

THE WEEK:

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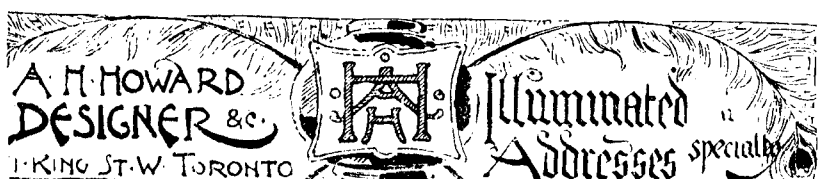
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CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES—	PAGE
The Campaign in Nova Scotia..... Addison F. Browne.	167
Disallowance in Manitoba..... Garry.	167
The Art of War in the Middle Ages..... C.	169
Early Christian History..... E. J. Garthwaite.	170
Sonnet—The Last Link..... E. S.	170
Jottings off the C. P. R.....	171
Canadian Notes and Queries.....	171
From "The Greville Memoirs".....	171
TOPICS—	
Mr. Cookburn's Retraction.....	172
The Boulbee Letter.....	172
The Dominion Elections.....	172
Theology and Politics.....	172
Labour Troubles in the States.....	172
The Fisheries Question.....	173
The Van Zandt Spies Marriage.....	173
The Depression of Trade.....	173
Jews in London.....	173
Lord Spencer.....	173
France and Germany.....	173
The Channel Tunnel.....	173
The Matrimonial News.....	173
Divorce in France.....	174
Religious Persecution.....	174
Lord Selborne on Party.....	174
Longevity.....	174
Needlewomen and Dressmakers.....	174
NOTES.....	175
"HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY" (Poem)..... Esperance	175
Garth Grafton.	175
AFTERNOON TEA.....	175
RECENT FICTION..... S.	176
MUSIC.....	176
OUR LIBRARY TABLE.....	176

THE CAMPAIGN IN NOVA SCOTIA.

IN Nova Scotia the general election seems to have eclipsed all other secular business. Wherever or whenever you meet two or more citizens you are almost certain to hear a discussion as to the merits of parties and candidates, and while upon the larger questions involved Liberals all go one way and Conservatives all go the other way, it is noticed that in matters of detail there is a wide range of opinion within each of the party households. This indicates that the spirit of personal independence in politics, so noticeable in other lands, is beginning to develop itself upon this peninsula. In the present contest it will not rise to the dignity of a definite factor, but at some time in the future it may become strong enough to decide an important election. The present campaign is being conducted with even greater earnestness than was the local contest of last summer. Those supporting and those opposing the Government of Sir John Macdonald are working as they never worked before to secure the success of their representatives, and there is every prospect that the vote will be the largest which this province has ever given.

Our friends in old Canada may find it rather difficult to reconcile the present attitude of Nova Scotia Repealers with the position which they recently assumed, and are supposed to still maintain with passionate devotion. They may well ask, Why are the Liberals down there so anxious about the next Canadian House of Commons, while they are trying so hard to get away from Canada altogether? Only a few months since the electors of this province, by a decisive majority, voted in favour of separation from the Dominion. This was equivalent to saying that they did not expect to receive what they considered to be their rights from the hands of either political party. When it came to that matter they did not pretend to have any more confidence in the Canadian Liberals than in the Conservatives. At that time such was undoubtedly their feeling on the subject; and such has been their feeling ever since the present political relations were established. It must be remembered that the voters of Nova Scotia have never given a majority in favour of Confederation, while the method by which they were brought into this establishment can only be characterised as a legislative trick. The very pronounced vote of last summer showed that the feeling of dissatisfaction with the Canadian Union had lost nothing by time. The nature of the circumstances that control the case has caused it to constantly deepen and strengthen through all the years since the Provinces of British North America, with the exception of Labrador, were united into one dependency. During the local contest, and since that event was decided, the justice of that desire and the probability of Nova Scotia's obtaining her object, received thorough discussion in every detail. Every argument which might be presented in favour of or against such a movement has been granted a full consideration; and now there can hardly be one intelligent elector in the Province who does not understand the matter in all its chief bearings. All who believe in Repeal at this time do

so with their eyes wide open; yet so far as the writer is able to judge, the sentiment in favour of such a movement is now even stronger than it was last summer. Why then, is the Liberal Repeal party so anxious to gain seats in the next Dominion Parliament? To my mind this question is best answered by the following facts: The secessionists do not expect to receive what they want from either political party. They fully realise that a Government led by Mr. Blake would be no more likely to grant their request than would one led by the present Premier or Sir Charles Tupper. Still they are making a most determined effort that men of their views may be largely represented in the next House of Commons. Nova Scotians elected on this platform will form a sort of Home Rule party, and they will neglect no opportunity to present and press the reasons which to the Repealer are quite sufficient for Nova Scotia's being allowed to withdraw from Confederation. At the same time they do not expect that these claims will receive favourable consideration. The stand is only taken that the principles of their constituents may be maintained and defended. The secessionists will be very careful that this question is kept before the public until the proper steps can be taken for pleading their case before the Imperial Government. From the Crown, and the Crown alone, do these Nova Scotians expect to gain the central object of their effort, which is simply a return to the position occupied by their province before the Dominion was erected.

ADDISON F. BROWNE.

Halifax, February 2, 1887.

DISALLOWANCE IN MANITOBA.

IF there is one question more than another which has ever agitated the people of Manitoba, that question is the Disallowance policy pursued by the Dominion Government in regard to the chartering of lines of railway to run to the boundary. The agitation, which was begun more than five years ago, when the effects of a pursuance of the policy were first apprehended, has continued with more or less rigour ever since. The result is that at the present time the people of the Province, and more especially the citizens of Winnipeg, are in a perfect state of ferment over the question. To proclaim yourself an advocate of Disallowance is almost as much as a man's political life is worth in this province, as Mr. Scarth found to his cost in his recent Provincial contest in South Winnipeg. There is no doubt, however, that the people of the Province have really themselves to blame for the policy being continued. At one time it looked as if Mr. Norquay was going to fight for the constitutional rights of the Province, conferred under a clause in the British North America Act, but the occasion was five years ago, when he was seeking a renewal of confidence at the hands of the electors. Upon one occasion during that period he made his memorable threat, that if the Dominion Government disallowed the charter of the Portage and Westbourne Road, he would call the Legislature together, re-enact the charter, and continue to re-enact it until the Federal authorities were forced to yield. That empty threat was never executed, and the miserable back-down of Mr. Norquay is stamped upon the memory of every Manitoban. There never was a public man who had a finer opportunity than Mr. Norquay to win the confidence and esteem of his fellow-citizens in the Province, because he had right upon his side, and if he had only imitated Mr. Mowat for once, and carried the case before the Privy Council, he would have been bound to succeed, and to-day would have possessed the esteem of the public in the same measure that he deserves, and is doubtless accorded, their contempt. In the recent Provincial election, this weighty question was, to a very large extent, eclipsed by the clouds of political coal dust, arising from the "coal steal" scandal, and other issues of a similar character. Thus the real interests of the people were forgotten in the mud-throwing battle; and instead of extracting pledges from every candidate who offered, the contest was fought without the question of Disallowance being allowed to enter to any special extent. The result is that we have a Local Legislature elected, the members of which have made no specific pledges upon the question; and as Mr. Norquay is, doubtless, eagerly waiting to seize the reward which the Dominion Government has promised for his traitorous conduct, the eye of hope need not be turned in that direction. Meantime, the people have awakened to the vital importance of the issue, and the assertion can be made with tolerable safety that not a single member, Tory,

Grit, or Independent, will be sent to the Federal House from this province at the coming election who is not pledged to strenuously oppose the policy of Disallowance at Ottawa. Even Mr. Scarth, Sir John's trusted friend and ally in this country, who is a candidate in Winnipeg in the Conservative interest, was forced to give a solemn pledge, before receiving the nomination, that he would oppose Disallowance, and would even go so far as to support a motion of want of confidence in the Government upon that question. So thoroughly in earnest have the people of Winnipeg become upon the subject, that a secret league of Conservatives was formed some time ago to advocate in every possible way a cessation of the policy, and to promote this object by extracting pledges from all candidates upon the subject. It was, doubtless, the existence of this league that forced Mr. Scarth into the position he now occupies in regard to the matter. My impression is that the feeling is now worked up to such a pitch that, in the event of further pursuance of the policy, the people are ready to turn out themselves, and build a road to the boundary, despite Disallowance.

It is difficult to conceive why the Dominion Government persists in pursuing a policy which, beyond a shadow of doubt, restricts the progress of the country by lessening the immigration, and preventing the development which would assuredly follow the adoption of a liberal railway policy. If Manitoba succeeds, and it is certainly in the interests of the whole Dominion that she should, it can never be under the present restrictive policy. The inducements to settlers must be as liberal as those offered in Dakota, Minnesota, and Montana, else the immigrants will not come to us. It seems to me that the Dominion Government has always had ill-advisers in this country: men who, in order to accomplish some selfish purpose, have been willing to sacrifice the interests of the country by misrepresenting it at headquarters.

There is not a shadow of doubt that we have been set back five years by the pursuance of a restrictive policy. What Manitoba has always wanted, and what, I fear, she will continue to lack, is an advocate in the Commons who will fearlessly tell the truth about our wants, and who has the ability to place them before Parliament and the country in such a light as will attract general attention, and in the end secure to us our proper redress.

From private information I have strong reasons for believing that the letter from Archbishop Taché to Mgr. Lafleche, of Three Rivers, which has created a sensation by its publication in the East, was not written last March, as the date it bears would indicate, but was the production of the Prelate's brain less than a month ago. I know, as a matter of fact, that Mr. Montplaisir, M.P. for Champlain, visited the Archbishop at his room in the St. Boniface Hospital, where ill-health has detained him for a considerable period, several weeks ago. It was then rumoured that Mr. Montplaisir's object was to secure from the Prelate a letter, if not endorsing the Government, at least recommending that it be not overthrown. A very few days after the return of Mr. Montplaisir to the East, appeared the letter. In view of the recent tactics resorted to by the Tories in Ontario, and in the face of the race agitation in the East, such an epistle written at present would come with exceeding bad grace from Mgr. Taché, and would fail of accomplishing the object for which it was designed, and hence the deception practised. Judging from the action of other dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church in Canada, the conviction forces itself upon me that Sir John has secured to some extent the intercession of the Church in his behalf, as an offset to the assistance rendered Mr. Mowat in the recent Ontario elections, and which has proved such a blow to the present Government.

