

THE WEEK:

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The Week.

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY AND LITERATURE

Edited by W. PHILIP ROBINSON.

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C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

WITHOUT exception the French press of Quebec is in a state of violent excitement over the execution of Riel. There runs through all the complaints an admission that the crime of the hanging consisted of the fact that the culprit had French blood in his veins. The national *amour-propre* is offended. One journal makes a representative French-Canadian say that to him it is a matter of indifference whether or not Riel was a criminal or a madman: "what drives me mad is the thought that one of our race has been taken." The journal which reports this remarkable confession, though among the most moderate, cannot bring itself to say that the utterance is wrong. But it makes some amends by counselling its excited countrymen not to compromise their future by violent action; but rather to aim to repair by the victory of to-morrow the defeat of yesterday. And yet this journal says it is obliged to respect the sentiment embodied in the words, *il faut se venger, il faut se battre, il faut détruire*. Another journal says, on its own account, that the principal question is not whether Riel was guilty or not, whether he was insane or not: the hanging of one of the French race, which is magnified into an unjust discrimination, is the real cause of the offence with which the Executive authority is charged. "When," asks a more rabid writer, "will the day of retribution come?" This journalist, who is the oracle of the extreme Church party, adds that "the time for words has passed." But the sound of the Marseillaise is not to his taste any more than the sight of the tricolor flag. For the time reason has almost entirely lost her empire over the French-Canadians. The execution is denounced, almost without pretence of reason, as a judicial murder, resorted to to satisfy the thirst of the Orangemen for vengeance. And yet one of the more candid of these journalists admits that the plea of insanity was put forward because no other was available. The administration of the sacrament to the culprit by Father André before the execution assumes the perfect mental sanity of the recipient. It is impossible to reason with excited people who frankly take the ground that Riel, if both guilty and

sane, ought to have been saved by the mere fact that he was a French-Canadian. Perhaps this excitement is too feverish to be very deep or lasting. When measured by the money test the love for Riel shrinks to very diminutive proportions. When subscriptions were asked for to defray the cost of his defence before the Privy Council, less than two thousand dollars was subscribed. The demand that the whole French delegation in the House of Commons should resign, though liberally repeated, fails to bring a single resignation. Twenty-three Conservative members of the Quebec Assembly protested against the execution. We are told that henceforth the political conditions are changed; but not a Minister from Quebec resigns. The reason given for their retention of office is that at the present moment they keep cool enough to be able to exercise their reason. This is a bad compliment to the excited majority. Demands for a union of all the French-Canadians are made; but between the Bleus and the Castors the kiss of peace has not yet passed; if their mutual recriminations are less frequent, they are still audible. The divergences in the French press, which had dwindled almost to nothing, are now increasing; the clamour of the majority, which caused the courage to ooze out of the hearts of the writers who would have tried to stem the current of fanaticism if they dared, is already losing its power. The press in allowing itself to be overborne, not by public opinion, but by the race feeling worked up to frenzy, deserted its post of sentinel at a time when moderate counsels were especially necessary. But the aspect of the popular fury changes almost every hour; and the tendency is to reveal divisions of which enthusiasts are most emphatic in denying the existence. If the effervescence of the young blood of the cities has contented itself with a street parade, the singing of the Marseillaise, the display of the tricolor flag, the burning of the effigies of obnoxious members of the Ministry, no credit is due to the French press. But here again, as in the isolation of small-pox, thanks are due to Mayor Beau-grand, by whom a possible collision of the two races has been prevented. The question now is whether Riel's remains are to be allowed to repose under the monument erected to the "martyrs" of 1837-38. A committee will be appointed to examine the evidence to ascertain whether he was worthy of canonization; and it may safely be predicted that he will be declared to have nobly earned the honour.

THE threatened formation of a new party in Quebec on race lines, as a consequence of Riel's execution, will meet obstacles which are likely to prevent the enterprise getting beyond the initial stage. The old jealousies and the old rivalries could not be smothered. They are visible, even now, in the hour of supreme frenzy. The Castors and the Ultramontanes are as ready as they ever have been to fly at the throats of the Bleus, and the Bleus, if subdued for the moment, have no idea of surrendering to a minority whom it has been the business of their lives to keep down. An Irish journalist in Montreal even takes upon himself the mission of uniting the Irish and the French. But Father O'Dowd, of St. Patrick's Church, peremptorily forbids the banns. Riel, he says, was fairly tried and deservedly hanged. The two races are competitors for employment, and between them no love is lost. But a declaration of party war by the French race would put the English on the defensive, and, however much against their will, they would have to accept the challenge. The arts of the party managers would be of no avail to prevent the contest taking the most deplorable of all forms, in which race would be pitted against race and creed against creed. If there be a grain of patriotism left among French-Canadian politicians, they will decline to enter on so disastrous a career. The choice does not lay with the other side; if it did, there would be no danger; and, as it is, we do not think the danger is real, much less serious. During the last forty years French-Canadian politicians have shown that they are not lacking in prudence of the kind that can save them from the folly of constructing a political party on race lines. The strongest motive for the exercise of prudence on their part is the certainty, which they cannot hide from themselves, that such a policy must fail. And failure would mean all that is implied by the defeat of a faction constructed on the lines of a race which, though respectable in numbers, forms not more than a third of the population. *La Minerve* has regained

courage to oppose the organization of a new party, claiming that the real national party is to be found in the Bleus. M. Nantel, member for Terrebonne, does not object to a new party, provided its principles be Conservative; if the *Quotidien* be assigned suitable leaders it will be ready to follow; nothing can make *l'Événement* approve of sedition; while *l'Étendard* alone joins the *Globe* in justifying the insurrection. The *Courrier de St. Hyacinthe* names Judge Angers for the new leader. The diversity of aims is the thing most apparent at the very moment when so many voices join in the chorus for union on national lines. At the great political meeting held in Montreal on Sunday a union of the French was advocated simply and solely as a means of defeating the Government, in revenge for having allowed the law to take its course in the case of Riel contrary to the wishes of the great majority of the French population of Quebec. We fancy, however, that it would be rather awkward for Mr. Blake, after offering \$5,000 for the head of Riel in 1872, to join a united French party now for the purpose of condemning his execution. If a public man could be compromised without his special consent, Mr. Blake would be in some danger.

ALREADY there are signs that the Ultramontanes are alarmed at the possible consequences of the commotion which, more than any other faction, they through their organs in the press have helped to raise. Above the general din the voice of *l'Étendard* was heard in denunciation of the "Orange tiger," which had long been waiting for his prey, and of this "judicial assassination"; and it told its readers, among whom it boasts five hundred priests, that the intention of the English element was to establish the arbitrary reign of injustice; that henceforth any French-Canadian who commits an act of "pretended illegality" will suffer the penalty of death, while on the other side every act of tyranny, of dishonesty, of disloyalty, will be licensed. The French would be provoked, exasperated, persecuted, and made to suffer the horrors of the penitentiary and the eternal shame of the scaffold. This was the *régime* which was now to be definitively established over the French, whom it was intended to treat as the pariahs of society, and to make "the victims of the ferocious cruelty of a barbarous and sanguinary sect." It is impossible that this could have been written in good faith, and under the inspiration of a genuine fear. On the day after the execution a scaffold was raised at Montreal, the obnoxious members of the Government were burnt in effigy, boisterous students marched through the streets, and a large part of the French population acted as if it had taken leave of its senses. *l'Étendard* applauded these "manifestations of ardent patriotism," and showed a real satisfaction at the success which its excitation had met. It was profuse in its admiration of the "universal respect for the victim and of execration for his persecutors." The effect had been such as comes from putting a match to a heap of straw. But would the sacred fire continue to burn: "*va-t-il s'éteindre comme un feu de paille*"? That would depend upon the action of French members in the House of Commons; if these would resign in a body the salvation of their race might yet be secured. The students and the *foule* had been worked up to the requisite excitement; but of what use would this be if the parliamentary delegation would not resign? It does not seem to have occurred to Senator Trudel, "director" of *l'Étendard*, to set the example of resignation. Amid all his rejoicing, the director was not without one cause for regret: the students had overdone their part. Their shouts should have been for creed and nationality alone, but just when their thoughts for the Church should have been uppermost, they broke out into the revolutionary Marseillaise, which they provokingly continued to repeat. This part of the demonstration cannot be said to have had any serious political significance; but the association carried terror into the hearts of the chief patrons of *l'Étendard*. Singing the Marseillaise will not restore Jesuits' Estates. The students were asked, out of pure respect for the memory of Riel, who in his lifetime hated everything like revolution, not to repeat a song which outraged his sentiments. The effect of this appeal showed the organ of the Church what it ought to have known before: that it is easier to raise the whirlwind than to calm its fury. The streets continued to resound to the air of the Marseillaise. *l'Étendard* in a state of alarm denounced this "outrage to the majority of the devoted defenders of the national cause." It would be a curious fact if the calming of the excitement over the execution of Riel should be due to a knot of students finding a vent for their superfluous energy in singing the Marseillaise.

THE *Globe* asks "all fair-minded English-speaking citizens to put themselves in the place of men of Riel's race before charging them with offensive sympathy for an indefensible rebel." If an Englishman had been hanged for high treason, of which Riel was proved to be guilty, under the circumstances in which Riel was convicted of the crime, not one of his

countrymen would have taken the ground which some of the most respectable French journals now take: that, guilty or innocent, his nationality ought to have saved his life. No number of petitions for pardon and protests against execution, however great, conceived in this spirit, could safely be acted upon. If public frenzy, the product of race prejudice, would be sufficient to save a culprit's life, the next step might be a call for innocent blood. When the *Globe* says that the French-Canadians "ask nothing more than justice," it assents to the demand for the resignation of all the members of the House of Commons from Quebec; and it accepts the doctrine that the laws should not be executed against great criminals if they be of a particular race. This view of the question is one which the good sense of Ontario will assuredly refuse to endorse. Nor will Ontario consent to accept rebellion as a permissible specific for every delay in yielding to just demands, such as those which the Half-breeds had to prefer.

A CONTEMPORARY suggests that there is now an opportunity of testing the validity of the late leader of the rebellion's plea of insanity. A well-known alienist could now, it thinks, satisfy the public by an examination of Riel's brain. Apart from the general futility of such examinations, many considerations point to the inexpediency of such a proceeding. The chances are very many to one that any symptoms could be found. Autopsies on the insane rarely, if ever, throw light upon the past actions of the deceased. It is hardly a rash assertion to say that more cerebral lesions have been found in the mentally healthy than in the mentally diseased—specific cases, such as alcoholism, softening, or congenital malformations, excepted. In the future of medical science, when microscopical pathology has much further advanced, *post mortems* for this purpose may be of use. At present they are valueless. Even if, in the present instance, a distinct abnormality were discovered, few experts, we venture to assert, would positively declare its consequences on Riel's conduct. And if no lesion were discoverable, fewer still would insist that this was of any appreciable medical value. Neither alternative would prove anything, and each alternative would in all probability renew factional disputes now happily beginning to be allayed. The surest test of sanity is that derived from a man's actions. In the case of Riel these were examined with a patient and careful scrutiny far in excess of its necessity. We doubt if any truly unprejudiced person holds to the contrary. Strangely enough in the same issue in which appeared the suggestion referred to, was printed a letter from the late rebel chief which the same contemporary characterized as "beautiful." This gives a clue to the motives inspiring such a suggestion. They could scarcely have been prompted by a sincere desire to learn the truth. For at the most what could be gained? The penalty has been paid and cannot be undone. But in reality the plea of insanity is urged only in cases involving capital punishment. Had Riel been convicted of assault and battery only, no expert examination would have been requested.

No one desires that unnecessary severity should be inflicted on the subaltern actors in the late insurrection, most of whom were the dupes of others. For the Indians who were guilty of deliberate murder not a word can be said; but there are others for whom an appeal for mercy ought not to be made in vain. The sentence passed on Poundmaker is disproportioned to any offence of which he has been shown to be guilty. The evidence against him might even have warranted an acquittal. There is little room to doubt that he did his best to keep the Indians in check. He was attacked on his reserve without authority from General Middleton; and if he had desired he could probably have annihilated Otter's force when it was in retreat. On his behalf the clemency of the Crown certainly ought to be exercised. Severity toward the minor offenders is not necessary, and their cases ought one and all to receive the favourable consideration of the Executive.

SPECULATION is busy trying to discover the cause or causes to which Sir John Macdonald's visit to England is due. A probable reason for his departure at the present time is the desire to consult the British Government on the negotiations which will be likely to take place after the opening of Congress on the subject of the coast fisheries of British America and the trade relations between Canada and the United States. Sir John was appointed by the British Government Commissioner for the negotiation of the Treaty of Washington, and in whatever character he may act in the pending negotiations he will take a leading part. Nothing is more natural than that he should desire to come to an understanding with the British Government as to the terms on which Americans may be admitted to our coast fisheries. It is to be hoped that some plan will be hit upon that will settle the question for ever. The fisheries on the Banks of Newfoundland are practically inexhaustible. The annual catch has no perceptible effect in lessening the quantity. The waters on the Banks are, according to

Professor Huxley, alive with cod-fish, herring and mackerel to a depth varying from fifty to one hundred and fifty feet; and the total annual catch of cod-fish does not exceed the quantity to be found in the distance of half a mile square. The coast fishing, owing to the run of the fish, is often the best; and the three-mile limit of this exclusive property is what is always the subject of special arrangement. In any new bargain with the United States the coast fisheries will necessarily be included. The general subject of the trade relations between the two countries is of still more importance, and if anything is to be done they will come under review. That Sir John is anxious to have the Canadian Pacific route made use of to carry the British mails to the East is no secret; and it is certainly not improbable that when he reaches England he may bring the subject up. Though these may be among the reasons for the visit, there may be others; but, apart from the possible condition of his own health, these are the most probable.

