

THE WEEK:

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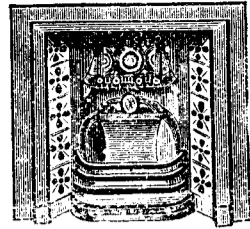
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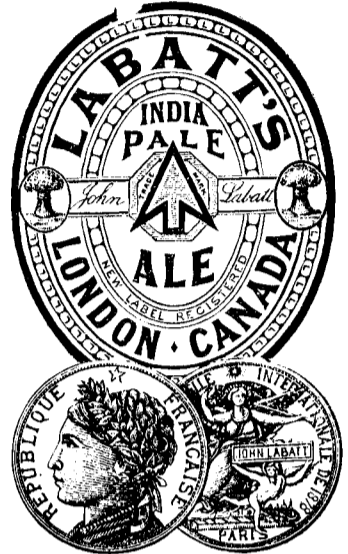


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PROFESSOR DICEY ON ENGLAND'S CASE AGAINST HOME RULE.

MOST works of controversy die with the dispute. But there are a few which treat a passing question in such a manner as to give them a permanent value. Among these are the controversial speeches and writings of Burke. In the same class, we venture to say, a place will be found for Professor Dicey's treatise on the Case of England against Home Rule. Not only does it treat the political question of the hour most ably and exhaustively, on the broadest grounds, and with the most dispassionate calmness, but it contains a rich store of political philosophy. That it will tell, when partisan passions are inflamed to such a pitch, and all regard for the country has been lost in the struggle for a party victory, we do not predict; but we do predict that it will live.

Mr. Dicey's line of argument is strictly defined. He does not deal with Nationality, merely taking off his hat to its sincere advocates while he observes that no Englishman of any party has yet avowed his willingness to concede Irish independence. He confines himself to Home Rule, that is to the different attempts to find a half-way house between Legislative Union and Separation; and he deals with the subject avowedly from an English point of view, rightly maintaining, in answer to any possible allegation of selfishness, that the real interest of a nation is identical with morality.

Federalism, Colonial Independence, the revival of Grattan's Parliament, and the Gladstonian Constitution are the four forms which Home Rule takes, and which Professor Dicey separately discusses. Federation, as he shows, would involve nothing less than a complete reconstruction of the British Constitution; there must be, as there is in the case of the United States, a written pact between the members of the Federation with a superior tribunal to interpret and express it; while the sovereignty of Parliament which enables it to legislate freely on all subjects, and forms the mainspring of the British system, must be resigned. Professor Dicey truly observes that federation can take place with success only in that peculiar state of things where there is a desire for union, but not for unity, and that in the present case the desire for union would be signally wanting. He might add that Federalism requires a group of States, tolerably equal among themselves, or without any obnoxious preponderance; and that a federation of England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, would be a standing cabal of the three small States against the greater. He might go further and say that it is doubtful whether a federation in the proper sense of the term, such as the Achaian League, now does or can exist. Unifying influences which operate with increasing force everywhere as material civilisation advances, have made the United States, which is always cited as the type of successful Federalism, in reality not a Federal Union, but a nation.

The revival of Grattan's Parliament is rightly dismissed at once as a moral impossibility. It was in the first place a Parliament of the Protes-

tant gentry. In the second place it was kept under the control of the Crown, and prevented from breaking away altogether from the British Parliament by means of nomination boroughs, the influence of the Bishops, patronage, and corruption. Professor Dicey wishes always to be conciliatory to opponents; but we venture to think that he carries his conciliation rather too far when he allows that the Irish Parliament was national. It was national in the same sense that the Legislature of Jamaica was national; its relations to the Catholics much resembled those of that Legislature to the blacks, and its history ended in the same way, amidst cruel panic, butchery, and confusion. The abolition of the Legislature of Jamaica after the Gordon riots, is the true parallel to the abolition of Grattan's Parliament. The Legislature of Jamaica acquiesced in its own abolition. But it is not to be assumed, because Irish boroughmongers embraced the opportunity of extorting money or peerages, that they were not conscious of the necessity of the change, or that they would not have voted for it in the absence of corrupt inducement.

As for the Gladstonian constitution, it has been subjected by Mr. Dicey to a masterly and conclusive analysis which, however, was scarcely needed, the contriver of this structure having himself abandoned every part of it except what he styles the principle, that is, the institution of an Irish Parliament of some sort in some kind of relation to the Parliament of Great Britain. It has been compared to the Highlander's gun, which only wanted a new stock, a new lock, and a new barrel. In that case there remained the principle of a gun. The scheme is a hasty and futile attempt to produce a mixture of Federalism, Independence, and Union. Artful draughtsmanship is employed to make the Bill slip through the House of Commons, by hiding difficulties with which it is left to chance to deal in the future.

Colonial independence Professor Dicey regards as the least objectionable of the four schemes. But he rightly remarks that the circumstances in the case of Canada are exactly the reverse of those in the case of Ireland; Canada being distant and loyal, while Ireland is near and disaffected. He is also right in saying that if Colonial independence is to be granted, tribute must be abandoned. A greater treason was never committed than that of which the British statesman was guilty, who called British legislation for Ireland "foreign" legislation. But if Ireland refuses to have laws made for her by the "foreigner," will she not much more refuse to pay him tribute?

Professor Dicey is again right, a thousand times right, in contending that not one of these schemes will fulfil the ideal, produce the moral effects, or satisfy the desire of nationality. In fact any one of them would be accepted merely as an instalment and as an engine for further operations. The course of worrying and bullying would recommence, and the same weakness, or demagogism, which counsels surrender now, would counsel it again. Any scheme of Home Rule would be merely Separation by a lingering and angry process. Separation outright is the only alternative to legislative Union. It would place Ireland in the position of a foreign nation; in case she was aggressive and insolent, or made herself the outpost of French hostility would let Great Britain be free to bring her to her senses in the usual way.

