

THE WEEK:

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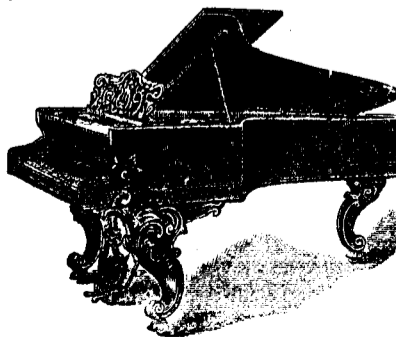
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COMMERCIAL UNION.

HAVING stated the general principles which seem to make a Commercial Union extending over the continent natural and desirable, it remains to deal with some of the objections which have been taken to this policy. They may be summarised briefly as follows. First—It will lead to Annexation or political union. Second—It will be injurious to the manufacturing industries of Canada. Third—It is impracticable; inasmuch as it is impossible to frame a common tariff satisfactory to both countries; and if this were done in the first instance how is this common tariff to be changed from time to time to suit the exigencies of either country? Fourth—It will tend to separate Canada from her connexion with the Empire. These are the chief objections urged against the scheme so far as I have heard them, and it is proposed to deal with each.

First—It will lead to Annexation. This must be considered from two standpoints—that of those who are rigidly opposed to political union with the United States, and those who are not. Belonging to the latter class, and believing firmly that the interests of the Dominion of Canada are more identified with the continent of America than with any portion of the world, this bugbear has no terrors for me; nor would I, and many others who believe with me, resist Commercial Union, if satisfied that the material prosperity of the country were bound up in it, for mere sentimental considerations. But it is for the benefit of those who, for some reasons which are not very clearly defined, have an instinctive horror of political union with their English-speaking brethren on this continent, that the objection is now to be considered.

The onus is upon those making this objection to establish their point. It is sufficient in answer merely to deny the fact and call for the proof. The facts of history are against any such theory. The period when the Annexation sentiment was strongest in Canada was just preceding the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854. The advantages of trade with the United States were then deeply felt by the masses of our people, and large numbers at that time believed that the only way to master the evils under which we were then labouring was to seek union with the States. The public men of the Upper Provinces joined in a movement in this direction, and Annexation was a more vital question in old Canada than in the Maritime Provinces. But the Treaty of 1854 put an end to this feeling. As soon as our people secured the advantages of free access to the American markets for their staple products content followed, and all mention of Annexation ceased. The Treaty terminated in 1866. The next year the Dominion was created, and a noble effort has been made by our people to substitute a national life, or policy, in place of American trade. If the conditions were favourable the struggle would be worthy of our best endeavours. But I aimed to show in the former article that it could not be done, the geographical difficulties are overwhelming and permanent. And to-day we find arising in the several sections of this Dominion the same feeling of discontent, and the people seeking the same natural remedy—trade with the United States. It is fair and reasonable to conclude that the advent of a policy of unrestricted trade with the United States would put an end to this discontent, and allay any growing tendency to seek relief

by political union with our great neighbour. But it is not necessary to be sophisticated on this point. A ready and conclusive answer to those who croak of Annexation is at hand. The question comes right down to this: Are the Canadian people afraid of themselves? None of us have much fear of conquest, or a forced union with the United States; therefore, if Canada ever becomes a part of the American Union it will be because a majority of the Canadian people want it. When that period arrives what is to be done? Shall not the will of the majority prevail? With or without Commercial Union, Annexation will never take place unless a majority of Canadians want it and vote for it. What, then, need we fear? Is it said that Commercial Union will hasten the desire in this direction? Why? Only in one way—by making the advantages more apparent. Would this be a disaster? Let us all console ourselves by this thought, in this and in all other important matters connected with our destinies,—the will of the Canadian people will be supreme. If now and evermore the great mass of people are inexorably hostile to political union with the States, then they have nothing to fear, either under Commercial Union or without it. If, on the other hand, it is a good thing, and would tend to advance our interests, then the sooner it comes the better. Let us not be afraid of ourselves.

Second—It will injure the young manufacturing industries of Canada. If this objection is well founded it is a disagreeable confession. It either means that our manufactures are of mushroom growth, and highly artificial, or that we are not equal to our confrères in this important field of labour. I reject both theories. Some industries have been forced into an unnatural existence by means of an unsound trade policy. The collapse of these will not be a national calamity. But there are industries in Canada which are able to compete with the continent, and which would be vastly strengthened and enlarged by opening to them the markets of sixty millions of people. The effect of the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854 was not to depress the manufacturing industries of Canada, nor has any one a right to presume that unrestricted trade with the continent would have any such effect. However, it may be admitted that the immediate effect of Commercial Union will be to injure some few of the manufacturing industries of Canada, but the other side of the case must also be considered. Manufactures ultimately adjust themselves according to facilities, and no one can doubt that Canada offers facilities which will attract to this country American capital and American enterprise the instant that an enlarged market is assured. Take the iron industry of Nova Scotia. From Pennsylvania to the North Pole, so far as we know at present, the condition of coal and iron lying side by side does not exist in America, save in Nova Scotia. For years past the National Policy has done its best to foster the iron industry in Nova Scotia. Large duties have been imposed upon imported iron. Then came a bounty of \$1.50 per ton on pig. Then special rates over the Intercolonial Railway for coal and coke. Yet with all this nursing the Londonderry Iron Works of Nova Scotia have never thrived, and the Steel Company of Canada is now in liquidation. But who doubts for a moment that in the day that the markets of the whole continent are thrown open large iron works will spring up by the agency of American capital in the counties of Pictou and Cape Breton, where coke can be obtained at the very works themselves at \$1.50 or \$2 per ton? This only serves as an illustration of many other industries which would boom at once as soon as a natural and unlimited market was available. But it must not be forgotten that while manufactures are an exceedingly important factor in the national prosperity they must not be allowed to overshadow all other interests. It would not be wise to sacrifice all other industries for the sole benefit of a handful of manufacturers. Is it nothing that Commercial Union will double the profits of the farmer, who represents nearly fifty per cent. of the entire population? Are we not to regard the interests of the lumberman, the fisherman, the shipbuilder, the miner? Are we to ignore forever all the inexorable laws of trade? Must everything give way to play the game of the petted manufacturer? Surely every reasonable person will answer, No! But we have yet to find any man in Canada who has addressed himself to the task of proving that in the aggregate the manufacturing class in this country would suffer by having opened to them in a day the markets of the greatest industrial and consuming nation in the world.

The other objections must be considered in another article.

J. W. LONGLEY.

THE BEGINNINGS OF CANADIAN LITERATURE.

THE DISCOVERERS, EARLY MISSIONARIES, AND EXPLORERS.

To most English readers of our native literature the work of the French discoverers and explorers of Canada, of the Jesuit and Récollet missionaries, and of the later French-Canadian writers, must, in large measure, be a sealed book. This must be matter for regret, as much of it is of the highest order of interest, while its later portions are almost unsurpassed in literary attractiveness. Fortunately, and to a remarkable extent, Francis Parkman, the American historian, has made the French period of Canadian history a special field of work; and in his series of brilliant narratives of "France in the New World," the English reader of early Canadian annals has a record of the epoch so scholarly and fascinating that he can have little occasion to regret his inability to peruse any portion of the literature of French-Canada which has not yet been translated into the English tongue. We can note this only in passing, and add that any Canadian who is unfamiliar with the works of Mr. Parkman has little idea of the elements of romance that enter into the annals, ecclesiastical and civil, of Canada; nor can he be said to have really tasted of the charm of history, when it is narrated by a graphic and picturesque, as well as by a trustworthy and painstaking, writer.

Canadian literature can hardly be said to begin prior to the founding of the Catholic missions in Canada in the days of Champlain. From this period both the civil and the ecclesiastical history of the country dates. Previous to that time, however, under the impulse given to the search for a shorter western passage to India in the reign of the French monarch, Francis I., several notable voyages to the New World were undertaken, and some account of these ought here to be given; but this, we regret, our limited space forbids. We can permit ourselves but the barest reference to the voyages of Jacques Cartier, undertaken between the years 1534 and 1552, and refer those who feel an interest in the subject of early exploration to the valuable publications of the Hakluyt Society, and particularly to Volume IV. of Justin Winsor's *Narrative and Critical History of America*—a work which is now being sumptuously issued in Boston, and this special volume of which deals exhaustively with *French Exploration and Settlement in North America*. In this volume will be found a number of critical essays of the highest interest on the discoverers and founders of Canada, and on the relations of the Catholic Church with the Indians. Jacques Cartier made at least three voyages to Canada, in the first of which (A.D. 1534) he took possession of the country for the French King. In the following year he again left the port of St. Malo for the New World, the object of his enterprise, according to the terms of his commission, being discovery, settlement, and the conversion of the native tribes. In this voyage he disclosed to the ken of the Old World our noble St. Lawrence, and proceeding up its waters, reached Stadacona (Quebec) and Hochelaga (Montreal). A third voyage, in connection with the Sieur de Roberval, a Picardy gentleman, was undertaken in 1540, with the design of planting a colony in Acadia; but this expedition, like those that preceded it, was barren of practical results, save that it gave to literature the earliest authentic record of discovery in the region now embraced in the wide domain of Canada. The narrative of Cartier's first voyage was issued, in French, from the press of Ramusio, at Venice, in 1536. In 1580 an English translation appeared, which was adopted by Hakluyt, and printed in his *Navigations* in the year 1600. The account of his second voyage came out in Paris in 1545; but of his third expedition, in concert with Roberval, we have only a fragment preserved by Hakluyt, which brings the narrative down to 1541. In 1598 another account of Cartier's first voyage, in French, appeared at Rouen, and was reprinted at Quebec, in *Voyages de Découverte au Canada, 1534-1552*, issued in 1843, under the direction of the Quebec Literary and Historical Society. Beyond the discovery of the country, and the intermittent trade in fish and fur which it opened up, France profited little from Cartier's voyages. Nor is there much in his narratives as a contribution to literature, save numberless curiosity-exciting facts, told to his St. Malo townsmen with the truth and directness of a simple-minded but courageous sailor.

He told them of the Algonquin braves—the hunters of the wild,
Of how the Indian mother in the forest rocks her child;
Of how, poor souls, they fancy in every living thing
A spirit good or evil, that claims their worshipping;
Of how they brought their sick and maimed for him to breathe upon,
And of the wonders wrought for them through the Gospel of St. John.

He told them of the river whose mighty current gave
Its freshness for a hundred leagues to Ocean's briny wave;
He told them of the glorious scene presented to his sight,
What time he reared the cross and crown on Hochelaga's height;
And of the fortress cliff that keeps of Canada the key,
And they welcomed back Jacques Cartier from his perils o'er the sea.*

With the coming of Champlain the day dawned upon French colonisation and missionary enterprise. Within the space of a generation (1603-1635) Champlain's eager, ardent mind, his intense religious zeal, and his restless spirit of discovery, made Canada, till now a veritable *terra incognita*, known to the outer world; while he gave to the colony he planted and fostered his earnest, watchful care and the benefit of his every thought. With him came the Sieur de Monts, a Huguenot who had rendered services to Henry IV. during the wars of the League, and for which he was rewarded by grants of land in Acadia, with the title of Lieutenant-General. At the same period there also came to Acadia, Pontgravé, a merchant of St. Malo, and with him Poutrincourt, a French nobleman, who wished to escape from the turbulent politics of Europe, and settle in a land unvexed

* From the ballad of *Jacques Cartier*, by Thomas D'Arcy McGee.

by religious strife. Champlain eagerly entered upon his explorations, first on the scene of the Acadian colony, then on the St. Lawrence and its tributaries, in the ascent of one of which he discovered the lake which bears his name. Afterwards he ascended the Ottawa and crossed to the country of the Hurons, and, with the latter as allies, made his disastrous raid into the lair of the Iroquois, and brought upon the ill-starred colony which he founded at Quebec the sleepless hate of that powerful Confederacy.