LORD ROSEBERY has thrown out the suggestion that the representative element in the House of Lords might be increased by the admission of elective members from the Colonies. Such representation would be of no value to the Colonies, and it would not—though Lord Rosebery probably thinks it would—be likely to have any liberalizing tendency on the House of Lords. There are Colonists to whom a seat in the House of Lords would become an object of burning ambition; but, when elected, they would be certain to fall under the aristocratic influences by which they would find themselves surrounded at Westminster, and they would cease to be representatives except in name. If Canada has any interests which require protection in the House of Lords—and it would be difficult to see what they are—they might more safely be confided to some English members whose position in the social hierarchy of the great metropolis is already determined, and who would not yield to blandishments before which Colonial representatives would be almost certain to fall. Under the system of election suggested, Canada would have the name of being represented in the House of Lords without the reality. The democratic instinct of the Colonies could not be brought into harmony with the predominant tone of the House of Lords; and the indulgence of the desire of the electorate to criticise what was done there would not tend to increase the good feeling between the Colonies and the Parent State. Lord Rosebery admits that Colonial representation in the House of Commons is out of the question; but he fails to see that Colonial representation in the House of Lords would be worse than useless, though it would assuredly be mischievous, because delusive.

ONE political party has formally decided to make the municipal elections in Toronto a party fight. The challenge will be accepted by the other party, no matter what professions may be made. The defenders of the intrusion of party politics in municipal affairs, strange to say, admit and deplore the evils of the practice. Their excuse is that when one party takes its stand on party lines and the other does not the fight is unequal, and a victory is snatched by unfair means. Of the fatal results of party rule in municipal management the Tweed régime affords more than sufficient proof. That there has long been a party element in the municipal contests of Toronto is beyond doubt; but so long as party was not everything, good men were sometimes elected on their merits and without much reference to politics. Sometimes the candidates were men who had never taken sides in politics, and whose unobtrusive opinions had not recommended them to either party. Henceforth all this will be changed; no one will be qualified to be a candidate unless he be a pronounced partisan. There will be some advantage in knowing on what grounds the contest is proceeding. An open party fight is better than one carried on behind a masked battery, the knowledge of the existence of which is confined to the initiated. Unscrupulous politicians will not observe the neutrality which they preach or decry, as suits the occasion; and they have an advantage over the voter who avoids devious courses and suspects no intrigues on the other side. The mayoralty elections in Toronto have generally been contested on party grounds; and though the motive has often been veiled, the cloven foot could be seen by any one who kept his eyes open. And the party spirit once aroused was almost certain to determine the vote on the whole ticket. Still, so long as the election was not avowedly a party fight, there was always a reserve force which had only to be called into action to ensure the success of the best man. This reserve force exists at all times, whether the election be avowedly carried on in a party spirit or not; but as an available fund on which to draw, it will be minimized by the raising of the party flag. As appeal to this force often affords the only means of reformation, the step taken by the ward politicians of Toronto is a distinct loss to the cause of honest municipal government.

THE defeat which the Scott Act advocates have met in St. Catharines is a decided indication that a turn in the tide has come. The electors were made fully acquainted with the disastrous working of the Act in other places, and they decided that the evils of secret whiskey-drinking should not be inflicted on St. Catharines. Toronto has for some time been marked for attack by the Scott Act men, but though the petitions have been signed, the onset is delayed; the threatened appeal to the electorate remains suspended over the interests which would be seriously affected by the success of the movement. Banks, brewers, and commerce have many millions at stake; and they ought to be allowed to know at the earliest date what fate is in store for them. It is difficult to believe that the assailants have any real hope of success, and though they have the legal right to harass the owners of capital engaged in the business, the destruction of which is aimed at, they have no moral right to torture their intended victims with the agony of prolonged suspense. January is now said to be fixed as the date for the trial of strength in Toronto, and delay beyond that month would be inexcusable. The case is not one in which delay would add to the chances of success; new converts to enforced repression are not being made, if at all, in any defined ratio that promises success within a given time. Meanwhile the state of uncertainty which exists is embarrassing and injurious to all concerned, and it will be a relief when it is put an end to.

WHAT will be the results of the approaching elections in England is still doubtful in the extreme. The candid and well-informed *Spectator*, as we have already seen, ventures to believe that Mr. Gladstone's difficulties will consist only in the excess of his success. So many sections will ally themselves under his banner, that to keep them harmoniously together will be his most formidable task. On the other hand, well-informed correspondents assert that they will in no way be surprised if the Liberal majority should result in a practical minority. It may be fairly assumed that the repulsive influences of Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Randolph Churchill will counterbalance each other. Many Whigs and Moderate Liberals will, no doubt, go over to the Conservative side, terrified by the socialistic radicalism of the former; while not a few Tories, fearing the quicksands of the latter's demagogic conservatism, will either cast anchor by abstaining from voting, or steer over to the opposite quarter. A heavy weight is thrown into the scale against the Liberals by the more fanatical members of the Liberation Society, who, like the champions of Prohibition, are devoid of public spirit, and will force on the issue even if it wreck the Liberals. That in this direction mischief is brewing is evident from Mr. Gladstone's endeavour to thrust them by a long pole from the Liberal barque. In this contest Lord Salisbury perceives his advantage, and zealously follows it up by conspiring with the Liberation Society to force the question of the Disestablishment of the Church. The Church naturally takes arms with the Conservatives. The two Archbishops, however, are moderate and dignified in their tone: the Primate owes his appointment directly to the Liberal leader. The Archbishop of York, though receiving his present post at the hands of Lord Palmerston, yet virtually is indebted to the same source for his preferment. Here and there we find a dignitary who is openly opposed to Mr. Gladstone. Archdeacon Denison declares that cheers for him are equivalent to cheers for the Evil One. Many Liberal laymen with strong religious tendencies have thrown in their lot with the Church Party. Typical of these are Earl Grey, with his Conservative instincts, and Lord Selborne, on account of his deep-seated orthodox views. Another favourable omen for the Tory Party of which we must not lose sight is the fact that they have appreciably gained in municipal elections. The middle class opulence of the boroughs also will sufficiently shrink from Mr. Chamberlain's communistic principles to cause them to do more than merely halt between two opinions. Pocket here will prove itself stronger than party. On which side the agricultural labourers will throw the greater weight is altogether uncertain. Everything considered, no prediction is possible. Our own impression is that the result will be the worst of all, namely, an even balance; and this means that Mr. Parnell will hold the scales. Neither party possesses patriotism enough to refrain from bidding for his vote, knowing that this means a victory for the other side. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the nation is on the verge of Dismemberment.

A POPULAR election cannot apparently be managed without "a cry"—a condition of things not altogether complimentary to the sincerity of party leaders, or to the intelligence of the electorate. In the pending British elections in many places the cry is "the Church is in danger." In Mr. Gladstone's opinion, as expressed in his manifesto, subsequent explanatory letters, and in his Midlothian speeches, the time for the settle-

ment of the Disestablishment question has not come. In England the subject has as yet hardly entered the domain of practical politics. The traditional belief that State support is essential to the maintenance of religion is still held by great numbers. Trusting to this, Conservative leaders calculate on substantial support by avowing their purpose of defending the Established Church. Opposition to State Churchism is not confined to the Liberationists; within the pale of the Church of England itself there is an increasing desire for its separation from the State. Some think that what they regard as necessary reforms in that venerable institution can only be secured by Disestablishment. Certain leaders of the High Church Party entertain the opinion that they cannot properly carry out their ideas unless they are free from the trammels of State control. In Scotland, however, matters are different. During the present election campaign the Disestablishment question is actually a burning one; it has set the heather ablaze. Mr. Gladstone's politic proposal to relegate it to the future is not very cordially received. The Church of Scotland has a large following; it has been growing of late years in breadth, tolerance and liberality, and in the esteem of the people. The other Presbyterian Churches are leavened with voluntarism, and are loudly demanding Disestablishment. The desire for separation of Church and State in Scotland is strengthened by the belief that if it were accomplished one of the chief barriers to the union of the separate Presbyterian Churches would be removed. Mr. Gladstone's opinions have great weight with the Scottish people, but his utterances on Disestablishment have not met with the approval that might have been expected. Leading Edinburgh and Glasgow journals have adversely commented on the Midlothian utterances relating to the subject. Agitation on this question has introduced an element of uncertainty into the forecast of the election in Scotland, though there is no doubt that the Liberal representatives north of the Tweed will be in a large majority.

WITH the people in the South and West of Ireland a capable and resolute leader can achieve much, but not everything he may have set his heart upon. Mr. Parnell by slow and cautious steps has almost attained the position and power of a dictator. The means he has too often employed have been of the most discreditable kind; he has not hesitated to take advantage of race prejudices and unreasoning bigotry; the mission of the moonlighter and the savagery of the assassin have been employed in his cause without even evoking from Mr. Parnell any but the mildest form of protest, and that only when impelled to speak by the overwhelming force of public opinion. The chaffering of rival English political leaders has given the Irish demagogue an importance that does not of right belong either to himself or his cause. His demands have risen with the opportunities which recklessly contending factions rendered possible. He emerged into prominence by making charitable appeals for aid in alleviating the distress prevailing a few years ago among his countrymen. By this means the stream of contributions to the propagandism of disaffection began to flow, which is as yet undiminished in volume. These easily procured resources derived from the hard earnings of expatriated Irish men and maids have proved a bonanza to professional agitators. Mr. Parnell's gains from testimonial and other sources are much greater than if he had devoted his energies to some honourable calling. His alliance with the opponents of the Gladstone Administration and the unexpected success of their joint vote appear to have impressed the leader of the Nationalist Party with the belief that he had become an invincible autocrat. It occasionally happens that he who clamours loudest for liberty and the relentless despot are one and the same person. Mr. Parnell flattered himself that he could control the Irish representation and the action of the next Parliament. His word was to be law to his following. The people were only to be allowed such candidates as he should name; but recent despatches show that there are instances in which his followers deliberately reject his dictation. The resolve of those who oppose Dismemberment to contest a number of Parnellite constituencies will also do much to break the spell with which Mr. Parnell has fascinated so many. It is not among the improbabilities that as a politician he may hereafter be placed in a niche in the temple of demagogic fame no more conspicuous than such as are occupied by Smith O'Brien and ex-Head Centre Stephens.

NOBODY objects to the whims and foibles of great men. We smile complacently at the stories of Newton and his dog Diamond, Byron and his bear, Shelley and his toy-boats, Cowper and his hares; indeed, it seems the privilege of greatness to possess a hobby-horse. Mr. Gladstone has a hobby-horse; and a most extraordinary one it is. And it is Mr. Gladstone's delight to gambol and caper upon it on the most extraordinary occasions. In the spring of 1880, when the whole of England was absorbed in the excitement of

the sudden and unexpected defeat of the Conservative Government, Mr. Gladstone was tilting in the theological lists on the subject of "Religion, Achaian and Semitic." And at the present moment, when many sober-minded statesmen believe that the British Empire is on the brink of disintegration, once more he saddles his pet steed, and in a twenty-two paged article in the *Nineteenth Century* resumes the joust under the name of "Dawn of Creation and Worship." While Irish Independence, Church Disestablishment, Socialistic Radicalism, and Demagogic Conservatism are racking the brains of political leaders, confusing the minds of voters, and plunging the country into a crisis which finds few parallels or none in its political history, the prospective Liberal Premier quietly peruses and criticises a book by the name of "Prolégomènes de l'Histoire des Religions." He writes some thirteen or fourteen thousand words; makes fifty-five accredited and numerous non-accredited quotations from a range of authors which includes poets and astronomers, philologists and Fathers; uses all the arts of theological and logical hair-splitting; elaborates, with all the details of numbered and lettered paragraphs;—all to show, "first, that many important pictures drawn and indications given in the Homeric poems supply evidence that cannot be confuted not only of an ideal but of an historical relationship to the Hebrew traditions, (1) and mainly, as they are recorded in the Book of Genesis; (2) as less authentically to be gathered from the later Hebrew learning; and (3) as illustrated from extraneous sources;" and that, "secondly, any attempt to expound the Olympian mythology of Homer by simple reference to a solar theory, or even to Nature worship in a large sense, is simply a plea for a verdict against the evidence." Chamberlain and Churchill hotly contend with social problems; Mr. Gladstone descants on the Mosaic cosmogony. Parnell inflames Ireland and dictates to England; Mr. Gladstone discusses different readings of the Septuagint. Prelates and laymen wax wroth over the severance of Church and State; Mr. Gladstone shows that "instead of Ixion's loving the wife of Zeus, it was Zeus who loved the wife of Ixion." England may perish; the "Grand Old Man" must prove that "Homer's entire theurgic system is resolutely exclusive of Nature worship." Nero's fiddling over burning Rome was almost a more pardonable proceeding. And what is, at bottom, Mr. Gladstone's aim? It is so interwoven with side-issues, so concealed amidst a mass of arguments on minor points, and of rebutting evidence against minor objections, that it is not easy to lay one's finger upon the particular end of the tangled skein which the eminent English statesman is seeking. However, laying aside all ramifications, the gist of the article is to show that, whether or not there was given to man a Divine revelation, the Olympian mythology, as exhibited in Homer, and "certain traditions of the Book of Genesis" have a common origin. Were the writer adducing examples of resemblances between Moses and Homer for the purpose of substantiating proofs of a Divine revelation, some little excuse might perhaps be found for unearthing, even at so critical a stage of party politics, a problem rivalling in intricacy and triviality many of the more frivolous of those of the schoolmen. But this is by no means the Liberal leader's desire. With his customary subtlety of reasoning, he "holds the last of these convictions ["an unshaken belief in a Divine revelation"] entirely apart from the others." But even so, Mr. Gladstone's discovery of resemblance is a mare's nest. No unprejudiced philologist or ethnologist but knows that the Olympian mythology is a derivation from Sanscrit sources, transmuted by Hellenic thought and spirit. If Mr. Gladstone would peruse without preconception (of which many will be amused to hear he declares he has "not a grain") a few German authorities on the subject of the origin of religions his mare's nest would disappear. But he has always been discovering these. His first published work, so admirably criticised by Macaulay, was a prototype of its successors. Still, as we have said, nobody would object to these fads if they were kept in the background, and did not occupy the attention of their owner when all his intellectual abilities are required for the solution of practical questions infinitely more important to the nation—a nation at whose hands he is at the same moment seeking the highest post of trust, and this on the ground of his solutions of these same practical questions.