No part of Professor Dicey's book is more instructive than that in which he shows the irrelevancy of the parallels adduced in defence of Mr. Gladstone's scheme. The ingenious creation of Deak, by which Hungary, while it remains a perfectly separate kingdom, is held in combination with the Austrian Empire, even supposing that it worked more smoothly than it really does, is adapted only to a very special situation, and is totally inapplicable to the case of Great Britain and Ireland. It is enough to say that the Emperor, instead of being a constitutional king and a practical cypher like a king of England, is the real ruler of both realms, and preserves the union of their policy. The relation of Bavaria to Germany, again, would be very awkward, were it not for the overmastering desire of union which pervades the German people, whereas in the case of Ireland, in place of a desire of union, there is the desire of separation. In framing new institutions it is necessary to consider, not only their mechanical structure, but the temper of the people and the other circumstances under which the institutions are to be brought into operation. Besides, the Government of Germany is not really Parliamentary: Bismarck personally rules in the name of the Emperor, as the Austrian Emperor or his Prime Minister personally rules the composite dominions of his house. Iceland is a barren

island 1,100 miles away from Denmark ; Mr. Dicey with justice laughs at such a parallel. That it should have been adduced and relied on by Mr. Gladstone's Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs is, however, not a matter for laughter, but a very serious indication of the sort of treatment which a question affecting the very life of the nation has received.

Professor Dicey's treatment of the subject is, to use his own phrase, academic, and there is no better specimen of that method or greater proof of its utility. But he is aware that the form in which Home Rule presented itself, and in which the defenders of the integrity of the nation practically had to deal with it, was no more academic than the appearance of the French fleet in Bantry Bay. A political leader having failed to obtain in an election the majority which was required to restore him to power, suddenly flung himself into the arms of a party which he had just been denouncing as that of dismemberment as well as of rapine, and into the arms of a foreign conspiracy against the Empire at the same time. With their aid he attempted to force upon Parliament, and afterwards upon the electorate, then freshly flooded with ignorant and irresponsible voters, a measure which, as Professor Dicey sees, evidently carried Separation in its womb. He did not confine himself to argument, or appeal solely to the reason and moral sense of the people. He plied the engines of the caucus to coerce the conscience of his party ; he appealed again and again to the passions of the masses against the classes, and he strove to awake the slumbering jealousies of the different nationalities in the United Kingdom. In his transport of fury he almost renounced his English birth that he might the better stir up the local prejudices of Scotland. He invoked the sympathy of the foreign enemies of his country by traducing her before the world. He threatened, if the nation would not yield to him, to set on foot an agitation against the Union itself, the authors of which he recklessly maligned. To combat him and repulse him was as necessary as it was to repulse the charge of the French lancers upon the British square at Quatre Bras. A Quatre Bras, and nothing more, the Unionist victory of last summer was. Mr. Dicey has done the best that masterly argument could do to strengthen the hearts of those who will have to renew the struggle at Waterloo.

MR. BAIRD'S "HUGUENOTS."*

"THE Huguenots and Henry of Navarre," by Mr. Henry M. Baird, is a continuation of the same writer's work on "The Rise of the Huguenots," and brings that most moving, heroic, and tragic story to its closing scene—the conversion of Henry to Roman Catholicism, as he mounts the throne of France. About the two finest groups of characters in history are the Huguenots and the Puritans. We are glad to gaze on either of them again before the progress of materialising science effaces grand personalities, and turns great men into "social tissue." The Puritans are the finer group of the two ; they have greater depth and solidity of character, and their aristocratic leaders are comparatively free from the spirit of political ambition and turbulence which was strong in the French nobility and afterwards broke out, without any of the religious element, in the Civil War of the Fronde. On the other hand, the Huguenots were called on for a greater display of fortitude, and they did display it in a manner perhaps unequalled in history. To both the groups attaches the melancholy interest of failure, but in different degrees. The Puritan, though, after the fall of the Commonwealth, and the restoration of the Stuart Monarchy, he did not reappear in his own person, did in some measure reappear in the person of the Nonconformist and the Whig. His largely were the Protestant theology of the succeeding centuries and the Revolution of 1688. Modern English Liberalism, combining order and authority with progress, inherits his tradition, though Radicalism and Socialism do not. Havelock and Gordon, as every one said, were of the Puritan race. But the Huguenot perished utterly, and left hardly a trace of his existence. The modern French Protestantism is of a different type and from another source.

The former volumes contained the St. Bartholomew. These contain the murderous and desperate struggle with the League, the battles of Coutras, Arques, and Ivry, the assassination of the Guises by Henry III., that of Henry himself by the Dominican Jacques Clement, the siege of Paris, and the famous march of Parma to its relief. The curtain falls upon Henry of Navarre, kneeling in the white dress of a neophyte before a Romish Archbishop to be received into the Church against which he had victoriously fought, while Romish Paris acclaims, with transports of joy, the conversion of the king. No novelist ever conceived anything more thrilling than the scene in the chateau of Blois on that dark morning when Henry of Guise, suddenly summoned by the king, walked into the toils which had

been set for him, and on opening the fatal door saw, instead of the king, the ministers of death. The minuteness of detail with which it has been preserved shows how deeply it engraved itself on the minds of the spectators. Guise was the mortal and the most dangerous enemy of the Protestants. He was steeped in the blood of their martyrs. It was impossible that they should not welcome the deliverance when he was struck down, not by a Protestant hand, but by that of another Romanist persecutor. But they abstained from demonstrations of joy. To commemorate the massacre of St. Bartholomew the Pope struck a medal, on which an angel with a cross in his hand was represented trampling on heaps of slain, with the legend, "Slaughter of the Huguenots!" He caused painters to perpetuate on the wall of his palace the triumph of Holy Church. He listened while his court orator, Muretus, celebrated in rapturous rhetoric that glorious night on which the stars shone with unwonted brightness, and the exulting Seine rolled a more swelling stream, that it might cast forth the foul carcasses into the sea.

In the exaggeration of self-reproach, Protestantism has pleaded guilty to the charge that at the time of the Reformation it was not less persecuting than the Roman Catholics. Cobbett and other modern Liberals, or enemies of Established Churches, have dilated upon this theme. It is true that Protestantism was at first intolerant ; it did not at once throw off the evil tradition of the ten Romish centuries, or learn of what spirit it was. Its early annals are sullied by acts of intolerance and persecution, such as the burning of Servetus and the proscription of the Mass ; though it is always to be borne in mind that the Mass, at that time, meant not only Transubstantiation and priestly rule, but conspiracy and invasion. But what is the whole sum of Protestant guilt compared with the Spanish Inquisition, the *Autos da Fe*, the St. Bartholomew, the murderous persecutions in the Netherlands, the extermination of the French Protestants by Louis XIV., or the expulsion of thirty thousand Protestants of Salzburg from their homes by the Bishop, which took place so late as the middle of the last century ? Protestantism, if it repressed the expression of opinion and interfered with public worship, never scrutinised the recesses of conscience with the rack. Protestantism, moreover, has repented of its errors. The Church of Rome has not repented. She holds and avows the principles of persecution at this hour.

