, shapeless gloves, in which he was wont to plunge his hands. Everywhere you hear, even and especially at the Reform Club: "Gladstone is used up—Gladstone is done for—down with Gladstone!" The henchmen of an Alexander, whom they would fain bury alive, are pressing forward to the front bench; Lowe, Forster, Sir William Harcourt, and the Marquis of Hartington, the last of the Whigs, a *grand seigneur*, who deals with politics with an air of disgust and disdain, and who will be the chosen "leader," because he cares less for it than the others.

In reality, Gladstone is neither used up, nor done for. He is no longer "the people's William," and is not yet the "Grand Old Man." In less than six years he has almost achieved a revolution. He has suppressed the Church of England in Ireland, he has replaced open voting at elections by the ballot, he has inaugurated compulsory elementary education. After so many weighty reforms, coming one upon another, the country wants breathing time. There is tacit disapproval of Mr. Gladstone, because of the insignificance into which he has permitted the nation to fall, from the standpoint of European policy. The war of 1870 has revealed to England that, in the eyes of Berlin, she is but a secondary power, for certain neutralities are more fatal than a defeat. To re-conquer the lost prestige, even should it cost somewhat dear, is the mission confided to Dizzy by the English people.

In the left-hand corner, the furthest from the Speaker, the Irish members are huddled together. From these benches, new and threatening countenances proclaim that the golden days of Professor Butt's milk-and-water Home Rule are over for ever. That is where the clouds gather; thence will come the first storm, brewed by a little man in horn spectacles, called Biggar, who will provoke laughter; and later by a pale man with lips tightened by concentrated passion, whose name is Parnell, and who will provoke no laughter.

This is the spectacle provided for the entertainment of the youthful member for Woodstock, in his favourite corner on the second bench, behind Disraeli.

He made his first speech on the 22nd May, by way of protest against the creation of a military centre at Oxford. In replying to him, Sir William Harcourt congratulated him, according to custom, on the indications of talent displayed by his maiden effort; a commonplace compliment, designed, in the case of Lord Randolph, to be realized far beyond the foresight and desires of the eulogist. A few months later, the real Randolph Churchill suddenly revealed himself. It was on an evening devoted to the discussion of a Bill for the reorganization of local government. The discussion, following the lead of the right Honourable and Right Incapable \* \* \* \*—but why designate him more specifically?—his real names are Administrative Routine and Ministerial Infatuation—maundered from nonsense to truism. When suddenly a young man was seen to rise to his feet, a combatant against what Carlyle would have called "nonentities and unrealities," who blithely and boyishly proceeded to demolish the poor, little law—so mean and so insidious, so ingenuous and so deceptive—which granted with one hand what it withheld with the other, its articles nullifying the principle that its preamble was intended to establish.

I have, said Lord Randolph, no objection to the President of the Local Government Board dealing with such questions as the salaries of inspectors of nuisances, but I do entertain the strongest possible objection to his coming down here, with all the appearance of a great lawgiver, to repair, according to his small ideas and in his little ways, breaches in the British Constitution.

This sound rating created a great impression, and a still greater scandal. Indiscipline was the rule in the ranks of the Liberals, with the Tories it was the exception. Loud was the outcry on the Treasury benches—Disraeli alone smiled: the young man reminded him of his own fine insolence of 1840. As to the Minister assailed, he had listened to the diatribe with folded hands and head well thrown back. He declared with dignity "that he had not felt himself attacked." Not attacked, poor man! Ministers sometimes say extraordinary things. From that day the parliamentary benches filled as if by enchantment whenever Lord Randolph opened his lips. But he took no advantage of a circumstance due rather to malign curiosity than to a more benevolent feeling. He was only to be heard at rare intervals. Could it be that family life or society absorbed the young member? I am informed by one of his friends that his silence and his frequent absence were rather to be ascribed to the precarious state of his health. He was oftener in Dublin with his father (then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland) than in London.

In 1880, the general election sent Gladstone back to Westminster at the head of a formidable majority. England was not satisfied with her Conservative experiment. She had lost much of her prosperity and acquired but little prestige. The honour of retaining a fever-bed like Cyprus, and annexing a few Suez Canal bonds, did not counter-



poise the perils of Afghanistan. Meanwhile, "a swarm of crows" had swooped down upon Woodstock: "a black-coated and tall-hatted gentry, . . . strange creatures to be at large in a rural constituency." But this time Lord Randolph was no longer the mere son of a Duke: he was Somebody. He laughed his adversaries to scorn, and vanquished them with a high hand.

By good luck, he belonged to the Opposition, and, as we shall soon see, to a double Opposition! Early in the new session he found an opportunity of asserting his position—no longer as that of a parliamentary Free-lance, but as the leader of a Party. The Bradlaugh affair furnished him with a pretext.

It is the moment of swearing in—a lengthy and tedious ceremony, which generally takes place amid noise and confusion. The newly-elected member for Northampton approaches the table in his turn, exhibits the document that proves his election in an authentic manner, and, when the Bible is handed to him, respectfully informs the Speaker that it is impossible for him to base an oath on beliefs which he does not share, and which he looks upon as mere superstitions; but he is prepared to affirm, on his honour as a gentleman and a citizen, that he will serve the Queen faithfully in Parliament, and respect the Constitution. He is informed that affirmation cannot be received in lieu of the oath. Quakers are permitted to affirm. Bradlaugh is not a Quaker, he is an Atheist, he cannot therefore benefit by the exception. The regulations are strict: when he became a candidate for Northampton, he already tacitly accepted the laws and customs of Parliament. "So be it," said Mr. Bradlaugh, content to have maintained his anti-religious opinions in the face of Parliament, "I will take the oath."

Can this oath be accepted? The assembly is stirred by indecision and emotion. The most important occupant of the Treasury bench (the ill-fated Frederick Cavendish, who was destined to fall two years later in Phoenix Park under the assassin's knife) proposes to send the matter before a committee. At this juncture Lord Randolph and his friends intervene. Of what avail is a committee, they ask, on such a matter? A committee compiles documents, confronts witnesses, verifies facts. Here there are no documents, there is but one fact, it is patent.

It is a matter of principle, which ought to be decided by what Lord Beaconsfield once well described as the unerring instinct of the House of Commons. Shall the oath of allegiance be administered to an individual who has thought it his duty to declare beforehand, *coram populo*, that the oath of allegiance can have no binding effect upon his conscience, and who tells the House of Commons that the oath is based upon the lowest of superstitions, upon a mummerly and a mockery, which are degrading and absurd?

Will he be permitted to declare in Parliament, "I call God to witness that I am a loyal subject of the Queen," and to add with a grin, "Only there happens to be no God?" Besides, those who refer to the writings of Mr. Bradlaugh, and especially to his indictment of the House of Brunswick, will not retain more illusions on the subject of his affirmation than they hold with regard to his oath. No! Parliament must take this Atheist, this revolutionary who has betrayed himself at his word, and cast him out from its midst.

It is no vain parliamentary etiquette, no mere detail of form, that Lord Randolph defended in his speech. He leaves these scruples and anxieties to the *Bridoissons* of Westminster. What he sought to establish beyond discussion was the religious character of Parliamentary deliberation.

The whole connection between the proceedings of Parliament and Divine sanction is in danger, and the idea—I may almost say the faith—which has for centuries animated the House of Commons, that its proceedings are under the supervision, and will be guided by the wisdom, of a beneficent Providence, loses all its force. It cannot be doubted, and history could prove, that when persons, and even nations, suffered what are declared to be their most cherished convictions to be trampled upon, insulted and held up to public derision, they cannot be far from abandoning these convictions.