The chronicling of these and other events occurring in New France during the early years of the seventeenth century, with some account of the labours of the Récollet and Jesuit missionaries, we happily owe to Champlain, the chief personage in the drama of the times, and to Marc Lescarbot, a lawyer and man of good parts, who was intimately associated with De Monts and Poutrincourt in the Acadian colony. The literary fruit of the period is embodied in Champlain's voluminous narratives, of which there are many editions in French, and at least one good edition in English; and in Lescarbot's *Histoire de la Nouvelle France*, the latter of which gives a vivid picture of life at Port Royal among the Canadian "Knights of the Round Table." The narrative of Champlain's first voyage, entitled, *Des Sauvages; ou, Voyage de Samuel Champlain, de Brouage*, appeared in Paris in 1604, the year after the expedition was undertaken. In 1613, a second volume, profusely illustrated, was issued in the French capital, embracing the events which had occurred from 1603 to that date. The volume is full of interesting matter concerning the native tribes, which were as yet uncontaminated by intercourse with the scum of French prisons and other hybrid classes sent out as colonists by order of the French Court. Replete with interest is it also in regard to the geography of the northern portions of the continent, particularly in the region of the Bay of Fundy, including the coast line of the Maritime Provinces and New England. A third volume was published in 1619, which was twice reissued in Champlain's lifetime, and, with some additions, it again appeared in 1632. Of his complete writings, a collected Canadian edition, in French, was published in Quebec, in 1870, in six volumes quarto, under the editorship of the accomplished Abbé Laverdière. This Canadian reprint is creditable to native scholarship, being carefully edited, with luminous notes from the original text in the Bibliothèque Impériale at Paris. To French-Canadian industry and research are we also indebted for many interesting monographs on the subject of Champlain and his administration, in the country he so faithfully served, and which has the honour of holding his dust. L'Abbé Ferland's *Histoire du Canada* contains an excellent summary of Champlain's labours; though, for English readers, Miles's *Canada under the French Régime*, Warburton's *Conquest of Canada*, and especially Parkman's *Pioneers of France in the New World*, should be consulted. The best English translation of Champlain's complete voyages, however, is that issued in three small quarto volumes, in 1878-82, for the Prince Society, of Boston, by Dr. C. Pomeroy Otis, with an elaborate memoir by the Rev. E. F. Slafter, M.A.

The limits of this brief sketch necessitate our dealing very briefly with the remainder of the French writers of this period. Contemporary with Champlain, and familiar with his work, are the two authors, Marc Lescarbot and Gabriel Sagard, who have made important contributions to the literature of the era. Lescarbot's work deals with the Nova Scotian colony under De Monts, and Sagard's with the tribe and country of the Hurons. Not much is known of Lescarbot, beyond the fact that he was born at Vervins about the year 1580, and was a lawyer, having an extensive practice in Paris, which he abandoned in 1604, to take part with De Monts, the Lieutenant-General of Acadia, and again with Poutrincourt, in 1606-7, in the French Colony on the St. Croix River, Bay of Fundy. Three important works of his are extant, the chief of which is an *Histoire de la Nouvelle France*, first published in Paris in 1609, and to which was appended a collection of verses, written also by Lescarbot, entitled *Les Muses de la Nouvelle France*. Charlevoix, a later high authority, speaks of Lescarbot's narrative as "sincere, well-informed, sensible, and impartial." The author was a man of much vivacity of manner, and has given us a delightful insight into the habits and mode of life of the short-lived Acadian colony. His verses, which were the first effort to woo the Muses in Canada, are bright and polished, and among them is a poem written to commemorate a battle between Membertou, a local Indian chief, and some neighbouring savages. Another of his productions is a work on the *Conversion of the Indians*, with an account of Poutrincourt's voyage to the country in 1610. Father Sagard's works also deal with missionary effort among the Indians. He was a member of the Récollet fraternity, of whose missions in the Huron country, from 1615 to 1629, he is partly the historian. His work, though diffuse, is rich in details of Indian life and customs: it is entitled *Le Grand Voyage du Pays des Hurons*, and has not been translated into English. It appeared in Paris first in 1632, and again, in an enlarged form, in 1636, and to both editions is appended a dictionary of the Huron language which Sagard prepared.

We now come to the most important work of the period, the account of the ecclesiastical history of Canada embraced in the famous *Jesuit Relations*, a work which has not been translated into English, but the good things in which have been extracted and elaborated by the historian Parkman. The full title of the work is *Relations des Jésuites contenant ce qui s'est passé de plus remarquable dans les Missions des Pères de la Compagnie de Jésus dans la Nouvelle France*. The edition of the *Relations* in current use in Canada is one in three portly volumes printed at Quebec in 1858 by order of the Government of the Province. The narratives, which are marked by much simplicity of style, extend from the year 1632, with a few prior fragments, to the year 1679; and in no other contemporary source can we look for so intimate a knowledge of the religious history of the period, full as it is of thrilling incidents and the record of a zeal and devotion unmatched in the annals of missionary enterprise. The field of

the first Jesuit mission founded in 1611 was at Port Royal, Acadia, though this was temporary in its character. The next mission was on the St. Lawrence, under the Récollets, a reformed branch of the Franciscan order, who came to the country with Champlain in 1615. The Récollets at once extended their field into the home of the Hurons, and in 1625 called to their aid in their evangelising labours the Jesuits, to whom we are indebted for the long series of interesting *Relations* transmitted annually from the scattered fields of their work to the head of their order at Quebec, and from there forwarded to France for publication. As we have said, these *Relations* have not been translated from the French; the English reader is therefore referred for an account of them to Justin Winsor's *Narrative and Critical History of America*, to the valuable contributions of Dr. E. B. O'Callaghan to the New York Historical Society, and to the writings of Mr. Parkman. In Canadian sources there are also interesting papers on the missions contributed to the *Canadian Monthly* by Dr. W. H. Withrow, and by Mr. Martin J. Griffin, of the Parliamentary Library at Ottawa. The reader will find an account of the Huron Missions by the present writer in *Picturesque Canada*, in the section on the *Georgian Bay and Muskoka Lakes*.

One other important narrative of the religious history of the colonies of France in the New World which remains to be noticed is Father Christian Le Clerq's *Etablissement de la Foi*, published in France in 1691, in two volumes 12mo. This work has been translated, under the title of *Establishment of the Faith*, by Dr. O'Shea, of New York, where it was published with a memoir in two volumes 8vo, in 1881. Le Clerq, who was a Récollet, and antagonistic to the Jesuits, came to Quebec from France in 1675, and found the field of his missionary labours in the Gaspé region. The Jesuits are bitterly satirised by Le Clerq in his work. Another work called forth by the Jesuit missions in Canada is the *Mœurs des Sauvages Américains*, by Father Lafitau, and published in Paris in 1724. The author lived long among the Iroquois and made a close study of that warlike tribe. His book is held in high estimation by collectors, though it is rather overlaid with a theory of the Tartar origin of the red race. Belonging also to this period are the narratives of the discoveries of Father Louis Hennepin, who gives the first account in history of the Falls of Niagara, and who was associated for a time with the Chevalier de la Salle in his explorations in the West. Hennepin's *Canadian Discoveries and Voyages* appeared at Utrecht, in 1697-98, and an earlier work, on the French colony in Louisiana, was issued in Paris, in 1683. An English translation of the latter, by Dr. John Gilmary Shea, an indefatigable student of the early annals of the continent, appeared in New York in 1880. Baron La Hontan's *New Voyages in America*, first published at La Haye in 1703, is another notable, though unreliable, contribution to the literature of discovery and travel in New France. The Baron, a young Gascon, and a favourite of Frontenac, came to Canada in 1683, and was the bearer of the Governor's despatches to Paris, conveying an account of Phipp's failure before Quebec, in 1690. Parkman, in his *Frontenac and His Times*, characterises La Hontan as a mendacious historian; and adds, that he was "a man in advance of his time, for he had the caustic, sceptical, and mocking spirit which, a century later, marked the approach of the great Revolution."

La Salle in his lifetime left no record in literature of his important discoveries in the West; but, though much is shrouded in obscurity, rich materials are extant upon which many interesting volumes have been written. The chief of these are Mr. Parkman's *La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West*, and the *Life of La Salle*, by Dr. Jared Spark, who has also written on the explorations of La Salle's sometime co-labourer, Father Marquette. In the French language, M. Pierre Margry, the present learned Assistant Custodian of the Archives of Marine and Colonies in Paris, has shed the fullest light on La Salle's history; though that writer's claim for La Salle of the honour of discovering the Mississippi, with other statements made in his book, have been actively combated. The chief of M. Margry's collections, which are considered of good authority, is entitled *Memoire envoyé en 1693 sur la découverte du Mississippi et des nations voisines par le Sieur de La Salle, en 1678, et depuis sa mort par le Sieur de Tonti*. The Chevalier Tonti was governor of the Fort of St. Louis, on the Illinois River, during Frontenac's régime, and took an active part in promoting the objects La Salle had in view in his explorations in the Gulf of Mexico, in the vicinity of which La Salle, in 1690, met a woful death.

The latest writer who belongs to this period of Canadian history, in point of ability, industry, and research, ranks admittedly the first. This is the Jesuit Father, Pierre François Xavier de Charlevoix, who came to Canada to inspect the Jesuit missions in the year 1720, and personally travelled through the country from Acadia to the Gulf of Mexico. His narrative, which is in six volumes 12mo, did not appear in France until 1744: it is entitled *Histoire et description Générale de la Nouvelle France, avec le Journal Historique d'un Voyage fait par l'ordre du Roi*. His work, it has been remarked, is commensurate with his opportunities: his faults and errors were those of his order. "Access," says Dr. Shea, "to State papers and the archives of the religious order to which he belonged, experience and skill as a practised writer, a clear head and an ability to analyse, arrange, and describe, well fitted him for his work." Another good authority remarks "that in all the high qualities requisite for a great historian, Charlevoix has no superior: he left no subject relating to the history of the affairs of his wonderful order in America untouched; and as the missions of the Company of Jesus among the Indians were the principal purpose of the Fathers in both of the Americas, the curiosity of Charlevoix permeated every accessible square mile of their surface to learn the habits, the customs, and the secrets of the life of the strange people his brethren sought to subdue to the influence of the Cross."

G. MERCER ADAM.

RUSSIA AND ENGLAND.

A DISTINGUISHED writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* proposes to contradict, in a series of articles, some of the facts and theories set forth by Sir Charles Dilke in his treatment of the position of European politics. Having abridged the latter, it seems only impartial to give the reverse of the picture as shown by the present writer, who opens his subject by a somewhat lengthy prologue, in which he states that "holding with the *Fortnightly* reviewer, Sir James Stephen's Commission, and the Adjutant-General, that it is of vital consequence for us to determine in military matters what we want and whether we can afford to pay for it, we intend in a series of articles to discuss the military relations of the Great Powers of the Continent at the present moment, and how they affect England's military power. We propose in this course to take up those precise aspects of the question which have been altogether ignored by the reviewer, and we purpose not only to study the armed forces of the Continent as they exist on paper, as well as our own, but we intend further to take account of the medium in which those forces have necessarily to interact. We are convinced that the whole tendency of the articles which have dealt with the 'Position of Modern Politics' has been to put these matters in a false light. In particular, as regards Russia, the author has, as we believe, put her strength for her weakness and her weakness for her strength. He has not taken account of the effect upon the position in Europe of the rise of the new power of Italy, whose army and whose politics he has in many respects most admirably described. He has in many most important respects misjudged the strength of Austria, of Germany, and of France. In almost every instance, not from an inaccurate statement of bare facts so far as he has given them, but from assumptions radically false, he has tended to lead our statesmen astray. We therefore look upon it as a duty, for the sake of our national future, to endeavour, whilst yet there is time, to remove the false impressions which have been produced on the minds of men by these brilliant papers."

LET us now in regard to Russia and to England, and to the question generally of English power, draw together the points on which we desire to insist in these corrections of historical inaccuracies. Beyond all doubt our point of vantage consists in the facilities of our sea transport. We possessed at the time of the Egyptian revolt in 1882 the means, thanks to our vast mercantile marine and to the efficiency of the *personnel* of our navy in such matters, of transporting at short notice the number of men and the stores required for them in a desert march more easily than any other European Power. Compare now the case of Russia. To any point at which she desires to strike she must, by an inexorable necessity, when we are opposed to her, convey her troops over enormous distances by land. The one advantage we enjoy, that of transporting to the very point where we want to strike the force we can embark in England, is a power the nature of which those know best who best understand the real conditions of war. To Sir Charles Dilke it seems enough to show what forces Russia can collect at her depôts. He does not understand how those terrible miles of road over which the loyal Russian soldiery, whose heroic bravery and readiness to die, and whose patriotic and religious enthusiasm he has so truly and so well described, will stretch their limits, present themselves to the minds of any soldier who does understand what war is. He does not see that an army wanting altogether alike in an officer and in a non-commissioned officer class, with habits of peculation engrained in those who cater for it, and suffering always from that disease of "Too much Archduke," which proved so fatal to it in 1877, enters upon any distant campaign under disadvantages which no numbers at the depôts can compensate.