GARRY.

THE ART OF WAR IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

MR. OMAN'S tract on the Art of War in the Middle Ages will be found very interesting by students of military history, and by the students of general history also, for military and general history interpenetrate each other. Mr. Oman describes in succession the transition from Roman to Mediæval forms in war, the Byzantines and their enemies, the era of the feudal cavalry, that of the Swiss infantry, and that of the English archer and his opponents, showing both the general method and how some of the most famous fields were lost and won. The Byzantines have received scant justice. We have thought of them always as a declining power, and have forgotten how slow was the decline, and how protracted was the resistance to the various forces by which, from different quarters, the Eastern Empire was assailed. A defence which lasted ten centuries was not discreditable to the garrison. The Byzantine army was evidently a fine army, well organised, and animated by a good spirit, the military profession being held

in honour and embraced by men of the highest class in society, which, after all, is the root of the matter. It had a regular science, both of strategies and of tactics, adapted to the military habits of the different tribes of barbarians with which it had to cope and far superior to anything else of the kind which existed at the time, though it is true that some of the stratagems prescribed in Imperial manuals are of a highly Byzantine character. By valour, discipline, and science, the Byzantine army seems to have held its ground. The Greek fire, which is supposed to have done so much for it, appears not really to have played a very important part. Its weak point lay in its subjection to a feeble and jealous government, which regarded successful generals with apprehension, and could not bear to see a united and strong command. A feudal host could hardly be called an army, inasmuch as it was not organised, much less had it any strategy or tactics. It was commanded not by military, but by local rank; in other words it was not commanded at all. Its infantry were worthless, and all that its mailed cavalry could do was to make headlong charges as soon as they came in sight of the enemy, without regard for tactical considerations of any kind, and frequently with such results as were seen at Crecy and Nicopolis. The military science of the Middle Ages was shown in the construction of castles, such as Chateau Gaillard and Carcassone, which are models of skilful design as well as of building, and formed the impregnable strongholds of territorial aristocracy. The Swiss infantry was a tremendous power in its day, and won a number of splendid victories. It consisted of deep columns of pikemen and halberdiers, which advanced in échelon, and for some time bore down all before them. But the system, like all such systems, became stereotyped, its weak points were discovered by scientific generals, and the improvement of field artillery was its death-blow. At Marignano the Swiss columns were prevented from advancing by repeated charges of cavalry on their flanks, to receive which they had to form square, while the French artillery played on them with fatal effect. The feats of the English archers at Crecy, Poitiers, and Agincourt were even more brilliant than those of the Swiss pikemen; but their system also, which was essentially defensive, and consisted in receiving the feudal cavalry in position, became stereotyped, and when mechanically adhered to by commanders who had been entirely trained under it, in the end exposed them to defeat. On the fatal field of Formigny the archers, being galled by two pieces of French artillery, gallantly charged and took the guns; and had Sir Thomas Kyriel then advanced with his whole force it appears that he would have won the battle; but the veteran clung to his defensive tactics, and allowed the archers, unsupported, to be taken in flank by cavalry, and driven back upon his line, where all then became confusion. The successful opponents of the English, at last, however, were not the French chivalry, which had precipitated itself into ruinous defeat at Crecy and Agincourt, but smaller bodies of more regular troops under professional leaders like Dunois, who studied their art and the situation. Justice is done by Mr. Oman to the generalship displayed in the Wars of the Roses by Edward IV., who, as his career of victory commenced at nineteen, must have had a remarkable genius for command. The series is closed by the appearance of the Janissaries, whose triumphs over the hardy valour of the Christian chivalry once more proved the irresistible ascendancy of discipline in war.

Having spoken of the Military Architecture of the Middle Ages, we may remark that there appeared not long ago a very elaborate treatise on the subject in its relation to England, with abundance of illustrations, by Mr. George T. Clark. Mr. Clark may well say that the study is comparatively new. Sir Walter Scott was the best mediævalist of his day; yet in "The Lay" he not only puts a feudal fortress of the first-class where there could be nothing more important than a border Peel, but he makes Lord Dacre order his billmen and archers to the assault of this great fortress without breaching or siege operations of any kind. He might as well have made him order it to be charged by cavalry. These fortresses were in their day tremendously strong; their lords, who dwelt in them, were always studying their defences; the rudimentary principles of modern fortification are distinctly seen in them; and the siege of one of them before the days of artillery was a most serious operation, and one which tasked ingenuity to the utmost. At the sound of the cannon their massy walls fell to the ground like the walls of Jericho at the blast of the trumpets, and with them fell the social system of which they were the bulwarks. England is not the land of castles; the sea always formed her defence against enemies from without, and within there were not in her, as in feudal France, great local principalities and powers such as would fortify their own domains on a large scale. Naturally, while the religious buildings of the Middle Ages have been kept up, the castles have gone to ruin: as fortresses they were obsolete; as dwellings, though some of them

contained sumptuous rooms, they were incapable of adaptation to modern comfort. Yet the tourist in England, if he has a historical turn, ought to know something about the castles, and to be able to trace the series from the grim keep of the Norman Conqueror to the castle palace such as Bodiham, where the transition to the manor-house is visible. We are surprised, by the way, to learn from Mr. Clark that under the Norman castles there are no dungeons or subterranean rooms of any kind. This seems to cast doubt on some of the terrible legends about Front de Bœuf.

EARLY CHRISTIAN HISTORY.*

IF we cannot say that controversy is at an end respecting the "origins" of Christianity, at least we are getting pretty thoroughly acquainted with the conditions of the problem, and certain tangible results have been attained. Nay, more, the results of a thoroughly scientific handling of the books of the New Testament, and the other early documents of the Christian Church, are growing increasingly favourable to what used to be called the orthodox view.

It was something that the founder of the Tübingen School left us at least four epistles of S. Paul, "incontestable and uncontested," as Renan observes. It is something more that his successors have, in various ways, conceded more to the advocates of the traditional view of the Scriptures. Hilgenfeld, the present acknowledged head of the Tübingen School, and Baur's most notable living representative, concedes some other epistles as Pauline: so does Renan; and these and others of the same school have pushed back the dates of the four Gospels to a period considerably earlier than that arrived at by their master.

Even Strauss did not leave the world—hearing, as he said, a voice calling him to give an account of his stewardship, a strange experience for one who professed himself an atheist,—without doing something towards building up that which he had previously, with too large a measure of success, overthrown. It was Strauss who laid it down as a certain fact that the disciples of Jesus did certainly believe that their Master had risen from the dead, and that it was impossible to account for their conduct or their work apart from this belief.

A Christian teacher would not be badly equipped for his work who should start with this stock-in-trade: The sincere belief of men who had been in near and constant contact with Jesus that He had really risen from the dead; and, as material for doctrine, the Epistle to the Romans, that to the Galatians, and the two to the Corinthians. It would not be difficult to evolve from those documents what are commonly called the essentials of the Christian religion.

But we need not stop here. A reasonable faith has been making further conquests. Until lately, it was somewhat widely believed, and it is still believed by Renan and writers of his school that there was an insurmountable difficulty in the way of reconciling the authoritative teachings of the various members of the apostolic body. Peter and Paul represented conflicting "tendencies" in the Church, each taking the teaching of Christ, and giving it a colouring from his own prejudices, habits, circumstances, "tendencies."

Orthodoxy replied (sometimes not quite willingly) that the representations of the truth by the different writers differed with their different points of view, their different aims at the time of writing, and so forth; but sturdily maintained that there was no real discord, that a complete understanding of the truth which they declared would be the revelation of a perfect harmony between them. Orthodoxy, on this point, seems to be having the best of it, and greatly the best of it, in regard to that very important document, the continuation of S. Luke's Gospel, which is known as the "Acts of the Apostles."

According to Baur, to his disciple Zeller in his remarkable commentary, written before he abandoned theology and finally took to philosophy, to Overbeck in his edition of De Wette's commentary, and others, the "Acts" was a document of conciliation, written by one who was a friend of both parties, and was bent upon showing that there was really no disagreement between them. The absurdity of this theory is becoming more and more conspicuous, as the authorship and date of the volume have been more clearly seen, and more undoubtingly admitted. No sane critic now doubts that the Acts is a continuation of the third Gospel, written by the same hand, that the writer was a companion of S. Paul, and that he was S. Luke. Few doubt that we possess the work substantially as it came from the writer, although various theories are held as to the sources of those parts of his narrative concerning the contents of which he had not personal knowledge. Still we have his own account of the matter in regard to the earlier writing, and there is no reason to doubt that, in composing the later book, he equally drew his information from those "which from the beginning were eye-witnesses and ministers of the Word;" and that in this, as in the other part, we have a faithful "narrative concerning those matters which" were "fulfilled among" them. As to the latter part of the Acts, there is now hardly any difference of opinion; it is the simple, unvarnished narrative of one who was, for the most part, a witness of the occurrences which he relates.

The Acts of the Apostles is a book as free from any consideration of "tendencies" of any kind as can well be imagined. And its simplicity is illustrated, not only in the incidents related, in the discourses recorded—

harmonising, as they do, so perfectly with the characters and positions of the men by whom they are delivered—but, if possible, even more so by the manner in which the leading men in the apostolic Church are represented in the history.

For example, the representation of S. Peter's conduct is so far from being coloured to make it fit in with the statements in one of the acknowledged epistles of S. Paul that it actually presents some special difficulties in view of the account given by S. Paul in the Epistle to the Galatians; and yet a full consideration of the whole subject satisfies us that there is not the least contradiction between the two representations. It was with difficulty that S. Peter came to the conclusion that a Gentile, as such, could be received into the covenant body just as a Jew was; and when he afterwards acted in a manner inconsistent with this conclusion, it was certainly not because he had not made up his mind in the matter of Cornelius, nor because he had changed his mind, but simply from moral cowardice.

With regard to the same apostle, the view of his position in the early Church, which is presented in the Acts, is wonderfully in accord with that which is given in the Gospels and in the Epistles. It is ridiculous Protestant prejudice which attempts to deny the place of eminence occupied by S. Peter among the apostles; but it is not less ludicrous—and indeed it excites other emotions of a more serious kind—to note the desperate efforts made to show that Peter had some kind of authority in teaching and government over the other apostles. There is not a trace of anything of the kind: indeed there is satisfactory proof of the contrary. We say nothing now of the added difficulty of the Roman controversialist, to show how S. Peter's authority was handed on to the Bishop of Rome—a theory of which there is, if possible, less proof than of the supremacy of Peter among the apostles.