Here his voice became deep, solemn, austere, enthusiastic, well-nigh majestic, albeit free from all pious affectation. It found an echo in many hearts, conquered many votes, and the power of the young orator grew in proportion. From the day when he had, for a moment, wrested the leadership of the Conservative Party from Sir Stafford Northcote public attention had been drawn to him; henceforward it never left him. His henchmen were Mr. Gorst, a lawyer, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, a diplomatist, and sometimes Mr. Balfour. It was a small staff, without soldiers; redoubtable withal from the talent and activity of those who composed it. I find from a speech of Lord Hartington's that by the end of the session Sir Henry Drummond Wolff made sixty-eight speeches and addressed thirty-four questions to the Government; Lord Randolph Churchill, seventy-four speeches and twenty-one questions; and Mr. Gorst, a hundred and five speeches and eighteen questions. They became known as the Fourth Party, and, this appellation, at first employed in jest, passed into current expression. Sir Henry Drummond Wolff and Mr. Gorst are fond of appropriating it. Lord Randolph never uses it. He aims higher. To be the leader of a Parliamentary squad, however distinguished, cannot be the final term of his ambition.

Lord Randolph has abandoned his coign of vantage for a place in the thick of the fight. Seated on the first bench below the gangway, he is visible, when he rises to speak, from every part of the House. His figure, below the middle height, is far from ungraceful, but his countenance is not handsome. A powerful head, a short, *retroussé* nose, and large, prominent eyes lend his face a singularly audacious—some people say brazen—expression. The com-

plexion is pale, and somewhat leaden. A fair, heavy moustache, with pointed, curled ends, dark hair, brushed close to the scalp, and parted by a line which is already widening, complete this physiognomy. If you met him in the street you might take him for a cavalry officer in civilian's attire, perhaps for one of those who study the *Vie Parisienne* more assiduously than the *Théorie*. His attitude is by no means imposing; his gestures are monotonous, mechanical, sometimes ludicrous. When speaking, he buttons or unbuttons his cutaway jacket or frock coat. During an entire speech he thumps his right fist down on the palm of his left hand with the regularity of a steam-worked tilt-hammer. He inserts notes in the interstices of his five outstretched fingers, and when he waves his hand thus laden with papers, he reminds the spectators of a windmill. To others he suggests a conjuror, or a signalman in the act of stopping a train. The voice is strong and powerful; its volume is as unexpected; but it is hollow, harsh, dry and unmodulated. The nervous emotion that struck a Gibbon or a Stuart Mill dumb in the presence of Parliament, and which on vital occasions, on the opening of a weighty speech, lends to the voice of a Gladstone a certain special vibration, is absolutely unknown to Lord Randolph Churchill. His presence of mind is of so free and easy a kind that he does not take the trouble to finish a sentence or to change the tone of his voice when he asks his friend Gorst, who offers him a glass of water, to bring him a glass of brandy and seltzer. It is also without raising his voice, in a perfectly natural and easy tone, sometimes even with a familiar and confidential air, that he flings his accusations in the teeth of the considerable personages seated next or opposite him.

This may appear shocking. Yet it is well that Parliament is not entirely given over to lawyers and professors, to those whose profession it is to speak. It is well for it to listen, occasionally, to one of those *boys* for whom speech is no difficult art, no gigantic labour, but an amusement, a game, a species of sport; who harangue from instinct and genius, without rules, and even in defiance of rules, and who demolish the formalism of parliamentary etiquette, and rejuvenate and modify the language of debate by infusing into it words taken from the language of society, of the clubs, or of the streets. But for the innovators, Parliament would no longer be in touch with outer life; it would become, at times, a school of rhetoric, at others, a limited company; it would be submerged beneath the dryness of figures or the inanity of phrases.

And yet it is interesting to note that not even the most free, fluent and spontaneous of orators can dispense with an oratorical system. Those who have not been formed in the schools, or who do not deign to remember them, build up a rhetoric of their own in accordance with their needs and surroundings.

Thus Lord Randolph; he unconsciously possesses as many forms of exordium as the best pupil of Quintilian. If he addresses his friends, confirmed Tories like himself, he plunges in *medias res*. If his audience is dubious or unknown to him, his exordium is familiar, easy-going, indolent; he is so far from any hurry that he does not seem to be going anywhere. In the House of Commons, no exordium; in truth, there he has neither need to enlighten the ignorant nor to stimulate the indifferent. On the contrary, there he strives to assimilate the ambient temperature, to take up a question where others have left it. Only a Thiers, a Gladstone or a Bismarck may venture to handle a question *ex professo* in Parliament, and Lord Randolph has not come to that yet. Think of the lassitude of a political assembly that has heard hundreds of speeches, and read thousands of articles, without counting the endless conversations at dinner, in a railway carriage, or in the lobby, on the occupation of Egypt, the Irish Question, and Electoral Reform. How is one to triumph over a weariness that is nigh upon irritation? How wrest from such an audience five minutes' attention for these exhausted subjects? Those who have lived in political centres know that a question never long retains the same standpoint. Like a statue on a revolving pedestal, it is ever turning, and in this rotation revealing new aspects in a new angle of light. To be the first to grasp this new aspect is the talent or the gift of Lord Randolph, and that is why he has never been voted a bore.

Very different is his method out of Parliament. He seems to feel his way, to hesitate until he has found a theme, usually a sort of refrain. Sometimes he supplies himself with one—"The policy and principles of the Radical Party are all humbug," he will exclaim on one occasion; he will evolve daring variations on this text, which he re-introduces from time to time. He will wind up by leaving this crude expression in the minds of his audience, where it will remain, for Lord Randolph knows that arguments are forgotten, while formulas are not. Generally he seizes upon an unfortunate word dropped by an adversary, or on an insignificant one that no one has remarked, and that, taken on its own merits, would appear unassailable. He picks it up, turns it round, throws and catches it, like a clown conjuring with an old hat; he squeezes it so hard that he extracts a dozen absurd meanings from it, twenty grotesque corollaries. By way of makeshift, a newspaper paragraph will serve him. He may, like anybody else, have read among the morning's items in a Liberal newspaper the following piece of information:

"Hawarden Castle.—Mr. Gladstone attended divine service this morning. He was guarded, as usual."

"Guarded as usual!" See what this simple phrase will do for Lord Randolph. "Guarded as usual!"

"As usual!" Gracious heavens! What a commentary on Liberal Government in those two words. Do you know that from the days when first what was called a Prime Minister was invented to the pres-

ent, there has been no Prime Minister about whom such a statement could be made? Many Prime Ministers have come and gone, good, bad and indifferent, but the best and the worst have never been guarded by aught save the English people. And has it come to this? Are the times so terrible, are bad passions so rife and unrestrained after four years of Liberal Rule, that the apostle of freedom, the benefactor of his country, the man for whom no flattery is too fulsome, no homage too servile, cannot attend divine service in his parish church without being "guarded as usual?" Surely a world of serious reflection is being opened; surely the art of government must have sunk to a very low ebb when the first servant of the crown has to be watched night and day by alguazils armed to the teeth!