THE attempts of the newspaper correspondents to find a bride for President Cleveland are fully as unsuccessful as were those made in President Arthur's interest. A friend of Arthur's kept watch of the newspapers and clipped out everything that was published about his matrimonial intentions. Just before his term expired these clippings were all pasted in a handsomely bound scrap-book and presented to him. On the cover was stamped a figure of Cupid, with a quiverful of arrows, and the words, "Many were called, but none was chosen." Mr. Arthur regards this memento with a great deal of interest.

HEREDITARY GENIUS IN AMERICA.

PART I.—THE UNITED STATES.

AMONG the instances of transmitted mental capacity given in his valuable work on "Hereditary Genius," Mr. Francis Galton includes only three or four American families. For this scanty use of distinguished cis-Atlantic names we were, however, prepared by certain remarks in his preface. "I have taken little notice," he says, "in this little book of modern men of eminence who are not English or, at least, well known to Englishmen." Then, after explaining his omission of foreigners by the fear of inaccuracy in stating their relationships, he goes on to say that he "should have especially liked to investigate the biographies of Italians and Jews, both of whom appear to be rich in families of high intellectual breed," and adds that "Germany and America are also full of interest." It is somewhat strange that no American should have availed himself of Mr. Galton's hint to supply the illustrations of which American genealogy is so bountiful. One of the cases to which Mr. Galton refers, that of the Adams family, is so remarkable that no person who undertook to deal with the subject could fail to take notice of it. That father and son should both, in a republic so great as the United States, have attained the same high seat of rulership, is exceptional in the annals of nations. Nor did the services and honours of the family end with the second generation. Charles Francis Adams, son of John Quincy and grandson of John, though he did not reach the supreme place of power which they successively occupied, was, like each of them, his country's chosen representative with the Court and Government of Great Britain. He had also, in a fuller measure than either ancestor, the literary gift, and to him the world is indebted for the biographies of the two presidents of his name. Nor were these three illustrious men the only persons who conferred distinction on that name. It would be an ungrateful country that would forget such patriotism as that of Samuel Adams, while Hannah Adams, not without reason termed the historian, has a niche all her own in America's temple of fame.

The other American instances given in Mr. Galton's book are Franklin, Copley and Irving. Of Franklin he mentions, in proof of his theory, the grandson who edited Franklin's works, and the great-grandsons, Franklin and Alexander Dallas Bache. Of these two brothers, the former graduated with honors at West Point, became Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Pennsylvania, and Superintendent of the United States Coast Survey, in which capacity his services were of great value. He also wrote a report of the European system of education, published a number of scientific essays, was chosen a regent of the Smithsonian Institution, and bequeathed \$42,000 to the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia. His brother Franklin was a Professor of Chemistry and the author of several medical works. It is worthy of note that Benjamin Franklin's mother was a daughter of Peter Folger, the Quaker poet of Nantucket. To this source may be attributed Franklin's early taste for poetry. Some of his ballads, it may be remembered, were printed by his brother and sold on the streets. It was only when his father discouraged him by telling him that poets were generally beggars that he desisted from verse-making. All the members of the family who achieved distinction seem to have been devoted to physical science, as the Adamses were to statesmanship and diplomacy.

In the Copleys we have the more illustrious son of a talented father seeking advancement by an entirely new path of endeavour. The son of an eminent painter studies law, meets with success at the Bar, rises to be Lord Chancellor, and closes a prosperous career as a peer of Great Britain. The fame of Washington Irving has so far overshadowed the merits of his talented brothers that it is only in reading his biography that we are reminded of their close connection with his early career. Yet to them "Geoffrey Crayon" was in no slight degree indebted for his mental training and his first literary successes. Both Peter and William, as well as James K. Paulding, were his associates in editing "Salmagundi," and the former had previously established the *Morning Chronicle*.

These are, I believe, the only Americans cited by Mr. Galton as instances of hereditary genius. A brief inquiry has, however, convinced me that they are by no means isolated cases, but that, on the contrary, this continent is as fertile in family groups of various ability as are any of the nations of Europe. It is, indeed, an *embarras de richesses* from which we have to choose. It matters not whether we turn to the biography of literature, or to that of science or of art, of diplomacy or politics, of jurisprudence, of warfare, or of any domain of public service in which men benefit their fellows and win the reputation of greatness, we meet with no lack of illustrious names of kindred stock.

In making my selection, I will follow no particular plan or order, my object being rather to indicate a fruitful path of research than to classify discovered facts. Three of the instances adduced by Mr. Galton take us back to the years before the Revolution. During that stormy period a large portion of what may be called the nobility of America laid its foundation. But some of the houses that came in with the Conqueror, so to speak, had attained a position in the country long before. The first American author, Ann Dudley, who became the wife of Governor Bradstreet, has a fair title to head the list. A woman of exceptional ability, she belonged to a family of mark, being connected, through her father, with the Dudleys and the Sidneys of Penshurst. Governor Dudley must, from his daughter's evidence, have been a man of more than ordinary devotion to books. "A magazine of history," she terms him. Like his more famous child, he was also addicted to the worship of the Muses, and, when he died at the advanced age of eighty-seven, a copy of verses was found, it is said, in his pocket. He was, moreover, a man of strong character, firm, courageous

and endowed to a high degree with the fortitude, patience and manifold resource which his responsible position demanded. Ann, while inheriting his strength of mind, bore through life the burden of a weakly frame. But her intellectual and spiritual force and charm conquered all physical shortcomings. As she was the daughter, so she was destined to be the wife, of a governor. Neither before nor since the Revolution has America borne or fostered many sons more able, active, or faithful in their country's service than Simon Bradstreet. It was altogether in the nature of things that from such a stock, allied with that of the Dudleys, should be descended some of the most eminent poets, orators, soldiers and divines that have conferred lustre on New England. It is surely not without significance, from the standpoint of heredity, that such men as Channing and Buckminster, Holmes and Dana, should have the blood of Ann Bradstreet in their veins. But great as they were in their day, and good service as they did to their generation, those were by no means the only groups of striking individualities among the founders of the nation whose blood and spirit have been transmitted to the present. If we take the forty-one Pilgrims, or any other body of rulers and workers from among those who planted the seeds of civilization, freedom and religion along the Atlantic sea-board in that birth-time of Aryan America, assuredly eminent examples shall not be wanting. If a man rises to leadership, we find his name recurring in the second, the third, or even the fourth generation in the pages of history; and, then, when it might seem as if the race had decayed or sunk back exhausted into obscurity, a little research enables us to discover that the family pre-eminence has been perpetuated in the female line and that a Dudley, a Winthrop, or a Mather is masquerading under another cognomen. More than a quarter of a century ago, one of the most learned and delightful of American authors, a man of science, a *prosateur* and a poet, himself a salient instance of the heredity of genius, said, in describing the Brahmin caste of New England: "Their names are always on some college calendar or other. They break out every generation or two in some learned labour which calls them up after they seem to have died out. At last, some newer name takes their place, it may be; but you inquire a little and you find it is the blood of the Edwardses or the Chaunceys or the Ellerys or some old historic scholars, disguised under the altered name of some female descendant." Again and again, even in the summary investigation undertaken in preparing this essay, has the same welcome fact unfolded itself.

A short time ago I had a word to say of the three generations of Adamses. In the seventeenth century their fortunes were foreshadowed by the Winthrops—a name of which the representatives still hold their places in America's roll of honour. John the elder, John the younger and Fitz-John, had each his turn in the office of Colonial Governor—the first of Massachusetts Bay, the two last of Connecticut. Nor was this their only claim to recognition. The Suffolk lawyer and squire was of the stuff of which the Pym, the Hampdens and the Cromwells of that age of conflict were composed. In ordinary times he would have been a good citizen, a just magistrate, a sturdy advocate of the weak and oppressed against the tyrant of the village. But with the opportunity his virtues expanded, and in the work of colonial organization at "Tremountain" they found stimulus and scope. He was not only an administrator, but had some skill as an historian, and, like so many laymen of his time and creed, was a moralist and a theologian. To his journal the great historians have been not a little indebted. His son, John, was a soldier as well as a diplomatist, and gave his leisure to scientific pursuits. This last tendency grew into fruitful life in the next generation, for Fitz-John Winthrop was one of the earliest members of the Royal Society.

The American genealogy of another early gubernatorial family begins with romance. Longfellow has told, as he only could tell, the story of the first maiden bride of New England, the fair Priscilla, who broke the law of nations by taking captive an ambassador, though, as it proved, he was a willing captive. The second successful colonial suitor was a widower and his lady-love a widow. William White, a passenger on the *Mayflower*, died of epidemic fever about the same time that Edward Winslow, another of the Pilgrims, lost his young wife. The fitness of things ordained that these two should comfort each other in their bereavement. So Mrs. White became Mrs. Winslow and a "mother in Israel." Though Governor three successive terms, her husband ended his days in England, where he found a powerful and helpful friend in Cromwell. His son, Josiah, was the first native-born Governor of Plymouth Colony. A commander of ability, his taste for the military life was transmitted to his children, and among his descendants both in colonial and in later times, there have been several who made themselves reputations as soldiers.

Analogous to the alliance of the Dudleys and Bradstreets—which was destined to give America so many distinguished sons and daughters—was the marriage of Richard Mather's son and John Cotton's daughter. Giving up, for conscience' sake, the charge of St. Botolph's Church in St. Botolph's town (Boston, in Lincolnshire), the Rev. John Cotton conferred on the little nucleus of the great republic that was to be the benefit of his wisdom and his learning. Not only did his works and his memory live after him, but he also, through his daughter, became the ancestor of some of the most illustrious men that this continent has produced. Among the scholars and thinkers whose society did much to efface any lingering regrets for his English home was Richard Mather, who, like himself, had sacrificed position and prospects to his love of religious freedom. He had, in their fulness, the virtues and the faults of the fellowship for which he had abandoned the Church of England. Learned, eloquent, pious, he was a living example of the moral precepts that he preached. But, "alas! for the rarity of Christian charity under the sun," he, like many another champion of liberty, though he would not bend his will to alien control, was a hard taskmaster to his own disciples, and proved that ecclesiastical tyranny was not confined to the wearers of surplices. His son, Increase, was still more learned and still

more despotic. A rigid believer in witchcraft, he doomed to the flames a treatise in which that belief was denounced as a delusion. He was, nevertheless, with all his mistakes of judgment, a singularly able man, who would have made his mark in any community. But to Cotton, his son, the grandson of his reverend namesake, fell the largest share of the gifts of both families. A prodigy of scholarship, acquainted with many languages, deeply read in various lore, a preacher of wondrous power, an enthusiast in fasting and prayer, Cotton Mather had gifts which, in a less bigoted age and under happier direction, might have borne fruit of which all mankind would partake and be satisfied. As it is, his legacy to the world, though valuable for the light it sheds on his time and surroundings, can win small sympathy from an enlightened age. It must be remembered, however, that Cotton Mather simply believed with sincerity what many persons, not of his own communion only, but of all Christian churches, regarded as important verities revealed from above, which to doubt was to commit a well-nigh unpardonable sin. Not by our milder and humaner creed must the Mathers be judged, but by the code of a period on which, though freedom had begun to dawn, its sun was not risen upon the earth. Viewed in that light, they were great men, serving God and their fellows with what they sincerely believed to be the best that was in them, and what a succession! Instead of Brahmins, we might almost say Levites in speaking of New England's family chains of more or less distinguished divines, so rigidly, as if by resistless obligation, did generation after generation serve the altar.