To take, again, the case of James, the Lord's brother, commonly known as Bishop of Jerusalem, apparently not one of the twelve, nothing can be simpler, nothing more credible, than the representation given of his position and work. Here we quite agree with Lechler that S. James was a person of the greatest influence at Jerusalem, although not exactly what we should now call diocesan bishop. Indeed it must be noted, whether we accept or reject the apostolic origin of the episcopate, that it did not come into existence as a distinct institution until long after the period of the Acts. We have heard of some Anglican clergymen (we really do not think, in this case, Dean Burgon could have been one of them) who were very angry because the word bishop had in some cases been translated "overseer" in the Revised Version. If these excellent and zealous persons had known the real force of the argument for episcopacy, they would have been well pleased that the word bishop should have disappeared entirely from the pages of the New Testament. Even at the period of the pastoral epistles, it had not taken its distinct form and consistency.

We have before us some books of very great value in relation to the subject we are now treating. Lechler's work is altogether excellent. The author is probably known to many of our readers, as having written by far the best extant "Life of Wiclif"—a truly learned, careful, and exhaustive production, and the work which he has now, after a long interval, republished in an improved edition, is the fruit of many years' conscientious and devoted study. Professed theologians will, for the theology of the New Testament, still have recourse to the admirable works of Weiss and Reuss—not forgetting Neander—but we could not name a book which dealt so well and so thoroughly, within comparatively contracted limits, with the history and teaching of the apostolic and post-apostolic age, as this work of Lechler's. His remarks on the "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles," and on Ignatius, with which his second volume concludes, seem to us excellent and judicious.

Thus he brings us to the great work which has been accomplished by Bishop Lightfoot—his new edition of the writings attributed to Ignatius of Antioch. If anything could now be said to be settled, the Ignatian controversy might be so described. Long ago, the larger Greek recension of the works of Ignatius was given up as spurious. Since the time of Bishop Pearson, however, the majority of critics have accepted the shorter Greek form. This conclusion was, in the minds of many, shaken for a time by the discovery of a still shorter form in Syriac, published by Mr. Cureton. In the judgment of most scholars, English and German, Bishop Lightfoot has settled the question in favour of the shorter Greek form of the epistles.

Dr. Killen, the title of whose little book we have placed at the bottom of the page, has boldly questioned this conclusion, and has declared these epistles "entirely spurious." Pearson and Zahn and Lightfoot have written in vain. Both the Greek forms must be condemned. Nay, even Cureton must retire, for the Syriac form must follow the Greek. This is a hard saying. Dr. Killen, with wonderful gravity, declares that Dr. Lightfoot comes to the inquiry with a prejudice. Now, we do not say merely that the bishop is universally acknowledged as not simply one of the finest scholars in Europe, as well as one of the most learned—facts about which there can be no question—nor even that he is known as a most simple-minded and ingenuous student. This is not all. Dr. Lightfoot undertook this investigation with a prejudice the other way. Stiff Episcopalians were much exercised by his well-known note in his commentary on the Epistle to the Philippians. He actually at one time rejected the shorter Greek form of the Ignatian epistles, believing in the Syriac version as the only genuine. This is a strange kind of prejudice.

Dr. Killen, it need hardly be said, does and must approach the subject with the very disqualification which he attributes to Dr. Lightfoot. On this point, however, we need say no more. It will be sufficient to say that, heavy and laborious and costly as this new edition of Ignatius is, no one will now think of seriously examining his works without taking Dr. Lightfoot as at least a provisional guide.

* Apostolic and Post-Apostolic Times, by Prof. G. V. Lechler, two volumes (T. and T. Clark, 1886). Apostolic Fathers: S. Ignatius, by Bishop Lightfoot, three volumes (Macmillan and Co., 1885). The Ignatian Epistles Entirely Spurious, by Prof. W. D. Killen (T. and T. Clark, 1886).

SONNET—THE LAST LINK.

WHEN face to face with Nature I do stand,
 How insignificant my life doth seem ;
 Like to the peevish ripple of a stream
 Compar'd with ocean's roar, so vast and grand ;
 Or as the finest particle of sand
 Pick'd from the massy stores of gold that gleam ;
 Or passing cloud of swift dissolvent steam ;
 Or flick'ring flame of dying fire-brand.

If thou wert not, my joy of all that is,
 My hope of all that shall be, silent Death
 Might take with welcome quickness my last breath,
 For life would then be robb'd of all its bliss ;
 But, as thou livest, so will I too live,
 And when thou diest, to Death myself will give.

E. J. GARTHWAITE.

JOTTINGS OFF THE C. P. R.

WE had beautiful weather during my visit to Cranbrooke. Days of cloudless sunshine succeeded each other only too quickly, till the inevitable Thursday arrived that bore us away from the hospitable ranche and kind host, who will ever be associated with my pleasantest memories of British Columbia.

We left Colonel Baker's at two o'clock on September 16, homeward bound, and made twelve miles during the afternoon, camping for the night on the wooded poplar flats near the west bank of the Kootenay River, which we found an extremely damp and chilly spot ; for the following morning revealed half an inch of ice on some water left standing in a pan. The temperature was by no means balmy and genial at six a.m. ; and, after a hurried breakfast, we were extremely glad to warm our numbed bodies by a short gallop to the ferry, again crossed in the scow, with its primitive rope and pulley, described previously.

At the top of the hill, on the east side, we parted with our pack horses and Indian boys, and diverged from the main trail to visit Wild Horse Creek, the most celebrated mining ground of the Kootenay district. Twenty years ago 3,000 men were at work in this isolated spot, out of which over \$12,000,000 have been taken. We covered the distance of five miles in a little over an hour, part of the trail being extremely rocky and precipitous. The creek itself runs through a deep canyon, whose course we followed for a couple of miles. Huge mountain peaks faced us, towering over 9,000 feet on the opposite side of the narrow gorge, and frowning down upon us in all the majesty of their solemn grandeur. The camp or settlement at Wild Horse consists of a few Government buildings, a large general store, and a number of log cabins with small gardens attached, occupied and cultivated entirely by the ubiquitous Celestial, upwards of one hundred of whom now populate this scene of departed glory. We lunched at the Government office with the Gold Commissioner, and after our repast walked half a mile further up the creek over an immense area of ground which had been completely washed out years ago by white men of all nationalities, and was now a mass of rocks, *débris* and fine gravel, forming anything but a pleasant footpath ; indeed it would have been utterly impassable but for the constant contact of Chinese shoe leather, which had made some semblance of a road.

The view from this point was very striking ; we were in the heart of the Rocky Mountains ; the creek, a mere thread, lay far below us ; on each side of it, as far as the eye could reach, extended a desolate waste of rocks, stones, and boulders. No one who has not seen it can imagine a more impressive spectacle than this chaos of distorted nature. Both steep gravel banks were seamed with wooden troughs, carrying water from the high ground above ; while far in the distance a magnificent range of mountains appeared to enclose the valley in a species of amphitheatre.

Several Chinamen were diligently engaged in digging and washing down earth on the opposite side of the creek, and presently, to my great satisfaction, we came upon two of them at work not far from where we stood. We managed to circumvent the masses of soil and gravel scattered about us, and seized the opportunity to investigate their proceedings. A small stream of water was led through a wooden trough from some creek to the edge of the valley, some sixty feet above our heads. From there it fell in a cascade on to another inclined trough below, rolling great stones and quantities of gravel down with the force of its fall ; these were extracted from the trough, or propelled along it, by a Chinaman armed with a heavy hooked pitchfork and an iron crowbar, which implements he handled most dexterously. Another Celestial stood some feet above him and played with a canvas hose, supplied from a different trough of water on the bank above, upon a mound of earth and gravel, which was driven into a second inclined trough, connected at an angle with the first. This large body of accumulated water rushed in a dirty foaming torrent along its wooden bed, to an accompaniment of the pounding and grinding of great stones, and poured from it down a steep slope to the creek below. The earth and fine gravel deposited by the water sinks to the bottom of the troughs or boxes, between the interstices of the poles or ripples, and at the end of the week it is collected, taken out and washed over again by hand to extract the particles of gold. The wealth of Wild Horse is supposed to be exhausted, but the Chinese are industrious and indefatigable, and there are claims, I was told, owned and worked by them, which yield from \$2,000 to \$6,000 a year.

After thoroughly inspecting their operations, which are described as hydraulic mining, and closely resemble the placer mining so much talked

of in British Columbia, we mounted our horses and rode from Wild Horse by another and simpler trail to Six-mile Creek, taking with us the Collector of Customs, Mr. Anderson, and a young Englishman, who was in charge of some pack horses bound for the Columbia Lakes. Our increased party was to serve as escort to Mr. Smythe, the Premier of British Columbia, who joined us at our camp, where we arrived at four o'clock, he having ridden directly from Colonel Baker's that day. We were now eight in number, with thirteen horses among us, and our three tents and two large fires made quite an imposing "outfit" (western). The weather had been so damp and cold all day that we were truly glad to gather round the burning logs and partake of supper.

The return journey from Six-mile Creek to the Upper Columbia Lake covered much the same ground as we had passed over on our way to Kootenay, except that under the able guidance of Mr. Anderson, an old resident of the district, we left the main trail at Wolf Creek, near where it led along the steep gravel cliffs beside the Kootenay, with a tremendous descent and ascent at Sheep Creek, and entered upon the newly-prospected Government waggon road, which runs through a beautifully wooded, park-like country some miles from the river, over a remarkably even grade. The September sun was so particularly warm and penetrating that we were duly grateful for the cool shade afforded by the magnificent evergreens, under which we rode all the afternoon. At five o'clock Mr. Anderson proposed that we should turn off the Government road for the benefit of a particularly attractive camping ground which he could point out, in a spot known only to himself and a few others, and not even located upon any map of the Province.