Then, after some more or less fantastic circumlocutions, and a good many attacks *in hominem*, the discourse generally turns upon a general view of Liberal or Conservative politics, often upon a parallel of the two programmes. Then comes a patriotic peroration, combative, captivating, and of a quick, martial rhythm, in which he seems to be charging the enemy. History is not often referred to in the speeches of Lord Randolph. Not that the young bachelor of arts is unaware that there was an England before Sir Robert Peel and Canning. But he is so modern! The idea never strikes him, as it would anyone else, to look back to the past. He is one of those whose gaze is already fixed on the twentieth century. With the exception of living orators, whose speeches he studies so that he may turn their own words against them, and a few writers on political economy, whose statistics he borrows or discusses, he quotes no one besides Shakespeare and Corneille. No Latin verses; they are played out; they are good enough for Lord Granville and the "academicians" of the House of Lords. Epigrams rain, and portraits abound; but the former are produced by butting against his adversaries, and the latter are caricatures. Here and there are amusing anecdotes, but they are slightly vulgar; none of those reminiscences of a statesman with which Thiers seasoned his oratorical *causeries*. Lord Randolph's real power lies in his sarcasm; it also consists in the gift of realizing abstractions, in rendering ideas visible and palpable; in casting light upon objects by comparisons which are rather forced upon him than sought for. A poet's brain would not conceive them with greater abundance, with greater fury. The Whigs are "shooting-stars," the Radicals "dry clouds." When he wishes to pourtray the advance of Russia towards India, he sees her in turn springing like a tiger or creeping slow and sinuous, like a serpent on its belly. English domination in India is a "thin coat of oil on the surface, which preserves the calm of an ocean of humanity and controls its storms." In describing the depression of trade he employs violent, striking images that stand out in extraordinary relief. This is how Shakespeare would have depicted a commercial crisis:

Your iron industry is dead, *dead as mutton*: your coal industries, which depend greatly on the iron interests, are languishing; your silk industry is dead, assassinated by the foreigner; your woollen industry is *in articulo mortis*, gasping, struggling; the shipbuilding industry, which held out longest of all, is come to a standstill. Turn your eyes where you will, survey any branch of British industry you like, you will find signs of mortal disease. . . . You find foreign iron, foreign wool, foreign silk and cotton pouring into the country, flooding you, drowning you, sinking you, swamping you. . . .

This overwrought imagination sees monstrous visions, and finds no words strong enough to express things so magnified; hence the exaggerated diction with which he is so bitterly reproached, and which suggest a kind of oratorical delirium. The ministers, cowards, traitors, incapable and dishonoured creatures, who are called "Her Majesty's Ministers," what are they? A band of miscreants, a ménagerie of strange and noisome beasts. Lord Ripon has the stupidity of the ostrich; Lord Derby is the political parasite who leaves those Cabinets that are about to fall in the lurch. Mr. Bright—the virtuous John Bright—the purest of the pure, clothes (with his confederates) "their squalid and corrupted forms with the robe of righteousness." And Gladstone, the "evil and moon-struck minister," the "Moloch of Midlothian," he walks in blood, his hands drip with English blood. Strangers are not treated any better. Honduras, Costa Rica and Venezuela are "little, beggarly, plundering republics." The Khedive Tewfik is "a person unfit, from his character and his actions, to be supported by Great Britain." An officer of the Czar, entrusted with the delimitation of the boundaries of Afghanistan, "has lied and cheated as only a Russian can lie and cheat." All this, I say, is not very parliamentary, but it is eminently Shakespearean; that is how matters are discussed in *Coriolanus* and *Richard III*.

No one had contributed as much as Randolph Churchill to lessen the influence of the great Liberal leader. Before his time no one had ventured to ridicule Gladstone; after him everyone tried his hand at it. He was the first to make sport of those long-winded, empty speeches, to point out the ambiguities of expressions that veiled incoherencies of thought, and to break the charm that held the assembly when the magician spoke, enveloping himself in a mist of rhetoric through which his thoughts filtered, like the vague diffuse light of an invisible moon. He showed him in his political laboratory preparing his theatrical get-up with the aid of his son, and out-heroding in charlatanism those manufacturers who make the walls motley and crowd the newspapers with their advertisements. Even the inoffensive and healthful pastime of amateur woodcutting became the symbol of his destructive mania!

Nothing was too sacred for the axe of Gladstone. After the oaks of Hawarden, the House of Lords and the Church of England. Above all, Lord Randolph never wearied of exhibiting him to the English nation, so jealous of its creed and its military honour, as the man who had supported Bradlaugh and abandoned Gordon. In a long speech at Bow, he explained to horrified electors that Mr. Gladstone had had, one after the other, ten policies in Ireland, nine in Central Asia, eighteen in Egypt—in all, thirty-seven different policies. The orator enumerated

and characterized these thirty-seven policies, one by one.

It would appear that the Bow speech was the last decisive blow. Five days later, on the occasion of a discussion on the beer laws, on a motion of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the great Gladstone Ministry collapsed, with a minority of twelve. Even before the result was proclaimed, at the moment the tellers handed in the precious paper that showed the result of the division, Lord Randolph sprang upon his bench, and waved his hat wildly in the air, with many a triumphant hurrah, to which all young Toryism, electrified, responded to the echo. It was his last boyish exploit; a few days later he was a Cabinet Minister.

### PRINCESS ROYAL: A CANADIAN IDYL.

BORN not amid the splendours of a throne  
But yet of lineage high and Royal birth;  
Peeress of all the mighty ones of earth  
By nature's right divine she rules alone.

Cradled within a Royal mother's arms  
From nature's font she draws rich nourishment;  
Soothed by her lullaby, in sweet content  
Shē peaceful dreams, secure from rude alarms.

She shares her dark-skinned foster-brother's play,  
And roams with him through nature's wide domain,  
Whose fastnesses re-echo back again  
The joyous laugh of childhood's halcyon-day.

She learns the secrets of the streams and woods,  
Those furred and finny dwellers own her sway:  
She fears no living thing, by love always  
She bends her vassals to her changing moods.

The blustering Ice-King from the frozen north  
In wanton sport imprints his icy kiss  
On cheek and lip. What fairy magic this!  
He sees but blushing roses springing forth;

And meekly bows his head beneath the yoke  
That binds him to her sled, whereon she rides  
In queenly state propelled by giant strides  
O'er snowy vasts, where airy spirits convoke.

Her childhood's happy, guileless days have flown,  
Till now a maiden grown, and wondrous fair,  
She needs an arm whose all-protecting care  
Shall stoutly guard, till strong she rules alone.

Her noble kinsman from across the sea  
With pious zeal the dubious task essays,  
To guide her feet in wisdom's holy ways  
And save her soul—her dowry take for fee!

A Royal brother, from his seagirt tower,  
With envy views his rival's dark intent.  
No pious scruples stir his calm content:  
"He takes who will and keeps who has the power!"

Then, arming his retainers, sails away  
To dispossess the spoiler of the weak!  
A charge! a fight!—the end not far to seek—  
The vanquished yields, the stronger gains the day.

His gentle ward he soothes with honeyed word,  
Bids her take heart and rest her soul in peace;  
Trust him for ail, her troubles soon shall cease,  
Her fame, with his, shall through the world be heard!

She learns to love this grim old foster-sive;  
His rough-cast plans of state her thoughts engage;  
But, growing weary of strict tutelage,  
Her freedom craves, and gains her heart's desire

For fuller, broader life, and wider field  
Wherein her will shall have free scope to act,  
In great affairs she moves with skillful tact—  
Bright augury of power she yet shall wield.

'Mid loud acclaims she takes her rightful place  
Among the honoured and the great of earth,  
An uncrowned queen, by right of inborn worth,  
A nation's hope, to bless the coming race.

As bride adorned she stands beyond compare—  
A wreath of opalescent maple leaves  
Among her shining hair she deftly weaves,  
Arrayed in royal robes, and jewels rare.

Where mate for one with gifts so well endowed?  
Where find a consort who shall share her fame?  
To unborn sons transmit the glorious name  
Of Canada, revered, illustrious, proud!

Behold! yon high-souled, brave, true-hearted knight,  
Whose pulses beat with passion's ardent fire—  
His country's love his holy, sole desire,  
The Patriot kneels! her love she yields of right.

Mayhap from nations yet unborn shall rise  
A benison on such a union meet,  
And poets sing in flowing stanzas sweet  
What time she enters on her high emprise—  
'Mong federated nations takes her seat  
In peaceful bonds, that all the world comprise.  
Montreal. SAMUEL M. BAYLISS.