Richard, Increase and Cotton were not the only illustrations of "hereditary genius" offered by this remarkable family. Greater scions than any of them were to grow upon the family tree. In 1703, shortly after Cotton Mather's "Magnalia" had been printed in London, there was born at Windsor, Connecticut, the man in whom the metaphysical acumen which Calvinistic theology fosters in its adepts was to attain its ultimate intensity and sharpness of edge. Of all who shared in the blood of Richard Mather and John Cotton, Jonathan Edwards had the keenest intellect, and won, in his day, the widest celebrity. One might almost fancy that preceding generations had been purposely evolving that gigantic mind that it might master and expound the deep things of Augustinian divinity. Certainly the doctrine of heredity has seldom had a more convincing illustration than Edwards. His ancestry on both sides was clerical for several generations, and the whole vent of his genius was a foregone conclusion. He was, by his origin, the predestined expositor of predestination. In the direction of rigid orthodoxy, driven to its logical goal, development in him reached its limit. We are hardly surprised that in his son Pierrepont, reaction began. An eminent lawyer and patriot, he fought the battle of toleration in the church, as he fought that of freedom in the field and in the senate.

A still more famous representative of the blood and brains of Jonathan Edwards was destined to play an important and, unhappily, not always an honourable part on the stage of his country's political as well as military history. About the middle of the last century, a clergyman of German descent, a graduate of Yale, of scholarship sufficient to enable him to preside with credit over the College of New Jersey, which he had been largely instrumental in founding, paid successful court to a daughter of Jonathan Edwards. Of the marriage was born Aaron Burr, his father's namesake, who began his remarkable career as the bearer of despatches from Arnold to Montgomery, then serving in Canada on the enterprise in which he soon after met his death. In spite of that moral obliquity which misled him so tragically for himself and others, the third Vice-President (by popular vote the Associate President) of the United States was not without redeeming traits. The winning courtesy of manner which came to him from courtly ancestors was also inherited by another and very different representative of the genius of Edwards, the great theologian, Timothy Dwight. In various walks of life, the Trumbulls, also, whom auspicious fate allied with the Edwardses and Pierreponts, did good service to their country in its hour of need and trial. Jonathan Trumbull had the peculiar distinction of being the only Colonial Governor who took the patriotic side in the Revolution; and, if it be true that to Washington's implicit trust in his wisdom and resource is due the epithet "Brother Jonathan," as applied to the typical American, no son of the Republic need be ashamed of the name. His two sons, of whom one also became Governor of Connecticut, while the other was both an artist and a soldier, were entirely worthy of such a father. More famous, perhaps, than either of them was John Trumbull, who wrote "McFingal," the burlesque epic which fought the fight of freedom. A poem that has passed through more than thirty editions and is still read and enjoyed both in America and Europe must have had merits considerably above the average. I find a long and favourable notice of it in the *Monthly Review* for January, 1793. "British royalists," says the candid critic, "have for more than a century enjoyed a poet laureate in Butler; and the American republicans are now supported by no mean satirist in the person of the writer of the poem before us, who possesses a genius which may claim respectable affinity with that which produced the celebrated 'Hudibras.' We are informed that the author of this burlesque epic poem is John Trumbull, Esq., an eminent counsellor in the State of Connecticut, a near relative of the late Governor Trumbull, of that State, and of Mr. Trumbull, the painter, and that he is known in his own country for many other works of genius and of utility both in prose and verse."

Another patriotic pen whose offspring cannot be passed over in silence is that which was wielded with such telling effect by Joseph Hopkinson, author of "Hail, Columbia!" It is in accordance with the theory of heredity that Francis, the father of the poet, one of the aristocracy of the Signers, should himself have wielded the pen of the ready and vigorous writer. As a satirist, he had attracted notice in the dawn of the great

struggle, and through his outspoken republican principles forfeited a good position under the Colonial Government of New Jersey. His wife, Joseph's mother, was Miss Borden, of Bordenstown.

The military and naval history of the United States supplies frequent instances of talented families. Again and again we meet with father and son, uncle and nephew, brothers and cousins, who have won distinction on the sea or in the field. The Barrons, father and two sons, the Perry brothers, the Porters, of whom no less than seven rose to high rank in the army and navy, may be cited as conspicuous examples of the possession by several members of a family of the same kind of ability. McClellan, in the estimation of not a few the greatest of American generals, was, according to the English *St. James's Gazette*, a second cousin of Lord Clyde. In other cases, with equal ability, the kinsmen attain to eminence by diverse paths. John Sherman becomes a statesman; his brother, William Tecumseh, wins golden spurs on the battlefield. One Carroll is a diplomatist and political writer; another is a high ecclesiastic. J. J. Crittenden was a senator; his son, a major-general. Benjamin Rush was one of the most famous physicians of his day; his son, Richard, became minister to Great Britain, and negotiated some important treaties. Then, again, there are the *nobilissimi pachi* who are born to distinction to whatever class of workers they may choose to attach themselves, because heredity has endowed them with the *open sesame* that commands success. Such are the Livingstons, the Hamiltons, the Schuylers, the Beechers, the Clintons, the Lees, the De Lanceys, the Chases, and other families which, in the United States, hold the same rank in public estimation as the Cecils, the Spencers, the Grenvilles, the Russells, the Fitzmaurices, the Stanleys, the Howards, and others of the great ruling houses of England.

There is a distinction, nevertheless, to be observed between the advantages which raise to eminence the members of illustrious families on this side of the Atlantic and those by which the sons of British nobles secure the prizes of power. High birth alone will not give to any contemporary Englishman a place of influence in either Church or State; though it was not always so. There, as here, the people are the ultimate choosers of their own rulers. Benjamin Disraeli and William Ewart Gladstone soared by the strength of their intellects, and by inborn force of character, above the heads of scores of noble rivals. Their chances in England were pretty much the same as they would have been in America. But, after all, it was a tough struggle. They won recognition slowly, through persistent courage and strength of will. They were both old men before the common goal of their ambition was reached. Whether in the United States either of them would have been elected President may, owing to peculiarities in the mode of election, be an open question; but, in the start of their careers, they would have been acknowledged and accepted for what they were, and would not have had the chagrin of seeing mediocrities preferred to them merely owing to the privilege of birth. No family record will secure for a dull, inferior man even the minor prizes of life in a republic. If the members of distinguished families attain distinction, it is not through affectionate recognition of ancestral services, but through the signs of promise in the living man. The senator owes his position to nothing at all resembling the system of the British House of Lords, where the young peer has all the advantages of the best training in the highest statesmanship without his asking for them. They are often, in fact, thrust on those who are incapable of appreciating the boon. The educated and polished American senator of good family occupies his seat in the councils of the nation not because he bears a proud, historic name, but because by talent and conduct he has proved himself worthy of it. There may even be cases where, though the inheritor may have ability above the average, the legacy is a drawback to himself, and a cause of disappointment to his fellow-citizens. At any rate, we may rest assured that when an Adams, a Lane, a Pendleton, or a Lincoln is exalted above his fellows, it is on account of his own merits, not by way of tribute to distinguished forefathers. If Mr. Bayard is Secretary of State, it is not because he comes of a family of statesmen, but because he is a statesman himself. Proud though the American people may be of their great men of the past, he would be laughed at who would propose to make Endicott Secretary of War because his ancestor was a Colonial Governor, and his grandfather a Secretary of the Navy; or who would ascribe Mr. Lane's elevation to his place in the Cabinet to the fact that his father had been a minister to England. All the more weighty, as instances of "hereditary genius," are those successes on the higher stage of politics. It is, indeed, especially interesting to meet, not only within the range of statecraft or other public service, but in literature, in art, in social pre-eminence, in philanthropy and in every walk of life, among those who modestly take the places offered to them by popular favour, or its reflection, with the descendants of the great characters which made American history what it is. Looked at in that light, a pedigree has significance. It helps us to understand facts of moment. There are many cases, it is true, where genius—that is, special aptitude for a particular study or research, for creative production in literature or art, or for organizing and administration—cannot thus be accounted for. But if we had more of such biographic sketches as that which Carlyle has left us of his obscure but not ungifted parentage—though there the impression may be heightened by filial veneration—the apparition of men and women of genius amid seemingly incongruous environment, and as if they had been born, not as St. Paul says, out of due time, but out of due place, would, perhaps, be less mysterious. Knowing what we know, however, it is not surprising that the Rev. Abiel Holmes should have a son, Oliver Wendell; or that the distinguished Dr. Bryant should have been the father of the poet, or that the valiant Col. Prescott, of Bunker's Hill, should have had a grandson with the gift of describing deeds of arms; or that Bishop Chase should have been uncle and tutor of the Chief Justice.

I have as yet made little direct mention of women in my list of

instances. They are implied, however, in many of the cases of relationship that I have mentioned. It was, moreover, with a lady that my record began—a lady from whom some of the greatest writers, statesmen and military leaders in the pages of American history were proud to be descended. But she was the eldest of a goodly sisterhood. There is no nation in the present or the past, perhaps, in which the gentle sex have taken, in the entire domain of human effort, so honourable a position. It would be hard to find a distinguished American family in which a female member did not wear the well-won crown of public esteem. Mercy Warren, the historian, shares the fame of that fiery patriot, her brother James Otis. It was to Mrs. Greene that Eli Whitney was indebted for the encouragement and shelter that stimulated his inventive powers to put together the cotton gin; and she subsequently became the wife of his partner, Phineas Miller. Whitney himself, with others of his variously distinguished name, was of the line of Ann Bradstreet. The Beechers would not be complete without Mrs. Stowe. Amos Bronson Alcott is invariably associated with his talented daughter, Louisa May. Jefferson's domestic biography has been written by his great-granddaughter, Sarah N. Randolph. The sweet, sad strains of the Careys will hand down the memory of both gentle sisters. Miss Julia Clinton Jones dedicated her "Valhalla, or the Myths of Norseland," to the memory of her grandfather, De Witt Clinton. Mrs. Alice King Hamilton, author of "Buttons," and "One of the Duanes," is the granddaughter of Chancellor Livingston, and is married to a descendant of Alexander Hamilton, Aaron Barr's illustrious victim. Emma C. Willard, *née* Hart, was a descendant of Thomas Hooker, the founder of Hartford, Connecticut. Her hymn, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," will perpetuate her memory, even though her life-long labour in the cause of education should be forgotten. Another of her name and race, Frances E. Willard, also eminent as an educationist, and whose lectures on the "Educational Aspects of the Woman Question" were the fruit of much experience and thought, is still more popular for her "Nineteen Beautiful Years," a touching tribute to the memory of a beloved and accomplished sister. It was to the prompting of his niece that the people of the United States owed Mr. Vassar's munificent gift. Mrs. Agassiz was the valued help-meet of her illustrious husband, as she is his fittest biographer and the worthy mother of his worthy son. President Cleveland's statesmanlike talents are well matched by the literary skill and taste of his gifted sister, Miss Rose Cleveland. And if I pause at that high eminence—at the foot of the throne, so to speak—it is not that I have exhausted the realm of letters and art and all high endeavour, but rather because the field of choice is perplexingly vast.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne, speaking of the "Genius of Emerson," in a lecture delivered before the Concord School of Philosophy, said: "Possibly, indeed, that little original band of the *Mayflower* Pilgrims has not greatly multiplied since their disembarkation, so far as their spiritual progeny is concerned. We do not find a succession of Winthrops and Endicotts in the chair of the Governor, and on the floor of the Senate." I have been trying to show that, as it is, the world has no reason to complain of the successors. Mr. Hawthorne himself is an admirable instance of it, from my point of view. Nor is he an isolated instance, as I hope my readers will allow. Both in literature and science, as in statesmanship, in military skill and every kind of superiority, examples of heredity abound. The Drapers, the Agassiz's, father and son; the Lowell and Curtis brothers; William Ellery Channing and his son and namesake, whose poetic merit exceeds his fame; Prof. Youmans and his daughter, Eliza Youmans; the three or four generations of Quincys; the Rebles, the Harpers, the Dixes, the Washburnes, the Peabody family; the Appletons, the Lippincotts, the Ticknors, may be cited—some of them as evidences of transmitted capacity for the same kind of work, others for ability more varied and sporadic.