We cordially and heartily agree with Sir Charles Dilke that it is needful for us, for the defence of the Empire, to be able to strike blows far from the shores of England. It is only an application to our time of that which, in the grandest of the Duke of Wellington's despatches, was forever insisted on, that the true principle for an English patriot is not to make preparation for fighting an army at home—though in its measure that too is needful—but to strike blows abroad which shall keep the shores of England sacred from invasion. In all reason, then, where is the weakness of our enemy, at which we ought to strike? Where is the special strength which we ought to develop? Not all the militia, not all the guns, not all the officers with which Sir Charles would supply us, will serve our need, for the precise purpose which he has well shown we need. Of the ultimate and essential power of England, if only time be granted her to develop it, no one, as Sir Charles Dilke himself asserts, has any doubt. What is doubtful is what she can do in the first few weeks and months of a modern war; and, as he has well shown, that is the time on which now the fatal issues hang. But no mercantile marine, not even our own, can in the first few weeks of war transport to a hostile shore an army reckoned by the hundred thousand, even if we possessed such a force. Perhaps in a month or two the transport of 200,000 Armed Men, if all our vast mercantile resources were strained to the utmost, and everything sacrificed to it, might be possible. But 200,000 men are not an army. If we have afoot a force of something like 70,000 men, complete in all its arms, and actually ready to take the field, that represents pretty nearly the limit of the power with which we could, under any circumstances, strike a blow.

Now England can we think be made ready to meet the special needs of her position by four simple means: First, by having her fleet actually able to perform the duties of guarding by effective offensive strokes the vast commerce, *more than double, as it is, of the whole carrying trade of the world outside of Great Britain*, the guardianship of which entails upon that fleet such duties as fall to the lot of no other navies, not of all the combined navies in the world beside. Secondly, by completing the armament and garrisoning of her home fortresses and foreign coaling stations, so that, possessed as we are of the most important points of vantage for a

steam navy throughout the world, we may be able to utilise them to give power to our own fleet instead of finding them turned to the destruction of our commerce. Thirdly, by completing, in absolute security, under our own control, our telegraphic communication with our distant dependencies and outlying forts. Lastly, by having at home an effective army actually ready at any moment to be made complete, of such strength as a mercantile marine like ours can suddenly and rapidly ship, with all its stores, with all its needed land transport, and can deliver in *an unknown direction*, supported at home by such a force of volunteers and militia as will, when actual invasion threatens, in the sense in which it did in 1805, enable the whole body together to take the field; and when it does not, will enable the active army to be employed for the defence of the Empire, and the fulfilment of national obligations.

So far as our own immediate offensive strength against Russia is concerned, we hold that it depends first on our navy; and secondly upon our being able to prepare for instant action as large a force as we can promptly ship from our ports. We ought at least, in the first instance, to work up to the standard at which the Government is now aiming: that of putting two army corps and a cavalry division into a condition for effective action abroad, the only true and proper defence of our empire. We believe firmly that no German military authority would look upon the power we should so possess as the equivalent only of the force of Roumania, as Sir Charles Dilke declares. The Roumanian army in the field may be considerably larger than two *corps d'armée* and a cavalry division. It is one thing to have such a force on hand; it is another thing to be able to deliver with it a blow in any direction we choose, while we also possess the command of the sea.

But in order that such a force able to serve as a nucleus for allies may also be able to strike effectually, it is essential to us that entry should be possible for us into the Black Sea as well as the Baltic. In India our whole advantage lies in forcing Russia to act as far from her base as possible, and in striking her line of communications through Persia, as has been admirably pointed out already by Col. Mapleson. To announce beforehand that we restrict aggression to an attack upon Vladivostock, is to abandon the most effective part of our special strength—the uncertainty of the direction of our blow.

It is rather remarkable that in speaking of Vladivostock Sir Charles has not drawn attention to the essentially *offensive* purpose with which Russia is strengthening her fleet. Yet it is no secret that had war with Russia broken out a few years ago, it was her purpose to have struck thence directly upon our Australian colonies, and that the knowledge of that fact has been the great motive which has led our colonists to set seriously to work to arm and prepare themselves. It may, on that account, be necessary that one of our earliest blows should be struck at Vladivostock.

The danger with which Russia menaces us at present, however, is her steady progress toward our Indian frontier, extending her dominion over tribes at such a distance from us that we cannot with advantage to ourselves reach her during her progress, while yet she is continually more and more able to employ those tribes in harassing us. Hence it becomes of the greatest importance to judge what the real character of the Russian army is, and whether it is, as Sir Charles Dilke has alleged, so overwhelmingly powerful in Europe that, even with such allies as will be glad to join us in the task of opposing it, we have reason to fear the issue. The Russian infantry undoubtedly has those characteristics of which Sir Charles has spoken. The men are ready to die silently, and without troublesome enquiries as to what they are ordered to do. As long as it was possible to form masses of them into great columns, and to push them forward regardless of loss of life into the field of battle, the power of their obstinate heroism and of their numbers was enormous. But the effects of the breech-loader on the character of modern fighting has made itself felt, and the sacrifice of life in the attempt of 1877-78 upon Constantinople was melancholy.

The national characteristics of the Russian peasantry have not changed. The conditions of Russian life, and the absence of the men who could intelligently lead them in the subordinate ranks, are as marked as ever. All military observers who look below surfaces note it now as much as then. These factors in the estimate are absolutely ignored by Sir Charles Dilke. The Russian cavalry of all classes have recently been converted into a sort of imitation of the mounted rifles who constituted the cavalry of the American war. The Cossacks are not trained infantry soldiers in any sense of the term. They are not men accustomed from childhood to the use of rifles, as were the American marksmen. They are as unlike highly effective mounted infantry as it is possible for men to be. Yet Sir Charles Dilke would impress upon his readers the belief that there is no kind of doubt as to their superiority to all cavalry which trusts chiefly to the proper weapon of the true cavalry soldiers—the *arme blanche*. There is no country in Europe from which decisive authority may not be quoted against him. German, Austrian, and French opinions are all to the contrary. But the most effective exposure of the weakness of the present Russian cavalry has come from a Russian pen, that of Colonel Baikov, who shows not only that the present system is absolutely contrary to all sound principle, but that it is hopelessly unsuited to the habits and traditions of the Russian cavalry itself. We certainly do not deny the numerical force of the Russian artillery. But artillery is an arm exceptionally difficult to send in vast masses great distances from home over difficult country and to keep supplied with the forage and the ammunition it needs. If our points of attack are well chosen, however great may be the numbers of the Russian artillery at home, on the field of battle we ought not to meet with them in overwhelming force.

E. S.

THE PURPOSE OF PAIN.

It has always been contended, as a partial explanation of pain, that it acted as a protection to the human race, which, if it felt no pain from certain acts, might never learn to avoid them. That is certainly a truth as regards some acts, such as taking hot coals from a fire, or drinking boiling water, or walking carelessly over rough ground, all which men avoid, because they have had, either personally or through the testimony of others, experience of pain. "The burnt child," said the old cooks, who reduced wisdom to pemmican, "dreads the fire," and so they popularised the idea of protection as the apology for pain. Unfortunately, however, this form of protection is singularly imperfect, the pain bearing no kind of proportion or ratio to the danger involved. A man may have agony from toothache, which, except for the pain it involves, does not matter; but if he has a great aneurism, with a consequent liability to sudden death or a liver "saturated with cancer," from which there is no recovery, he obtains no warning from pain. Pain gives no warning against malaria, or many infections; while some of the poisons—opium, for instance—inflict no pain at all. The protecting influence of pain, though it exists, is therefore comparatively of small importance, and as an explanation of the reason for pain, is totally inadequate. So, it has long been conceded, is its directly educating influence. Not to mention that many human beings pass from the cradle to the grave without experiencing physical pain, and that the allowance of pain served out by circumstances or Providence is astoundingly unequal—those who say it is not, never felt acute pain—it is an open question still whether pain makes men, on the whole, better or worse. It makes a few men better, past all question; but they will generally be sincere devotees of some creed which teaches resignation, and the majority of mankind believe in no creed of the kind. Pain makes the natural man very angry; and in a savage state he attributes it to witchcraft, partly, no doubt, in order to make the resulting vindictiveness seem rational. The Australian who breaks his arm "goes for" his nearest enemy at once, on the plea that he has obviously and unmistakably bewitched him. The modern world is not inclined to believe that pain makes children better, having, in fact, banished the old idea about the curative influence of the rod; and though many modern ideas are erroneous, that one has much evidence in its favour. We should say that among the unchastened races pain develops much more evil than good, and tended on the whole, to deteriorate man, as it is believed to have deteriorated the carnivores; and even among the civilised its effects are either null or evil. It would be hard to prove that women are morally the better for their tortures in childbirth; while the effect of much pain on men is as often resentment or chronic bitterness, as patience or resignation. The dread of pain, again, is the grand cause of cowardice, as well as of caution, and though the virtue of courage may be over-praised—we do not think so, for courage is unselfishness—it is impossible to deny that cowardice, except when wholly involuntary, is a noxious vice. Strike out of the world the selfishness developed by fear of pain, and it would not only be a happier world, which may not signify, but a better world, which certainly does. Yet if the ultimate reason for pain is its educating influence, its effect should always be seen at least in a tendency towards good.

Is it not conceivably possible—we offer it as a suggestion to be considered—and not as a theory to be accepted—that the object with which pain is sent into the world is not the development of man's moral nature so much as the development of his energy? Man can do one thing, which God, from His very perfectness, cannot do, and that is, make an effort; and whatever the grand concealed purpose, a part of it must be that man should strive. We may not see what he can do by striving, or how he can add by striving to the store of force in the universe; but if he were not intended to strive, to develop will, and display energy, and make exertions, the world would surely have been made a very different one from what it is. It is always whipping him up, him and the animals too. There are only two forms of pain which are absolutely universal among sentient creatures, which men feel as strongly as women, and animals more keenly than both, and which human beings, whether refined or degraded, absolutely refuse to endure; and those two are hunger and thirst, the two grand impelling forces of the world. Without those two pains there would be no world such as we know it. The wild animals would saunter away life doing nothing; the useful beast, released alike from hunger and the whip, would be worthless to man; and man himself, though he might reflect as well as saunter, would scarcely be brought to work. There are other whips, no doubt, and to thinkers who confuse Western Europe with the world, those whips may appear most potent; but take away thirst and hunger, and Asia and Africa—that is, three-fourths of mankind—would sink back in resigned calm, lazy, and probably intensely vicious, lotos-eaters. Why do things, when resting brings no pain? That is the creed of the few places where food involves little labour; and if it involved none anywhere, that would have been the creed of the restless Aryan, who is at the top now mainly because he felt the necessity of escaping pain more keenly than his neighbours, and could inflict more pain on them. Is it not possible that a painless world—if we could conceive of such a thing, and that is more difficult than the unreflecting think—would be a world with indefinitely less energy in it, that is a world less capable of working out the divine purpose, whatever that purpose may be? Is it, in fact, not conceivable that the object of the mystery of pain is the production of energy? We can all see that is the result, with animals as well as human beings, of the only two pains to which every sentient creature is liable; and may it not also be the result of the remainder? Many men escape pain all their lives, but all are affected, and in some sense dominated by the knowledge that pain is in the world and may be shared by themselves. Men cannot

feel the pain of childbirth, but their knowledge of that pain affects their whole view of women and their willingness to work for them. Nobody can prove the fact in regard to all pain; but we think many will dimly see that all visible pain, besides developing sympathy, helps to nourish a condition of mind which of itself kills or diminishes the tendency to ease, which, if indulged, would be fatal to the utility of man in the great scheme of the universe. He must have a value somehow, little as it may be—and to predicate littleness of an immortal being is pretty much nonsense—and if he lived, as he would live in a painless world, like a stronger Hawaiian Islander, that value would be reduced to zero, for it must lie ultimately in his energy, a quality as essential to moral grandeur as to the attainment of concrete or intellectual results. That some forms of pain seem useless, or even injurious to enterprise—e.g., seasickness—is little to the matter, if to the totality of pain in the world is due an appreciable impulse to exert ourselves. And we repeat that it may be. A painless world is hardly conceivable, because it would be a world without any irresistible and permanent impulse towards doing anything; but so far as we can conceive of it, it would be of necessity a world given up to reflection by the few, and to enjoyment by the many, and we know what sort of world that would rapidly become,—a Rome without the circus, which last would become savourless without any agony to see. A painless world would be a world of worthless men and women.