### MUSIC.

#### THE MESSIAH.

THE large audience which attended the Philharmonic Society's performance of the "Messiah" on the 27th was in itself a strong evidence of the popularity in Toronto of both the Society and the great oratorio. And they were well rewarded for attending the concert, as there never was a better performance of the Oratorio in Toronto, as far as chorus and orchestra are concerned, and Mr. Torrington may well feel pleased with his concert. The chorus sang with an irresistible dash and sonority. Where I sat, I could hear no false start and no false note, though I followed every chorus faithfully from the score. I have rarely heard such absolute certainty in the tone and attack of an oratorio-singing chorus. The difficult runs were given with remarkable clearness and accuracy, in spite of the occasionally high speed at which they were taken. Then in the matter of intonation, also, there was no fault to find. The tenors, those much abused men, who generally come in for the fault-finding in this respect, behaved most splendidly, and carried their work through without a single instance of wavering. The balance between the parts was very fair, the altos, contrary to usual experience, being a little weak in tone. Notable instances of fine choral work were the "Glory to God," "For Unto Us," "Behold the Lamb," "Worthy is the Lamb," and the "Hallelujah" choruses. I was glad to see that the good old custom instituted by King George II. of standing during the "Hallelujah" chorus was asked for by President Earls, and unanimously responded to. If the Philharmonic chorus does as well with "Samson" as it did with the "Messiah" it will only add another leaf to its already rich wreath of laurel.

The orchestra, largely composed of Mr. Torrington's Amateur Orchestra, played exceedingly well, and gave a clearness of tone, especially in the strings, that I hardly looked for from such comparatively inexperienced players. The string tone, indeed, might have been improved if the players at the back desks had allowed themselves a little more largeness in their bowing. Many of them contented themselves with using only an inch or two of their bows, but I suppose that time and experience will give them greater courage; meantime they are doing an excellent work for themselves and for their art. The wind parts were uniformly good, and I question whether we have ever had a better performance of the Pastoral Symphony in Toronto. Mr. H. L. Clarke did, it is true, treat us to an occasional wrong note in his obligato to "The Trumpet shall Sound," but that can easily be overlooked. Mr. Torrington succeeded, more than ever before, in quieting down his players in the solo accompaniments, to the great relief and comfort of his soloists. In the full chorus accompaniments, however, the orchestra played with splendid sonority and precision.

In the matter of soloists, the society as has so often been the case, showed itself superior to the visitors. Mr. Jamieson, who sang the tenor parts, has a fine tenor voice, robust though not brilliant, and sang much better than he did in the *Naaman* concert five years ago. Still the promise he held out in his excellent rendering of "Comfort Ye," and "Every Valley," which were really beautifully sung, was hardly redeemed when he sang "Thou shalt Dash Them." In this solo, which demands the most virile rendering, he was unequal to its demands, the high A especially seeming to distress him. I was very much pleased with the quality of Miss Lizzie Webb Cary's voice. It was pure and resonant, and free from the obnoxious *vibrato* which now assails us on every side. She gave careful and conscientious renderings of all her solos, without however, in any degree approaching any so-called "magnetic success." Our young townswoman, Miss Katie Ryan, sang the alto solos in pleasing style and with evident fidelity, though they are not suited either to the range or quality of her voice. Mr. Schuch gave a splendid rendering of "Thus Saith the Lord," giving the runs with delightful ease, clearness, and fulness of tone. In the succeeding aria "But Who may Abide," he sang the *cantabile* portion with feeling and with artistic phrasing, but the rougher work of "He is Like," was not quite so well carried out, inequalities of tone being apparent here and there. Mr. Blight's light and agile voice enabled him to give a fine rendition of "Why do the Nations?" every note being distinct and clear as a bell, though occasionally his intonation suffered a little. "The People that Walked," is a trifle heavy for a voice as light as Mr. Blight's, but he sang it most acceptably. Mr. Warrington was not up to his usual form, and made one or two bad "breaks," but he quickly recovered himself, and went on with his exacting solo.

If we except the Service of Praise at St. Andrew's Church, the musical efforts which brightened the Convention of the Canadian Society of Musicians were hardly of the excellence to be looked for when a representative body of music-makers meets in solemn conclave. The reception and the occasional recitals were simply respectable from a musical sense, no performance of special merit breaking the reiteration of mediocrity. At one recital, it is true, I heard a new voice that was charming in its sweetness and purity of tone, as well as in the unaffected artistic elegance of the singer's rendition. The voice is Miss Maggie Campbell's. This young lady sang two songs, one of which, "I Seek for Thee in Every Flower," was rendered in a manner that drew forth the warmest plaudits of an audience of critics, and that would have won instant recognition anywhere. I hope to hear more of Miss Campbell. At the Service of Praise the classical organists held high car-

nival, relieved by some milder playing by Messrs. Phillips and Dorey, and by some pleasing singing by Miss Robinson, Mdlle. Adele Strauss and Mr. Schuch. Mdlle. Strauss I heard for the first time in English, and I was pleased with the purity of her enunciation, as well as with her fine voice and style.

MR. WESLEY OCTAVIUS FORSYTH has returned to Toronto after a lengthened sojourn in Leipsic, where he studied his profession under the best masters with great success and credit to himself. Mr. Forsyth has joined the staff of the Toronto College of Music, where he will have charge of the higher forms of musical culture, such as orchestrations, fugue, and analysis.

ANOTHER late arrival is Mr. Arthur Dorey who came to Toronto to assume the post of organist and choirmaster of St. Peter's Church, and who since his arrival has been offered a similar position at St. Luke's which he has accepted, as it promises to afford him greater scope for his abilities and energy. Mr. Dorey assumes his new duties at once, and is a strong acquisition to the ranks of organists in Toronto, as those who heard his fine playing at St. Andrew's Church on Friday evening last will bear willing witness.

AND now that Campanini has been wrecked on wild Western shores, and has skipped back to New York with a broken up company, he intends to sing in English opera, so he says. This is too bad! Tradition and memory certainly helped to make his Italian singing somewhat endurable, but if he cannot sing in his mother tongue, he will simply make a mess of it in English. Leave it alone, Campy!

FREDERIC ARCHER turned a pretty penny on the 26th ult., when he conducted the Arion Club's "Messiah" at Milwaukee. He gave an excellent performance and pocketed a nice fee, rumour placing it at \$250.

MR. CALIXA LAVALLEE, formerly of Quebec, has been appointed musical director of the Cathedral at Boston.

MR. W. WAUGH LAUDER has again changed his habitation, and is now a resident of Kansas City where he is seeking pupils, while he gives lectures and recitals on Wagner, Liszt, etc.

MRS. AGNES THOMSON has returned to town after a sojourn of several months in New York, where she has been perfecting herself in her profession. She will sing at the Rosenthal concert on Friday next.

MME. ALBANI who, it is perhaps superfluous to remind our readers, is a Canadian born, will give a concert in Toronto probably in February.

ANOTHER of those pleasing musical Services of Praise will be held on Wednesday evening next at the Church of the Redeemer, when Mr. Schuch's excellent choir will render a fine programme of sacred music. Mr. Arthur Dorey, the newly appointed organist of St. Luke's Church and Mdlle Adele Strauss, our popular mezzo-soprano, will assist.

THE Dresden *Journal* has coined a new word, "Konzert-inüde," concert-tired, to express the indifference of audiences to the frequently really good concerts that are offered but not appreciated to the extent of being liberally patronized. I am afraid that our Toronto audiences are also becoming somewhat "Konzert-inüde," as witness the late Orchestral concert and the Campanini and Valda Concerts.

KELLOGG has been in bad luck. There are rumours of unpaid salaries and of disbandment, owing to unpropitious business, and now comes the report that Perugini, our own handsome Johnny Chatterton, has left the company, and sued Strakosch, Clara Louise's young husband, for his salary.

APROPOS of Mrs. Langtry's declared intention to dress the theatre ushers in kilts when she plays *Lady Macbeth*, the *American Musician* suggests that the local colour would be heightened if hot Scotch were served between the acts.

THE *Yeomen of the Guard* will be withdrawn from the Casino stage, in New York, on January 12, and *Nadja* will then be replaced.