Of the characters on the scene the noblest, Coligni being gone, is Duplessis Mornay. The most remarkable is Catherine de' Medici. That Italian woman was the impersonation of the age of Machiavelli. To call her wicked is to describe her inadequately. Wickedness implies the possession of a conscience to be violated ; whereas in Catherine conscience either had never existed or was extinct. She was not in the least disturbed, and evidently she saw no reason why she should be disturbed, by the recollection of the St. Bartholomew. When the authorship of it was avowed by another person, she coolly, though not boastfully, claimed the massacre as her own, saying that she had been induced to take it by unexpected information which she had received. "I am a Catholic," she said, after a life of iniquity, "and have as good a conscience as any one else can have. I am ready to die, for I am fifty-eight years old, and I hope to go to Paradise." Her death, within a few days of the assassination of the Guises, and in the rooms beneath those in which Henry of Guise was slain, is one of the striking incidents of the drama. No doubt she received the last sacraments with perfect decorum, and died without a moral pang. Belief in the forms of religion had in Catherine's Church and generation to an astonishing degree survived the religious spirit. Men made a great point of Papal absolution when the Pope was Alexander Borgia. People would not have paid for indulgences if their faith in them had not been sincere, and Catherine de' Medici might serenely believe that the viaticum was her passport to Paradise.

Another object of interest is Paris, "ever gay and ever bloodthirsty ;" the same Paris which afterwards revelled in the sanguinary orgies of the Revolution, though in the sixteenth century, instead of being Jacobin and Atheist, the mob was fanatically Catholic. It worshipped the Virgin then with the same rites with which it worshipped the Goddess of Reason in 1793. The delight of the populace at the Edict of Union was shown not only by burning in effigy "the English Jezebel," but by the hideous immolation of two Huguenot women, who had with heroic constancy refused to abjure their faith. Of course these savages were also cowards, and could no more be got to face the besieging force in the field in those days than they could when Paris was besieged by the Germans. No freak of Destiny ever was more cruel than that which gave the leadership of the European movement to Paris, though the Comtists would not concur in that remark.

There were bad men and evil deeds on the side of the Huguenots also. Much that was worldly in the worst sense was mixed up with devotion to a religious cause, and civil war with the League was a more than civil

* New York : Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto : Standard Publishing Co.

war. Still devotion to a religious cause there was, and it showed itself not only in the prayers and singing of hymns before battle, but in comparative humanity and in the restraint imposed on the passions of war. The saddest and most fatal thing about the Protestants is the suicidal bitterness of their internal divisions. Calvinists and Lutherans quarrelled over points of doctrine which, if they were anything more than fancies, were as nothing compared with the difference between Protestantism and Romanism. Their inability to make common cause now and again at the epoch of the Thirty Years' War brought Protestantism, liberty, and progress to the brink of ruin.

The character of Henry of Navarre does not gain by closer inspection. He was brave, adventurous, generous, warm in friendship, popular in manner, and not without religious impulses; but his religion seems to have been more a point of honour than a conviction, and his character was fatally wanting in depth, constancy, and even seriousness. There is no steadiness even in his conduct as a commander, though his white plume is the guiding star in battle. Instead of following up his victory at Coutras and reaping its fruits, he runs away to lay his trophies at the feet of a mistress. Compared with Parma he is little more than a dashing cavalier. His immoral amours could not fail to corrupt his general character, while they were utterly scandalous in the head of a religious party; and he appears to have been selfish as well as profligate, heartlessly flinging over women whom he had seduced. His politic conversion to Roman Catholicism was, as we agree with Mr. Baird in thinking, a miserable affair, and proved, as might have been expected, the ultimate ruin of the cause whose leader he had been, since his personal obligations to the Protestants could not be transmitted to his Catholic successors. Nothing could reconcile with true wisdom any more than with principle a solemn act of hypocrisy and the open sale of conviction for a crown. If Henry of Navarre did not actually utter the cynical sentiment that "Paris was well worth a Mass," that was the lesson which he most effectually taught, and no man ever trampled more signally upon conscience or inflicted a heavier blow upon morality. The knife of Ravallac was the token of the Jesuits' gratitude.

THE PAST AND FUTURE OF WASHINGTON.

A BRIGHT, balmy, and lingering autumn has coincided with, and doubtless aided, an extraordinary rise and activity in city and suburban plots, and for weeks the air has been vocal with the din of estate agents and builders. Funds and speculators have flocked in from the great centres, east and west; some of the latter transferring their residence here the better to watch over their operations, and English money is beginning to find its way across the ocean for investment along the streets, avenues, and boulevards of the American capital. The future of Washington seems about to unfold itself, after many vicissitudes and variations of tendency. The history of the city, including the era of its mere existence on paper, is less than a century old; but enough has occurred here within that brief space of time to give to Washington that human interest which bricks and mortar, and the other material adjuncts to town life, cannot in themselves supply. Several years ago the writer was employed by one of the New York dailies to prepare an historical account of the inauguration ceremonies at the accession or re-accession of each of the Presidents, as a prelude to the then impending ceremonies at the inauguration of President Garfield, and when, after much research at the great library of the Capitol, his notes for the article were spread before him, he was struck with the solidity and picturesque-ness of the contribution to the history of any city that this one stream of events would supply. The single period of the civil war, too, is rich in matter that will hereafter delight the antiquary and the annalist. Might one be tempted to run over a chronological and casual list, he would not fail to mention that migration of the Federal Government, with all its *personnel*, bag and baggage, from Philadelphia to the newly-founded capital, so bare of the conveniences of civilisation that its poverty could scarcely be matched to-day at any station on the Canadian Pacific Railway; of Jefferson, peer and consort of the statesmen and courtiers of Europe, riding, on a farmer's mount, to his inauguration, along the slashed clearing that afforded the only route of communication between the residences of Congress and the Executive; of the panic, flight, sack, and destruction at the time of the British invasion of 1814, retaliatory of the pillage and burning of what is now Toronto; of the scarcely less dreaded and devastating invasion of the Huns of the South-west, when Andrew Jackson was inaugurated after the bitterest struggle known to our politics; of the semi-classical, semi-romantic inauguration of General Harrison, after a contest less bitter but fully as exciting; of those great debates in the old-time Senate that have secured to America an honourable place in the roll of nurseries of oratory; of the dingy little court-room wherein a Marshall, a