But we may be told, if this suggestion has anything in it, the necessary deduction is that pain is a good, and should, even if preventable, be permitted to continue. Nay, the true deduction is precisely the contrary. If it is the object of pain to stimulate human energy, there is no form of energy which it stimulates so much, or which is so valuable, as the sustained energy necessary to the prevention of pain. Three-fourths of mankind, if we include the growers and distributors of food—and hunger is the universal pain—are devoting themselves to that task already, and it is neither done nor will be done. The inventor of anaesthetics did not diminish the energy of mankind, but increased it by restoring health for the world's work, which, if our suggestion is valid, is ordered and compelled by the fear of pain. The philanthropist does no mischief, except when he diminishes the energy of those he helps, and that is not often, the great impelling forces driven by pain being wholly beyond his reach. He can do something, but the fear of hunger is fortunately produced by laws over which he has no control; and in diminishing other pain, he is using, and using well, the very habit of exertion which pain, as we are to-day contending, was intended to produce.—*The Spectator*.

OCTOBER.

A FITFUL wind about the eaves,
That sways the creaking door;
The shadows of the falling leaves
Flit past me on the floor.

The autumn skies are clear above,
But silent is their song;
Oh, spirit of the changeless love
Keep back my autumn song!

In vain with gold the forest weaves
Its sylvan greenness o'er;
The shadows of the falling leaves
Flit past me on the floor.

It means the world is growing old,
It means no birds to sing:
Oh, not for all the autumn's gold
Would I forego my spring!

—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THEISM.*

MANY good people who are by no means to be classed among the uneducated have the strongest prejudice against the application of science or philosophy to the subject of religion. It is, they think, an undue elevation of reason into the sphere of revelation, which may result in very serious consequences to human beings and to the Christian faith. It may be well to set down in a very few words what we believe to be the substratum of truth in these prejudices, and where we think they represent grave error.

If any one shall assign such a place to reason as to imply that revelation is unnecessary, we believe that he is not only denying what we believe to be a teaching come from God, but he is doing wrong to reason and contradicting experience. It is a simple matter of fact that "the world by wisdom knew not God," and people who, like Mr. Francis Newman, talk disdainfully of a "Book-revelation" will have to explain how it is that Christ, or the New Testament which is the record of His life and teaching, has changed the human conception of the Deity, and has given us an idea of God which commends itself as true to the intelligence and conscience, and which we feel that we can never part with.

On the other hand, although reason could not discover the contents of revelation, yet reason must receive the truth revealed; for truth speaks to the reason, and it is only by the possession of reason that we are capable of receiving revealed or any kind of truth. And indeed the

* *Philosophy of Theism*. By Professor Borden P. Bowne. New York: Harper and Brothers.

functions of reason in relation to revelation are manifold. It must investigate its credentials, it must examine its contents, and it must discover their bearing upon belief and action. So far probably there will be little difference of opinion among people who care to weigh the meaning of the words here employed.

But many who will allow, perhaps reluctantly, that reason after all has something to do with religion will shrink from the application of science and philosophy to supernatural subjects. Partly they know that some men of science and philosophers have been unorthodox; partly they remember some doubtful words of S. Paul on these subjects. But they forget that the abuse does not destroy the legitimate use. They might as well quote what the Apostle says about knowledge puffing up, and thence infer that all knowledge was mischievous and therefore to be avoided.

Few will go to this length nowadays. Knowledge, at any rate of a practical kind, is what every one is now in search of. And what is science? Science is merely systematic knowledge, and assuredly the more our knowledge is brought into method and system, the more perfect and trustworthy it is. Surely the more clearly it is seen that one opinion which we hold does not contradict another of our opinions, the more shall we be inclined to believe that our opinions are true. Are there any intelligent religious people who deny the use and value of theology? If there are they must be very thoughtless, or they must be speaking without thinking. But theology is the science of religion and of God.

Each age demands the application of science or philosophy to religion in such a way as to meet the doubts and questionings which are then current. At one time it is Judaism which must be satisfied that its prophecies are fulfilled. At another time it is Paganism that must have its objections to the contents of the gospel rebutted. In the last century Butler and Paley met the attacks of the Deists—negatively, by showing that the objections raised against revelation were equally valid against the Divine government of the world; positively, by showing that Christianity had sufficient historical grounds to rest upon.

The attitude of unbelief has changed. It is not Judaism or Paganism or Deism that we have now to deal with: it is sheer Materialism and Atheism. And it must be dealt with, if men are to be freed from the most cruel and degrading belief or unbelief which has ever gained possession of the human mind. It is often said that Atheism is moral unbelief, and not intellectual; that men will not believe in a personal God, because they do not like to believe in one. This was truer in former days than it is now. No doubt it is still true to some extent. Among those—many we fear—who say "there is no God," there are doubtless a good many who deny that the voice within them which speaks for righteousness is the voice of God, simply because they have given no heed to that voice, and are unwilling to think they must give account to the speaker. But there are certainly a good many who, if not Atheists, are practically the same thing, Agnostics, on scientific grounds.

This is a fact which cannot surprise us, and need not greatly distress us. Our forefathers were so much in the habit of accounting for many of the phenomena of nature and of history by the theory of an arbitrary will, that we cannot wonder that the influence of will should now be denied everywhere in history. In so many cases the reign of law has been so clearly established in the place formerly assigned to what we may almost call the action of caprice, that we must not wonder if men say, Law is everywhere, and then most illogically infer that because law is there therefore mind is not!

It is here that modern Apologetics is doing good service for the foundations of the faith. Some of the most important works on this subject are now dealing formally and directly with Materialism. We may mention the works of Professors Flint and Harris, and this work of Professor Bowne which is now before us. This is a thoroughly sound and effective argument for the existence and personality of God, setting forth the proofs in a manner which, if not absolutely new, yet represents the philosophical development of the last few years. Dr. Bowne's is neither the ontological nor the cosmological argument, neither the physico-theological (teleological) nor yet the moral, and yet it may be said to savour of all the four. Indeed in one place the author seems to think he is giving us the teleological argument, the argument from design; but it is in reality quite distinct from that which was so brilliantly elaborated by Paley. When we say that it is almost identical with that which now goes by the name of Neo-Kantian, which some call Neo-Hegelian, and that it is almost exactly the same as that which is set forth in the late Professor Green's *Prolegomena to Ethics*, many of our readers will understand what we mean. In short, it is the very reverse of the absurdity just referred to—that law excludes mind. This argument insists and proves that law is of necessity the revelation of mind. To those who are not familiar with this line of thought we confidently recommend Professor Bowne's volume. The leading topics discussed are: (1) "The Unity of the World-Ground," (2) "The World-Ground as Intelligent," (3) "The World-Ground as Personal," (4) "The Metaphysical Attributes of the World-Ground," (5) "God and the World," (6) "The World-Ground as Ethical," (7) "Theism and Life."

We should like to give a summary of the argument by which the world-ground is demonstrated to be intelligible and personal; but we reserve this for an account of the other works which we have mentioned.

UNION.

SCORN not the aid one loyal mind can bring;
A noble growth expands by small degrees;
Not all at once leaves clothe the wintry trees;
But each burst bud helps on the greening Spring.

—*W. Wiley Martin*.

The Week.

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THE Inter-Provincial Conference now sitting may be productive of much good, if the delegates of the several provinces honestly set to work to improve the condition of the Confederation, rather than try to gain advantages for their respective provinces. As is manifest, there are differences, that might become dangerous, between the Dominion Authority and the provinces, and if the Conference can formulate practicable remedies for any real fault in the Constitution, the Dominion Parliament ought to take cognisance of the proceedings. But we cannot see that the Dominion Government should take any part in the Conference: it is for the Provinces first to agree about grievances and proposed remedies. And the proceedings of the Conference ought to be public, if the resolutions are to commend themselves at all to the independent electorate, who will want to know the grounds on which they are asked to act. All can see that a flaw exists somewhere: it is a dangerous anomaly that with a practically common electorate, so many of the Provincial Governments are in hostility to the Dominion Government. The Provincial Legislatures certainly more truly represent the people than does the Dominion Parliament; and if Confederation is to last, the two must be brought into harmony. That we suppose is the ultimate aim of the Conference.

MR. CAINE, M.P., writes from Canada to the London papers advising the British Government to spend twenty million sterling in sending gradually into Manitoba two hundred thousand families of Irish tenant farmers from the congested districts, instead of embarking on a dangerous policy of Irish land purchase. But to settle any considerable number of Irish farmers together in one district would only be to transform that district into another Ireland. To do any good at all, the Irish must be scattered, and very thinly, among more thrifty and skilful races, from whom they could learn. There is plenty of land in Manitoba for two hundred thousand Irish families, as there is for as many families from the East End of London, but such an amount of leaven is too much to throw among the present population, and the result of any such step would be most disastrous to Manitoba for many years to come; although we do not doubt that if the immigrants could be fed, taught, and cared for, and kept in the country for several years, the next generation of Manitoba Irish might be a credit to the Province.

THE appointment of Judge Angers to the Lieutenant-Governorship of Quebec, a Conservative Lieut.-Governor with a Liberal Ministry, will afford that gentleman a fine opportunity to show the sincerity of the doctrine he laid down in 1878, during the Letellier troubles, that the Executive should have no other will than that of his Ministers, and that he was simply the instrument of his advisers. That is sound Conservative doctrine; Sir John in the Letellier debate quoted approvingly the dictum of Bagehot, that "the Queen herself would be obliged to sign her own death-warrant if the two Houses of Parliament voted it unanimously," but he qualified this with respect to the Lieut.-Governors of Provinces by maintaining their responsibility towards the Federal authority that had the power to appoint them. So that if as a result of the present Interprovincial Conference a hostile Liberal assembly should present his death-warrant to His Conservative Honour, we may expect it to be reserved for decision at Ottawa.

MR. BAYARD seemingly finds it impossible to reconcile the attitude of the United States Government in the Behring's Sea Seizures question, as stated in the brief we dealt with last week, with the contention that the three-mile limit on the Atlantic follows all the indentations and sinuosities of the coast. The vessels seized are therefore ordered to be discharged, and the headland theory, so deprived of that incidental support, will be traversed—if possible. But it is hard to see how that is to be done in face of a former pretension of the United States Government and a decision of a United States Court, to which we have already referred. In a case before the Commissioners of Alabama Claims last year, a claim was made against the United States Government for compensation out of the Alabama Award in respect of an American ship, the *Alleghanian*, which while

anchored in Chesapeake Bay was seized by a party of Confederate sailors and burned. Under an Act of 1882, it had to be shown that any vessel for which compensation out of the Alabama Award was claimed was lost on the high seas. In this case the ship was anchored more than four miles from both shores of the Bay, but yet within the headlands, and it was contended by the claimants that she was upon the high seas. But counsel for the United States Government contended that she was not, and this contention was sustained by the Court. There was no decision of American Courts bearing on the point, but the Court of Commissioners cited two English decisions in support of their finding. One of these was in the case of the *Direct United States Cable Company vs. The Anglo-American Telegraph Company*, in which it was decided that Conception Bay was part of the territory of Newfoundland. Now as the distance from headland to headland of this bay is about twenty miles, while the distance from headland to headland of Chesapeake Bay is twelve miles, here we have two decisions accepted and availed of by the United States Government, both of which are dead against their present pretension that the three-mile limit follows the indentations and sinuosities of the coast. The British Government admits this—when the bay is more than ten miles wide at the entrance; but the United States Government having for one purpose held or admitted that bays respectively twelve and twenty miles wide at the entrance are closed territorial waters, now for another purpose hold exactly the opposite and pretend that, when the rule is applied to the Canadian coast at any rate, there is no territorial jurisdiction beyond three miles from the shores of a bay however wide.