Reference has been made to the descent of Franklin from a Quaker rhymester and to his own early turn for verse-making. It sometimes happens that where a son, a grandson or a nephew succeeds by a different path from that by which the elder generation reached the goal of success, inquiry has revealed the fact that the younger worker has merely returned to the first love of his ancestor. No one thinks of Judge Story as a poet, but when we ask where the artist author of "Cleopatra" learned to pay such acceptable court to the Muses, we are reminded that the great American jurist, like Sir William Blackstone in England, began his career by publishing a volume of poems. Though Audubon's father was an admiral, his boyish bent may have been toward the study of nature. At any rate, he could hardly fail to catch the contagion of an enthusiasm which was shared by the artist naturalist's wife and descended to his sons. Robert Fulton was originally a painter, and in early life supported himself and his mother by his profession. The father of Richard Hoe was by trade a builder; but his more famous son took to the business which was an invention of his brother-in-law, Peter Smith, had suggested to the elder man. He derived his mechanical genius, therefore, from both sides of the house. John Brown, of Ossawatimie, was the grandson of a brave Revolutionary soldier, and could trace his lineage back to one of the passengers of the *Mayflower*. Zachary Taylor, "Old Rough and Ready," as he was nicknamed, had soldier's blood in his veins, his father having served in the struggle for independence. Commodore Wilkes was the fearless nephew of the equally fearless John, who defied all the might and majesty of the official England and won his battle. Ethan Allen, the leader of the "Green Mountain Boys," and Major-General Ira Allen, the historian of Vermont, were brothers. John Randolph, who had so many "noble kinsmen," had untameable Indian blood—the blood of Pocahontas—in his veins. Morgan Lewis, Chief Justice, Major-General, Governor, author and President of the New York Historical Society, was the son of Francis Morgan,

a Welshman, educated at Westminster School, a merchant, a British soldier of recognized distinction, an active patriot, and a Signer of the Declaration of Independence. Robert Edmund Lee was the son of "Legion Harry," whose mother was Mary Bland, the sweetheart of Washington's youth. Richard Henry Lee, who from his seat in Congress proposed the resolution that the American Colonies should be free and independent, was one of five brothers, every one of whom won a niche in America's temple of fame.

If with Mrs. Martha Lamb, the historian of the city of New York, we could enter many "historic homes" of the United States, one by one, and ask of these "departed houses" what report they had to give of those who once tenanted them, or, if we had many of such pedigrees as that of the Griswold family of Connecticut, published in the *Magazine of American History* for April, 1884, what a wealth of revelation in support of the theory of "hereditary genius" in the American Republic would be placed at the disposal of science! Even without such aid I have succeeded in compiling a list of eminent family groups which satisfies me that America is in this respect in no wise behind Great Britain. Of these I have placed a few before the readers of this journal, and I shall consider my labour as well rewarded if I have only indicated to those who have better opportunities for prosecuting it successfully an interesting and not unfruitful path of historic research.

JOHN READE.

GEORGE ELIOT AND GEORGE HENRY LEWES.

THAT Marian Evans, whom the world knows best as "George Eliot," lived for years as the wife of George Henry Lewes, who had besides her a living wife, and that, not long after his death in 1878, she married Mr. Crosse, a rich man much younger than herself, and that soon after her death he put forth a eulogistic biography of her, are facts well enough known in literary history. But this at the best questionable relation between Marian Evans and George Lewes is very gingerly touched upon by those who have treated biographically of the woman. And indeed one may wish that had it been possible that the whole affair might have been suppressed altogether. Mr. Richard A. Proctor, in his periodical entitled *Knowledge*, for August 14, 1885, undertakes to set forth the precise facts in the case of this "union" between Miss Evans and Mr. Lewes. His statement of the facts in the case are called forth by a published assertion to the effect that "George Eliot and Mr. Lewes were somewhat young persons who fell hopelessly in love with each other, and thus tempted disobeyed the laws, moral and social, regulating the relations between the sexes"; and furthermore, that "it was George Eliot, author of 'Adam Bede,' who had set herself up as a teacher, who was the person that thus offended." Mr. Proctor undertakes to set this matter in its true light. He writes: "George Eliot was a middle-aged lady, in delicate health, and of narrow means; not as yet the author of any work which had attracted attention, when she made the acquaintance of Mr. Lewes, then well advanced in middle life, and a valetudinarian." His age was forty; hers a couple of years less. "I need not touch," says Mr. Proctor, "on the unhappy circumstances of Mr. Lewes' married life at that time. Suffice it, that his wife, who had gone off with a man of wretched nature, managed so that a legal quibble prevented him from obtaining a divorce in this country, to which he was morally entitled. It was during this season of affliction that George Eliot's sympathies were excited by the unhappy condition of Mr. Lewes' children. On his side there had been great interest in her literary and philosophical work; and she had recognized the necessity which existed for guidance and sympathy, even though her powers were higher in most respects than his own. That under such circumstances they should decide to seek under the laws of another land the union which a quibble of our divorce laws forbade here [in England] may be regarded as injudicious, regrettable, unfortunate, and so forth; but certainly not as guilty or immoral. The passions had nothing to do with this decision; the interests of others besides George Eliot and Mr. Lewes were thoughtfully considered. And so far as the world is concerned, all the best of George Eliot's writings and a large part of the best of Mr. Lewes' later works, would probably have had no existence had their decision been different. This may seem to some a small matter; weighed indeed against a strictly moral obligation it might well be thought so. But George Eliot and Mr. Lewes offended, if at all, against a legal, not against a moral, obligation; nay, against only a quibble. I have," says Mr. Proctor in conclusion, "diligently cancelled every letter or part of a letter bearing on the private life of George Eliot, including some already in type, and several which expressed very just and kindly views. I wish what I have said myself to be regarded simply as expressing my regret that matters with which none of us have the least concern should have been permitted—accidentally—to appear in these columns. Not another line on the subject from me, or from any one else, shall appear here. George Eliot's philosophy is another matter; and when not touching on dogmatic religion may be freely considered."

THE views on marriage of Dr. Johnson were not romantic. When Boswell said to him: "Pray, sir, do you suppose that there are fifty women in the world with any one of whom a man may be as happy as with any one woman in particular?" Johnson answered: "Ah, sir, fifty thousand." "Then, sir," said Boswell, "you are not of opinion that certain men and certain women are made for each other, and that they cannot be happy if they miss their counterparts?" "To be sure not," replied Johnson. "I believe marriages would in general be as happy, and often more so, if they were all made by the Lord Chancellor, upon a due consideration of the characters and circumstances, without the parties having any choice in the matter."

HERE AND THERE.

By far the most interesting and instructive chapter in the history of Canada is that which embraces the life and work of her pioneers. For her marvellous progress, her present prosperity, her immense future possibilities, we are indebted, not to statesmen or to generals, but to the sturdy muscles and indomitable pluck of the men who successfully wrestled with the forces of Nature at a period when Canada was a howling and inhospitable wilderness. The petty political intrigues which now occupy so much of the thought and speech of Canadian publicists will possess but a passing interest for the future historical student, who will find more profitable material in such records as may be left of the pioneers. Unfortunately the written accounts of their work are of the meagerest description, wherefore every addition is received with avidity by the student. Some time ago Mr. Canniff Haight contributed a series of papers to the *Canadian Monthly*, and a further series to the *Canadian Methodist Magazine*, descriptive of country life in Canada half-a-century ago. These he has now collated, expanded, and published in volume form, accompanied by illustrations which help to elucidate the text. The sketch is chiefly an autobiographical relation, but, as Mr. Haight was born practically in the Ontario bush, and both he and his forbears wrung their existence out of a virgin soil, the narrative is actually descriptive of pioneer life. "Life in Canada Fifty Years Ago" is dedicated to the young men of Canada, who if they read it cannot fail better to appreciate the advantages they now enjoy, and to profit by the lesson taught in the lives of the brave men who helped to lay the foundations of what may one day become a great country.

THERE is much encouragement for loyal citizens in the fact that the taste for good music and better-class plays is steadily growing in Toronto. The success of the Monday Popular Concerts is now said to be assured; the most sanguine would not have ventured to hope for such a result a few years ago. Nor has the attention given to these concerts lessened the interest felt in those given by the Philharmonic and Choral Societies. With theatrical performances it is imperative for managers to cater to the public taste, even though it be somewhat uncultured, since the drama is unsubsidized either by the State or by public subscription. It is, moreover, impossible at all times to secure first-class companies playing "legitimate" business in a city like Toronto, which has to be taken by combinations *en tour*. We have it on the authority of Mr. Augustus Harris, manager of Drury Lane Theatre, London, that "Shakespeare does not pay," and though Mr. Irving's personal experience does not confirm this opinion, it would undoubtedly be endorsed by a large percentage of managers; wherefore it is as unreasonable to expect Shakesperian plays to be frequently given in Toronto as it would be for Mr. Sheppard to depend upon "music-hall shows" to draw the intelligence of the community. The hearty greeting given last week to Miss Vokes' small company—each member of which, however, is an artist—was evidence that a taste for pure comedy is developing, whilst the crowds who went to see Rhea proved that there is a vocation for an even higher class of dramatic performer.

ST. JOHN'S, Newfoundland, is thus unflatteringly described in the just-published "Furthest North," an account of the ill-fated Lieutenant Lockwood's experience with the Greely expedition:—"St. John's is a queer, forlorn old place; everything is antiquated, slow, and behind the times in every respect. The few hotels are more like third-class boarding-houses; a livery-stable is not to be found in this city of thirty thousand. This condition of affairs is said to be due to the religion of the place, which is Roman Catholic. It is charged that ignorance and poverty are what this Church most thrives on, and it is certainly a thriving Church here. The other day the shops were all closed, and the place assumed the appearance of Sunday—it was a holy day for their patron saints, Peter and Paul. Only two classes here—the poor and the rich—and everything accords with the former class. Crooked streets and mean, forlorn, dirty houses everywhere. The only respectable public buildings are the Catholic churches and the convents."

THERE were nineteen failures in Canada reported to Bradstreet's during the past week, against twenty-two in the preceding week, and thirty-two, twenty-four and eighteen in the corresponding weeks of 1884, 1883 and 1882, respectively. In the United States there were two hundred and thirty-four failures reported during the week, as compared with two hundred and twenty-seven in the preceding week, and with two hundred and fifty-one, two hundred and twenty-eight and one hundred and seventy-one respectively in the corresponding weeks of 1884, 1883 and 1882.

THAT a radical reform of the English land laws is inevitable will hardly be disputed at this hour; but that the subdivision of large estates into small holdings will operate to the universal well-being of British tenant-farmers is not equally evident. Enquiry has shown that the lines of peasant proprietors in that and other countries have not always fallen in pleasant places; and even Radical journals have lately acknowledged that, in some cases at least, Hodge was happier and more comfortable as a farm-labourer than he was when he became a farmer. The *petite culture* of the Continent has again and again been contrasted with the cultivation of large tracts, and usually to the disadvantage of the toiler on the latter. Lady Verney has brought together some "foreign opinions" on this subject, and has embodied them in a paper published in the *Nineteenth Century*. One "opinion" is that of Professor Voelcker, who, speaking of Germany and Belgium, says: "The position of the small peasant proprietors is simply wretched compared to that of a decent English agri-

cultural labourer. Man, wife, sons and daughters, on a small peasant property, have all to work hard from early morn till night, to gain enough to keep body and soul together. They exist upon the most frugal fare, and live in dirty, common crowded hovels; as regards food and housing the English labourer is unquestionably fifty per cent. better off than they are." In his "Relèvement de l'Agriculture" (Paris, 1885), M. Lafargue enumerates as among the causes of the prevailing depression in France "the excessive subdivision of property, which prevents the use of agricultural machines; the scattering of the patches, entangled to a hopeless degree one with another, which gives rise to interminable and ruinous lawsuits and to inextinguishable hatreds, offering insurmountable obstacles to regular and economical cultivation." A fresh aspect of the question is illustrated by M. Leconteux, Professor of Rural Economy at the Institute, who remarks that "of the eight millions of proprietors in France, three millions are on the pauper roll, exempt from personal taxation. Getting rid of one order of landlords and their rents, they have subjected themselves to another though invisible order—the mortgagees and their heavier and more rigid rents."

THE Chicago *University* says the mis-named "temperance" movement in America is passing through an important stage of evolution by which the wise among temperance workers are to be separated from the unwise, the practical from the impractical, the disinterested from the demagogical. The latest step in this direction, our contemporary continues, is the action of the "Woman's Christian Temperance Union," at its recent meeting in Philadelphia, by which with overwhelming majorities the "Union" denounced all forms of licence or taxation of intoxicating liquors, endorsed the "third party" movement in politics, and declared itself in favour of female suffrage. A protest was presented by the more judicious delegates, based on the grounds that the action would change the character of the organization by making it political instead of moral, and that it would convert its national organ into a partisan sheet. The resolutions, however, were carried with a rush. "We marvel greatly," says the *University*, "that while they were in the business this 'Christian Temperance No-License Third Party Prohibition Female Suffrage Salvation Union' did not add some more planks denouncing polygamy and shouting for domestic service reform."

THERE is overwhelming evidence that hydrophobia is increasingly prevalent. From all parts of England accounts are sent of persons who have succumbed to this distressing malady. The spread of such a disease as rabies among dogs is fraught with discomfort and peril to mankind, especially where these animals are constant companions and pets among all sorts and conditions of people. If it became necessary to constantly watch their demeanour or to be habitually suspicious of them, they would quickly be banished from many a home where they are now a source of pleasure, and often of comfort as well as protection. The earliest symptoms of the disease are vague and general. Should an ordinarily playful and frisky little animal be observed to become suddenly grave and to stare fixedly at some imaginary object, or develop a tendency to worry the carpet or articles of furniture, it might either be laughed at as showing a new eccentricity, or be suspected of incipient rabies. Neither supposition would be unreasonable, for when a dog which had bitten a boy very severely, and was operated upon by M. Pasteur a few months ago, was opened, its stomach was found to contain pieces of coal and wood, and fragments of carpet. The spread of this disease is a calamity which peremptorily calls for preventive and protective measures. Owners of dogs should be especially careful that they are thoroughly under control if not muzzled while abroad, and their general health carefully attended to. It is very satisfactory to find that the fuller accounts which have been received of M. Pasteur's experiments and discovery of a cure for hydrophobia—which were referred to in these columns last week—confirm the favourable impression which has been formed of them in this country. It is pointed out that the boy who was inoculated had introduced into his system in the course of the operations an amount of virus which would certainly have killed him had he not already been poisoned by the dogbites. The fact of his recovery proves, therefore, first, that he really was suffering from hydrophobia, and second, that the disease was cured by inoculation with the virus used.