Story, a Webster, a Choate, and a Pinckney coöperated and contributed in and to the elucidation and settlement of great questions pregnant with good or ill to human progress, liberty, and security; of the auction-block, midway between the White House and the Capitol, from which, for years upon years, the lie was shouted to the tribunes of the people as they wended in one direction in quest of customary emolument, and in the other to proclaim Freedom to all mankind, except the hapless children of Ham, against whom the wrath of Heaven was still held to be working; of that embassy from Japan that records for America the honour of opening up a new, wide, and somewhat glorious domain to Occidental civilisation and enterprise; of those fermenting days that seemed to be witnessing the bloodless and heedless dissolution of a fabric of government woven together with so many wounds, sufferings, and prayers; of that progress of a constitutional magistrate of a free people, devoted to order and legality, to the place of his oath, enveloped in a mass of protecting bayonets, along a route whose every housetop was alive with musketeers; of those sultry days when the temples of religion were perverted from their office, that men maimed and bleeding in the maintenance of a free and equal compact might receive secular ministrations; of that terrible assassination at the redawning of peace and fraternity; of that triumphal march of more than a quarter of a million of veterans, such as Rome or Macedonia could never have shown, in the presence of representative Europeans, who rejoiced to remember that America was so distant, and her people thirstless of quarrel or conquest; of that later assassination and sad funereal procession that reminded us of other cancers to be cut from the body of the State, and, lastly, that still recent ceremonial which gave assurance of restored health and lasting vigour to institutions that we cherish yet as capable of multiplying blessings to mankind. These are some, and only some, of the pages from the history of a city whose centennial anniversary is a decade or two to the forehand, and they give assurance that if to-night we should cease from the earth, we should long live in the world of reminiscence.

But the future of Washington is the thought and theme of the present, though even from this standpoint one is obliged to glance backward now and again. In the earliest days of the city, the grandeur of its plan, the hopes inspired by the adoption of the new Federal constitution, and analogies derived from the experience of European capitals, induced a persuasion that it would become the seat of a great commerce, and a wild speculation in its barren squares and lots set in that drew keen men of fortune from the East, and even from the British Isles, only to involve them in a common ruin. Their tragical story is partly written in the musty land records of the city, and now that the fields which proved their Waterloo are grown populous and valuable, little deeds are scudding over the earth to get in naked estates to the present holders. The writer was lately shown a quit-claim from an English marchioness to a small plot whereon a man of modest fortune wished to build a little homestead for his growing family; her ladyship probably deriving the first knowledge of her barren transatlantic possessions from the instrument forwarded to her by a cautious conveyancer.

The dream of commerce ended by a rude awakening, the city grew, steadily and slowly, with the average growth of the southern section of the country, sharing in some degree in the inflations and depressions in value that now and then swept like waves over the land. During the Civil War it enjoyed that kind of prosperity which attends the little collection of plank and canvas shelters that is to be found at the provisional terminus of a great railway in course of building.

The true exploitation of Washington began in 1871, in a time of paper money inflation. The leading motive was sordid to the last degree, and the story of its realisation is far from inspiring; but the sequel has been marvellous, and the most captious and censorious critic is about ready to subscribe to the doctrine of the end justifying the means. Lavish improvement of the streets and public places brought out the latent beauties of the much derided ground-plan; the people and their rulers discovered reasons for pride in the Federal capital; it began to be deemed sacrilegious to talk of removing the seat of government from the spot whereon the Father of his Country had fixed it; the air, the society, and the refined mode of life were found attractive by people who had gained wealth which they wished to enjoy. The constant development of the paternal functions of the central administration reacts strongly upon the growth and importance of the capital; the possession of a winter mansion or villa at Washington is a coveted mark of social distinction. The desire for commerce and manufactures has disappeared in the presence of a future that appeals to the intellectual and social instincts of our race. The trim yacht will be an acceptable substitute for the long delayed merchantman; the *salon* will replace the workshop in our affections; statecraft will console us for finance; arts and schools will stand to us for traffic and the warehouse.

Man must work and man must play; he that gains must spend; and there are both method and advantage in the separation of the contrasted functions. Washington is not ready to be a Pompeii of the twentieth century, but she does not shrink from a fate that would make her a Rome and Pompeii in one.

WAITING.

*Warte nur, balde
Ruhst du auch.*—Goethe.

GERMANIAN seer, thou spakest well,
E'en as thy length of days had taught;
And sage experience bade thee tell
The load wherewith our lives are fraught.

What can life give? I hear thee cry,
What its hoarse song each 'wakening morn,
Save that 'twill every wish deny,
Each upward aspiration scorn?

Our early fancy plumed her wings
For flight to which there seemed no bound,
Vanished her fair imaginings,
How poor at last her little round!

Thou biddest me in patience wait
The one blest certainty, and gaze
Calm, as the evening hour grows late,
Upon his kind and awful face.

South Kensington.

T. C.

SAUNTERINGS.

THERE is nobody at all like Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in American literature. It is impossible that there should be in the literature of any other country. As Miss Phelps is a distinct type among the very many and various literary individualities of her native land, so she may be discerned, with equal distinctness, to be the product of the peculiar conditions it imposes upon literary development. Her work is full of the daring skimming of all matters in the heavens above, or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth, that may be said to be directly encouraged by the scope which feminine brain-growth finds in America, the matter upon which it is commonly nourished, and the ready applause which greets its least effort along an unaccustomed line. One would suppose of Miss Phelps that she knows somewhat of matters that range all the way from the profoundest mystery of the creed of the Theosophists to the veritable germ of practicable reason in the theories of Henry George. And while one would not jump at a possibly unwarrantable conclusion that she is mistress of all the facts, and able to seal the death-warrant of a false deduction from them, it is very evident that she feels first and understands afterward the general trend of things, that she has absorbed the vital spirit of the Present in all its most important manifestations. This impression is communicated to us by a certain largeness of view in Miss Phelps's books, a notable self-poise as well, and a subtle, electric thrill of tone and feeling that we surely know to be drawn from the overcharged atmosphere the world moves in.

That the quaint humour of this author is also the gift of her native soil, few will gainsay. Calm self-ridicule, or ridicule of one's sex, which amounts to the same thing, is a quality of mind that seems to be foreign to other than to American women. Lady writers, as a rule, take their half of humanity *au sérieux*. But in literary women of Miss Phelps's country her point of view is not rare. It is part of the national self-consciousness, perhaps, that the lady *littérateurs* of the republic should be so happily aware of the follies of their sex, and their value as targets for such arrows as Miss Phelps's, that scintillate as they fly.