THE outcry raised against Mr. Chamberlain for illustrating an argument against Home Rule by pointing out, what nobody of knowledge and experience can deny, that Commercial Union with the United States means for Canada separation from Great Britain, is a deplorable effect of blind partisanship. If Mr. Chamberlain had expressed the contrary opinion, would the *Globe* have dubbed him "Coercion Joe," and talked about the people of Canada being as little disposed as the people of Ireland to submit to his policy of dictation and force? If the *Globe* instead of abusing the opposite attorney would show us how Canada can be drawn closer to Great Britain by adopting the United States prohibitive tariff against her, and how Annexation can be forever prevented by allowing the United States Congress to regulate Canadian taxes, it will not only show that what looks like an absurd pretension is a reasonable one, but it will prove also that the case of the Commercial Unionists is much stronger than their present method of argument would indicate.

IN a letter to the *Mail* Mr. A. W. Aytoun-Finlay indicates very fairly the claim England has to take part—and the leading part we should say—in the settlement of the Fisheries question. The Seven Years' War, in the course of which Canada was acquired, added nearly three hundred million dollars to the National Debt, on which the British taxpayer to-day pays interest. What proportion of this is due by Canada would be hard to determine, but surely we know that we owe a debt at least of loyalty to Great Britain and British interests, which we are morally bound to take into consideration in the Commercial Union question also. And as to the Fisheries question can we deny the right of the British taxpayer to be represented adequately on the approaching Commission? If not he, who has paid for safeguarding the Canadian interest all these years; and in case of a failure of the negotiations, and a renewed attack on Canadian property by our powerful neighbour, upon whom would chiefly fall the burden of defending it?

IN a speech at Nottingham Mr. Gladstone has refused to be drawn into any pledges about Ulster without knowing the sentiments of his own friends, or of the English and Scotch people, or of the people of the North of Ireland. But surely he has had ample opportunity to learn that the English and Scotch people will never consent to give an American-Irish Parliament at Dublin control over the destinies of the two million loyal Irish in Ulster and elsewhere; and as to "his own friends,"—his new found friends the Parnellites—he knows perfectly well what are their avowed sentiments regarding Ulster, although he is doubtless in blissful ignorance of their real sentiments on that and the Irish question generally. If he had told his hearers that Mr. Parnell would not consent to his giving a pledge about Ulster he would have been more candid.

MR. JOHN MORLEY recently addressing a Gladstonian meeting at Templecombe, repeatedly referred with pride to the immensity of the gathering, which it was computed consisted of between 15,000 and 20,000 persons. But it seems the managers of this political picnic, in order to make it suc-

cessful, gave a free lunch and free railway ticket to every enrolled member of every Liberal association in eight surrounding constituencies. The secretaries of the local associations were instructed to canvass for members to accept the invitation. Where special trains were of no use, rides in four-horse breaks were freely offered, and contracts for refreshments were judiciously placed in the hands of local supporters. A park was hired for the occasion, bands engaged, huge marquees erected, and roundabouts, swings, shooting-galleries, and all the amusements common to a country fair provided. A fixed quantity of beer was given to every luncher, while the public were able to get unlimited liquor on the ground, and every inn in the neighbourhood was kept open till midnight. What wonder that working men in thousands joined the Gladstonian Party that day! But it is eloquent of the demoralisation and mental perversion produced by Gladstonianism that men like John Morley should be pleased with such a fool's paradise: it would be interesting to know to what extent such demonstrations have coloured Mr. Gladstone's recent calculations as to Home Rule gains.

BESIDES providing his hearers with these creature comforts, not forgetting something to drink, Mr. Morley baited his hook with a promise that if they would "summon back the old pilot," the Irish question being got rid of, legislation would follow on Disestablishment and the liquor traffic—questions which the Gladstonians would be able to approach with "clean hands and clean consciences." But to this seductive bid for the temperance vote, Mr. T. W. Russell, the Member for South Tyrone, makes a very good answer in a letter to the *Times*. He points out that Mr. Gladstone has never in any way shown himself favourable to the Prohibitionist cause. He was the originator of the grocer's license and the wine license, which are so much objected to by all abstainers, and it was he who made the proposal "for attaching a locomotive public-house to the principal trains in the Kingdom," to defeat which the whole strength of the temperance party had to be exerted.

SIR HENRY JAMES has subsequently written to the *Times* pointing out that this "treating" is a gross violation not only of the spirit but of the letter of the Corrupt Practices Act. One of the principal objects of that Act was to obtain a free expression of political opinion by removing all the influences which wealth could exercise. It was thought desirable that rich and poor candidates and parties should fight with equal weapons. But if two meetings be held simultaneously, one under the conditions of that of Templecombe, the other without refreshment or railway tickets being provided, surely a greater number of people will signify their acquiescence with the political opinions expressed at the first meeting than at the second. Thus the objects of the Corrupt Practices Acts are defeated. It matters not at what stage of the political contest such practices and influences are exercised. The corruption which causes a man to profess a political faith is as injurious as that which induces him to fulfil it by recording his vote. And Sir Henry James expresses the hope that upon an election petition there will be judges strong enough to say that the candidate who has reaped the advantage of such an appeal has not been elected by pure or legal means.

MR. GLADSTONE'S lieutenants are, however, far outdone in corrupt practices by Mr. Gladstone himself. The denouncer of the infamy of Pitt now offers Disestablishment in Wales as a bribe to secure the Welsh vote in favour of Gladstonianism. Having himself capitulated to Mr. Parnell, and surrendered Ireland, Mr. Gladstone seems prepared, if needful, to surrender Wales, Scotland, and England in turn, rather than that the Parnellite conspiracy shall be thwarted. When did Mr. Pitt put up the institutions of his country for sale at Dutch auction in this fashion? Can we conceive such conduct as even possible for Mr. Pitt, or even Mr. Gladstone, before his terrible fall of two years ago? The surrender of the Church, for such a purpose—we are not concerned here to defend the Establishment in Wales,—is peculiarly flagitious in Mr. Gladstone, who long ago constituted himself the champion of a State Church as the visible embodiment of the religious principle in the State. On the reputation so earned much of his influence has been built up and has rested in the past; he has never disclaimed the advantages of the position; and the only reason that can be discovered in any of his recent acts and speeches for now going directly in the teeth of his avowed principles is an eager desire to supplant the rival Government. If this sale of old principles for votes goes on, the throne will soon follow the altar, and property will follow that: property and all else in England will be held by a precarious tenure when once it is seen that demagogues may purchase power with it.

THE severe check Russia has met with may be a new grave danger to peace. She can hardly sit patient under the accumulated bafflements of the past few weeks. The long-extended *pourparlers* with Turkey as to sending a Russo-Turkish Commissioner to Bulgaria came to nothing, because the Porte, being once again anti-Russian, is only "playing" the Czar; the Bulgarian Government is most careful to give no loophole for foreign interference, by scrupulously fulfilling all possible obligations towards the suzerain Power. The visit of the Italian Prime Minister to Prince Bismarck has resulted, to use the words of the German Foreign Office, in a complete agreement between the two statesmen to preserve peace in union with Austria-Hungary, to do all they can to prevent a European war, and in case of necessity to take common defensive measures. This means that Russia shall not be permitted to take Constantinople, nor France Morocco; and that if either Russia or France attacks Germany, they will attack the three allied Central European Powers. There can be no doubt, the Italian Prime Minister told a reporter, that Italy, like all other European States, has every reason to dread the advance of Russia to Constantinople. She cannot allow the Mediterranean to become a Russian lake. These remarkably plain words, though aimed at Russia, strike also at France, who is told that she will not be allowed to increase her influence in the Mediterranean by seizing Morocco. They are a direct menace in certain consequences to both Powers. It is supposed that the Czar, impatient of continuous defeat, has of late meditated a march on Constantinople; it is known that France stretched her hand towards Morocco, on the death of the Sultan being reported as imminent; and this is the answer of Germany and Italy to both. It is good to see the two youngest States in Europe—the elder not much more than a quarter of a century old—acting as police in this effective manner.

SHOULD France make an attempt on Morocco, she will drive Spain into the Central-European alliance, and thus finish surrounding herself with a cordon of hostile States. Morocco is neighbour to Spain, and Spain, ever since she expelled the Moors, has regarded their country as a reversionary estate to which she is natural heir. She will never permit France to add Morocco to Algeria, and in preventing this she may count on the active assistance of Italy—possibly of the whole Central-European alliance. For the question is of European importance: France in possession of Morocco would hold a key to the Mediterranean, which, with Russia seated on the Bosphorus, would convert the Mediterranean into a Franco-Russian lake. That is a result that the rest of Europe, and especially Italy, can never permit. And England may safely count this time on all taking a fair share in defending themselves, whether against Russia or France.

THE French Ministry is seemingly in a perilous way. The power of M. Clemenceau and the extreme Left is increasing, while a considerable defection of the Right may be expected as a result of the Comte de Paris's Manifesto. With such diminished strength the Rouvier Cabinet has to face the Chambers, hampered by domestic and foreign difficulties—the Caffarel scandal, the Morocco crisis, the refractoriness of Madagascar. In the last named case, it seems, the Premier of Madagascar has exiled the Foreign Minister, who was a friend to France, and has demanded that the letter by which Admiral Miot obtained the Treaty of Tamatave, and which explains away most of the provisions of that treaty, should be formally recognised by the French. The Government in Paris has always ignored this letter, and the French Resident, M. le Myre de Vilers, rather than give way, on September 21st hauled down his flag and threatened to quit the capital. This no doubt was only show—and apparently unsuccessful show; for it is not likely the Madagascar Premier acted without counting the cost, and determining to stick to his guns. It is said in Paris that diplomatic relations have been resumed. The Government at any rate would hardly dare to ask the Chambers for money and conscripts for a new Madagascar war; the Radicals are opposed to the Ferry Colonial policy; and if war is involved, the fate of the Ministry is sealed. With Germany threatening as now, the French peasantry will never sanction another Colonial war; they will willingly pay and fight in defence of hearth and home, but they have a hearty objection to spend money or life in furthering detested Colonial enterprises.

FROM a census recently taken in China for taxing purposes, it appears that the total number of souls ruled by the Emperor of China exceeds four hundred millions. As the population of India exceeds two hundred and fifty millions, the Indians and Chinese together constitute more than half the human race. It looks as if in another century, if civilisation receives no great check, the world will belong in the main to the Teutons, the Slavs, the Chinese, and the East Indians.

AVERNUS.

AVERNUS fair :

Upon your beauteous breast you bear
 Many a light and laughter-loving soul
 That heed'st not that the waters roll,
 Bearing his craft swiftly to where
 The pulse of pleasure changes to despair ;
 Who measures not the moment, smiles to see
 His face and form in the transparency
 Of your wide wicked waters ; turns once more
 To wave a fond farewell to those on shore—
 " I shall return—I shall return," he cries,
 " To tread with you the path of Paradise."
 He little recks how seldom footsteps take
 Returning tracks from that alluring lake.

Montreal.

MAY AUSTIN.

ANNUS FLAVUS.