THE cornetist, Levy, has been astonishing the Montrealers by playing "God Save the Queen" in four different octaves.

ON Friday evening next we shall hear Moriz Rosenthal, the young pianist who has created such a *furor* in the United States wherever he has played. He is indeed a phenomenon, with the finest technique and the most thoughtful interpretation that has been witnessed in America during this generation. With him is young Fritz Kreissler, a lad of fifteen, who is a wonderful violinist, and Miss Agnes Thomson, who is too well liked here to need any further commendation.

THE Cologne Mäenersangverein, numbering about seventy members, and admitted to be the finest male choir in the world, is going to make an Italian tour, and will show the Italians how men should sing.

JEROME HOPKINS, an American composer, has been endeavouring to bring out his oratorio, "Samuel," in London, but failed to do so. He endeavoured to get the patronage of the various diplomatic corps, but did not succeed owing to Mr. Phelps' refusal to honour his compatriot. In fact, curious to say, the only ambassador who put his name down as a patron of down-trodden genius was the Chinese representative. Perhaps the distinguished Celestial heard the music and recognized some airs of his childhood.



SIMS REEVES, the great tenor, will now retire absolutely from public life, and will close his long series of successes with a farewell tour of England, commencing in March.

SULLIVAN'S music for Irving's revival of *Macbeth* consists of, 1, overture; 2, three short preludes or *entr'actes*; 3, banquet scene music; 4, two choruses, female voices, and a great deal of incidental music. The overture is scored for a very large orchestra. At the recent production, while Irving's conception of *Macbeth* was very quietly received, the music was greatly admired.

*Dorothy* was produced at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, in London, two years ago, and is still running there, having reached its 817th performance. As the house will soon be closed for repairs, the opera will go to the Lyric Theatre.

THAT veteran music publisher, Oliver Ditson, of Boston, died on the 21st ult., at the ripe age of seventy-seven, and possessed of great wealth. By his will he set apart \$25,000 for a fund for poor and needy musicians, besides leaving \$51,000 to some sixteen charitable institutions.

ANOTHER publisher, Antoine de Choudens, has also joined the majority. He made his fortune out of Gounod's *Faust*.

THERE is now in New York a Miss Georgie Boyden, a young lady who, without possessing the least knowledge of musical science, plays the piano with surprising virtuosity. She seems to be gifted with extraordinary musical instinct, aided by a wonderful memory, as she plays by ear the most difficult compositions, after having heard them executed a few times by others. Moreover, she improvises with uncommon facility and incredible accuracy as to rhythm and harmonizations; several of her impromptus, transcribed by competent musicians, have been published, and are meeting with general approbation, as evincing marked talent and originality in ideas and treatment.

B. NATURAL.

LIBRARY TABLE.

CASIMER MAREMMA. A story. By Arthur Helps. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

This reprint will revive the interest in the works of Sir Arthur Helps whose *Friends in Council* and *Essays* were much read some years ago. *Casimer Maremma* is sufficiently interesting as a story, but what thoughtful readers will find peculiarly attractive in it are the letters, many of them having the qualities which characterize the author's *Short Essays*.

This book, and *Glorinda* are of the publisher's "Handy Library" series, so commendable for convenient size, neat binding and excellent paper and print.

THE MYSTERY OF MARTHA WARNE. A tale of Montreal. By Arthur Campbell. Montreal: J. Theo. Robinson. paper, 25 cents.

Ghost stories have gone somewhat out of fashion; but human interest in and relish for the supernatural has by no means disappeared. The story before us purports to be from the actual experience of a Montreal physician who relates in a plain matter of fact manner incidents that occurred in his own practice. He tells the story of Martha Warne, because it was absolutely necessary for him to tell it. He could not keep it to himself. If his readers do not believe in the "absolute truth" of his narrative they will at least find it deeply interesting. There is bound up in the same cover a shorter story entitled *The Rowan Tree*.

GLORINDA. A story. By Anna Bowmau Dodd. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 75 cents.

In this unpretending but well told story, New England hardness, perseverance and thrift are sharply contrasted with Southern indolence, pride and improvidence. This contrast is marked by the appearance and relative productiveness of adjoining plantations and the modes of management of their respective owners; but it is merely incidental to, and not the *motif* of the story. The scene is in Kentucky. The heroine is a young, untrained motherless girl who has a passion for acting, and plays Juliet and Rosalind, in a forest retreat, to an audience of little negroes. There is however an unseen and unsuspected auditor at one of these sylvan performances, who afterwards plays an important part in the story and exerts a strong influence in the development of Glorinda's character. This impulsive, untrained, but clever and beautiful young girl has, of course, lovers. One, the handsome, well dressed, well bred, educated stranger who had witnessed her histrionics in the leafy theatre, and the other, her neighbour, Jake Crossley, rough, uncouth, and utterly unattractive in external appearance, but patient, loyal, and manly, and ultimately successful in winning the prize his more showy rival too lightly esteemed. The story has nothing novel in plot or incident, but it is thoroughly wholesome and presents the life of which it treats without distortion or exaggeration.

WE are indebted to Prof. Ashley, of the University of Toronto, for a copy of his inaugural lecture, "What is Political Science?" Toronto: Rowsell & Hutchison.

THE *Methodist Magazine* for January wears its new dress and presents a very creditable appearance. A paper by Prof. Goldwin Smith on "Some Supposed Consequences of the Doctrine of Historical Progress," and one by Hon. Senator Macdonald on "Christian Unity" are attractive features of this number.

THE January number of *St. Nicholas*, full of bright reading matter and attractive illustrations, indicates that the promises in the prospectus for 1889 are to be amply fulfilled. A feature of the number is the first of a series of illustrated ballads. This one is "The Pigmy Fleet" with more than twenty pages of illustrations. Mrs. Catherwood's Canadian story, "The Bells of Ste. Anne," is continued and increases in interest.

THE January *Forum* is an exceedingly good number. In the opening paper Senator J. S. Morrill, discusses, from an American standpoint, the interesting though premature question, "Is Union with Canada Desirable?" Another matter in which Canadians have some interest is that treated of by President James B. Angell, in "The Recall of Ministers." Max O'Rell's "Jottings on American Society" is not a satire but a very fair judgment formed in a six months' sojourn in the United States.

AN engraved portrait and a sketch of the literary career of Mary Mapes Dodge, the author of *Hans Brinker*, and other popular books, and the editor of *St. Nicholas*, form the leading feature of the January *Book Buyer*. This paper is a full description of the home life of George Meredith, which is accompanied by an engraved portrait. The same number contains portraits of Walt Whitman and of the poet Whittier, whose eighty-first birthday was just celebrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"COMMODUS," the new play by General Lew Wallace, is the opening attraction of *Harper's* for January. It is beautifully and liberally illustrated with engravings from drawings by Wengulin. Commissioner McCarthy, of Dublin, describes the "Manufacturing Industry of Ireland." This article; "The Beaver," by H. P. Wills. "Russian Bronzes," by Clarence Cook; "Modern Amateur Photography," by F. C. Beach, Ph. B., and "The Ancient City of Wisby," by W. W. Thomas, Jun., are richly illustrated. Miss Woolson begins her novel, "Jupiter Lights," and Mr. Warner continues his descriptive papers with "Comments on Kentucky."

*Outing* for January has for frontispiece an illustration of the Ice-yacht, *Northern Light*. The opening paper is "Among the Taurus Mountains," by L. B. Platt. Other articles of interest are "Mask and Foil for Ladies," by Charles E. Clay; "Fast Ice Boats," by Col. Charles L. Norton; "The Lake Champlain Yacht Club," by F. G. Mather, and "Hints to Football Captains," by Walter C. Camp. The papers on "American College Athletes," and "Sport—Past, Present and Future," are concluded. Two good stories, some poetry, and well filled editorial departments complete an excellent holiday number.