And Miss Phelps's conscience, her ever-present, all-pervading, beautiful conscience, surely the most delicately-wrought and highly sensitive ethical organ ever evolved out of the old Puritan faith and Unitarianism and Transcendental thought and east winds and more modern influences—*That is, in very truth, a New England product.* And the best part of Miss Phelps's work is her conscience, transcribed with a noble art, and illuminated with imagination, that it is not extravagance to call prismatic.

No, you will not find all this in "The Madonna of the Tubs,"* but a great deal of it is there, and a great deal other than I have even hinted at.

"The Madonna of the Tubs," as you will perhaps remember, was the strong feature of *Harper's* Christmas number last year—another sketch of Miss Phelps's beloved Fairharbor, where the sea-waves have beaten out for us so many a gay, irresponsible conceit, so many a thought, heavy and troubled with the shadows beyond the dark line of the horizon. It is the story of Miss Helen Ritter, of "Beacon Street, Boston, twenty-eight years old, an orphan, a Brahmin (rich, if one stopped to think of that), and a beauty, member of Trinity Church and the Brain Club, subscriber to the Provident Association, and stock-holder in the Athenæum, fond of her maid, her relatives, her *bric-à-brac*, and her way." A summer visitor at Fairharbor, where the "Madonna of the Tubs" is a permanent resident and her washerwoman. Miss Ritter has had a love affair and a quarrel, and is given to moods. The "Madonna" is the loving wife of a fisherman, with whom she also quarrels, as loving wives sometimes will, on the eve of his departure for the "Banks." They have a lame boy, Rafè, among their brood of six, and his is possibly the most exquisitely-drawn character in the book.

Henry Salt is lost (according to the *Boston Advertiser*) off the Banks in a fog, and Helen Ritter comes from Boston to comfort his widow on Christmas Eve. Her gentle ministry is interrupted by the arrival of the mourned-for fisherman, and the joy of that reconciliation prepares her somewhat for her own, which occurs by a happy chance almost simultaneously. A simple little story, and bare enough even in its details, but holding and showing, beside all its merely technical skill, a passionate comprehension of and sympathy for the ills that human hearts endure—even the hearts that beat in so insignificant a species as Fairharbor fisher-folk. We do not believe much in Miss Ritter, she is rather an artificial young woman, and we are disposed to distrust the "kind of splendour—distant, uncomprehending, accidental"—with which this Boston maiden filled Mrs. Salt's small kitchen as she stood by the stove to dry the skirt of her white flannel dress. But it is long since our heart-strings have answered to so thrilling a touch as this of Miss Phelps's, when she tells us of the tender womanly soul that bore the wifehood, motherhood, and widowhood of "The Madonna of the Tubs."

OF Frank Stockton's "Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine"* there is little to say that has not been said already. The place Miss Phelps holds among American book-makers is not more individual, not more solitary, than Mr. Stockton's. So many, indeed, are these cases of development of special literary virtue among the fraternity of the pen across the line as to warrant us in believing that the jostling sort of education the great republic gives its children is the best for developing original wit after all. From the very beginning, Mr. Stockton has been recognised as *sui generis*—from the beginning, that is, of his acquaintance with the public. His infancy, unfortunately, was not watched for remarkable traits by an unsuspecting father and mother, and so has passed into semi-obscurity. Those who know him best, however, seem to find a difficulty in dating the earliest appearance in him of an unusual personality, so we may rest upon the conviction that he took even his colic with philosophy, and propounded insoluble questions while he sucked his juvenile thumb.

"Be that as it may," as the romancers say, Mr. Stockton's contemporaries, quite tired of the convulsive cachinnatory methods in vogue with some of his fellow-country humorists, are more than delighted that his new and engaging process shows no sign of failing him,—that Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine are quite as amusing as any of their predecessors.

When you have added to a thorough understanding of the homelier phases of human nature, a keen appreciation of ludicrous situations, vast ingenuity, and a close and accurate knowledge of the "curious" faculty of the human mind, you have summoned up the chief elements of Mr. Stockton's immense popularity. From these elements we cannot tell what a day or an hour may bring forth; we know only one thing—that it will wear a countenance exclusively funny in the gravest of masks, and that we shall not be forced to penetrate it, but will do so unawares. After one's first slow smile, which seldom breaks into noisy mirth, the disguise is of none effect, and we are certain Mr. Stockton's own face is broadly illuminated. Yet, and perhaps this is another proof of his genius, there are many estimable people for whom his solemn manner is but the foolish cloak of incomprehensible twaddle, and the mirth it occasions but as the crackling of thorns under a pot. Indeed, I know such an one, who loved *Punch* alone, and his own vain conceits, and was a person whom in his insular training had despoiled of his sense of the truly ridiculous.

SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

*Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

*New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Standard Publishing Company.

SONNET—TO THE DARK HOUR.

In shifting circles round the crescent moon
The silver clouds sail through the night away ;
Anon, the solemn coming of the day
Will end my reverie of love too soon.
Lone meditation is the only boon
For all who walk unwillingly life's way ;
I hate the daily dance of death so gay
And fain would sit with thee and sadly croon.
Dear thoughts, sad days, and dim old memories,
On sable wings are borne adown the sky ;
And from the silent shade in sanctity
The long-lost faces of the dead do rise.
O ! Dark Hour, stay ! still would I sit and sing
Of things and thoughts that day can never bring.

Paris.

E. G. GARTHWAITE.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

LORD SHAFTESBURY ON MR. GLADSTONE.

Palmerston had but two real enemies, Bright and Gladstone. Gladstone's language, and specially his acts, will show that the master mind which curbed him is gone, and his resentment will appear in the political associations he will form, and in the violence and relish with which he will overthrow every thought and deed of his great leader. Palmerston knew all this, but never mentioned it with asperity. Once he said to me, though he seldom dealt in predictions, "Gladstone will soon have it all his own way; and whenever he gets my place we shall have strange doings." He feared his character, his views, and his temperament greatly. He rarely spoke severely of any one. Bright and Gladstone were the only two of whom he used strong language. Cobden he described as a man from whom he differed in many respects, but he never, in my hearing, applied to him any forcible epithets. Lord Russell, from whom he had received the greatest wrongs—persons and political—was never alluded to but with a laugh, and in a good humoured way, "Oh, he's a foolish fellow, but we shall go on very well now." And he was right, for the latter conduct of Lord Russell was antagonistic to his first, and the six years of his tenure, under P., of the Foreign Secretaryship, were years of confidence and esteem between them both. He saw clearly, but without any strong sentiment, Gladstone's hostility. He remarked to me one day, when we were discussing some appointment, "Well, Gladstone has never behaved to me as a colleague in such a way as to demand from me any consideration." And this he said with the air and tone of a man who perceived the enmity but did not care for it. Yet he always endeavoured to keep him safe in Oxford. When Lord Derby dissolved the Parliament, P. requested me to do all that lay in my power to secure Gladstone's seat for the University. When Parliament was dissolved, in July of this year, P. again applied to me; and every effort was made. But the Conservatives and their adherents committed the gross folly of ejecting him from Oxford, and thus sending him to Lancashire. "He is a dangerous man," said P.; "keep him in Oxford, and he is partially muzzled, but send him elsewhere, and he will run wild."—*From the Life of Lord Shaftesbury, by Edwin Hodder.*

ENGLISH MANNERS.