It has been a yellow year. The horse-chestnuts along the Avenue and through the Park are half yellow and half green ; even the individual leaves are sometimes diagonally and dually coloured—emerald green brightest where the autumn rain washes them, chrome and saffron yellow most glowing where they join on to the green. It is the exact colouring of the early summer, the green that of July grass, the yellow only a trifle warmer and duller than the dandelion's sheen. A single horse-chestnut, like a bit of brown jasper, only slightly mottled and almost perfectly round, lies on the path in a bed of yellow leaves. The leaves have all fallen on their faces, but with the chestnuts this does not matter ; you can tell perfectly well what they are like on the other side. Further on is one maple, not red,—there are no completely red trees of any kind yet this year,—but delicately tinted all over, ranging from pink, shell and coral and rose pink to warm brown and dark red. Its leaves have fallen on their faces too, but these provoke examination. Here is one minutely reticulated in green and red and yellow ; it looks as if it ought to be beautiful on the right side. Turn it over : it isn't beautiful at all—looks like a section of Scotch plaid cut up into a leaf ; but held up to the light it is like stained glass. Another and another, all glowing and effulgent, held up against the sunlight, each triple-pointed leaf a kind of new Gothic window. Here is one, pale spring-time green in ground, with a bar sinister of purple black on one side. Here is another of almost pure crimson, with the edges curled tightly up, and all tipped with black. If you try to uncurl it you will break up your beautiful red leaf. Here is a third with a rainbow range of colours laid as softly on it as if they were compounded of air, a shadowy rose that passes into a vivid orange, that fades into a tender yellow, that gives way to a russet brown. Here are four, five, six, all exactly alike,—plain, perfect red, with black seams for lines, and exquisitely tapering points. Make the most of them, there are not many others of that colour to pick up. Still the green and yellow chestnuts appear, with their black trunks looking as of jet when the rain runs down their sides, and their delicate black twigs showing like branching algæ against the yellow. To-night, if a frost comes—ever so slight a frost, they will turn gray and brown again, and when you see them to-morrow morning you will wonder how they can be the same trees. But now we leave the chestnuts behind, and come into a new and darker world of elms, oaks, and maples. The last are yellow too, a fine clear glow, that if we could get in as big a mass as we did of the chestnuts would be far warmer and more satisfying. It looks warm though, and no wonder. Stand under this small maple, beautifully domed and built. Every single leaf is of this pure warm yellow, melting into pink at the base, or where it joins the stem. This gives the warmth, like that one solitary tree in the avenue, only here we have about thirty or forty of them at equal distances, so that the effect is lustrous, permeating, magical. Further on is a prize, a graceful ash, every delicately serrated leaf dipped into fire, and every branch laden with the bunches of scarlet fruit. A little way off, the impression is of lace. If Gautier was always sinning in finding analogies of satin and shimmer, and pearls and tissue, we may do the same,—of lace work or fretted copper, more gorgeous than any barbaric red and gold. There is just one more such ash on this road, almost as beautiful, but for the fact that it stands directly in front of a bright, new, red brick mansion, with fashionable orange curtains all over the front windows. It is cruel, exasperating, a piece of folly ! Look out, not in. Leave such colouring to the trees, who never, never will offend you so. Then another prize ! A shed—a ramshackle, tumbledown old thing, inside a worn-out fence. It has a comfortable sloping roof, over which kind, cool, gray expanse a Virginia creeper has braided its tongues of fire. There is colour at last, positive, perfect, superb,—a rich, unadulterated crimson, lying flat under the glare of a still, hot October sun.

Match it if you can ; we shall find nothing else like it at all events to-day. Then here are the oaks, very rich, very varied ; some all dark brown, copper-coloured underneath ; others slightly tinted garnet, ruby, one actually purple, with brown edges and a clear yellow stem. But this one is a *lusus natureæ*. Pick him up and put him with the six red maple leaves and that one branch of copper-coloured ash we took so much trouble to climb over the fence for. Here are the melancholy firs, and the other evergreens, looking so bright and youthful, and of such an intense green. This is their hour of triumph now. In the spring, how black they look, when the new green is expanding, and a thousand fresh and tender tints surround them ! Now however these upstart maples and chestnuts have had their day,—look at their bare branches, their yellowing leaves, their jetty trunks ! And the evergreens come out again quite strong and green and youthful in comparison, and admire each other for the beauty which is not that at least of a *jeunesse dorée*.

SERANUS.

THE THACKERAY LETTERS.*

TOUCHING these valuable reprints of a series of epistles marked by more or less charm and originality, the chief impression their perusal leaves is one of extreme simplicity. In fact, the man Thackeray as revealed in these pages—and that it is a fair measure of revelation no one will doubt—is as far removed from the men of to-day as the writer Thackeray, creator of Becky and Dobbin, Phil Firmin, and Colonel Newcome, is removed from the authors of farcical romances and analytical novels, the reigning successes of the hour. And it is by reason of his simplicity, his naturalness, one might almost say his childishness, that he stands so distinguished. As seen through the medium of these letters he is always sweet-tempered, brave, hopeful, ardent, easily pleased and impressed, indulgent, gently bantering, mildly teasing, appreciative of his fellow men, and most appreciative of one woman—the Mrs. Brookfield to whom most of these letters are addressed. If he is cynical, he is sorrowfully a cynic ; we feel it is against his inner nature. " Pray God to keep us simple ! " he cries in a letter from Paris. The touches like this last—quick, violent, spontaneous, irrepressible emotion, are everywhere. He hears that an old friend is dead, and before his mother. " An awful, awful, sudden, sudden summons ! There go wit, fame, friend-ship, ambition, high repute ! Ah ! *aimons nous bien*. It seems to me that is the only thing we can carry away. When we go, let us have some who love us wherever we are." The fate of this same friend affected him again. " We are taught to be ashamed of our best feelings all our life. I don't want to blubber upon everybody's shoulders, but to have a good will for all, and a strong, very strong regard for a few, which I shall not be ashamed to own to them." This is the Thackeray that heedless reviewers and indolent critics have stigmatised as narrow, morbid, unfeeling, with little trust in human nature and no hope for the human race. This is the Thackeray who, without ever being mawkish, can affect us as few writers can, can summon the tears as effectually as Dickens, arouse our anger, our sense of the just, the ludicrous, the vain, the pitiful, the unfortunate. Only a man of inordinate sensibilities could have such power, and these letters prove that he was endowed with extraordinarily rare gifts of sympathy and sentiment. Many of these epistles were written from Paris, and they thus afford more than glimpses of famous places and people, but from Thackeray's incapacity for generalisation it is impossible to glean much direct knowledge of what he saw and felt. It is all delightful reading, fragmentary, hurried, enhanced with the wildest looking drawings and sketches, and sometimes a stray poem or line of doggerel, but all exquisitely natural and unforced, and all written unaffectedly in the same vein as *Vanity Fair*.

Jeffrey, speaking to Macaulay, said : " The more I think of it, the less I gather where you picked up that style." In the case of Macaulay, who owed a good deal to Burke, there was undoubtedly the genius of manner, and so with Thackeray. These letters sound and read and look just like *Vanity Fair*. " We have met ; it is forgotten. . . . Poor soul, she performed beautifully. ' What, William, not the least changed, just the same as ever, in spite of all your fame ! ' Fame be hanged, thought I, *pardonnez-moi le mot*, ' Just the same simple creature.' O what a hypocrite I felt. I like her, too, but she, poor, poor soul—. Well, she did her comedy exceeding well. I could only say : ' My dear, you have grown older ; ' that was the only bit of truth that passed, and she didn't like it." Writing still from Paris, with his heart and head full of England and a certain lady in Portman Street, he says : " I fancy the old street-sweeper at the corner is holding the cob, I take my hat and stick, I say good-bye again, the door bangs finally. ' Here's a shilling for you, old street-sweeper ; ' the cob trots solitary into the Park. *Je fais de la littérature ma parole d'honneur !—du style—du Sterne tout par—. O vanitas vanitatum !* God bless all."

Glimpses of his literary friends are fewer than might be expected, for he accepted many invitations out and dined people himself in after life. Of Dickens the speeches are characteristic. " Get David Copperfield. By Jingo, it's beautiful ! " Henry Taylor, the Carlyles, the " wise old Miss Berrys," Adelaide Procter and her parents, Rogers, the Hallams, who were cousins of Mrs. Brookfield, Crowe the artist, Harrison Ainsworth, Jules Janin, D'Orsay, Lady Waldegrave, Lord Holland, Jenny Lind, and Dr. Trench are all touched upon in these pages with a kindly and uncer-

* A Collection of Letters of Thackeray, 1847-1855. With portraits and reproductions of letters and drawings. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons.

cal touch. Indeed Thackeray's social and professional conscience was a very tender one, and knowing this, he seldom gave it any cause for pain. He has not an unfriendly word for anybody, and takes his fame, as he hopes, "without undue elation." Fond of the play, fond of a few dear friends, fond of his own and of all other people's children, and fond of all innocent mirth and gayety, his melancholy could not be morbidity, nor his wistful moments unbelieving ones, although a pervading sadness forms the undercurrent of his written thoughts, mercurial and keenly alive to the enjoyment of the moment as he undoubtedly was.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

THIS great city's awakening into life after its summer dreamings and musings always reminds me of the "tuning up" of a monster orchestra. There must be little shrieks and ominous rumblings, and infinite scratchings and scrapings ere the mighty band is ready to give us in truth the most fantastic of *symphonies fantastiques*. Now Prince Napoleon thumps a sonorous big drum in one corner, almost drowning fashion's pipings and theatrical fiddling. Nevertheless you must not imagine Monsieur Jerome Bonaparte occupies all our attention. We are looking forward with no small anxiety to the celebration of the centenary of Mozart's *Don Juan* in the Grand Opera. A Frenchman is never so thoroughly in his element as at an apotheosis or at a coronation, be it of the people, a king, an artist, or his marble bust. Nothing will the committee spare to bestow all due honour upon the great master. Though a programme has not yet been issued, there is talk of some exhibition where every souvenir of Mozart that can be brought from private or public "collections" shall find a place. Doubtless Madame Pauline Viardot's autograph copy of the partition of *Don Juan* will prove amongst these the chief object of interest.

At the Odéon two new plays have made their appearance: *Jacques Damour*, by Léon Hennique and Emile Zola; and *Le Marquis Papillon*, of a very youthful writer, Monsieur Maurice Boniface. From whichever side one looks at them, Zola's works are decidedly unfit for the stage. However popular they may be in boudoir or study, their success upon the boards is certainly questionable. The literary critic of *La Revue des Deux Mondes* recently remarked that the great "naturaliste," from very excess of naturalism had entered, or was about to enter, the very Romantics' ground for which he professes such contempt. In other words, striving to be more natural than Nature herself, he gives us a picture true to nothing on earth nor under it. Like poor Manet and the "impressionists," wanting to paint light, it is not in the beautiful *lux benigna* that he places his figures, but forsooth in an atmosphere—red, orange, blue, "a light that never was on land or sea." No better proof of the truth of this can be found than the fact that the very scenes, written seemingly with all seriousness, where the author imagines he has presented the essence of truth, when acted, called forth hootings and roars of laughter. *Jacques Damour* is an exceedingly disagreeable affair. The plot closely resembles that of *Enoch Arden*, with this difference, it is *Enoch Arden à la Zola*. The exiled communard returns home to find his wife, who of course supposed him dead, married to a butcher. Nothing can be more ridiculous than the scene in which all three pledge each other in the butcher's kitchen, and it excites the disdainful merriment it deserves.

VERY pretty, very romantic, and very witty is Monsieur Boniface's *Marquis Papillon*, a most welcome change from the preceding piece of evil odour. We are now among the lively dames and gentlemen of the Court of Louis XV. The hero, who has received his sobriquet because of a disastrous propensity to fly from flower to flower, is banished from France as an ambassador to a German Court. Here, after several intrigues, he finally marries the fair Silvain, if I remember rightly. The play will doubtless have a moderate success.

MONSIEUR ODILON CROUZET is creating some scandal in the journalistic world. The editor of the *Estafette*, commissioned by the Journalists' Association to invest its funds, has been found to have himself pocketed the money. About two hundred thousand francs are missing. *Apropos* of this, Monsieur Sarcey takes the opportunity of reading both artists and journalists a lesson on their deplorable ignorance concerning business matters. They rather take pride in it, he says, notwithstanding their being usually the greatest losers. Though Monsieur Crouzet invariably professed himself almost penniless when the payment of his correspondents was concerned, he still found means of gratifying a thousand little personal tastes. Nevertheless the journalists did not dream of questioning him, and the result—an empty cash box!

THE *Journal Officiel* publishes some interesting particulars for 1886. The population of France is on the decrease. During the year there were 283,183 marriages, and 2,949 divorces! One would think with Byron that the former was only a preliminary step to the latter. Z.
Paris, Oct., 1887.