ANOTHER wonder than electricity has come to electrify the world—"Etheric Vapour." If a *fait accompli*, the power of this force will be practically illimitable, and yet easy of control. A tube, with an opening the size of a pin's head, will furnish force sufficient to run a one hundred horse-power engine. Then aerial navigation will be realized, and electricity will be to us, relatively, what gas now is. The whole world will be revolutionized—the telephone will lose its marvel, giving place to a system by which we shall hold pleasant chatter across seas or continents.

EUROPEAN papers contain full particulars of the death of a man named Ironyi, on whose behalf it is claimed that he was the original inventor of lucifer matches. There is no reason to doubt that he has had a considerable share in the growth and development of the idea. About the year 1830, according to the Hungarian journals, Ironyi was a student of medicine at Pesh. There he gave much time to experiments which led to the discovery of the modern match. He was too poor to procure a patent, but the discovery was seized by others, who made fortunes out of it. Ironyi retired to his native village to pursue his experiments and to starve. Pale, hollow-eyed, and with long floating hair, he was an object of ridicule to all the boys of his village. He was, however, an inveterate smoker; and it is related of him that, though he had deluged the world with matches, he

was obliged to walk round the village in order to procure a light for his pipe. His death was as his life—a striking example of frustration and disappointment. Feeling himself at the point of death, he thought he would like to indulge in one more pipe. With no small difficulty he succeeded in filling it. But there was no match in the house! A child went to the neighbours to procure one for him, and returned with it. But Irony was dead, with the pipe still in his hand.

THE Vatican correspondent of the *Tribuna* gives a sketch of the daily life of the Pope during the so-called "Ottobrate"—the October days—the most delightful season in Italy. He rises each morning at six o'clock. With the first rays of the sun he strolls to and fro in the corridor of the palace, which is provided with windows, and behind him paces his faithful chamberlain, Signor Contra. He then reads a private mass in the oratory, at which he rarely allows any one to be present, and afterwards attends a mass celebrated by the dean. Mass over he enters his carriage, attended by his chamberlain and two of the noble guards, and is driven for an hour in the Vatican garden. The fresh air gives him an appetite, and he takes his breakfast in an alcove with the chamberlain. As a rule, not a word is spoken during the meal. After breakfast the Pope amuses himself with his only sport, which consists in netting little birds out of the neighbouring wood. The prey, if he take any, is sent to the nuns of the Convent Tor di Specchi. When this recreation is over, he sets to work for the day, and at eleven o'clock receives Cardinal Jacobini, his Secretary of State. Work continues until 1.15, when the Pope has his second breakfast or lunch. He dines at six in the evening. At both meals he is served in person by Sterbini, the master of the Pontifical kitchen. After dinner he takes a short walk. He then sits down to read the Liberal Italian newspapers, with which he is regularly supplied. The correspondent states that His Holiness considers the Clericalist journals to be scarcely worth a glance.

MR. LANGTRY, husband of the professional beauty who bears that name, "must be a remarkably good-natured creature"; so thinks the editor of the *Boston Index*. The "beauty," having been summoned into court to pay certain bills, claimed that they were contracted when she was living with her husband, and that therefore he was the responsible party. The said husband states that he is unable to pay the bills, because he is entirely dependent upon an annuity paid him by his wife on condition that he does not "molest" her. It is suggested that this explains why he does not enter proceedings for a divorce. He would have to do so on the money paid him by his wife, who would probably regard herself as "molested" and stop supplies. This is a clear case of female tyranny. Mr. Langtry's position is most embarrassing, and the poor fellow is entitled to the pity of the entire male creation. Men as well as women have "rights."

IN Russian Poland a lady recently became her own champion by fighting a duel with the man who had calumniated her. It appears he had offered his hand, which she had refused. Stung by her rejection, he set himself to spoil her good name by spreading false reports about her. Thereupon this plucky lady declared that a duel alone could vindicate her honour, and refusing the assistance of several gentlemen who were anxious to make her cause their own, she invited her traducer to "Pistols for two, and coffee for one." There was nothing for the man to do but accept the challenge, and the combatants met in a place outside Warsaw. Both missed their aim. The lady proposed a second shot, but the seconds declared that full reparation had been made, and she had to defer to their ruling. As for her adversary, he was so moved by her masculine gallantry that he tendered her a formal and ample apology on the spot. She accepted it.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

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

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

REV. W. BROOKMAN.—Received too late for this week.

THE "SECRET HISTORY" OF PROTECTION.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—In a recent issue you had an article based on a statement said to be made by Mr. W. H. Howland at a Prohibitionists' convention. Mr. Howland is reported as saying, "He was president of the Manufacturers' Association when it was decided to give their support to whichever party granted Protection. The result of that motion was the overthrow of a Government and the establishment of Protection." You preface your remarks with the statement that Mr. Howland's word cannot be doubted, and certainly I must admit, that if his alleged "bit of secret history" were true, your comments would be quite justified. I was not present at the Prohibitionists' convention, and do not know whether Mr. Howland is faithfully reported, but I do know that the statement credited to him is not true. No such resolution was ever passed at any meeting of the Manufacturers' Association, and if Mr. Howland is correctly reported as saying there was, then his word can be doubted, and not only can it be doubted, but the minutes of the Association will show that it cannot be believed. I am a member of the Association, and I assert that not only was there never such a resolution passed, but that at no meeting of the Association was it ever decided—I do not believe it was ever proposed—to act unitedly as an Association in favour of any political party or of any candidate.

As a matter of fact, the great majority of our Association are Protectionists and supporters of the present Dominion Government, and quite a number of them withdrew their support from the Mackenzie Government, and became supporters of the then Opposi-

tion principally, if not wholly, on Protectionist grounds, just as did thousands of others who are not members of our Association; but there were among us some who, to use your words, "believed that in turning out a Reform Government, and putting a Tory Government in its place, they" would be "doing the country a great wrong." They had a right to their opinion; the majority of the Association respected that right, and never sought to pledge them against their convictions. There are members of the Association who, to my knowledge, never voted for a Conservative candidate, and never neglected an opportunity to vote for a Reform one. In the days when Mr. Howland was president of the Association he had not so fully subscribed, as he since appears to have done, to the monstrous doctrine that the majority—or perhaps the noisy minority—have a right in matters of conscience to dictate to their fellow-men; and, despite what he is reported as saying, I do not believe that the Mr. Howland who was president of the Manufacturers' Association would have been a party to a bargain so indecently corrupt as that of which the Mr. Howland who attended the Prohibitionists' convention is not ashamed to boast.

A MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATION.

HUGH CONWAY (F. E. FARGUS).

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—I notice in a paragraph in the present issue of *THE WEEK* a reference to this author in which it is stated that he was an invalid from his youth. The writer of that paragraph has been misinformed. I knew Hugh Conway personally for some years, and had many business transactions with him when he was partner with his uncle in the renowned Bristol firm of Fargus and Son, auctioneers, etc. During the years I knew him he never had more than ordinary slight ailments, and his spare athletic figure might have been seen any day actively moving about the streets of Bristol. For many years he had been slightly deaf, but this was about his only ailment. I believe the only serious illness he had was his last, caught during his sojourn in the Riviera, whither he had gone to get local colour and inspiration for another novel.

Montreal, November 21, 1885.

Yours truly, J. R. POCKINGTON.

THE LAST PIPE.

WHEN head is sick and brain doth swim,
And heavy hangs each unstrung limb,
'Tis sweet, through smoke-puffs, wreathing slow,
To watch the firelight flash or glow.
As each soft cloud floats up on high,
Some worry takes it wings to fly;
And Fancy dances with the flame,
Who lay so labour-cramped and lame;
While the spent Will, the slack Desire,
Rekindle at the dying fire,
And burn to meet the morrow's sun
With all its day's work to be done.

The tedious tangle of the Law—
Your work, ne'er done without some flaw;
Those ghastly streets, that drive one mad,
With children joyless, elders sad,
Young men unmanly, girls going by
Bold-voiced, with eyes unmaidenly;
Christ dead two thousand years ago,
And kingdom come still all unwon;
Your own slack self, that will not rise
Whole-hearted, for the great emprise—
Well, all these dark thoughts of the day,
As thin smoke's shadow, drift away.

And see, those magic mists uncloze,
And a girl's face amid them grows—
The very look she's wont to wear;
The wild-rose blossoms in her hair;
The wondrous depths of her pure eyes;
The maiden soul that 'neath them lies—
That fears to meet, yet will not fly
Your stranger spirit drawing nigh.
What if our times seem sliding down?
She lives, creation's flower and crown.
What if your way seem dull and long?
Each tiny triumph over wrong,
Each effort up through sloth and fear,
And she and you are brought more near.

So, rapping out those ashes light,
"My pipe, you've served me well to-night."

—Spectator.

THE SCRAP BOOK.

HELPING THE FALLEN.

IN order to have that personal knowledge of each woman which will enable you to win her confidence and persuade her to tell you her story of sin and temptation, and so to regard you as a friend, the number in a home must be limited. No two women are alike; you have to make allowances for dispositions, tempers, and characters as dissimilar as possible, to adapt yourself to each, and never allow the routine of the work to diminish the strong personal interest you wish to impress on each woman as the motive which urges you to befriend her. The darker side of her history need never be alluded to, or but slightly—only as much as is necessary to attain the knowledge which may be wanted in order to

realize how best to help her. When that is done, the new life that is before her is the subject on which to dwell, for that new life and all its features gives her the hope of which for so long a time she has been deprived. Under no circumstances, therefore, should, in my opinion, the number of inmates in a house exceed twenty-six or thirty, or the period of their stay be less than two months. With such numbers and during that time it is possible to obtain an insight into each woman's disposition, to form an idea as to the probabilities of saving her, and to enable those put over her to form some idea as to her capabilities for a particular occupation. One of the reasons why so much rescue work in this direction fails is that when a woman is anxious to begin her life outside again, and a situation is found for her, she is often sent to it without any knowledge as to whether the place is a suitable one for her or not, or whether there is any reasonable chance of her succeeding in it. It should never be forgotten that the great difficulty that women of this class usually have to contend with is their want of any systematic training for domestic service. Most of them come out of poor, ill-regulated homes, they have never been taught any habits of method or self-restraint, and their ignorance of the ordinary duties of a servant, as well as their love of independence and their resentment at any attempt to control them, have often been the cause of all the troubles of their life. Therefore, in the Home training it is most important, if possible, to make their stay there long enough to induce some habits of obedience and order, and as much benefit is derived from never losing sight of this fact as from any other part of the work. Owing to the restraints and drudgery of domestic service in these days, the difficulty of getting servants, among the middle classes especially, is enormous; and partly for that reason, and partly because under such circumstances a woman commands lower wages, it is always easy to get a situation for these women. In fact, the applications for servants at some Homes far exceed the supply. But the places are very hard and the duties so varied that even first-rate servants could scarcely hope to fulfil them. How, therefore, can a woman obviously inferior, and against whom a bad or spiteful mistress has an easy opportunity of reproach, be expected to do so? Many a woman fails in her first places for some or other of these reasons, gets disheartened, and leaves one after another; and the losing of a place is not to them a light matter, as it would be to another servant with better antecedents. Every place after the first is in a descending scale as to comfort and the chances of respectability, and all because one of the most elementary parts of the business has been overlooked. Occupation in the Home then should be regular, and as much as possible chosen with reference to the position a woman is to have on leaving it. From a moral as well as physical standpoint work is most necessary. In homes where very large laundry businesses are carried on the physical improvement of the inmates is remarkable; and in the returns of the workhouse wards and lying-in hospitals it will be found that the mortality is much less among women who have come from institutions where work is regular, but rather hard than otherwise, than among those who come from places where a sedentary life is the rule.—*Fortnightly Review*.

HOME RULE INTOLERANCE.

MR. BLENNERHASSETT'S most energetic opponents (in his candidature as member for Manchester) are Irishmen, and only oppose him because he cannot hold Mr. Parnell's principles. A week ago they silenced him with brutal clamour. As if this were not enough, they showed such signs of threatened violence that some who came to address them had to escape through the windows. It is a poor device to clamour down a speaker. It can be done without a bit of intellect or talent, but by the mere use of those wind instruments which are common to us with the brutes, and which reach their perfection for such purposes in the bray that can be heard a mile off. Why cannot Mr. Blennerhassett's countrymen listen to him? Are they afraid of the effect which his arguments would produce upon those among them who are more intelligent than the rest? Their conduct appears still more absurd when it is remembered that in all probability not one of those persons every set eyes on Mr. Blennerhassett before. No doubt they are acting under orders. The word has been sent over from Ireland that they are to give Mr. Blennerhassett no quarter, and they are doing as they are told. This ready subservience to the will of a dictatorial clique does not bespeak those higher qualities which alone can ensure the triumph of any cause, and which are above all things necessary to those who aspire to direct the fortunes of a nation.