It certainly far surpassed our most sanguine expectations. After an abrupt descent from the woods through which we had been riding, and a short canter across an open grassy plateau, a sudden turn revealed a beautiful little lake lying immediately at the base of the Rocky Mountains, which rose in woods and crags from its surface, and were tinted every shade of purple, blue, amber, and gold by the rays of the setting sun, each faithfully reflected in the water, with a softening of the gorgeous colouring as delicate as indescribable. The land on the opposite side, by which we approached, was all in shadow, and sloped down to the lake in a succession of bold wooded promontories, every tree and stone of which were likewise repeated in sombre tones, the light and shade meeting curiously in the centre of the sheet of water, with a strange mirage effect. It was called by the Indians Pasilqua Lake, which has to my ear a soft suggestive sound, very appropriate to it, and seemed about five miles long, and of varying width, the lower end (opposite which we pitched our tents on a high grass cliff) being entirely concealed from view by the farthest headland, which hid the sweep of its glistening waters, while a distant golden land behind the background of the picture, in which Nature at this hour seemed to have exhausted her palette. With the soft evening lights of a perfectly cloudless sky, without a sound in the air above or on the earth beneath, the scene, as we drew rein and gazed, would alone have repaid the most arduous journey.

We were also indebted to Mr. Anderson for the situation of our third night's camp, on the east side of the Upper Columbia Lake, to reach which we again turned off the main trail. The same view which had been veiled from our eyes by thick smoke from forest fires a fortnight before now lay spread out before us, a vision of unrivalled beauty, as strong a contrast by its large proportions, wide horizon, and simple evening light, to Lake Pasilqua as can be imagined. The broad waters of the Columbia Lake lay shimmering also in the light of a sun fast descending behind the distant Selkirk Range, which faced us on the opposite shore, while the Rocky Mountains rose immediately behind us, a lofty wall of granite, covered with a scanty growth of stunted pine trees. This sheet of water is nine miles long, by two wide. Where we camped, close to a little stream which gushed out of the mountain side, not a quarter of a mile from our tent, it was alive with ducks and large flocks of geese, unfortunately only attainable in a boat. We succeeded in losing two of our horses during the night, and had to make our appearance at Mr. Armstrong's the next morning, mounted upon an Indian pony and a cayuse, which was a somewhat ignominious advent ; fortunately, we picked up our truant steeds making the best of their way home in apparent enjoyment of their unwonted freedom, and were able to return them to the ranche as sound in wind and limb and in better condition than we had received them, with a grateful appreciation of their enduring qualities and surefootedness.

We found that an open boat was about to start from Mr. Armstrong's down the Columbia Lake and River to meet the steamer *Duchess*, and we succeeded in prevailing upon one of the gentlemen from the ranche who was to embark in her with a French-Canadian boatman to take us on board, as we were somewhat weary of the saddle, and expected to economise time by the change.

We bid adieu to our Kootenay friends, and, in company with Mr. Smythe, were launched upon the lake in a boat similar to such as are used for lumbering on the Ottawa. This craft was twenty-eight feet long by four broad, solidly built, and pointed at both ends. Her carrying power seemed unlimited, as she accommodated six persons, with their baggage and effects, including saddles, bridles, blankets, and a mattress. We started with a fair wind at eleven o'clock, and I will only add in conclusion of this memorable trip that we had numerous adventures, that we missed the *Duchess* altogether, and had to row one hundred and thirty miles from the Upper Lake down the Columbia River to Golden City, camping at night on the bank. Luckily, the weather favoured us, and we reached the moorings of the steamer on the evening of Saturday, September 24, at ten at night. We slept on board, and left again on Sunday morning at eight to catch the Canadian Pacific express, which deposited us safely at Donald an hour later, just a month from the time we left in August.

E. S.

CANADIAN NOTES AND QUERIES.

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

WHAT is the origin of the name of the capital city of Ontario? In the early French colonial documents the word Toronto, or rather Otoronton, frequently occurs. But two hundred years ago the name was applied to the country in the vicinity of the present Lake Simcoe, and the Huron Indians dwelling on its shores were called the Torontoguerons. It was a great fur-trading district, until it was depopulated by the incursions of the Iroquois. The name then came to be applied to the spot on Lake Ontario which had long been a landing-place for traders on their way to the Toronto district in the interior. Later on it was popularly applied to the French trading-post, established on this spot in 1749, the proper official designation of which was Fort Rouillé, so named in compliment to the French colonial minister of the day. The town of York, begun on this site in 1794, became Toronto on the 6th day of May, 1834.

According to Frere Sagard's dictionary of the Huron tongue, and Lahontan's vocabulary, the word "Toronton" signifies "much," or "a great many," and, as applied to the Huron country, would denote its great populousness—a place where there were a great many people. It has been said that "Toronto," in the Mohawk dialect, means "trees growing out of the water," and that the allusion was to the low groves on the peninsula opposite the present city. But this interpretation loses sight of the fact that the name was not originally applied to the spot which now bears it, but to a region many miles away. As in the case of Quebec, many fanciful derivations have been given. Thus, Sir Richard Bonnycastle, who wrote several books upon Canada, states more than once that "the name is not, as is generally supposed, Indian," and that the French fort "was called Tarento, Toronto, or some such name, from (it is supposed) the Italian engineer who erected it." In the "Subaltern's Furlough," by E. T. Coke, we are informed that "The old Indian name of York was Toronto, and it was so called from the circular bay upon whose margin the town is built." But Lieut. Coke did not go so far as to make the statement, attributed to him in a recent history of Toronto, that the word is a corruption of the French *rond d'eau*.

WHEN was the first newspaper printed in what is now the Dominion of Canada? Until a very few years ago it was popularly supposed that the first newspaper was the *Quebec Gazette*, which made its appearance on the 21st of June, 1764. It is true that in "Murdoch's History of Nova Scotia," published at Halifax in 1866, the writer says, under the date 1754: "In this year we find, perhaps, the earliest notice extant of a newspaper published in Nova Scotia. In a letter of Secretary Cotterell to Captain Floyer, at Piziquid, speaking of the priest, M. Daudin, he says: 'If he chuses to play the *bel esprit* in the *Quebec Gazette*, he may communicate his matter to the printer as soon as he pleases, as he will not print it without showing it to me.'" But, commenting on this statement, Mr. Campbell remarked in his History of Nova Scotia, seven years later, that the paper to which Murdoch referred was first published in 1769 by Anthony Henry, that it was designated the *Nova Scotia Chronicle or Weekly Gazette*, and was edited by Captain Bulkley, who was for many years Secretary of the Province and a member of the Council. This seemed to re-establish, in the opinion of several writers, the priority of the *Quebec Gazette*, and the question was set at rest only in 1883, when there appeared an account of a discovery made by Mr. A. Lawson, the proprietor of the *Yarmouth (N. S.) Herald*. This was the discovery, in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society in Boston, of the first number of the *Halifax Gazette*, dated the 23rd of March, 1752, and "published by John Bushnell, at the printing office in Grafton Street."

The following interesting details concerning the *Halifax Gazette* will, no doubt, be new to most readers. They are from the "History of Printing in America," by Isaiah Thomas, which was first printed in 1810, and was republished by the American Antiquarian Society in 1874:—"Printing was introduced into Nova Scotia in 1751 by Bartholomew Green, jun., who, in August, removed from Boston to Halifax with a press and types. He died about six weeks after his arrival, and was immediately succeeded by John Bushnell, who had been his partner in Boston. Bushnell printed for the Government, and in the first week of January, 1752, published the *Halifax Gazette*, the first newspaper printed in Nova Scotia. The work for Government was inconsiderable, but was the chief support of Bushnell. The circulation of the paper was in a great measure confined to the town, which was then a mere garrison. After a publication of some months the publication of it was for a time suspended. At length it was revived, but was not issued at regular periods until about the autumn of 1760. Bushnell died in February, 1761, and, with the press and types which had been used by him, the republication of the *Gazette* was commenced by Anthony Henry. His first paper was marked No. 1, and a cut was placed at each end of the title: the one on the right appeared to be designed for a fowler pursuing game; that on the left was a ship. He continued to print it weekly, on Thursday, in a very indifferent manner and with few customers, until 1765, when the Stamp Act was enforced in the colony. It was then printed on stamped paper. Not more than seventy copies were issued weekly from the press, and the subscribers did not amount to half that number. The *Gazette* had been printed on a half-sheet, but after the Stamp Act went into operation it appeared on a whole one, because there was only one stamp on a sheet. The imprint, when printed on a stamped sheet, was: 'Halifax, (in Nova Scotia); printed and sold by A. Henry, at the printing-office in Sackville Street, where all persons may be supplied with a whole-sheet *Gazette*, at eighteen shillings a year, until the publisher

has 150 subscribers, when it will be no more than twelve shillings. Advertisements are taken in and inserted as cheap as the Stamp Act will allow.' On the 15th of August, 1766, the *Nova Scotia Gazette*, handsomely printed and well edited, made its appearance at Halifax; but Henry, after a brief suspension, continued his *Gazette*. In 1770, the other paper was discontinued, and, as a consequence, Henry had an accession of customers. He placed the King's arms in the title of the *Gazette*, which he altered to *The Nova Scotia Gazette and Weekly Chronicle*. The size of the paper was enlarged, and the typography was much improved. The publication ceased in December, 1800, on the death of the printer."

FROM "THE GREVILLE MEMOIRS."

THE third and concluding part of Mr. Greville's Memoirs, just published, comprises the period from 1852 to 1860. The volumes are full of interesting matter, from which we make two or three extracts. The following is a picture of the Queen's domestic circle:—

Lady Lyttelton, whom I met at Althorp, told me a great deal about the Queen and her children; nothing particularly interesting. She said the Queen was very fond of them, but severe in her manner, and a strict disciplinarian in her family. She described the Prince of Wales to be extremely shy and timid, with very good principles, and particularly an exact observer of truth; the Princess Royal is remarkably intelligent. I write this because it will hereafter be curious to see how the boy grows up, and what sort of performance follows this promise, though I shall not live to see it. She spoke in very high terms of the Queen herself, of the Prince, and of the simplicity and happiness of her private and domestic life.

In 1854 there were many attacks in the press on Prince Albert, and Lord John Russell told Mr. Greville—

That the Queen had talked to him about the present clamour, which, of course, annoyed her, and she said if she had had the Prince to talk to and employ in explaining matters at the time of the Bedchamber quarrel with Peel, that affair would not have happened. Lord John said he thought she must have been advised by somebody to act as she did, to which she replied with great candour and *naïveté*, "No; it was entirely my own foolishness." This is the first time I ever heard of her acknowledging that it was "foolishness," and is an avowal creditable to her sense. Lord John said when Lord Spencer was consulted on the matter he replied, "It is a bad ground for a *Whig* Government to stand on, but as gentlemen you can't do otherwise."