And what a set of hostesses! The English hostess is the perfection of good breeding. If England had no other attraction, the woman who sits at the head of the table would be enough. So wise, gentle, true, considerate, and charming, so intelligent, so thoughtful, so much a lady. Yes, but that is a word they never use. It is tabooed in England; one must always say woman. They say that Americans talk about "a pretty lady," "a sweet good lady," "a genteel lady." I never heard Americans use that exact combination, but I dare say they belong to the people who say "Britisher" whom I also have not met. But, no doubt, there has been a misuse of the terms "lady and gentleman," and the better Saxon words man and woman have come in. A young lover who should say nowadays that he "was going to see his lady" would be mistaken for a negro minstrel. We can still say "Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more," and we can allude to the "Lady in Comus," but, except when we address Lady Modus by her title, we must not say "lady" in English. We must also say "Yes" and "No" and "Thanks." No one must say "Yes, ma'am" except to the Queen. She is always addressed by that somewhat obsolete form of words. One must always say "Yes, quite so," if he would be English. Perhaps all this comes from the great wave of human progress which swept away formality in dress and manners. It is to be feared sometimes that these waves sweep away much that is sweet and gentle and refined, and perhaps leave some not so ornamental flotsam and jetsam behind. No English woman interlards her beautiful speech with foreign words. Her linguistic studies have made her speak English with greater purity, lucidity, and propriety. The English are not as fluent, they are not nearly so ready to talk as Americans. We say twenty words to their one, but they do surpass us in voice, pronunciation, and elegance. Where a foreign word is more euphonious and expresses their meaning better than a native one, its adoption into one's colloquialisms seems to become imperatively necessary. "Ennui, fiancée, naïveté, chic," fall from American lips very naturally, but rarely from English lips.—*Mrs. John Sherwood.*

USE OF WINE.

It is to be regretted that the drinking of ice-water is one of the "Americanisms" which are yearly becoming more prevalent in Europe. In America ice-water is always the first thing a waiter places before you at breakfast, lunch, and dinner; and thousands use it as the first course, as if their stomachs were intended as refrigerators for the food following. This absurd habit ruins the digestion and constitution of thousands, and probably does more harm than all the alcoholic liquors condemned by the Temperance people. If American women would drink a pint of harmless light claret in place of ice-water, there would be less anæmia and invalidism among them, fewer pale faces and fragile forms. As for the men, in most countries the brain-workers, at any rate, often need wine, and are benefited by it. They live under artificial conditions, and therefore need artificial aid, since brain work weakens the stomach—the brain being a sort of parasite of the body, draining the vital powers and supplying none directly. It is astonishing, by the way, that no one has ever pointed out the fallacy of the common argument that wine does not benefit the digestion, which is drawn from the fact that in experiments with artificial digestion, seemed rather to retard than to advance it. This is most peculiar logic. The alcohol, in small quantities, aided by the bouquet of the wine, promotes digestion, not by direct chemical action, but by stimulating the nerves to fresh activity, in the same way as we have seen it to be the case with aromatic solid food. In artificial digestion there are no nerves to stimulate; hence the cases are not comparable. Wine, however, should never be taken before work as a stimulus, but only after work, to prevent the brain from brooding morbidly over its problems and troubles, to ensure deep sleep, and to supply the nutritive nerves with extra power.—*H. T. Fincks on "The Gastronomic Value of Odours," in the Contemporary Review.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE GOVERNMENT POLICY.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—In THE WEEK of the 25th inst. you stated that the Government "has nothing definite on which to appeal to the country." You suggest a "real prospect of reciprocity," and add that the people care a great deal, etc., for "bread and butter." True; almost next to life comes the essential bread and butter. And what next? When Gladstone "appealed to the country" in 1874 that clever politician, Disraeli, in a speech at Manchester, said, "After all, the first consideration of a Minister of the Crown should be the health of the people;" "the health of the people of any country should have the first and highest claims on the Government" of that country and, "I think public attention should be concentrated on sanitary legislation." He evidently believed the people cared for *health*, and he made it quite a strong "plank in his platform." He "carried the country" with a large majority, I think, and set to work to improve the sanitary laws and condition of the country.

Health is the poor man's capital. The people care more for it than many would suppose. They would care still more for it, too, and appreciate it more highly, if the value of means for preserving it were explained to them. If we look into the shops, or places where any sort of mechanical work is going on, we find men, and women, too, suffering from the effects of foul air in badly-heated and worse ventilated rooms. If we follow these people to their homes, we find as bad, if not worse, sanitary conditions. Their food, uneconomically purchased, is half destroyed by bad cookery. If infectious disease breaks out amongst them it is spread by intercommunication and want of knowledge of the simplest rules of health.

The mortality returns of our Canadian cities, even of the more favoured ones of the West, show that the death-rate in them is very high—more than twenty-five per cent. higher than the average in the large cities in England. This certainly ought not to be the case. A higher mortality means more widows and orphans to be cared for, and more sickness, with its loss of valuable time and costs of medical attendance. And this is all easily preventable.

More than anything else, the people want simply to be educated in the laws of health. The people cannot be *forced* to obey such laws. Unfortunately, the question of public health legislation properly belongs, it appears, to the Provincial Legislatures. What is to be done when these Legislatures will not act? Surely the Federal Government must have some power in this matter as the head—the chief power in the Dominion. The Provinces certainly do not do their duty in endeavouring to promote the health of the people. Ontario and Manitoba, and, I believe, Quebec, have made some futile attempts in this behalf, but with little or no appreciable results.