Mr. Blennerhassett's offence is that he cannot follow Mr. Parnell, and he cannot do so because he believes that Mr. Parnell's policy is one which would prove mischievous to Ireland. Mr. Parnell wishes to sunder the connection between the two countries. England and Ireland have been in the closest connection for seven hundred years. It is part of the state of things into which generations have been born. There have been times when Ireland was badly treated; but Irishmen have not a spotless escutcheon. There have been outbreaks of violence and cruelty on both sides. But these things belong to the past. The two countries are too near for one to become independent of the other. The question is whether we cannot live together as members of the same great commonwealth. Nothing is more certain than that on these terms there is no reform in their local institutions which the Irishmen of Ireland cannot have. Mr. Parnell goes further. He insists upon independence. He may perhaps for the moment assent to a recognition of the Queen as the Sovereign of Ireland, but this is uncertain, and if it were ever so certain it would be of no value. Have the Irish residents in Manchester, those of the northern divisions especially, ever asked themselves for a moment what their position would be if Mr. Parnell's programme were carried out? They are not living in Ireland, but in England. Probably they have no intention to go back to Ireland, where

the ground is overcrowded without them, and they have been crowded out; but, if Mr. Parnell succeeds in making Ireland an independent country, they will at once become foreigners. It might be that if the two countries were separated they would not always be at peace. It is almost certain that they would often be at war. In such a state of things the position of the Irish in England would not be a pleasant one. Do they suppose that in such circumstances they would be free to demonstrate and agitate as they are doing now on behalf of what would then be a foreign country? Upon what footing would they stand with English workpeople, or with the employers of labour, or with the English public generally? They would be regarded as enemies, and be treated as such. The country would soon become too hot for them, and they would be glad to make their escape anywhere.

We have to deal with facts as well as with sentiment, and facts will hold their own in the long run, whatever concessions may be extorted in a fit of political expediency. And for good or evil these islands will remain under the same Government. Of that we may be assured. In the last resort it would only be a question of war earlier or later, soon or deferred. It is in our power to say whether we will live together on terms of peace or on terms of hostility; whether we shall clasp hands as members of the same great Empire, Irishmen sharing with us as partners in the most splendid inheritance that has fallen to the lot of any nation in the world, or whether we shall live on for generations on a footing of suspicion and hate, odious to one party and destructive to the other. This is the choice on which we have to decide.—*Manchester Examiner (Radical)*.

TO A FLY.

AH, little Fly,
Frail relic of the joyous season sped!
Winter is nigh,
And soon wilt thou be numbered with the dead.
Where is the dusky Chloe thou didst woo
In circling dalliance the long day through?
Where are thy pale-winged comrades every one?
Fled with the roses and the summer sun!
October's leaves are falling, sad and sere,
The air is chilling and the moon is gray;
The lifetime of thy tribe hath passed away,
And yet thou still dost linger with us here.

Stay, little Fly!—
Nay, deem not that I bid thee stay with me,
But thither hie,
Nor am I careful whither thither be.
Go, seek thy vanished Chloe once again
Through the Sahara of the window-pane,
Or fleck my ceiling's purity, or crawl
Over my best-loved pictures on the wall,
Or even in my milk-jug drown thy woes.
I would not curb thy liberty, so thou
Will cease this active survey of my brow
And keep thy tickling footsteps off my nose.

COPYRIGHT IN CANADA.

COPYRIGHT in Canada is a perplexity of perplexities, because it is regulated by two sets of statutes—the Imperial, applicable to the whole British Empire, and the Canadian, applicable to the Dominion of Canada alone. A work copyrighted in the United Kingdom is copyright in Canada, but a Canadian copyright holds only for Canada. The "Foreign Reprints Act," passed by the British Parliament in 1847, authorized the suspension of that portion of the Imperial Statute which forbade the importation of foreign reprints of English books into Canada. The Canadian Legislature passed a law subjecting foreign reprints to a Customs duty of twelve and one-half per cent., to be finally paid over to the British author. The returns were ridiculously small—only £1,084 in the ten years ending in 1876. In 1875 the Dominion Legislature passed a Copyright Act, which after some delay was approved by the Queen. The English lawyers, however, thought it necessary to pass another Imperial Act, by which it was provided that when English authors authorized the reprinting of their books for the Canada market, such reprints (although not piracies) could not be imported into Great Britain. This law makes it possible to issue in Canada cheap reprints of English works without interfering with the more costly English editions. These laws, apparently so complex, do not conflict. Each is good *pro tanto*. The net result of the whole mass of combined legislation may be summarized as follows:

1. The works of a British author cannot be reprinted in Canada without his permission, but, if he does not comply with the Canadian law, reprints may be imported into Canada from foreign countries.
2. The works of a British author who complies with the Canadian law can neither be reprinted in, nor imported into, Canada without his permission.

The circuitous way in which American authors are sometimes able to avail themselves of both these laws results from judicial interpretations of the Imperial Statute. Canada grants copyright for twenty-eight years to such as are *bona fide* residents of Canada, or who are citizens of any country which has an international copyright with the United Kingdom. The condition essential is printing and publication in Canada. The plates may be made elsewhere, but the impressions must be printed in Canada. Prior, or even simultaneous, publication is not necessary. The copyright will

not commence until publication and registration. The case of serial publications is provided for, and under certain conditions a temporary protection of a month is afforded to books passing through the press. As an instance of the operation of these laws, the case of "Prince and Pauper," by Mark Twain, may be cited. This book is copyright in England—therefore it cannot be printed in Canada. But an edition can be quietly printed out of Canada and imported and sold freely in Canada. It was printed downstairs in a New York newspaper office while the editors on the top floor were thundering about *Canadian pirates!* The plates may be made in Canada—Detroit and Buffalo have been found convenient places for press-work.—*S. E. Dawson, in Publishers' Weekly.*

SCOTT ACT TACTICS.

THE following letters have passed between Mr. S. R. Badgley, president of the Scott Act Alliance in St. Catharines, and Peter J. Brown, Esq., of Ingersoll:

ST. CATHARINES, ONT., Nov. 5, 1885.

PETER J. BROWN, ESQ., INGERSOLL, ONT.:

DEAR SIR,—I send you per this mail a copy of our "Journal," in which you will see that we are in a Scott Act contest here, and you will also see the position taken by the Rev. E. M. Bland against us. We were quite surprised at his letter, as we heard that he was favourable to the Scott Act when in Oxford County, and a friend told me to-day that you could give me reliable information as to the position he took there. If you feel disposed to aid our cause in this way, and if what we hear of our reverend friend is true, we would like the information and will feel grateful for your assistance. I am, dear sir, yours very truly,

S. R. BADGLEY, President Alliance.

INGERSOLL, 6th Nov., 1885.

S. R. BADGLEY, ESQ., ST. CATHARINES:

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your letter of yesterday, I regret that I cannot give you the information desired. Mr. Bland and I differed in his mode of conducting service, and in consequence are not good friends; apart from this I have nothing to say against him, and fully endorse the substance of his letter to the Liberal Temperance Union. My observations in this county since the Scott Act came into force lead me to believe that there is more whiskey consumed, both openly and behind the door, than ever before. As a matter of fact you, or any other perfect stranger, can travel the county and in nine out of ten of the houses licensed under the Crooks Act can ask for and get all the whiskey you want.

Yours truly, P. J. BROWN.

THE FRENCH-CANADIAN PEASANT.

THERE is no more deeply credulous being than the French-Canadian of the lower classes. Whatever mental life he has is still the life of a little child standing in the morning of the world. The age of faith has not ceased with him. That there should be places made holy by beatific visions, that relics should work miracles, that all sorts of local saints should have power to bless and all sorts of local devils power to curse, are to him among the deepest facts of life. Such beliefs are so wrought into his thoughts that he never can get outside their grasp. These come to him naturally from his religion, but he is full of superstitions besides. His churchyard is alive with ghosts. He easily credits any supernatural story. And Pierre was no freer from such ideas than were others. One of his most lasting memories was of a little sister of his who for a long time had always been dressed in blue, in fulfilment of a vow to the Virgin. She had been very ill, and his mother—the dear old *maman* who was now dead—had vowed to the Holy Mother, if she would but cause the child to recover, to dress her in this her favourite colour for three years. There were many other instances of the same kind among the neighbours; indeed, it would not be too much to say that there was hardly one of them but could tell some tale which was not of this world.—*December Atlantic.*

WHAT are we to think of an organization which facilitates the kidnaping of an English child; which sends it quietly out of the country beyond the protection of English law; which plants it first in Paris, and then, on the alarm being given that the police are on the move, sends the child four hundred miles further off; which frustrates all communication between the child and her parents, defaces, addresses, suppresses letters, and finally sends the child on a night journey from one end of a foreign country to the other, with two young men for her protection? It is a discovery to find that such things can be done, though it is not clear that they are possible to any organization except the Salvation Army. It is to the mercy of such an organization, obedient to the beck of one man, that we are to trust the inviolability of our English homes.—*Manchester Examiner.*

THE fate of the Government is sealed, it is tottering to its fall, and the manufacture of forged telegrams by the Ministerial press, or the usual villainous abuse of the Liberal Party, cannot save it from impending ruin. Here in Ottawa city the prevailing opinion heard on every hand is that any candidate who would support the present Government would be rejected at the polls. The burning of Sir John Macdonald and Messrs. Mackintosh and Tassé in effigy in a city which formerly was so overwhelmingly Conservative that a demonstration like that would have been quickly and energetically resented, clearly shows how popular opinion has changed. What is true of Ottawa is true of Ontario and Quebec generally, and the Tory outlook is obscured by lowering clouds portentous of ruin and defeat to an Administration which a few months ago was seemingly entrenched firmly in the public estimation.—*Ottawa Free Press.*

A MAN who has stirred up two rebellions, neither of which had the smallest chance of success, ought either to be made head of the political community, or permanently removed from human society. Riel in his first affair in 1869 committed a most foul murder on an unarmed prisoner, came near causing a great deal of bloodshed, and put the Dominion to great expense, and dragged a large number of young men from their homes for two or three months. Yet he was forgiven, and allowed to go about his business. He repeated the offence, this time getting the Indians to join him, or, in other words, letting loose bands of savages on defenceless frontier settlements. They committed one dreadful massacre at Frog Lake, and, under his leadership, engaged in three or four fights with the troops. The general result was that on the Government side 67 men were killed and 119 wounded. The killed were mostly young business men who were serving in the militia. If a man ought ever to be hanged for taking other men's lives and making their homes desolate, Riel certainly deserved his fate. To dignify his operations with the name of war is absurd.—*Nation.*

THE anti-Chinese craze on the Pacific Coast has reached its limit of insane folly. Hitherto the people of that region have only insisted upon legislation to prevent the coming of more Chinese to this country. Now they are beginning to demand that those who are already here shall be shipped home post haste. The *San Francisco Post* declares that "agitation for the enactment of a law prohibiting further immigration, and providing for the return to their own country of the Chinese now here, has become the duty of the people of the States and Territories cursed by the presence of the coolies." According to the census of 1880, there were in the State of California 73,548 Chinese out of 894,694 people of all races, or one Chinese out of every twelve. The proportion in Oregon and in Washington Territory was even smaller. But admit that there is still one Chinaman out of every dozen people. Did the Caucasian race ever make a worse showing than when eleven white men insist that the yellow man who makes she twelfth must be sent out of the country because otherwise they will be ruined by his competition!—*N. Y. Nation.*

THE municipal elections have gone in favour of the Conservatives. Their gains are not startling; still they do gain considerably in the aggregate. They have wrested seats from the Liberals in the north as well as in the south, in the great manufacturing towns which have been the chosen homes of Radicalism, and in the smaller boroughs which practically returned the Liberals at the last general election. They have gained seats at such towns as Stockport, Crewe, Nottingham, and Manchester, as well as at Devizes and Dunstable, Ipswich and Stalybridge. If this does not portend a Conservative reaction, it shows at least that the Radicals have steadily lost ground among the artisans and shopkeepers of the towns. And it also shows that the Radical leaders were well advised when they resolved to set up some new franchise-machinery which, properly handled, would "sweep the counties." The canny gentlemen who pull the party wires knew well enough that they had not much to hope for in the boroughs. They called in the new electorate to redress the balance of the old. The intelligent citizen had become too intelligent; he, too, was to be swamped by a mass of bribable ignorance in the rural districts.—*Exchange.*

A THEATRICAL paper tells the story of an exasperated dancing-master, with whom every elector should at present have the keenest sympathy. The other afternoon he returned home to hear that a gentleman had called and expressed much disappointment at missing him. "A pupil! what a pity that I should have been out!" was the dancing teacher's comment; after which he went to the theatre, where he was engaged in the evening. On going home he heard that the visitor had called again. The unfortunate dancing-master sighed himself to sleep. At seven o'clock in the morning he was roused and told that "the gentleman" was waiting for him downstairs. Hurriedly yet carefully he dressed himself, and hastened to meet his new pupil. The first glance was satisfactory. The visitor looked like a safe twenty guineas. There were apologies for calling at so early an hour and excuses for keeping the caller waiting. "Is it stage dancing or private dancing?" asked the genial teacher; to which came the reply, "Before I enter into details, first let me ask you, sir, are you Liberal or Conservative?" Nothing remains to be added, except that the dancing-master had not the presence of mind, before showing him out, to ask what were his visitor's politics. That would at least have given him a chance of voting against his prosecutor.