Mr. Greville gives the following account of his interview with the Emperor Napoleon III., on the 26th of June, 1855:—

Yesterday morning arrived an invitation to dine at the Tuileries the same evening. I went there, was ushered into a room with eight or ten men in it, none of whom I knew except Count Bacciocchi, whom I had met at Fould's the day before—three in uniform, the rest in plain clothes. A man, whom I suppose to be the Aide-de-camp de Service, came forward to receive me, and invited me to sit down. Presently the same, or another man, came and said, "Milord" (they all milorded me), "vous vous mettez à table, s'il vous plait, à côté de l'Empereur à sa droite." I was then taken into the next room, which adjoins the cabinet of the Emperor. In a few minutes his Majesty made his appearance; he immediately came up to me, bowed very civilly, and asked me the usual questions of when I came to Paris, etc. In a minute dinner was announced, and we went in. As we walked in he said to me, "L'Impératrice sera bien fâchée de ne vous avoir pas vu." At dinner, which did not last above twenty-five minutes, he talked (a sort of dropping conversation) on different subjects, and I found him so easy to get on with that I ventured to start topics myself. After dinner we returned to the room we had left, and after coffee, seeing me staring about at the portraits, he said all his family were there, and he told me who they all were and the history of these portraits, which, he said, had made the tour of the world. After this he asked me to sit down, which I did at a round table by his side, and M. Visconti on the other side of me, and then we had a conversation which lasted at least an hour and a half on every imaginable subject. It was impossible not to be struck with his simplicity, his being so naturally and totally without an air or assumption of greatness, though not undignified, but perfectly *comme il faut*, with excellent manners, and easy, pleasant, fluent conversation. I was struck with his air of truth and frankness.

Lord Palmerston is mentioned many times in Mr. Greville's last two volumes. Writing of him in 1858, when even his colleagues were conscious of the diminution of his energy and powers, Mr. Greville says:—

He was asleep, both in the Cabinet and in the House of Commons, where he endeavours to conceal it by wearing his hat over his eyes. Clarendon made me laugh heartily the other day at his account of the Cabinet, where one-half of them seemed to be almost always asleep, the first to be off being Lansdowne, closely followed by Palmerston and Charles Wood. I remember his giving me a very droll account of Melbourne's Cabinet, and of the drowsiness which used to reign there, more particularly with Melbourne himself.

GAIL HAMILTON ascribes the misery of sewing-women to their own folly in preferring starvation wages in a shop to a better livelihood in private families. They fancy that starvation in a shop is more independent.

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THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

Notice to Canadian Writers.

A prize of

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS

will be given for the best

POEM on the QUEEN'S JUBILEE,

To be competed for by Canadian writers, under the following conditions:

- (1) The poem not to exceed one hundred lines.
- (2) To be delivered at THE WEEK office not later than May 1st next.

A similar prize of

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS

Will be given for the best

ORATION on the QUEEN'S JUBILEE,

To be competed for similarly by Canadian writers, under the following conditions:

- (1) The oration not to exceed three thousand words.
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The right of publication of both poem and oration to be reserved to THE WEEK.

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THE WEEK will award the prizes and will be judge of the fulfilment of the conditions.

MR. COCKBURN's half retractation of his Liberal Temperance principles, under manifest duress, will do him no good. The best line of moral retreat is usually to the front. Mr. Cockburn should have contented himself with marking the injustice done him by the reproduction of the Liberal Temperance circular with his name alone appended, as though it had emanated from him individually and without date, so that a cursory reader would suppose it to have been just put forth.

THE letter ascribed to Mr. Boulton, and repudiated by him, turns out, as we suspected, to be genuine. It is hardly possible to doubt, at least, that this was the letter the publication of which he tried to stop by application to the *Globe*. This discovery does not clear the honour of the man who picked up the letter and took it to a newspaper instead of sending it to its owner; but it will give all decent citizens a further ground for hoping that Mr. Boulton will not be successful in turning out of the seat for East York the most universally respected of Canadian statesmen, who is willing to devote his remaining strength to his country's service. The Conservative campaign journal has been fiercely calling upon the "dastards" and "literary lepers" to come out with the indictment which they have concocted against the character of Sir John Macdonald. While they hesitate we will venture to hint that Sir John's character would stand higher if it were not for some of his associations. The letter, it is right to add, though written by Mr. Boulton, was evidently not received by Judge Morgan, and it is much to be regretted that Mr. Blake, the leader of the Ontario Bar, should, in the heat of the election fray, have allowed himself to be hurried into an attack which, though it proves to be undeserved, may leave a slur on the reputation of a judge. But in a faction fight nothing is spared.

NOTHING has occurred since we last wrote to throw much light on the chances of the faction fight. So far as we can divine, either from particular incidents or from the opinion of experts, appearances are rather adverse to the Government. It must be remembered, however, that at present the Government has a majority of about sixty in a house of two hundred and eleven, which is about equivalent to a majority of two hundred in the British House of Commons. This is a very large margin, and to wipe it

out nothing less than a complete revolution of national opinion would be required. We hardly see how such a revolution is to be produced. The Government will, of course, lose in Quebec, especially as patronage has passed out of the hands of their friends; though the alliance between Liberals and Roman Catholics is so unnatural that we shall not be surprised to see it partly collapse in the day of battle. But elsewhere the bulk of the electors appears likely to remain in the party lines, and to vote as it has voted before. Whatever there is of really independent opinion is fluctuating. On one hand, all good citizens long to be rid of the system of intrigue, jobbery, and corruption under which we have been living, and of which the disgusting proofs are every day coming to light. On the other hand, there is a strong and well grounded revolt of the public conscience against the alliance of the Grits with the Rielites, and people ask themselves, whether the men who seek power by such means are likely, when they have gained it, to make a purer and better use of it than those whom they are trying to overthrow. The N. P. delusion will still tell on the side of the Government. Those who profit, or fancy that they profit, by it, will naturally put more confidence in its authors than in reluctant converts, and converts who base their adhesion on the principle of revenue, which, though it is the dictate of common sense and justice, is exactly the reverse of Protection. The spectacle must be edifying to all who understand these questions, and know what the effect of a Protectionist system must be to a country like Canada, with a narrow climatic area and a very limited range of natural productions. In the transports of our patriotism we seem likely to turn Government into a vast taxgathering apparatus for the benefit of the interests labelled N. P. and C. P. R.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *World*, indignant at the imputation of atheism to political candidates, asks how theology can have anything to do with politics. He will find an answer to his question in the demands of the Secularists, to which we referred the other day, and which collectively amount to a project for stripping Christian civilisation, so far as public life is concerned, of its Christian character. Every item of this programme requires legislative action. Apart from this, however, it is surely natural that electors who are themselves religious, however liberal they may be with regard to all doctrinal questions, should place most confidence in a character which has the same basis and is governed by the same motives as their own. We presume the Secularists would do likewise. They will act on the belief that science is a firmer foundation for public morality than religion; the religious elector acts on the belief that religion is a firmer basis for public morality than science. In France the Atheist party is carrying on a fierce political crusade against religion. It would surely be vain to tell those against whom the crusade is directed that they ought not to think of religion in a political election, but to vote for a Paul Bert.

IN the industrial world of New York there is widespread disorganisation, which will be followed by equally widespread distress. Who can say what social disturbances may follow? A repetition of the Pittsburg riots is always possible. The authors of the mischief, as a rule, are not really workmen. They are Labour demagogues who do not a stroke of work themselves, but subsist, and climb into power and pelf by poisoning the heart of industrial society, pandering to the class passions of the wage-earners, and inciting them to labour wars which are the ruin of the trades. Canada is not without representatives of this industry, or without the sham Labour candidatures which are one of its points.

THE grotesque report reaches us that the Italians in the United States are anxious to show their gratitude to the land of their adoption by an invasion of Canada. That Calabrians, nurtured in immemorial superstition, and accustomed to pray to the Virgin for success in brigandage, should be ready for any cut-throat enterprise that might be suggested to them would not be surprising. But who would suggest to them an invasion of Canada? All fears of American aggression, we are persuaded, are groundless. Messrs. Ingalls and Frye may rant on the public stage, but nobody, we apprehend, ever heard an American in private give vent to a desire for the possible annexation of Canada. If our neighbours were not too moral, as we firmly believe they are, they are at all events too sensible to wish to fill their Republic with present trouble and with the seeds of future disruption by incorporating into it five millions of unwilling citizens. With slavery, thirst of territory has become extinct, as was shown by the refusal of the people to annex St. Domingo, and by the renunciation of fair opportunities which have presented themselves for the conquest of Cuba and Mexico. The fact is that, except in that part of the West which has a special interest in the St. Lawrence, the feeling of the Americans about Canada is not aggressive rapacity but somewhat humiliating indiffer-

ence. The powers vested in the President by the Edmunds Act are diplomatic, and by furnishing a *ratio ultima* other than the cannon rather indicate a wish to avoid having recourse to arms. The President's character is a security against their violent use. A peaceful and honourable settlement will in time be reached, but mere mischief will be done by British demonstrations in these waters, which, we repeat, in the present state of the British constituencies, can have no real force behind them.

MISS VAN ZANDT, it seems, has married her adored murderer by proxy. Her fatuity is great, but not unexampled. A Parisian girl some time ago flung herself at the head of a scoundrel who had killed his enemy in a duel, under circumstances which rendered the act a most dastardly murder, and had been sentenced to penal servitude. Even crime has a fascination for fools. To a Miss Van Zandt a Spies is the ravishing incarnation of a Satanic romance. We cannot help fearing that this woman's insanity may have an effect on American sentiment, and conspire with the labyrinthine technicalities of American law to defeat the claims of justice. How can the police be expected to do their duty, if, when they are murdered, social sentiment and the law array themselves on the side of the murderer?

THE English Commission on the Depression of Trade has reported, and its report amounts to this—that, owing partly to superabundance of capital and overproduction, the profits of capitalists have, of late years, decreased, but the nation at large is doing well enough. The wages of the people have not declined so much as the prices of the things which they buy, while they have reaped most of the advantage from every form of overproduction. Thus an answer once more is given to the parrot cry that the rich are always growing richer and the poor are always growing poorer. Remedy the Commissioners, and common sense with them, say there is none, except increase of commercial energy and more diligent enquiry for new markets. Of increasing the duties on imports as a remedy for distress of any kind, British economists do not dream.