MR. HENRY BLACKBURN, who commences his American tour by two lectures in Toronto on Monday and Tuesday next, is said to be an exceedingly captivating speaker, brilliant, witty, and full of ready reminiscence of places and persons, that give an indefinable charm to his talk. One lecture is on Modern Painters, which is illustrated by the stereopticon, showing some of the finest works lately produced in Europe; the other lecture is on the Value of a Line, a suggestive lecture showing the power of expressing ourselves pictorially. This is illustrated by diagrams and sketches drawn by the late Randolph Caldecott, of whom Mr. Blackburn was an intimate friend.

THE ARTS.

UNQUESTIONABLY the most original and striking example of the etcher's art that has yet been produced in America has lately been completed by Mr. Frederick W. Freer. It is an etching, in pure dry point and of nearly the size of life, of a little girl. The model was posed as if the artist had intended to paint her, the big copper plate set up on the easel like a canvas, and the drawing made from life on the metal with the needle. In a work of this size, completed by this method, the artist must have encountered almost unconquerable difficulties, yet the result is far the best bit of figure etching, or to put it more correctly, of figure engraving, for the dry point process certainly has nothing akin to etching but the effect, that any American artist has yet produced. Mr. Freer has won a place for himself of honour as a painter of the figure, and his accession to the ranks of etchers must aid largely in the advancement of that art. Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens, the distinguished New York sculptor, has made Mrs. Cleveland the subject of one of his famous low relief portraits in bronze. It is in the form of a medallion. The portrait is a little more full than a profile, and a little less than life size. The face is slightly idealised, but at the same time strikingly like the subject. The July number of the *Studio* also contained an etching of the Mistress of the White House, by Rajon, the renowned French etcher, showing that the original is a favourite model for both painter and sculptor.

ACCORDING to statistics recently compiled there are in Paris about 8,000 artists of the brush, of whom between 2,000 and 3,000 are women, and 300 are foreigners of various nationalities; about 70 of them are famous; while the others are made up of wealthy persons who paint for pleasure, of people who are specially employed by the Government, and of the producers of pot boilers, who paint portraits and landscapes for cheap picture dealers, or for foreign exportation. The army of painters' models in Paris is a large one, and increases day by day. Many of these models are educated and sometimes becomes painters themselves, or efficient art critics whose judgment is often consulted even by eminent artists. The models are only employed between the ages of eighteen and nineteen, by painters of the nude, but some find work until they are twenty-five or twenty-six, after which their forms completely lose the grace and contour of early growth. The women who pose in the studios are generally paid at the rate of ten to twenty-five francs per diem. The most numerous of the models are the Italian women, who are preferred to French, because they are more tractable, for the models have often to sit or stand immovable for hours, and this the Parisienne is particularly disinclined to do.

MUSIC.

THE inaugural *soirée musicale* given in Convocation Hall by the newly organised Conservatory of Music was in all respects a pleasant and instructive evening, although to a few some disappointment may have been felt that the form of entertainment partook more of the nature of a concert than a *conversazione*. Prof. Wilson, Chancellor Allan, and Bishop Sweetman said numberless kind things about the institution, and several charming things about music generally, while the items provided were most enthusiastically received. The place of honour must be given to Mdme. F. d'Auria for her splendid performance, and to Sig. d'Auria's excellent little orchestra. *Rigoletto* and the *Serenade* were admirably arranged and performed, and prove the Signor to be a musician of practised ability and experience. We shall hope to hear that he has managed to keep his orchestra together, and that we may hear it from time to time this winter. M. François Boucher, Miss Elwell, and Miss Alexander all contributed the best in their power. We may especially mention Miss Elwell's rendering of Scharwenka's difficult music, and the feeling which M. Boucher exhibited in the Moszkowski *Serenade*. The Convocation Hall, with its clusters of lights, carved roof, and general scholastic air, makes a fine setting for such an entertainment, and the directors of the Conservatory will doubtless feel it to be a great honour if they can secure it for a second similar performance.

THE STAGE.

AT Her Majesty's Theatre, Mdle. Nikita's refined vocal performances, we hear, have continued to prove highly attractive, among many other features of interest; the adjective snacks of rather faint praise, and contrasts unfavourably with the glowing language of the report that Mdle. Sigrid Arnoldsen, the new Swedish star, is having an immense success in Sweden and Norway.

A NEW romantic opera in two acts by Mr. George Fox, founded on the drama, *Robert Macaire*, was announced for production at the Crystal Palace in October.

MR. D'OYLY CARTE's celebrated Mikado Company has arranged in addition to its German tour to give a series of representations of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's opera in Holland, and will commence the season in Amsterdam in the beginning of November.

MM. RITT AND GAILLARD have arranged matters so that the 500th representation of *Faust* at the Opera will fall on the 4th November (St. Charles' day, the patron saint of Gounod). In point of fact this opera has been played more than 800 times in Paris, as it had a long and triumphant run at the Theatre Lyrique before it was transferred to the larger opera.

CLARETIE proposes to get up *Dalila*, one of Feuillet's great successes, not played for nearly twenty years. Mounet-Sully is desirous to appear in the part of Andre Roswein, though somewhat fearful that he should not be sufficiently young for the part—a matter about which his many friends and admirers have re-assured him. *Chamaillac*, by the same author, is also to be revived in the winter at the Français. M. Leitner, who made his first appearance recently upon the stage, will be called upon to undertake the title part; Mlle. Legault, also a novice, will play Jeanne d' Tryas.

SARDOU's new play, *La Tosca*, will set the fashions in dress this winter, combining (as the scene is laid in 1800) the styles of the Directory and the Empire with their short waists and hanging sleeves, and plotting the disgrace of tailor-made gowns. Feather trimmings are to be largely used both for dresses and hats, also Chantilly lace and gold embroidery.

THE LATER MAGAZINES.

THE *Domestic Monthly* for this month contains capital literary matter as well as the latest information with respect to fashion—a combination which ought to secure it an immense circulation in our midst. An excellent short story is by Robert Shindler; Mary Penn has a very pretty French tale, entitled *Mons. Silvain's Secret*, and the illustrations are in every way creditable.

Macmillan's English Illustrated for October presents some very distinctive features. There is, in the first place, a poem by Algernon Charles Swinburne, of intense passion, and almost unequalled melodic beauty, a poem which he himself has never surpassed in either flow of rhyme or intrinsic merit of thought. By the side of such a poem all recent contemporaneous verse seems but indifferent, and more so the more "Swinburnian" it may be. A paper by the late gifted Richard Jefferies is timely and touching. Another on *Coaching Days and Coaching Ways* is particularly well illustrated, and also compiled with much care and humour. The old Bath Road, the fortunes of the great Du Vall, prince of highwaymen, and the history of several famous old roadside inns are described in brilliant and graphic style. A new serial is commenced by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, author of *Red Spider*, etc., etc. The other story is by Prof. W. Minto, author of *Crack of Doom*, a painstaking and gifted novelist, not as well known to us as he deserves to be, and the concluding book and social chat is from the practised pen of H. D. Traill. The forthcoming numbers of the magazine will contain, among other interesting items, a paper by the veteran comedian, J. L. Toole, on *Personal Reminiscences of Charles Dickens*, and poems by George Meredith and Swinburne.

Macmillan's for the present month is almost overcrowded with good things. A paper on Coleridge and the Quantock Hills is rich with information about the geographical bearings of his poems, and contains some very fine analyses. Two unsigned articles, one on Homer the Botanist, the other a gossip letter from a Franco-German point of view, are of great interest, while W. L. Courtney discourses on a modern French writer, M. Anatole France, well known in his native country as the author of *Le Livre Mon Ami* and *Le Chat Maigre*, and a truly phenomenal writer, since his books can be read aloud *virginibus puerisque*. A paper on *The Profession of Letters* deals with some significant facts about literary life in a very significant way, and shows the cunning of an old hand. F. Marion Crawford's story, *With the Immortals*, concludes its spiritualistic meanderings at last, and not before it is time.

Magazine of American History. Illustrated. Mrs. Martha J. Lamb's cleverly edited periodical continues to deserve our best appreciation and most sincere good wishes. Her own bright and readable article on the *Origin of New York* is one of the best in the present number, and is adorned with very interesting reproductions of the West India Company's House in 1628. Rev. Philip Schaff, Prof. Andrews, and Prof. Salisbury are among the remaining contributors, the article on Daniel Webster being accompanied by an excellent and speaking likeness.

THE *Cosmopolitan* for October has several very striking features. *A Turncoat for Love*, by Ludovic Halévy, is delightfully French, natural, true, and quite equal to this writer's other work, all of which is extraordinarily brilliant and ingenious. *The Pigmy Kingdom of a Debauchee*—rather an unfortunate title, it seems to us—is a timely paper on King Kalakua, the monarch of the Hawaiian Islands. An article upon the *Buffalo* is accompanied by striking and forcible illustrations of the picturesque brute whom civilisation has destroyed off the face of the earth. The Montana Legislature has just passed a bill enacting stringent laws against the killing of these animals. Is it not a little late? P. T. Barnum on *Jenny Lind* is a comical but not unpleasing incongruity. Richard A. Proctor's *Cure for Poverty* is not likely to be one easily apprehended of the people, and his reasoning, though anything but fallacious, will, it is certain, be dubbed visionary and uncomfortable. The American complement is represented by the *Tours of the Presidents*, and *Recollections of Charles Sumner*, while the poetry belongs to Walt Whitman and Ella Wheeler Wilcox. The *Cosmopolitan* is one of the most entertaining of the younger American magazines, and has always provision for all kinds of tastes.

THE *Pansy*, with its pretty cover and pretty inside pictures, is the same delightful periodical we know so well. Its pages are full of charm for the young, both girls and boys, containing as they do stories, poems, anecdotes, and interesting correspondence from Florida, a land of much suggestion to the minds of our little ones, being popularly supposed to be running over with alligators and oranges, crocodiles and cocoanuts.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE GREAT CRYPTOGRAM: FRANCIS BACON'S CIPHER IN THE SO-CALLED SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS. By Ignatius Donnelly, author of *Atlantis*, *Ragnarok*, etc. Chicago, New York, and London: R. S. Peale and Company.

In literary circles considerable interest has been created by the heralded forthcoming of an addition to the already numerous works on the so-called Bacon authorship of Shakespeare's plays, by Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, the ingenious author of the *Lost Atlantis* and other literary sensations. The notion, wild as it seems at this time of day, of dethroning Shakespeare and setting up Lord Verulam in his place, not only exists but evidently widely spreads. Started in England some thirty years ago, the strange hypothesis has of recent years been revived in the United States; and now a library of nearly three hundred books and pamphlets is said to represent one side or other of the controversy. If the fad extends, we shall more than ever have occasion to regret the meagreness of our knowledge of the personal life and educational qualifications of Shakespeare, and of the absence, particularly, of any shred of MS., document, or letter, in the handwriting of the Bard of Avon connecting him or identifying him with the authorship of the plays that have so long borne his honoured name. Much, as we know, has been made of these facts, and of the circumstance, as alleged, that Shakespeare possessed no library, had no acquaintance with Greek or Italian—the source of many of his plays,—and indeed never professed authorship beyond, at the most, adapting a few early English dramas for the stage, and taking a subordinate part only in their representation. On the other hand, the Baconian advocates have been assiduous in bringing forward every circumstance which makes for their theory—Bacon's great learning, his philosophic breadth, his lofty moral teaching, and even his known accomplishments as a writer of masques and paraphrases of some of the Psalms. But, to use an old adage, "two swallows do not make a summer;" and all these intellectual gifts, with mental characteristics and habits utterly alien, as we know, to those of Shakespeare, do not qualify Bacon to put on and honestly wear the ample, shining garments of our inspired poet. But we have no wish to prejudice our readers against Mr. Donnelly, to dampen any enthusiasm that may exist among students of his books, or to repress the ardour of expectation which doubtless is eagerly seeking gratification in the lively and ingenious presentation of a new hobby. From what we have seen of the advance sheets of *The Great Cryptogram*, we feel sure the author's friends will find material in it for at least a seven days' wonder. Mr. Donnelly divides his book into three parts—1st, The Argument; 2nd, The Demonstration; and 3rd, Conclusions. The first section deals with the stock arguments of the Baconian partisans, and its main strength seems to lie in the absence of those facts about Shakespeare's literary life, and the presence of those about Bacon, which makes it comparatively easy to construct a theory which throws doubt upon the genuineness of the claims of the one and seems to establish and make good the claims of the other. The demonstration is startling and unique. And here, if Mr. Donnelly is not romancing, or has not lost his mental balance, the controversy, instead of being brought to a close, will widen into an open and almost trackless sea of doubt. Mr. Donnelly professes to have found in the text of the plays a cipher which has enabled him so far to construct this legend—

Francis Bacon, Nicholas Bacon's Son.