THE January number of the *Magazine of American History* opens with a paper by the editor entitled "Historic Homes and Landmarks," an interesting account of the scenes and events which made the "West End" portion of New York City historic ground. Dr. Prosper Bender writes on "Winters in Quebec," and Gen. C. M. Wilcox on "The Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence." Col. Stone's Diary of "A Trip from New York to Niagara in 1829" is concluded. Hon. Wm. L. Scruggs contributes a paper on "Revolutions in Spanish America," and Isaac W. Hammond, of the New Hampshire Historical Society, a chapter on "Slavery in New Hampshire." This number begins the twenty-first volume of the magazine.

THE *Century* for January has for frontispiece Cole's engraving of the head of Christ, by Giotto. In the paper on "Old Italian Masters" there are several large engravings from Giotto with notes by W. J. Stillman and Mr. Cole. Another art feature of this number is the article on "Olin Warner, Sculptor," illustrated by reproductions of his works. Charles De Kay begins a series of articles on Ireland, the first of which is entitled "Pagan Ireland." Mr. Kennan continues his Siberian sketches and Mr. Wilson his papers on the Holy Land. There is a fair amount of fiction in the number, and two contributions in verse from Canadians, "The Winter Lakes," by William Wilfred Campbell, and "A Regret," by Agnes Maude Machar.

In the December *Contemporary* the Duke of Argyll controverts the theory advanced by Prof. Max Müller in his work on the *Science of Thought*. He says, however, that "sometimes, in reading Prof. Max Müller's explanations of his theory we are not divided from him so far as he thinks." Our Australasian brethren continue to attract the attention of Old Country people, and in this number Dr. R. W. Dale's second paper on "Impressions of Australia" appears. Archdeacon Farrar has an article on the "Future of Westminster Abbey," and Gabriel Monod writes on "Contemporary Life and Thought in France."

THE *Nineteenth Century* for December opens with a paper on the "Presidential Election in the United States," by Sir Lyon Playfair, M. P., in which he deals with the principal issues raised in the contest, viz., the regulation of immigration, "trusts," and tariff reform, concluding with some temperate remarks on the anti-British animus displayed by leaders and orators of both parties. Other articles of interest are "What St. John saw in Patmos," by J. Theodore Bent; "Soldier's Rations," by Archibald Forbes; "An Autumn Visit to Japan," by Lord Eustace Cecil, and "The Brothuks of Newfoundland," by Lady Blake. The Queensland incident and the question of over-examination have been already discussed in our columns.

In his paper on "The Negro as a Soldier," in the December *Fortnightly*, Lord Wolseley pays a deserved tribute to the soldierly qualities of some of the African races, especially the Zulus and Ashantis. A. W. Sterling

describes the growth of nationalism in Queensland; Walter Pater discourses on style, and Sir Henry Pottinger has one of his interesting papers on sport, this time describing "Wild Shooting" in Norway, the Loffodens and other northern islands. The controversy about the accounts of "The Church Missionary Society" is further continued by the Society's Secretary, and Canon Taylor; J. D. Bourchier discusses "The Fate of Roumania," and Prof. Tyndall tells very pleasantly "The Story of the Light-houses."

THE complete novel in *Lippincott's* for January is "Hale-Weston," by M. Elliot Seawell. It is a story of life in Virginia nearly half a century ago, full of incident and skilfully told. In a paper on "Edgar Allan Poe," Mr. R. H. Stoddard gives some unpleasant particulars about the poet which might as well be forgotten. Miss (or Mrs. Charlotte Adams), in "Literary Society as She was Seen," gives what must surely be a libellous and malicious description of an afternoon reception "at one of the best literary houses" in New York. The people of the United States should not be restive under the harsh judgments of strangers. No foreign pen has ever libelled them so outrageously as some of their own writers do continually. A description of "The Capture and Execution of John Brown" of Harper's Ferry fame, written at the time by an eye witness, is interesting but does not differ materially from the generally received accounts.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

SIR WILLIAM BUTLER is writing a life of Gen. Gordon. E. P. ROE'S novel, *He fell in Love with his Wife*, has been translated into German by Karl Knortz.

J. MACDONALD OXLEY will have an article in *Macmillan's* for January, on "The Indian of Canada."

*A History of English Bookselling* by William Roberts, is to be published by Sampson Low & Co.

MACMILLAN & Co. will issue immediately *Japan and Its Art* by Marcus B. Huish, founded on the very elaborate papers in the *Art Journal*.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co. will publish in February, F. Hopkinson Smith's new book of travels, *A White Umbrella in Mexico* with illustrations by the author.

BLISS CARMAN is about to publish in Fredericton, N. B., a limited edition of an elegy by himself on Matthew Arnold. It is to appear in the form of a trilogy, and to be printed on large vellum sheets.

THERE are again discouraging reports about the health of Walt Whitman. His paralysis has assumed features which apparently take away the hope of his recovery. But his mind is not paralysed, nor is he given up to dejection.

MR. CHAS. G. LELAND has been received with especial honours at Buda-Pesth, where an enthusiastic reception was tendered him as President of the Gypsy-Lore Society. He found that his system of Industrial Art Education had been introduced in fifty or more public schools in Hungary.

THE Haliburton Society of King's College, Windsor, N. S., will soon issue *Haliburton, the Man and the Writer*, by F. Blake Crofton, Provincial Librarian of Nova Scotia and author of *The Major's Big Talk Stories*. The volume will contain a portrait of Judge Haliburton, who is better known to fame as "Sam Slick."

THE new juvenile weekly, whose advent has been chronicled from time to time, is to be called *Santa Claus*, and it is now announced that besides having its home office in Philadelphia it also will be published simultaneously in New York, Boston, London, and Toronto. The chief editor will be a Philadelphia lady, already favourably known by her contributions to juvenile literature.

MESSIEURS ERCKMANN AND CHATRIAN have—as they richly deserve—comfortable fortunes made out of their literary work. The two were schoolfellows and are now each about seventy years old. Erckmann is blue-eyed and pink-cheeked; Chatrian is a little curly-haired, blue-eyed man, with a "bumpy" forehead. They are engaged, the reading world will be glad to know, after a long silence, upon a new novel.

M. RENAN has finished the second volume of his *History of the People of Israel* which leaves only one more volume to be written. In it he traces the transformation of the national God of the Jews to the universal God, the Maker of Heaven and Earth. In the third volume he purposes to show how the organization of the Jewish religion was completed 450 years before Christ, and then became an abridgment of all the religious work of the world.

AN arrangement has been made by which the *Political Science Quarterly* and *The New Princeton Review* are consolidated. The publishers of the *Political Science Quarterly* (Ginn & Co.) have purchased *The New Princeton Review*, and the latter journal will be merged into the former. The political and economic questions to which *The New Princeton Review* has devoted so much of its attention, and which are engrossing more and more the attention of the public, will form, as heretofore, the special field of the *Political Science Quarterly*. The point of view and method of treatment which have won for both journals such cordial recognition and such extensive support will remain unchanged. Certain features of *The New Princeton Review* which have specially commended themselves to the public will be incorporated in the *Political Science Quarterly*; and Prof. Sloane, the editor of *The New Princeton Review*, will be associated in future with the work of the *Political Science Quarterly*.

ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

THE WEEK

Commences its SIXTH VOLUME with every prospect of a long and brilliant future.

PRESS OPINIONS IRRESPECTIVE OF PARTY.

A Thoroughly Home Enterprise.

Every Canadian must rejoice to see that a periodical so thoroughly a home enterprise as THE WEEK is, appears to be receiving that support which its past record and performances entitle it to ask. While it has been a good paper in the past, its enlargement makes it still more valuable, adding as it does very largely to the amount of matter each number contains, and it is to be hoped that THE WEEK will find such an appreciation of this fact from the people of Canada as will both justify this new evidence of the enterprise of its proprietors, and also disprove the statement that there is not sufficient patriotism in the Dominion to permit of even one Canadian periodical flourishing.—*Daily News-Advertiser, Vancouver.*

Will Rank with Similar Publications in the United States.