WE have several times expressed our conviction that the misery in the low quarters of London which American self-complacency loves to ascribe to the vices of English society is, in no small measure, caused by the influx of foreign pauperism. The Londoners themselves have now awakened to the fact, and preventive measures are being demanded. Of late there has been a vast immigration of Jews, driven from countries where the sufferance of people is exhausted. There are now, it seems, thirty-five thousand of them in Whitechapel alone, and from that quarter, to which they were formerly confined, they have overflowed into some of the adjacent districts. Their habits are described as unsanitary to the last degree. The worst of them are the Polish Jews, who have lately been arriving in great numbers. A cry is now raised for their exclusion, and it will be in order for Russians, Germans, Austrians, and Roumanians to denounce the English people as Jew-baiters, and upbraid them with renewing the persecutions of the Middle Ages. There seems some reason to apprehend that if the current of Jewish emigration is repelled from England it may set towards our shores. If it does, we shall soon be taught to do justice to the unfortunate populations of Eastern Europe, whose bigotry, as we are pleased philosophically to style it, renders them impatient under the process of being devoured by a parasitic race. Humanity would be relieved of not the least of its troubles if these wanderers, instead of spreading over the earth to prey upon other nations, could have a land of their own. Nobody in these enlightened days is hostile to Jewish religion or to Jewish blood, if the Jew will only become a worker and a citizen, if he will cease to treat the rest of the community as Gentiles, renounce tribalism, and embrace humanity. It is by the commercial habits of the Jew, combined with his social bearing towards all people of other races, that his presence is rendered everywhere unwelcome, and will remain unwelcome, so long as the sun and moon endure, unless he will make up his mind to be as other men, treat other men as his fellows, and share the common lot.

LORD SPENCER, it seems, is obliged by loss of rents to shut up Althorp. The tone of sympathy is perhaps not eminently due to the great English landowner, who, in disregard of his plighted honour, has flung the Irish landowners to the wolves. But the downfall of such a magnate sounds like the death knell of the landed aristocracy and gentry. It is hardly possible to see how their estates can recover value, or how, if their estates do not recover value, their order can escape its doom. Mortgages and encumbrances of all kinds must be fatally dragging them down. The old families will at all events be ousted from their mansions by millocrats and Jews.

There is much to be said against the landed gentry of England, especially since they have taken so much to rambling away from home in quest of pleasure; but their halls, if they have not been schools of industry, have at least nursed patriotism and honour. By their departure rural society will be bereft of its chiefs, and an interregnum at all events will ensue before reorganisation takes place on a new footing, to which those who know of what a country parish in England is made up, cannot look forward with much satisfaction. If Disestablishment carries off the parson also, rural England will be changed indeed.

ALWAYS barring the unlimited possibilities of a demented Czar, the aspect of the Eastern Question continues to grow more pacific. The same cannot be said with regard to the question between France and Germany. Boulanger apparently means mischief. Yet there is no cause of war, and a deliberate attack of one nation on another without a cause of power, and merely for the purpose of scotching a snake, would, in these days of international morality, be a strange event. The thing might have been done by Louis XIV. or Barbarossa. True, when Napoleon III. attacked Germany it was merely for the purpose of crippling her, and without any real cause of war.

APROPOS of the apparent unrest in France, we see that the Channel Tunnel has not yet been abandoned, the Government having given notice of opposition to some Bill for its promotion. The military argument of Lord Wolseley seems conclusive. It is vain in these days of steam to say that invasion is impossible; and supposing an invader to land and get possession of the English mouth of the tunnel, the fleets of England would at once be rendered powerless, and the invader would be able to draw reinforcements through the tunnel to any extent he pleased. Moreover, if in the end he evacuated the rest of the country, he might hold on to the mouth of the tunnel. But apart from the military consideration, perhaps, an Englishman, without being a great foe to commercial enterprise, or to progress, might hesitate to pour the Seine into the Thames. London has vice enough, but it has not yet the open and shameless vice of Paris.

WE had heard of the English *Matrimonial News*, but we never before happened to see it. When seen, it betters all description and defies caricature. Here are twenty-two long and closely-set columns full of advertisements for husbands or wives. The advertisers state precisely what they want, and at the same time accurately appraise themselves. "Bachelor, age thirty-six, good-looking, good appearance, very affectionate, steady, salary about £150 a year, wishes to marry a lady, medium height, rather short than otherwise, small hands and feet, loving nature, good temper, good-looking or with well-formed features, domesticated, with means, age from eighteen to thirty." "A man wants a woman for his wife who has or will have her first or given name only as Jane, and has good health, with all her natural and sound teeth included." The ladies are equally precise. "An attractive, handsome, young-looking widow lady would like to meet with an honourable, gentlemanly man of high social position seeking a wife with refined, pleasing manners, religious principles, and unusually cultivated mind. Cara is musical, fond of intellectual pursuits, fully capable of being mistress of a good establishment, etc." The fortunes of some of the advertisers are surprising, if the statements are genuine. One has £4,000, another has £8,000 a year. One lady has £250,000. Imagination fails to paint the hideousness or disagreeableness, of whatever kind it may be, which compels a lady with £250,000 to advertise in the newspaper for a husband. One lady of large property wants a nobleman, and she need not altogether despair of getting him. There is no reason that we can see why marriages made in this business-like way should not be happy. They cannot be so happy as genuine love-marriages, but they may be happier than marriages of mere impulse. The institution, at all events, seems to have struck deep roots, for this is No. 873 of the *Matrimonial News*. We remember the time when an unfortunate man, who advertised for a wife, became at once the victim of a practical joke. The Harrow boys answered his advertisement in the name of a fictitious lady, drew him to a tender interview in Harrow Churchyard, and baited him to the verge of destruction.

IN France—or rather, in Paris, which, let it always be remembered, is not France—it appears that, among other signs of moral disintegration, divorce is becoming a joke. A new dining club has been formed, called *Le Diner des Divorcés*, which meets mostly at a restaurant. Any member who remarries ceases to belong to the club, but may remain on the footing of honorary membership. There is a perfect rush of applications, which, however, it is conjectured may be partly due to the accumulation, previous to the passing of the new divorce law, of legal separations which

the parties now desire to turn into divorces. Separation, it appears, enhances enmity, as the parties plot, and seek for evidence to justify further proceedings against each other; but divorce often brings peace. A lady, when the decree of divorce has been pronounced, goes to her ex-husband, and says, "Now that everything has been put straight between us, I am always at home on Wednesdays." One English case of amicable, at least economically amicable, separation is, however, recorded. Lord Stowell, the great jurist, was very parsimonious, and when he had been separated from his wife, it was said that they continued, for the sake of avoiding expense, to keep one carriage between them. It took his lordship to court in the morning, and her ladyship to the park in the afternoon.

THE horrors of religious persecution, Professor Stubbs, in one of his recently published essays, tends to be exaggerated unless we consider the value set upon human life at the period in which they occurred compared with the value set upon it in our times. "I believe," he says, "that I could show that all the executions for religious causes in England, by all sides and during all time, are not so many as were the sentences of death passed in one year of the reign of George III. for one single sort of crime, the forging of bank-notes." Of the capital sentences pronounced for forgery it would probably be found that a large proportion were not executed. Still, the fact stated on such learned authority is striking, and seems, so far as England is concerned, an answer to the often-repeated line of the Roman sceptic arraignment Religion as the grand authoress of crime. But Lucretius, if he were alive and had read Professor Stubbs, would perhaps retort that you must take into account the blood shed in the Civil War under Charles I., which is justly called the Bishops' War, and that of all the Nonconformists who perished in the noisome prisons of the Restoration, and whose number Neale positively computes as five thousand. We might almost say that the case of England was exceptional, English character had repelled sanguinary persecution as it repelled the use of judicial torture; and that to see what religious fanaticism could do you must look to France, Italy, Savoy, Spain, and the dependencies of Spain. Human life was utterly vile when Louis XIV. exterminated the French Protestants; at least he made outcry enough about the massacre of Glencoe. It is true, however, that the blame of persecution lies not so much at the door of religious fanaticism or bigotry as at that of ecclesiastical pelf and power. In the college at Oxford founded by two reactionary bishops to combat Lollardism, which in the whirligig of time afterwards produced Wesley, the statutes denounce that novel and pestilent sect which attacks "all the sacraments and all the possessions of the Church." Theological arms would probably have been deemed sufficient for the defence of the sacraments had the possessions been out of the way.

LORD SELBORNE'S paper on Party, in the *Contemporary*, is brief, slight, and not very decided in tone; the writer seems hardly able to shake off the idea that Party, though a questionable mode of government, is a practical necessity. But if his language is not decided, his example is. He had no hesitation in refusing to turn his coat at the bidding of a party leader, and he has shared with other honourable and patriotic men the invectives which Party, consistently enough on its own principles, showers upon their integrity and their loyalty to the country. "On all measures of primary importance," he says, "the profession of Liberal politics cannot justify a man in making any political leader or wirepuller the keeper of his conscience, or absolve him from the duty and necessity (if he is honest) of making up his mind for himself; he must act as he thinks, whatever others who pass by the same party name may do." This is what the Liberal Unionists have done in England, and the Independent Republicans have done in America; and the consequence, the inevitable consequence as it seems to us, is that both sets of men find themselves outside Party, excommunicated by it, and branded with opprobrious names. Lord Selborne abhors the caucus and the wirepuller, as every moral being must; but how, under the Party system, is the requisite number of atoms of political power to be got together, and held in combination without machinery of this kind? It seems to us that the immorality of the system is inherent, and that every honest man who submits to it is sure, sooner or later, to find himself in rebellion against it.