The basis of public health work, as proved in England, is a system of vital statistics—a complete system for the registration of births and deaths, and of marriages also, throughout the Dominion. This is much needed in Canada. With such a system the people can best be educated up to seeing the value of paying attention to and practising health laws.

The Canadian Government or party that will "go to the country" with a promise to give a fair share of their attention to measures for promoting the health of the people, in order to reduce the death and sickness rates, will thereby strike a cord hitherto untouched in Canada, but which, associated as it is with the ever-dominant desire for self-preservation, is ever in tune in every human breast, and will increase materially the support given to that Government or party. There is much talk about "temperance" as a question for electors, but temperance is far from being as defined and well understood as is health.

30th November, 1886.

yours, AN INDEPENDENT OBSERVER.

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THERE is talk of a further celebration of the triumph over Riel in the shape of a monument to be erected in the Park in memory of the two volunteers from Toronto who fell in the North-west, and who have already been interred in the cemetery with marks of public honour such as are hardly accorded even to a general officer who falls in ordinary war. However patriotic and laudable may be the motive, we hardly think that such a proposal will commend itself to the good sense of the community. Nobody can wish to detract from the glory of the volunteers, or to underrate the debt of gratitude due to them for their services, but something is due also to national pride and dignity. We are a nation of five millions; our adversaries all told, and with all their auxiliaries, can hardly have numbered five thousand. They could only put into the field a force of a few hundred men, imperfectly armed and without the equipments of war. They had advantages in the nature of the country, and had they made an enterprising use of these by falling on our communications, they might, as professional judges say, have given much trouble, but these did not make a them a military power. Our volunteers would have gained a Waterloo, Sobraon, or an Inkerman, had the chance been afforded them, but it was not. We disparage our own prowess and court future aggression by exulting too loud or too long over the defeat of such a foe. Enough surely has been done to satisfy genuine feeling. Nor is it to be forgotten that this was a civil war, and that civil wars have no triumphs. Cromwell celebrated his victories over the Spaniards, but he never celebrated his victories over Englishmen. Shall we expose ourselves to the suspicion of being jealous as civilians of honours paid to soldiers if we add that a tribute somewhat too exceptional is perhaps paid to those who die in war? The soldier slain in battle falls on the brightest path of duty. But the policeman who is killed in defending the law, the fireman who is killed in contending with a fire, also falls on the path of duty, though with none of the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war. So does the mechanic who is crushed by a wall, the brakeman who is thrown from a train, the seaman who goes down with the foundering ship. But we cannot put up monuments to them all.

WE are not Sabbatarians, but we are for a day of rest. In our livery stables it seems there is at present no rest on the seventh day for man or horse. If there is any law protecting the drivers of hacks, it is a dead letter. Hacks are sometimes needed on Sunday for the conveyance of the sick or on other unavoidable occasions; but for one that is needed a score are called out. Sunday is the favourite day for funerals, because thoroughfares being vacant there is a better display. It is hard upon the dead man, who probably has already sins enough upon his head, to be made on his last journey to be guilty, not only of worldly vanity and ostentation, but of Sabbath-breaking and inhumanity. Let the cemeteries be closed on Sunday. There is, no doubt, something intensely melancholy in the sight of funeral pomp struggling with the tide of business along a week-day thoroughfare; but the remedy is the reduction of funeral pomp, not the immolation of the bodies and souls of hack-drivers. It may at the same time be delicately hinted that there are other places of public resort in the environs of Toronto besides cemeteries, and that hacks are largely used on Sundays for the conveyance of people on roads which do not lead to heaven.

WHILE we are on the subject of oppressed trades, we cannot help saying that the march of intelligence, though blessed by the world at large, must be cursed by the postmen. The burdens which these poor men have to carry, especially at Christmas, are heartrending. It is difficult to see what can be done, except increasing the force—tricycles, or any expedient of that kind being obviously unavailable in a city. But it really is a case for the consideration of the friends of humanity.

MR. MEREDITH deals rather hardly with the present movement in Ontario when he describes it as a No-Popery movement, and identifies it with the Protestant horse bestridden of yore by Mr. Brown. So far as we can see, it is what it professes to be—a movement, not against Roman

Catholicism, but against Roman Catholic domination in politics. Mr. Meredith wants perfect equality for all Churches. So do the originators of this movement. But they say that perfect equality there will not be so long as any one Church exercises a special influence in politics. That the Roman Catholic Church does exercise a special influence in the politics and the political appointments of this Province, while it is at the same time hustling Protestantism, politically and in every other way, out of Quebec, is surely an indisputable fact. We have in this city a journal which is the manifest, and we may almost say the accredited, organ of the alliance. Nor is the alarm confined to Ontario or to Canada. It prevails just as much in the United States, where it is amply justified by the record of the time when the Roman Catholic Church, in alliance with the Democratic Party and Tammany, was ruling and laying under contribution the State of New York. Let all Churches, whether Roman Catholic, Episcopalian, or Methodist, abstain from meddling with politics and political patronage: then we shall have peace. Unfortunately there is one Church which not only persists in the opposite practice, but has formally and recently committed herself to the opposite principle. It is impossible for those who believe in the Encyclical to let Protestant civilisation alone. Mr. Meredith, if he conscientiously differs from his supporters on this question, is to be honoured for avowing it, and for declining to receive votes on what to him would be a false pretence. But the *Globe* was doing him no harm, and, so far as that was concerned, he might safely have been silent. As mere auxiliaries of the Conservative Party at Ottawa, compelled to wait on its strategical exigencies, he and his party in this Province have no chance of victory. Nor is this to be deplored. The Province was not meant to be a donkey-engine to the Dominion.