THE WEEK has entered on its sixth year in an enlarged and improved form. Editorially and typographically it is a credit to the higher type of Canadian Journalism and as such will rank with similar publications in the United States.—*Canadian Advance.*

Canada's Leading Literary Journal.

THE WEEK, Canada's leading literary journal, entered with its number for December 7th upon its sixth year of publication, enlarged so as to give its readers nearly one-half more reading matter each week than heretofore. Further improvements are foreshadowed in the future.—*Educational Journal.*

Has Become A Necessity.

There is no Canadian who will not rejoice at the evidences of increased prosperity which THE WEEK shows. This journal although it has not been so very long in existence has become a necessity to everyone wishing to keep himself in touch with the literary and political field of Canada. The paper is filled from cover to cover with the most interesting and important topics of the day written in the best manner.—*Bradford Telegram.*

It is an ably edited paper and neatly printed.—*York Herald.*

Commended to Thoughtful Readers.

THE WEEK is now one of the largest as well as one of the ablest literary journals published on the continent. We commend it to the attention of thoughtful readers.—*Huron News Record.*

The Best High Class Journal.

THE WEEK, the best high class literary journal of Canada, has entered its sixth year and been enlarged and improved.—*Durham Review.*

THE WEEK has entered on its sixth year greatly enlarged and improved, and its brilliant list of contributors added too, makes it by all odds the ablest literary and critical weekly journal in Canada. Its very successful publisher, Mr. C. Blackett Robinson, is one of the many Ontario County men who have made their mark at the provincial metropolis.—*Oshawa Vindicator.*

Long and Brilliant List of Writers.

THE WEEK signalizes its entry upon the sixth year of its existence by an enlargement to sixteen pages and other improvements, as well as adding to its long and brilliant list of writers, making it by far the ablest critical and literary journal in Canada.—*Port Perry Standard.*

A native of Ontario county, who has made a splendid success of the printing and publishing business in Toronto, is Mr. C. Blackett Robinson, from whose big establishment, amongst other fine periodicals, is issued THE WEEK, the ablest journal of its class in Canada.—*Pickering News.*

Belongs to the Higher Class of Canadian Journals.

THE WEEK, a Canadian journal of politics, literature, science and arts, published in Toronto, has entered on the sixth year of publication. It has been enlarged and improved in every respect. THE WEEK is a creditable publication in every respect. It belongs to the higher class of Canadian journals, and deserves general support.—*Woodstock Sentinel Review.*

Strong Corps of Able Writers.

THE WEEK has a strong corps of brilliant writers, whose treatment of the questions of the day are always worthy of attention.—*Pictou Times.*

Flattering Prospects of Increased Success.

THE WEEK enters upon its sixth year of publication with the most flattering prospects of increased success, and we are simply doing a pleasing duty when we recommend it to the favourable consideration of all.—*Pictou Gazette.*

THE WEEK, Canada's leading literary journal, has entered on its sixth year. It is as thoroughly independent in politics as ever, as ably conducted, and judging from its evident prosperity, as thoroughly appreciated by the public. It has recently been enlarged and improved generally.—*Milton Champion.*

One of the Ablest Edited Journals.

THE WEEK now appears in an enlarged form. THE WEEK is one of the ablest edited journals in Canada.—*Exeter Advocate.*

Only Journal of its Kind in Canada.

THE WEEK, with the number for December 7, began a new volume, and is considerably enlarged. We are glad to see these evidences of THE WEEK's prosperity. It is the only journal of its kind in Canada, and discharges very fairly its critical work.—*St. John Globe.*

Always Entitled to Respect.

We draw attention to the advertisement of this ably edited journal, which as a leader of public opinion takes much the same place as the *Saturday Review* in England. Though frequently differing from the views expressed in THE WEEK, its arguments are always entitled to respect.—*Perth Expositor.*

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The Toronto literary and critical journal, THE WEEK, founded by Goldwin Smith, has been greatly enlarged and improved, and is now the largest weekly of its kind on the continent.—*World, Chatham, N.B.*

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The high character of the literary contents of this weekly have made for it a wide circle of admirers, who will rejoice that its success has been such as to warrant this new departure, and will wish for it still more enduring popularity in its altered form.—*Toronto News.*

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This periodical, which during the past five years has, by its literary excellence, secured a leading rank in the Canadian press, commences its sixth volume fifty per cent. larger than it closed the fifth. It now appears in sixteen quarto pages, and in good, clean, readable type. Before another year the management hope to effect further improvements.—*The Mail.*

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THE WEEK has been much improved all round during the past year, consequently its circulation has extended and its publishers are enabled to announce that the paper will hereafter be of the size of the large and handsome issue that bears even date with this note. No weekly on the continent is written in a better spirit, and very few present literary matter of more merit. THE WEEK is now distinctly creditable to Canada; it has passed safely through the dangerous stage of infancy, and may very well expect to have a long career of prosperity.—*The Globe.*

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THE WEEK has entered upon the sixth year of its existence, and celebrates this auspicious event by appearing in enlarged form, so that its readers get nearly one-half more reading matter than formerly. We are pleased to note these signs of prosperity, and hope our contemporary's future will be even brighter, showing that Canadians are ready to warmly support a high-class literary weekly of their own.—*The Empire.*

Leading Journal of Literature.

Our Canadian contemporary, THE WEEK, began its sixth volume with the issue of Dec. 7, and celebrated the anniversary by an enlargement of its pages. THE WEEK is the leading Canadian journal of literature and the arts, and we wish it the "long, useful and prosperous career" that its prospectus anticipates for it.—*New York Critic.*

Will rank with similar Publications in the United States.

THE WEEK has entered on its sixth year in an enlarged and improved form. Editorially and typographically it is a credit to the higher type of Canadian journalism, and as such will rank with similar publications in the United States.—*Canadian Advance.*

Safely Past the Shoals.

THE WEEK, the well known Canadian literary weekly, appears in an enlarged and improved form. Our contemporary has evidently got safely past the shoals of journalism, and has a straight course of usefulness before it.—*Winnipeg Sun.*

Always Worthy of Attention.

It is evidently becoming even more popular than formerly. It has a strong corps of brilliant writers whose treatment of the questions of the day are always worthy of attention.—*Deseronto Tribune.*

One of Canada's Leading Papers.

THE WEEK, of Toronto, one of Canada's leading papers, has recently been enlarged and otherwise improved.—*Forest Free Press.*

Able and Independent.

We would once more urge upon our readers the claims to support of this fine periodical. With the number for December 7, THE WEEK enters upon its sixth volume in an enlarged form, and with a staff of contributors equal to that of any of its alien rivals. In the number are Sir Daniel Wilson, Prof. J. Clark Murray, Principal Grant, John Talon-Lesperance, Lady Macdonald, Prof. Roberts, J. Hunter Duvar, Miss Maehar (Fidella) and several others of our foremost writers. The opening number of the new year has contributions from "Walter Powell," the talented daughter of Mr. Frith, the artist; from Miss Blanche L. Macdonell, Commander W. A. Ashe, F.R.S.A., the Rev. Prof. W. Clark, Mr. N. F. Davin, M.P., Dr. Goldwin Smith, Miss Louisa Murray and the Rev. Prof. K. L. Jones. The editorials of THE WEEK are able and independent, and cover the entire range of current controversy.—*Montreal Gazette.*

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THE WEEK has now entered upon its sixth year, and promises to lead still further in the van as the ablest exponent of Canadian political thought untrammelled by party alliance. Literature, Science and Arts have, in THE WEEK, found an advocate equal to the best journals in Britain and the United States. Prof. Goldwin Smith continues a contributor to THE WEEK.—*Parkhill Review.*

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Taking an independent stand on public questions, it has, with scarcely an exception, discussed these in a fair and judicious manner. In other respects it has achieved a success, and its literary excellence has been recognized by its steadily increasing patronage. It holds a leading place among the high class journals of the day, and ought to receive the cordial support of those who value culture and who like to see public questions discussed without prejudice and partizanship.—*Guelph Mercury.*

Abounds with Interesting Articles.