It has been commonly supposed that Sir George Cornwall Lewis, that ruthless destroyer of myths, had undertaken to prove that nobody had ever lived to a hundred. An essay, in a volume printed for private circulation, which we have before us, shows that this is a mistake. What Sir George Lewis, after investigating all the cases, contended was that the utmost attainable age was somewhere between 100 and 110 years. Had he maintained the stern doctrine ascribed to him, he would have had to say,

like the high-spirited French theorist, "so much the worse for the fact," since nothing can be more certain than that a Canon of Wells, the other day, reached 102, and that a herbalist at Oxford reached 104. No doubt Sir George's criticism destroyed the fables of the Countess of Desmond and Old Parr; though Old Parr's life pills did not, we believe, suffer in reputation from the collapse of the myth. Stories of enormous longevity among negroes the cautious inquirer might well regard with suspicion. It seems that at Cheve Priory, in Worcestershire, the ripe age of 309 is recorded on a tombstone. If the record could be trusted, this would open grand possibilities to humanity. Unfortunately there is reason to conjecture that 309 (30 and 9) was the chiseller's way of denoting thirty-nine. There is one instance which we wonder is never cited. It is given in the notes to St. Aulaire's "History of the Fronde." There we are told that a French gentleman, who lived himself to a great age, believed himself to have seen in an infirmary Marion Delorme, the famous mistress of Cinq-Mars, who, if it was really she, must have been about 135. A mistake of identity is the natural hypothesis, especially as it is stated that the woman's face had almost lost all traces of humanity. Nor would it be conclusive that she showed emotion when her visitor bawled into her ear the names of Cinq-Mars and Richelieu, since she may have been merely startled by the sound. The special habits of people who have lived to a great age seem to afford us no very definite lesson. Macklin, the centenarian actor, took no regular meals, but ate when he was hungry, and slept not in sheets, but between blankets. John Hussey, who is said to have lived to 116, always breakfasted on balm tea sweetened with honey. John de la Somet, who is said to have lived to 130, ascribed his longevity to his having been an inveterate smoker: John Wilson ascribed his to his having always breakfasted on roasted turnips; while Mrs. Lawson, who is supposed to have reached her 117th year, never washed, but, instead, besmeared herself with hog's lard. The last regimen may be thought a high price to pay even for length of days. We are not aware whether the comparative longevity of animals has ever been made a subject of scientific investigation. Why does an elephant or a parrot live longer than a man?

LADIES may be beautifully dressed, but are the dresses which they wear always their own? Is not the poor dressmaker often looking for payment month after month, with the hope deferred which makes the heart sick? Are not the poor needlewomen in her employment often being kept, through no fault of hers, out of their wages? She dares not turn away a customer, and, therefore, she puts up with wrong. Better than finery dishonestly worn is plain attire with righteousness. We speak of an evil which we fear, with the increasing demands of society, is gaining ground among us.

MR. G. W. WICKSTEED retires from his appointment after long serving the public, and adorning the service by his culture and accomplishments.

A CLERICAL error, which we much regret, crept into our last issue, in speaking of Mr. Macarthur as the head of the Bank of Commerce, Winnipeg. The candidate for the suffrages of the people in Winnipeg in the Dominion House is head of the Commercial Bank of Manitoba.

A NOTICE in the *Ottawa Citizen* of Sir Alexander Campbell's public services marks, we presume, his final retirement from official life. The loss will be great both to the Administration and the party. Sir Alexander, had his health not broken down, would probably have made the best head of a reconstructed Conservative ministry.

ONE of the Labour candidates denounces a Conservative candidate as representing in his own person "two of the worst classes in the community, the soldier and the lawyer." Pleasant hearing for Mr. Mowat, Mr. Blake, and Mr. Edgar, by whom the Labour candidates are supposed to be supported! The speaker proceeded to declare that he had more respect for Sullivan the Slugger than he had for the best of British generals. Such will be the civilisation of the Communistic future.

IN answer to "Vidette's" communication, on the subject of the late volunteer meeting in Toronto, we beg to explain that in saying that Toronto must be the military centre we did not mean so much to recommend any specific changes of an administrative kind as to state what we think true, that, under the volunteer system, the heart of national spirit must be the heart of military force. A regular force, of course, may be distributed over the country without reference to the spirit of the people. It did not appear to us that the volunteers, in meeting for the discussion of their interests, did anything subversive of military discipline, or at all dangerous to the State. There was nothing military, we believe, in the character of the meeting, and persons who are not volunteers were invited.

"HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY."

SWEET, I must confess me :
If 'tis wrong to kiss
Beauty when she's sleeping,
I have done amiss.

"Who," your eyes are asking,
Was the *one* who slept?"
You. *Ma mie!* the anger
To your face that leapt!

When I saw you lying
In the orchard there,
Fair and flushed with slumber,
How could I forbear?

Nay, a martyr's courage
Could not rise to *this!*
Kneeling—on your forehead
I bestowed a kiss.

Now I want your fiat :
Either—it is plain—
You must keep my kiss, or
Give it back again.

If the first, why, surely
I should grateful be,
For, to prize my kisses,
You must—value—me.

Yet I think I'd rather—
Is my meaning plain?
You would—do you mind much?
Give it back again.

Or, if you will *lend* it—
Sheer want makes me borrow—
I will surely pay it — — —
Shall we say—to-morrow?

ESPÉRANCE.

AFTERNOON TEA.

Few departments of the future—especially the future American—biographer's duty will be more interesting than the task of collecting data that will show the rise and progress of his subject's reputation. In the career of literary people of every age and country there is much to fascinate the reader—much varying fortune and vicissitude, many Grub Street details, shabby coats, and short commons. And while it is no longer popular to starve in a garret while cultivating literature, to light one's courtship of the Muse by the candle one's boots were pawned for, and to find in her divine favour abundant compensation for the lack of cakes and ale and conventionality, the curious of the next generation will doubtless find many incidents of pathetic interest in the struggle for recognition of those who obtain it. As this has always been so and will always be so, a reference to it would hardly be justifiable on the ground of novelty. But the facts with which the future historian of certain distinguished people will have to deal, as suggested by a very evident tendency of the times, are of an entirely different nature, and may be worth indicating for their direct and startling departure from custom and tradition, for literature is rapidly becoming a business as well as an art, and enterprising people who can go into it with a sufficient amount of capital, in the way of ready-made reputation, often make a much better thing of it than such unlucky individuals as Will Shakespeare or Balzac, who had to manufacture theirs out of the crude material afforded by humanity, paper, and a quill. "The old order changes" indeed, for nowadays the reputation often foreruns the book. It is as plain as a pike-staff, and quite as justifiable as English can make it. You have, in some sort, a reputation; you make an effort in literature; and immediately it becomes a literary reputation, and nobody questions your title to the adjective any more than your right to the "Esq." with which you are usually addressed upon envelopes.

The reputation is often curiously based, and in digging about its foundation the future student of antiquated literary superstructures will come upon a whole museum of human peculiarities as they existed during the nineteenth century. He will come upon them by inference, from the fact that one author accomplished celebrity because he was the *aide-de-camp* of a great general; another, because he was cook to a many-millionaire; another, because he was the general or the millionaire himself; another, because he had made a dressing-gown for Royalty, and had the honour of taking the measure himself. Concerning authoresses he will find records more curious still. He will pick up fossilised reviews of the works of ladies qualified for literary efforts by having achieved distinction or notoriety on the stage, by making a signal social *faux pas*, by being a President's cousin or the wife of a hanged Anarchist. It might be invidious to mention the special instances that are contributing to this sort of history to-day, but they will readily occur to most people—men and women who are having greatness in letters thrust upon them as a sort of result of greatness in other things by the solicitations of newspapers and magazines, and newspapers and magazines that grow in the grace of the people in proportion to their "enterprise" in this direction. I don't know at all whether the late lamented Fred Archer possessed a literary bent; but what a capital thing it would have been for his heirs had he left a manuscript behind him!

TALKING of literary reputations, it seems that we have all been mistaken in believing that "Charles Egbert Craddock" leapt into hers in a single graceful bound, and the pages of the *Atlantic* with her Tennessean stories. Somebody has discovered that she contributed to *Appleton's Journal* when

that pleasant old periodical came out in weekly form, which it ceased doing in 1876. "Stranger still," says the exchange, "Charles Egbert Craddock" was even then a contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly*." Miss Murphree had been writing, therefore, for at least ten years before her work met with any widespread recognition. This explains her perfectly finished literary style, but makes the sudden upflashing of her genius before a world that was not looking for it hardly less wonderful.

As I remember it, *Appleton's Journal* was all that a family weekly should be. It was essentially American, and seldom or never published an article by a foreign pen. It cherished in the days of their "possibilities" many writers who have since proved them—notably among these Cable and Julian Hawthorne. Among its verse makers were Austin Dobson and Paul H. Hayne, and there is hardly one of the gay minor circle of writers of *vers de société* whose name cannot be found in its dusty files. Many of the brightest essayists on social subjects contributed to it, and Lucy Hooper used to write every week the most delightful letters from Paris. It was a great disappointment, to its Canadian readers at least, when the *Journal* adopted its monthly form, and, as was subsequently proved, a mistake. The place it originally filled is still empty.

As the social season culminates, so does the wrath of the social reformers. Just now we are in the midst of our usual equinoctial about *décolleté* dressing. We have received the usual unpleasant reminder as to its origin, and the customary uncomfortable warning as to its unhealthfulness, while references to its frequent phase of immodesty have been many and broad. And the results of all this well meant and certainly well deserved censure have only served to remind us of the old Puritan minister's attack upon the headdresses of the New England fair—the more strenuously they preached "top-knot, come down," the more architectural the proportions of the top-knot became; and the fruit of their fervent discourse against dancing was to set venerable deacons practising cotillon steps in the vestry. Nothing can be more odious in social conduct than any overstepping of propriety in the fashion of dress. And doubtless the expression of their horror by those concerned about it goes to strengthen this opinion in the minds of all classes. It looks, however, as if there were a despotism in the matter which cannot be prevailed against. We have moral suasion for transgressions of moral laws, and the courts for those who offend against the common code; but the canons of good taste may be broken with impunity. The evil-disposed go to reformatories, and the criminals to prisons, but the vulgar we have ever with us, and vulgarity is a law unto itself.

GARTH GRAFTON.

RECENT FICTION.

THE season continues to be a fruitful one in Canadian fiction. Quite a perceptible tide of energy and aspiration sets among our literary folk, and several of them, who have hitherto been content with the dignified but limited fame of historian, essayist, or poet, have lately laid themselves out to please the wider public, whose appreciation is bound up with "light literature." "Loved I not Honour More," by Annie Rothwell, is the latest home production fearlessly sent forth to take its chances with the invading flood that no provision of the N. P. can act as an effectual dyke against upon our southern border. If it were only in recognition of the courage that prompts the launching of this and similar frail craft upon such uncertain waters, the novel-reading public should not allow it to be swamped. Mrs. Rothwell is already known to numbers of Canadian readers as the author of "Avicé Gray," "Requital," etc., which, if we are not mistaken, first reached the public through the columns of the daily press. Her last book shows a decided improvement upon any previous effort. Her grasp of character is stronger, and the various situations of the story show more skill in depiction than we have observed before. "Loved I not Honour More" is a simple and wholesome little novel, pleasantly written, and embodying some very wise and thoughtful views of life. It is somewhat lacking in incident, and is quite unrelieved by humour, a flash of which here and there would have lightened Mrs. Rothwell's serious mood very agreeably. And one does not quite see why a birth-mark upon a man's face should debar him from honourably attempting to secure the affections of the girl he loves. In the assumption that it might, however, Mrs. Rothwell has written very delicately and sympathetically about the complications into which this scruple drew her hero, complications which, we are all glad to know, are quite straightened out in the end.