TRUTH reveals the fact that the people of Maine, deprived of the lighter drinks that temper the habit elsewhere, have fallen back on illicit whiskey; that the trade in intoxicants is thrown mainly without restraint or supervision into the hands of the lowest and most irresponsible hands; that the percentage of drunkenness is greater there than in the license States; that the amount of pauperism is heavier and rapidly increasing; that crimes, especially of the higher kinds, are advancing at a frightful rate; that the death rate is heavier there than in license States; that there are more suicides, insanity, idiocy, blindness and bodily defects, arising from a vitiated stock, in the former than in the latter States (see the United States census on this point), and that the disregard of the law among the people is engendering contempt for all law and advancing general demoralization. That these men mean well I have no doubt. Macaulay said of the old Puritans that they forbade bear-baiting, not because of any sympathy with the bear, but because they hated to see the spectators enjoying themselves. I take no such cynical view of these men's efforts. Doubtless there was an honest intent in the author of the Maine law to prevent, or at least mitigate, the evils flowing from the pernicious and detestable crime of drunkenness. But a wise man, when experience has shown that his scheme only aggravates the evils it was meant to cure, substitutes something more practicable. Here, Neal Dow perseveres in the teeth of signal and disastrous failure.—*New York Sun.*

MUSIC.

MR. J. E. P. ALDOUS went to Hamilton some years ago from England to play the organ in the Central Presbyterian Church. He is a cultured gentleman and an educated musician, but at that time his style of organ-playing did not suit some of the leading people of the Central Church, and after a short time Mr. Aldous transferred his services to St. Thomas' Church. Mr. Aldous studied and worked hard, and learned something more of organ-playing and the ways of the people of this new country, and the congregation of Central Church learned a good deal of the uncertainty attaching to the engaging of brilliant organists with erratic habits. Consequently, for some time past Mr. Aldous has been playing the organ and leading the choir of the Central Church with much acceptance to choir and people. When, last spring, Mr. Torrington intimated that he might not be able to accept the conductorship of the Hamilton Philharmonic Society for another season, the executive of the Society sought for another leader, and Mr. Aldous, with others, was mentioned as possibly available for the place. Mr. Aldous was asked to conduct a rehearsal of the chorus one evening, in the absence of Mr. Torrington, and from that time forth no one put his name forward as a conductor. Early this season Mr. Aldous, who had continued his connection with and support of the Philharmonic Society, sent forth the prospectus of the "Hamilton Orchestral Club," in which he said: "In organizing the scheme which I am now bringing before you my object has been twofold: first, to develop the orchestral talent that we have in Hamilton by more frequent and systematic rehearsal and drilling than have hitherto taken place; and, secondly, to familiarize lovers of music with orchestral works," etc. The result of the labours of Mr. Aldous and his orchestra was submitted to the public in a concert given at the Opera House, Thursday evening, November 19th, at which there was a large attendance, and at which the following programme was performed:—Overture, "Lustspiel," *Keler Beler*; Symphony No. 6, "Surprise," *Haydn*; "Swedish Wedding March," *Sæderman*; Gavotte, "L'Ingenue," *Arditi*; and Waltz, "An der schonen blauen Donau," *Strauss*.

The orchestra was composed of about thirty players, whose ability and experience is as varied as was the excellence of their performance. But the point to be observed is the fact that Mr. Aldous held his very unruly forces under good control, and brought out shades of expression to a degree scarcely to be expected under the circumstances, and did it in a quiet, effective way, which goes far to prove that he has at least some of the qualities most necessary for success as a conductor. He is not responsible for incapacity on the part of the brass players, who spoiled some of the work of the orchestra; and though the tone was at times very coarse, yet the delicacy with which a phrase was occasionally brought out showed that there is really good material in the organization. The playing of the Gavotte really approached an artistic standard. Misses Champ, Walker, Dimmock and Robbins sang "Sing to me Ever," a trashy composition by Cerilli, and "The Rainy Day," exquisitely harmonized by Mr. Aldous, and for the latter were deservedly encored. Mrs. McCulloch sang two songs, and was warmly received as usual; and Mr. M. B. Wild went through an aria for tenor from "Lucia."—*C. Major*.

MISS EDITH EDWARDS, the celebrated soprano, will make her *débüt* before a Toronto audience on the occasion of the Mendelssohn Club's concert to be given in the Pavilion on December 17.

THE Anglo-Canadian Music Publishing Association is most liberally fulfilling its undertaking to supply the newest sheet music in thoroughly artistic style. The latest productions of its press are: "Simeon Sly," words by A. Jewett, music by J. L. Molloy, sung by Miss Eleanor Rees, and a gem in musical stories; "The Old Finger-Post," words by F. E. Weatherley, music by J. L. Molloy, sung by Madame Antoinette Sterling, pathetic and sweet; "My Love and I," a May song by Violet Fane, music by F. Paolo Tosti, dramatic and effective; "The Love that Came Too Late," by F. E. Weatherley, music by F. Paolo Tosti, perhaps the best of the secular songs; "Peace, Perfect Peace," and "Hark, My Love! it is the Lord," sacred songs by Ch. Gounod, and which have only to be heard to be appreciated. All are quite new, having been published for the first time in London within the last few days. Those by Tosti were published simultaneously in London, Boston and Toronto on the 16th instant.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE Longfellow Biography, which promises to be the most important of the coming year, will not be ready before February 1.

BRANDER MATTHEWS has written for the December number of *Longmans'* an essay called "The True Theory of the Preface: A Confidential Communication to all Makers of Books."

MR. LAWRENCE BARRETT has agreed to write a memoir of the late John McCullough for Cassell and Company's "Actors' Series," edited by Lawrence Hutton and Brander Matthews.

MR. P. G. HAMERTON'S next literary work will take the form of a series of essays on English and French life. The papers will be first printed, during the coming year, in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

D. APPLETON AND Co. are about to publish another novel by Mr. Keenan, the author of "Trajan" and "The Money-Makers," to be entitled "The Aliens." The scenery of the story is laid in Western New York.

A LONDON project is to make plates by photo-engraving of the American illustrated magazines, print them on a common quality of paper, and get them on the foreign market at half price, within four days of the arrival there of the originals.

THE diary kept by General Grant while on his tour around the world is to be published in the *North American Review*.

QUERIES is an extremely well-dressed monthly published in Buffalo. It is devoted to literature, art, science and education. Its chief attraction is a department of questions about as bewildering as a civil service examination, but much more interesting.

"ENGLAND AS SEEN BY AN AMERICAN BANKER" is one of the notable forthcoming books. It is said by those who have seen the advance sheets to contain much fresh descriptive material that will be of great interest to readers in general and to bankers in particular.

THE writer of an "Open Letter" to the *Century* for December makes a very practical suggestion in the line of co-operation among the householders, involving the establishment of a new trade,—that of "Universal Tinker," a workman who shall take the contract of keeping houses in repair, and who shall receive a stated salary from residents of a block or neighbourhood.

It is rumoured that Chatto and Windus, the London publishers, intend to issue an illustrated magazine on an extensive scale to compete with *Harper's* and the *Century*. It would be remarkable if, after all the failures of the past, London should produce anything that could successfully compete with the excellent American publications.

CUPPLES, UPHAM AND Co. have just issued a most interesting volume, entitled "Sketches of the Clans of Scotland," the object being to give a concise account of the origin and characteristics of the Scottish clans, together with a coloured representation of the distinguishing features of the costumes worn by each. The work will be of special interest to artists as well as to students of history.

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE'S new work, to be published in the spring by Charles Scribner's Sons, will be entitled "Triumph of Democracy: Fifty Years' March of the Republic." It will present in a novel and attractive light the growth of the United States during the past half century, contrasting it with the progress of other countries, and especially of Great Britain, the "mother-land."

HON. WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR, late Minister to Italy, has written a romance of Italian life, entitled "Valentino," which will soon be published by Charles Scribner's Sons, to whom the manuscript was anonymously submitted. The name of the author was not made known to them until the book had been accepted for publication, as it was Mr. Astor's desire to have it accepted or rejected on its merits. "Valentino" is already in print, and will be issued before Christmas.

CHICAGO is to have a daily paper printed in the form and style of a volume of Lovell's Library. The advertising spaces will be around the reading matter, as in Trow's Directory, and between the leaves. It is to have telegraphic and cable news, all dressed up in Chicago's liveliest style, and a staff of brilliant political writers. The *Philistine* is to make its appearance January 1st, if the Samsons who are to run it can by that time jaw the Solomons into providing powder to open the campaign with.

DAWSON BROTHERS, of Montreal, announce "The Songs of Old Canada," translated from the French by William McLennan. The little volume will fill a gap in the literature of Canada. The old songs brought from France of a bygone age which have lingered in the hearts of the French-Canadians have never before been translated. The airs are often sung by English people for the sake of their simple melodies; few are able to realize the quaintness of the words or to place them in their corresponding place in English literature. Mr. McLennan has first attempted this, and shown that it is in such books as "Percy's Reliques" we must look to find anything similar in the English tongue. The book will be ready early in December. It will be very suitable for a holiday present, and will be a welcome gift to Canadians absent in other countries.

I DON'T remember having seen any allusion to Archdeacon Farrar's interesting admission that he had got more good out of Browning's poems than out of all the sermons he had ever read, and yet it was a very notable admission for a clergyman to make. Another suggestion that should have claimed attention was contained in his remark that Browning is perhaps the greatest living intellect. There are doubtless many persons, not deficient in intellect themselves, who would have responded even more cordially to this expression of opinion, had the lecturer omitted the word "perhaps." An English correspondent, sojourning in "the States," writes to remind me of the facts that Dr. Farrar was born in India, at Nasik, in the Bombay Presidency, where his father served as an agent of the Church Missionary Society, and that before going to Oxford he studied at King William's School in the Isle of Man—two facts which he has not seen stated in any of the papers.—"Lounge," in *The Critic*.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

WE have received the following books and periodicals:—

- FARTHEST NORTH. By Charles Lanman. New York: D. Appleton and Company.
 THE SECRET OF THE EAST; or, The Origin of the Christian Religion, and the Significance of its Rise and Decline. By Felix L. Oswald. Boston: Index Association. Toronto: R. W. Douglas and Company.
 BABYLON. A Novel. New York: D. Appleton and Company. Toronto: R. W. Douglas and Company.
 "Us"; an Old-fashioned Story. By Mrs. Molesworth. London and New York: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: R. W. Douglas and Company.
 THE OLD DOCTOR: a Romance of Queer Village. By John Vance Cheney. New York: D. Appleton and Company. Toronto: R. W. Douglas and Company.
 A VAGRANT WIFE. A Novel. By Florence Warden. New York: D. Appleton and Company. Toronto: R. W. Douglas and Company.
 A STRONG-MINDED WOMAN; or, Two Years After. By William A. Hammond. New York: D. Appleton and Company. Toronto: R. W. Douglas and Company.
 CUSTOMS AND EXCISE TARIFF, with list of Warehousing Ports in the Dominion, Sterling Exchange, Foreign Currencies, and a Table of the Value of Francs in English Money. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.
 THE ATLANTIC. Boston.
 THE SANITARIAN. New York.
 ELECTRA. Louisville, Ky.
 LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. Boston.
 THE LIBRARY MAGAZINE. New York.
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Educational discussions will be continued, notably that introduced by Professor Palmer, of Harvard, in the November number.

The Moral Aspects of Literary Topics will be considered in special papers.

A series of articles upon Church Architecture, by Professor Churchill, will begin in an early number.

The Editorial and other departments will be conducted as heretofore, with increased attention to Book Reviews.

N.B.—After Jan. 1, 1886, the price of the REVIEW will be \$4.00. Until that date subscriptions will be received at the present rate, \$3.00, from old and new subscribers.

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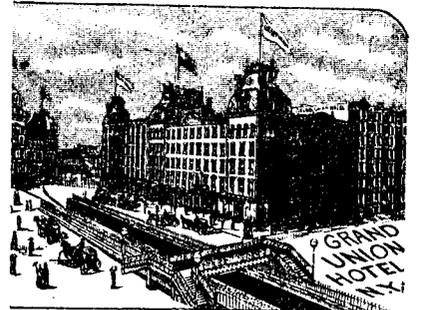
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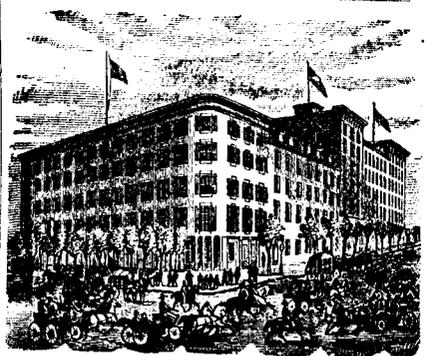
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TORONTO, 29th Oct., 1885.

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