How this has been discovered, and how far the long-concealed cipher can be relied upon as appearing by design in the text, and how if there, who put it there, and for what purpose it was inserted, are questions which we must leave Mr. Donnelly and his book to answer. If Mr. Donnelly is not himself the victim of his own hypothesis, and the plays are, as he maintains, honeycombed with a traceable cipher, inserted by design, surely some explanation can be arrived at short of the inference that Bacon, and not Shakespeare, is the renowned author. Lord Bacon, we know, had a fad about ciphers, and if he had unrestricted access to the Folio of 1623 when it was passing through the press, may he not innocently have amused himself by inserting a cryptogramic puzzle in the proofs for the confounding of a future ingenious but sensation-mongering American?

JACK HALL, OR THE SCHOOL DAYS OF AN AMERICAN BOY. By Robert Grant. Illustrated by F. G. Attwood. Boston: Jordan, Marsh, and Company.

This is a very delightful and natural picture of American school life, which we owe to the author of the *Confessions of a Frivolous Girl* and other works of fiction. The present book has little of the impress of fiction on it, but a great deal of the precious salt of truth, and all boys and a good many grown people will read it with unflagging interest, especially for its chapters on baseball and similar boyish sports. The good-natured strictures on cricket, addressed to the "gentlemen of England," will probably cause a smile on both sides of the water, for if there is one thing Englishmen pride themselves upon it is the national game of cricket, and not even Mr. Grant's enthusiastic portrayal of his darling baseball, into which he has evidently thrown his entire heart and soul, can convert us altogether from our traditional beliefs. Baseball is only an amplification of the old English schoolboy game of "rounders," and we can quite conceive the possibility of its being still played in England, therefore the idea of carrying it over and establishing it there as a new and thoroughly American game comes a trifle late. It is worthy of record that some of Mr. Grant's boys are caught saying "beastly butter-fingers," an Englishism they might have been spared. Several good illustrations accompany the book, which is written in entertaining style, and with a strong moral basis.

MORALITY IN ITS RELATION TO THE GRACE OF REDEMPTION. By Robt. B. Fairbairn, D.D., LL.D., Warden of St. Stephen's College, Andale, N. Y. New York: Thos. Whitaker, Bible House.

The present volume embraces a series of lectures read to classes in Moral Philosophy. While there is nothing remarkable or new in the manner of presentation there is of course much truth in the main idea which the lecturer has sought to bring out and establish beyond all refutation. Dr. Fairbairn's earnest desire seems to be that a perfect understanding of the human conscience and the natural laws which govern its working shall be an important feature in the equipment of every minister of the gospel towards his mission in life. It is possible, as he asserts, and as many of us know by painful experience, Sunday after Sunday, to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ, and to preach it with all earnestness, good intent, and even eloquence; to lay stress on repentance, reformation, redemption, and yet to remain curiously and dangerously ignorant of the relation in which this redemption stands to man's inborn immorality and natural sin. A study of the innate causes of sin, a study in fact of sin itself, and a study of various systems of morality, are in Dr. Fairbairn's opinion the first and essential steps in the formation of the true pastoral and ministerial character. "The book which will give this information is yet to be written. There is a place for a *Treatise on Moral Theology*, or for an *Introduction to the Study of Moral Theology*. Such a treatise would begin somewhat as Bishop Butler began, by an enquiry into human nature, and an investigation of the separate principles of the human constitution. . . . Sermons of those properly instructed in moral theology would not give unreal and exaggerated descriptions of sins, any more than sublimated views of life which the angels only may be able to live. When a priest undertakes to instruct a Christian congregation he should have such clear conceptions of sin that he would not create uneasiness or despair, or give false hope or comfort." There is no shadow of a doubt that these remarks are true. The study of morals is less understood and more misrepresented than any other department of human knowledge. Other matters are formulated, tabulated, classified, labelled, and dated. Morals alone are left to chance, loosely described, loosely explained, held over for Sundays, and given up to inferior teachers. Dr. Fairbairn's practical book is recommended to those who look thoughtfully but not hopelessly at the sad problem of daily life to which there is at times no earthly solution.

A SHORT HISTORY OF ARCHITECTURE. By Arthur Lyman Tuckerman. With Illustrations by the Author. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

In this excellent compendium much care has been given to the presentation of good examples of the different orders, plans of some of the most interesting and notable buildings erected by man, and to concise and correct definitions of architectural divisions. The book is superficial of course, but pretends to be nothing else, and so far as it goes is very good indeed. A chapter on Druidical remains might contain more than it does about Stonehenge, perhaps the most remarkable human relic the world affords, but that on Egypt encloses a lengthy and detailed account of the Pyramids. A chapter on Asiatic architecture includes the Buddhist style, the Dravidian style, or rock-cut temples of Mahavellipore, the Indo-Aryan or Northern, and the Assyrian. Probably the two most readable chapters are on the Romanesque or Norman and the Gothic styles. As an example of the latter the author adduces a plan of Rheims Cathedral, and another of a typical English cathedral. Technical terms are only sparingly used, the illustrations are good, and the whole arrangement of the work fitted to render it a very useful book of reference, although of small compass.

ELOCUTIONARY STUDIES AND NEW RECITATIONS. By Suna Randall-Diehl. New York: Edgar S. Werner.

A unique and useful compilation by a lady who has also published five or six other works on the same subject. There is not one hackneyed extract in the collection with the exception perhaps of the *Erl-King*, given both in German and in English. There is a hint of the vulgar in one or two pieces, such as the *Hen-Hussey* and the *Corpse's Husband*, while there is not sufficient justification for several trifles not so light as very, very heavy. A charming *bagatelle* is *Madame Eef*, the story of the famous apple from a French point of view. *Juliet*, by Louis Austin, is in *memoriam* of the lamented Adelaide Neilson, and makes an excellent recitation. Later writers, such as John Whitcomb Reid, John Boyle O'Reilly, Samuel Minturn Peck, and Ella Wheeler Wilcox, are largely drawn upon for the contents of Mrs. Randall's new book, which will doubtless prove very acceptable to elocutionists in general, either teachers or students. A chapter on how to study these valuable pieces precedes them, in which the art is well defined, and its canons explained with unusual skill.

A HUMBLE ROMANCE, AND OTHER STORIES. By Mary E. Wilkins. New York: Harper and Brothers.

We hear pretty often of that white unborn elephant, the great American novel, and we also hear a good deal about the difficulty of finding publishers and readers for volumes of short stories. Taking these two widely different facts together, we question very much if the powerful New England sketches embodied in this volume will meet with the approbation they deserve. Even critics are sometimes blind, and will not discern the small beginnings which are occasionally of such grave importance. This means that in this volume of New England rural studies should be welcomed the most faithful, careful, minute, and human portraiture of certain American phases that has appeared for many years. The Americans held up to our

notice in its pages are not the Americans who live in Rome and Naples and London, not even those who lead inspired lives in Boston or vegetate out west, but the simple, ignorant, confiding, and suffering population of the hidden villages and small country towns, with their daily joys and sorrows, pains and aches, faults and foibles. The story of the two poor old women who run away from the "Home," thinking it the poorhouse, can simply not be equalled. There is the persistency of a Tourgenieff in these sketches. What the author has seen and felt, she must make others see and feel too, and so many of her studies are very similar in design. Thus we have another old woman in "A Patient Waiter," and another in "Brakes and White Violets," the latter a most touching little tale, yet so simple, so unaffectedly told, so barren of incident, that it is little more than a sketch. We hope the whole collection will be widely read and appreciated at its actual worth, which is inestimable, particularly as many of these quaint New England people and their ways are fast passing away, and can never be brought into existence again.

LIGHTS OF TWO CENTURIES. Edited by Rev. E. E. Hale. Illustrated with Fifty Portraits. New York and Chicago: S. S. Barnes and Co.

Almost every day it is our good fortune to meet with the name of the Rev. Edward Everett Hale in connection always with literary work of the highest and most enduring kind. The habit of hard work, which is a kind of genius in itself, is his if anything is, and in this compact volume of biographies extending over the last two centuries, and embracing fifty of the master minds of that period in art, literature, music, and science, we have again to thank him for the ease and graphic colouring of his portraiture, and the admirable manner with which he has managed to include everything of interest, while he is never prosy or commonplace. Among the artists is the comparatively new name of Bastien-Lepage, and also that of Antoine Barye, the sculptor, both Frenchmen, and men of the greatest genius. Among the inventors are found the Montgolfiers, Bessemer, Edison, Bell, Fulton, and Whitney. The book is really a most valuable one, and is suitable both for reference and for presentation, being handsomely bound, and containing fifty charming portraits, miniature size, but remarkably clear and correct.

We have received also the following publications:

LIBRARY MAGAZINE. October. New York: J. B. Alden.
COSMOPOLITAN. October. New York: Schlicht and Field Company.
THE PANSY. October. Boston: D. Lothrop and Company.
FRANK LESLIE'S SUNDAY MAGAZINE. November. New York: 53-57 Park Place.
CHURCH REVIEW. October. New York: Baur and Geddes.
GRAMMAR SCHOOL, PRIMARY MONTHLY, INTERMEDIATE MONTHLY. October. Chicago and Boston: Interstate Publishing Company.
MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE. October. London and New York: Macmillan and Company
FORTNIGHTLY.
NINETEENTH CENTURY. October. Philadelphia: Leonard Scott Publishing Company,
LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. November. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.
ATLANTIC MONTHLY. November. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company.
QUERIES. October. Buffalo: C. W. Moulton and Company.
AMERICAN MAGAZINE. November. New York: American Magazine Company.
HARPER'S MAGAZINE. November. New York: Harper and Brothers.

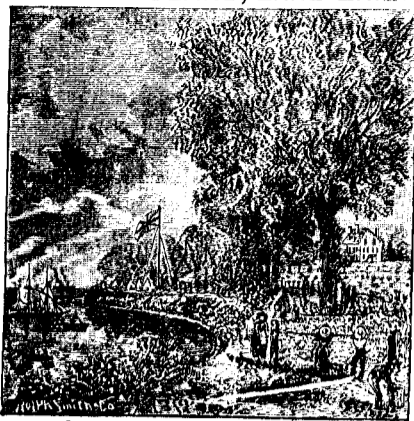
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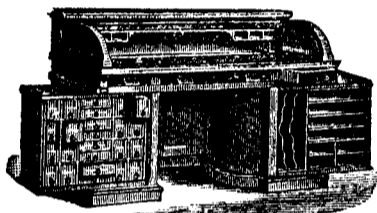
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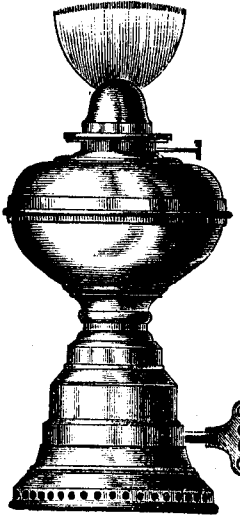
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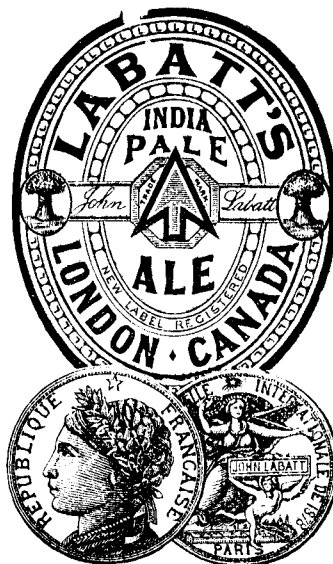
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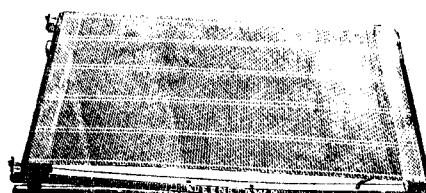
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