WHEN "A Matter of Taste" appeared, some little time ago, it brought with it a very strong impression that its author had qualifications for his work that were, to say the least of it, unusual. When, last winter, "A

"Mission Flower" was presented to the public, it congratulated itself upon the reliability of its first impressions, and tried to analyse the unusualness of Mr. Picard's qualifications. As illustrated by "A Mission Flower," it found them to be great refinement of perception in the subtleties of light and shade in character, and a delicate firmness and dash in outlining it, noticeable purity of local colouring, graphic power in the presentation of incident, and no small dramatic skill in the arrangement of climax. In "Old Boniface" many of these features of Mr. Picard's work repeat themselves, while some are lacking, and we observe new ones. Mr. Picard takes his Americans across the Atlantic, and the backbone of the story is an international love affair which turns out rather discreditably to the young Scotchman concerned in it, and results in the union of the fair Miss Boniface to a loyal citizen of her own republic, whose constancy has outlived her fancy for a baronet's son. The story is much too complicated to be outlined here; and the story, any way, is the least interesting feature of the book. Its charm lies in its studies of character, which succeed one another like clear, brilliant water-colours. The book has a half-detectable flavour of sarcasm, which is very palatable. It has no passion and little feeling; it is not in the least dramatic; its situations indeed, are quite humdrum; yet it will be generally found, we fancy, altogether the most entertaining of the three novels its author has given us. (New York: White, Stokes, and Allen. Toronto: Hart and Company.)

THE various virtues and faults of Mr. Stimson's writing could hardly be better illustrated than they are in "The Sentimental Calendar," being some sketches of that gentleman's contribution to the different American magazines, and some others hitherto unpublished, arranged in the order of the months of the year—an afterthought, evidently, for there is no possible relation of circumstance or sentiment to be observed from January to December. These stories come upon us with the force of novelty. It is an odd, capricious genius that dictates them—sometimes a little amusing, sometimes a little fierce, always unconventional and original in its unconventionality. If "J. S., of Dale," possessed a different mood for every month in the year, and wrote a story in each of them, "The Sentimental Calendar" should be a very clear and typical indication of his versatile possibilities. Some are slight, some are flippant, some informed with a deep pathos, one serenely beautiful, and one—"Two Passions and a Cardinal Virtue"—a little coarse. Mr. Stimson cannot resist the prevailing tendency of the times to sneer; but as he sneers cleverly, and not often offensively, the public that supplies subjects for such intellectual diversion so abundantly ought not to cavil perhaps at his taking advantage of it. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Standard Publishing Company.)

MUSIC.

ONE of the most remarkable circulars going the round of musical papers is that issued by Clement Tetedoux, of New York, ex-Director of the Gounod Club of Pittsburg, U. S. This accomplished gentleman offers his "experience of years to advanced pupils and promising beginners." None others, we take it, need apply.

"By temperament, as well as by education, Mr. Tetedoux combines in his teaching the French dramatic style and Italian 'bel canto.' He believes, moreover, that the real artist, averse to bigotry and specialties, should interpret with equal truth and delight a German lied or an English ballad, a Spanish bolero, or a church voluntary, a page of Handel or an Italian adagio."

Italian adagio is good, so is a church voluntary. Mr. Tetedoux is indeed a marvellous teacher if he can make even the most advanced pupil or most promising beginner sing either.

M. VICTORIEN SARDOU, prince of dramatists, not satisfied with being probably the most successful and prolific playwright alive, has recently gone in for collaboration with Paladilhe, a fairly well-known writer of ballet music and orchestral suites. The result:

"'Patrie,' at the opera is a great artistic success as a spectacle, and a great popular success as far as concerns the music, which has certainly brought the composer, Paladilhe, definitively to the front rank. The mounting and arrangement of the piece is most gorgeous, the ballet is charming and the *ensemble* of the music is agreeable, without having transcendent artistic pretensions. In 'Patrie' the composer, Paladilhe, has followed the method of Meyerbeer, and produced a grand opera after the pattern of 'The Huguenots.' His music is, as it were, decorative—a sort of magnificent frame for the action of Sardou's famous drama. But inasmuch as Sardou's 'Patrie' was perfectly intelligible and perfectly appreciated, as its long success proves, without any musical accompaniment, why transform it into an opera? What new depth of meaning, what new emotion, does Paladilhe's music give to the literary drama? Evidently none whatever. This, however, is not Paladilhe's fault; it is the fault of the system which he has followed."

Lecocq, the famous composer of opera bouffe, is not so fortunate in

his collaborateurs. Taking little if any interest in his librettos, he simply furnishes the music and occasionally wakes to find himself the object of a nation's indignant consternation, that nation being either England or America. The *Times* correspondent says: "The now rich composer of 'Madame Angot' has a sumptuous apartment in the Rue Caumartin, and a villa, the Villa Angot, at Auteuil. His health is bad, and he mostly walks on crutches. Although not fifty, he looks five years older, having a pale, worn-out expression. 'You will scarcely believe it,' said he, 'but the fact is, I never know much of the plots and dialogues of my musical works till I see them. They are, of course, mostly complicated and rather puerile, but they gain by a real or fancied allusion to passing events, and so become topical. I was shocked and disgusted when at a dress rehearsal I heard a dialogue between the grenadiers. My friend Philippe ought really to have known better, for he speaks English, and has many dealings with you in music. Another libretto will have to be provided. By the way, is there any chance of ever getting any money from America for my works? Pleasant gentlemen come here, supposed to represent all sorts of transatlantic agencies, and make great promises, and take away band parts. They then disappear. England, on the whole, has served me better in this respect than America." Such a flimsy arrangement by which the composer is ignorant of the main features of his operas, and calmly concedes their puerility, and worse, conduces to a greater admiration than ever of the masterly productions of Gilbert and Sullivan. "Ruddy Gore," is popularly supposed to be the title of the most recent Savoy opera, and conveys, as probably it is intended to convey, an image of the old melodramatic blood-and-thunder five-act tragedy, as witnessed on the Surrey side. As the satirist, Mr. Gilbert has here ample scope.

ANDREW CARNEGIE, the well-known philanthropist, set a noble example by presenting the Oratorio and Symphony Societies of New York, each with a \$500 cheque as a New Year's gift.

THE chief topic of conversation amongst the trades is the voluntary production by Mr. Charles Frank Chickering, a member of the noted manufacturing firm, of the fabulous sum of \$400,000, the fortune of James Henry Paine, a squalid and beggarly old miser, who had intrusted this money to Mr. Chickering's care done up in old handkerchiefs. Mr. Chickering simply never thought about the matter, and the encomiums of the American press on his remarkable sense of delicacy, his heroism, his sense of honour, his knightly bearing, his princely manner, and truly aristocratic air, and that indescribable something which we instinctively feel in the presence of one of Nature's noblemen, do not detract from the truth, which is, that Mr. Chickering is an honest man and a gentleman. We may be sure that the trade has not failed to make capital out of this touching story, nor to extract bitterness and loathing unspeakable from its characterisation of a blameless business man who could not tell a lie.

S.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

We have also received the following publications:

- ECCLESIASTIC MAGAZINE. February. New York: E. R. Pelton.
 MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY. February. New York: 30 Lafayette Place.
 DOMESTIC MONTHLY. February. New York: 853 Broadway.
 BROOKLYN MAGAZINE. February. New York: Pearl Street.
 CENTURY. February—Midwinter Number. New York: Century Company.
 NINETEENTH CENTURY; FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW; CONTEMPORARY REVIEW. January. Philadelphia: Leonard Scott Publication Company.
 NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. February. New York: 3 East 14th Street.
 CITY GOVERNMENT OF BOSTON. By Jas. M. Bugbee. Johns Hopkins University Studies. Baltimore: N. Murray.
 BOOK BUYER. February. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
 COSMOPOLITAN. February. Rochester: Schlight and Field Company.
 ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. February. New York: Macmillan and Company.

THE report of the North American Life Assurance Company indicates a substantial advance of this company among the financial institutions of the country. The favour in which it is held as a home company is due to its liberal and just treatment of policy holders, and prompt settlement of claims. The object of the company is to place absolutely reliable life insurance within the reach of all; and both the investor and the man of limited means will find in its schedules of rates the plan best suited to each. The report is a highly satisfactory one, as might be expected from the names of the gentlemen at the head of this institution.

FROM the Directors' Report and the Financial Statement for the past fiscal year, read at the twenty-fourth annual meeting of the Western Canada Loan and Savings Company, it appeared that no difficulty had been found in keeping the funds actively employed. The amount entrusted to the company in exchange for its debentures and deposit receipts showed an increase of nearly \$400,000 over the last year, and this notwithstanding the reduction in the rate of interest allowed both bondholders and depositors. The profits, after deducting all charges, amounted to \$167,870.09, out of which two half-yearly dividends at the rate of ten per cent. per annum had been paid, and the balance, amounting to \$35,895.29, carried to credit of the Guarantee Fund. The Joint Contingency Funds are now \$108,773.71, and Rest \$650,000, on a paid-up capital of \$1,300,000; a state of affairs which reflects credit on the management, and should be eminently satisfactory to the shareholders.

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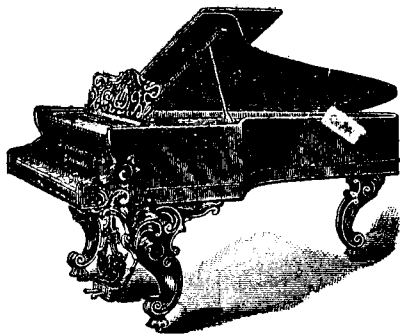
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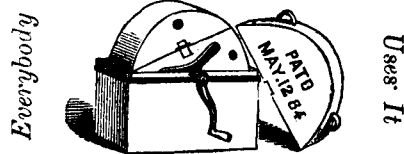
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