THE WEEK, which has now become one of the well-established and recognized weekly journals of Canada, has met with such success as to warrant its enlargement. On its list of contributors is a host of names, many well known in literature and science in Canada, and we see no reason why our contemporary should not still further extend its circulation until the whole of the Dominion is well covered. It abounds with interesting articles and good reading generally.—*Montreal Herald.*

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THE WEEK, a well-known literary and political journal, which has at all times been ably conducted, gives evidence, in its latest issue, that it has been successful. THE WEEK is independent in politics, and its clever articles, which are usually patriotic in tone, will give to many of our politicians a view of themselves as others see them, even if they do not influence public opinion to any great extent as to the merits of questions in controversy between the parties. We commend THE WEEK to those who desire a high-class Canadian weekly journal.—*Belleville Intelligencer.*

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The enlargement is an indication of THE WEEK's success, a fact upon which the publisher is to be congratulated. THE WEEK is among the most welcome of our exchanges.—*Ottawa Citizen.*

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THE WEEK has entered upon the sixth year of publication. It has been enlarged to the extent that readers will be supplied with one-half more matter than hitherto. THE WEEK is a publication of which Canada may well be proud.—*London Free Press.*

Uniform in Size with Harper's Weekly.

THE WEEK is now uniform in size with Harper's Weekly, and having outlived the dangerous period of infancy—so fatal to youthful journalistic enterprises—it may now look forward to a long, useful and prosperous career.—*Sarnia Canadian.*

An Able and High-class Journal.

It is an able and high-class journal. Its treatment of Canadian political questions is fearless and independent. THE WEEK should be read by every thoughtful Canadian, both young and old.—*Winchester Press.*

Certainly a First-class Journal.

This week we publish an extended notice of THE WEEK, a Toronto publication of much merit. It has recently been enlarged and much improved in other ways, and is certainly a first-class journal.—*Chester Enterprise.*

Solid and Enterprising.

We are always glad to note signs of prosperity and progress on the part of the Canadian press, and it is therefore with pleasure that we draw attention to the fact that the last issue of that excellent literary journal, THE WEEK, came out in an enlarged form. It is really one of the most solid and yet entertaining exchanges we have.—*Pembroke Standard.*

A Valuable Addition.

THE WEEK, a Canadian journal of politics, literature, science and arts, published in Toronto, has entered on its sixth year of publication. It has been enlarged and improved in every respect. It is a valuable addition to the literary publications in any household.—*Oakville Star.*

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Its contents include independent opinions in politics, literature, science and arts; and original and able reviews on the most important passing events in the Dominion, the States and the old country, must secure it a place in every home in Canada. For general information of interest there is nothing in the city to surpass THE WEEK.—*Ayr Recorder.*

Always Fresh and Interesting.

That first class literary journal, THE WEEK, has now entered upon its sixth year, and appears in an enlarged and improved form. THE WEEK has amongst its contributors many of the best writers in Canadian literature, and is always fresh and interesting.—*Stirling News-Argus.*

New and Able Contributors.

THE WEEK has entered upon the sixth year of its existence, and has been enlarged and greatly improved. Many new and able writers have now or have promised to become contributors to its columns, which, with its regular staff, will give it a front place with journals dealing with politics, literature, science and arts.—*Huron Signal.*

Prof. Goldwin Smith Still a Contributor.

THE WEEK now stands in the front rank of literary journals on the continent. As heretofore, Professor Goldwin Smith occupies a place among its contributors. Those of our readers desiring to secure a first-class literary journal will find in THE WEEK what they desire.—*St. Thomas Times.*

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THE WEEK, Canada's literary paper par excellence, has entered on its sixth year in an enlarged and improved form. THE WEEK is now one of the largest as well as one of the ablest literary journals on the continent. We commend the attention of thoughtful readers to the prospectus announcement for 1889, which appears in another column.—*Listowel Standard.*

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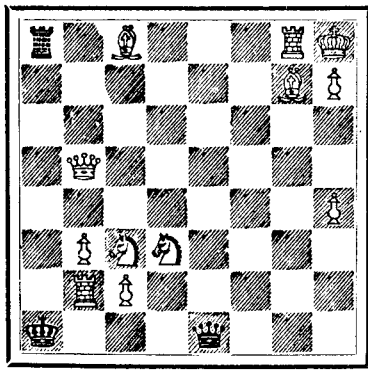
A Tone of Dignified Good Sense.

THE WEEK, of Toronto, entered upon its sixth volume a fortnight since, and appeared in an enlarged form. THE WEEK is an enterprising and able paper, and always contains much valuable reading matter of current interest, while its editorials have a tone of dignified good sense, as well as of sound judgment. The paper is a great credit to its publisher, C. Blackett Robinson, who deserves to be congratulated.—*Boston Journal.*



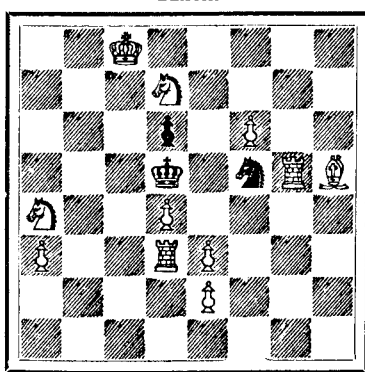
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SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 313.
Kt-Q 5

- No. 314.
White. 1. K-R 2, 2. K-Kt 3, 3. P-B 4 mate
Black. 1. B-Q B 6, 2. B moves, 1. B-Kt 5, 2. any move
With other variations.

NOTE.—In Problem No. 318 a white B should be on K R 6 instead of the R.

The following beautiful game was played recently at the residence of Dr. C. C. Moore, New York, between Bishop Fitzgerald and our contributor, Samuel Loyd, the prince of problem composers.

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- S. LOYD. Black. P-K 4, P x P, P-K Kt 4, P-Kt 5, P-K R 4, Q-K 2, Q x K P ch, Q x Q ch, R-K 2 ch, P-Kt 6 ch
Bishop FITZGERALD. White. 12. K-B 3, 13. B x Kt, 14. K x B P, 15. B-K B 7 ch, 16. B x R P, 17. K-B 3, 18. K-K 3, 19. K x P, 20. K-Q 5
S. LOYD. Black. P-Q Kt 4, P-Q 4, R-K 7, K-Q sq, B-Q 3 ch, R-K B 7 ch, P-Q 5 ch, Kt-Q B 3 ch
Black announces mate in seven moves. How many of our readers can solve the problem?

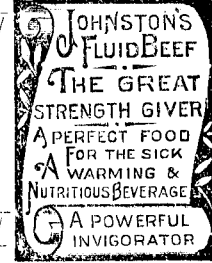
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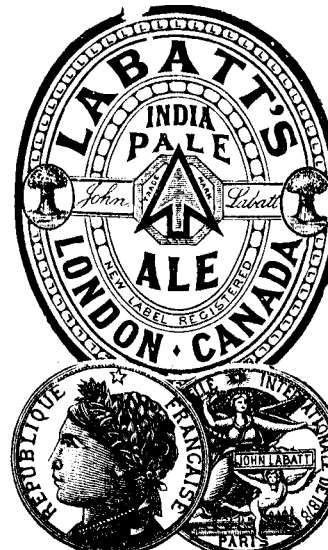
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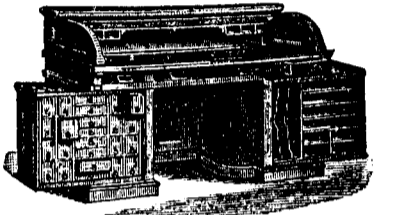
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