It may safely be assumed that Mr. Meredith's manifesto had the approval of Sir John Macdonald. The two are evidently acting in concert, as are also Mr. Blake and Mr. Mowat. Sir John Macdonald, therefore, endorses the paragraphs of the manifesto condemning the dissolution of a Legislature before the end of its legal term, for the purposes of party strategy and without constitutional cause. With what face can he, after this, himself go to the Governor-General and ask him, manifestly for the purposes of party strategy, and without any shadow of a constitutional cause, to dissolve the Parliament of the Dominion? The plea of the recent extension of the franchise would be just as hollow and hypocritical if put forward by the Dominion Premier as it is when put forward by his Provincial enemy. If that plea was sound, and the passing of the Franchise Act last session constitutionally entailed a fresh election, what is the meaning of all this doubt, hesitation, and suspense? How could dissolution be treated, as it manifestly is being treated, as an open question? Why was it not announced or taken as settled as soon as the Act had passed? Amidst the tornado of partisan frenzy which is raging round us, there is little hope of getting the people to bestow a thought upon a question of constitutional principle, however vital, and probably not one Provincial elector in a thousand will in giving his vote have the slightest regard to the integrity of the constitution. It is to the Governor-General that we must look; and His Excellency's duty and responsibility, as we venture to think, if he is not a mere figure-head, are clear. The government of Canada is to be administered "according to the well-known principles of the British constitution." The Governor-General is the depositary and guardian of those principles, which otherwise, in the absence of written law, and in a country without the strong traditions and settled character of British statesmanship, would soon be given to the winds by the party politicians in their desperate struggle for power. The plea of the extended franchise having, as we have said, been practically renounced and deprived of any validity which it could ever have had by the conduct of the Minister himself in treating dissolution as an open question, it is clear that no constitutional cause can now be shown to the Governor-General for cutting short by an exertion of the prerogative the legal life of Parliament. It is not less clear that if he allowed the prerogative to be exerted without constitutional cause he would be guilty of a dereliction of his duty. If the Governor-General has no duty, except that of giving dinners and balls to the high society of Ottawa, or echoing the flummery of addresses, the office is a mere waste of public money, and in the present instance, we must add, of no mean statesman. Risk, we repeat, in upholding constitutional right on this question, there is none. A Minister would find it necessary to give way. He would not think of tendering his resignation; and if he did, he would have no chance before the country in face of a minute setting forth with irresistible force that the Governor-General, in refusing to cut short the legal term for the convenience of party, had upheld the principles of the constitution, the independence of Parliament, and the rights of the people.

HAVING presumed to speak of His Excellency's duties, we will go on to say that in regard to the appointment of Lieutenant-Governors his function appears to us to be not simply that of a mask for party appointments. Under our wonderful system of constitutional shams, the King, in these as in other nominations, is an automaton worked by the Prime Minister. This we understand, though a Lieutenant-Governor is the actual representative of the Governor-General. But the Governor-General is bound, we conceive, to uphold the rule of appointment. He is bound to require that at the end of the prescribed term either a fresh appointment or a definite re-appointment shall be made, and not to allow the office to degenerate, as it is degenerating, into a salary payable during the pleasure of the Prime Minister. The money comes not from the pocket of the Prime Minister, but from that of the Province, and the Province has a right to the advantage for which it pays. That Government House is a social centre is the chief argument for the retention of the office. But it is impossible that a Lieutenant-Governor should make his residence a social centre if he is a tenant on sufferance from week to week, which, so far as anybody knows, is the present position of the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. The Province, we repeat, has rights in this matter, which it is the duty of the Governor-General to guard.

THE belief which prevailed that the Conservative leader had made up his mind to hold another Session was again succeeded by an expectation of a dissolution early in the new year. The Prime Minister, notwithstanding his evident weakness on the stump, has been everywhere received with an enthusiasm of which his party is anxious to take advantage while it may. It is apprehended that unless Reciprocity can be obtained, or negotiations for it put in a hopeful train, there will be nothing for the Government to bring before the country in the Session; while the Opposition has, no doubt, a budget of scandals to produce. Quebec is still in an angry mood, but the Conservatives are beginning to look more to Ontario as their future basis than to Quebec. Supposing, therefore, that the prerogative of dissolution has been made over unconditionally by the Governor-General to the Prime Minister, and supposing Mr. Meredith does not get very badly beaten in the Local Elections, there are some who think that we shall have an election in January. To ourselves present indications seem to point to a short Session, commencing about the middle of next month. Probably nothing has been yet settled. Come the contest when it may, the probability, so far as can be discerned at present, is that the Government will be sustained by a reduced majority. It is difficult to see at least where the Opposition is to look for so large a gain as is necessary to turn the scale.

It is creditable to at least two American newspapers that they decline to publish the evidence in the Campbell divorce case cabled to this continent every day as "news." On what principle the conductors of leading journals can reconcile their conscience to relating these offensive particulars in every home they obtain access to, we are at a loss to understand. The disgusting stuff comes as news, which we suppose they have to pay for; but surely this does not for a moment excuse its being thrust under the notice of every young man or woman that reads a newspaper. It is not probable that any considerable portion of newspaper readers desire to know these particulars; but even if so, that again would not warrant the pandering to a vicious taste. The evil must lie in the conductors of the newspapers: a moral weakness that would lead them into any service of the devil that they could profit by. This shameful story is of no interest to any decent American or Canadian. The knowledge that such doings go on makes one blush for humanity; and we wish for no closer acquaintance. We hope other newspapers than the two we know of have refused to soil their pages with the evil thing; but we must do honour at any rate to these two—the Nashville, Tenn., *Union*, which absolutely "refused publication to a very full account of the evidence received by cable," and to the *Mobile Register* which also set an example to its contemporaries in these words: "The details of the divorce case between Lady and Lord Campbell, in London, though received by cable from that metropolis, are of such a nature as to necessitate their expurgation from the columns of the *Register*." The love of such filth is a survival of our animal state. It generally goes with the love of libel, and the same journals usually pander to both tastes.

AMERICANS will probably admit that if there is a weak point in the Republic, it is criminal justice. In San Francisco the other day, a rough, well known to the police, went up to a little school girl who was on her way home with her lesson-books, and shot her dead. This was in broad daylight, and on one of the principal streets. The man was arrested and held for trial; but a mass meeting was held, and an immense mob went to the

jail to lynch him. Why did they do this? Because they believed that, flagrant as the case was, public justice would fail. They had good reason for that belief. In Kentucky it seems to be absolutely impossible to get murder punished. In States more civilised than Kentucky, and free from the taint of slavery, which everywhere produced sanguinary recklessness, the life of a murderer would probably be accepted by an insurance office as equally good with that of any other man, perhaps better, as the murderer is in safe keeping. Legal chicane conspires with dishonesty in the jury box. The Anarchists, at Chicago, butcher a number of policemen. The policemen die on the spot, victims to their duty, no legal technicality interfering. But chicane throws its protecting arms round the sacred persons of the assassins, and it seems more than doubtful whether they will ever pay the penalty of their crime. What effect their impunity will have on the spirit of the police may be easily imagined. The question is whether it might not be expedient to lynch some particularly learned judge. Even when by a miracle a conviction is obtained, false humanity steps in. The very people who, when enraged by the failure of justice, take to lynching, will sign petitions against the execution of the death penalty by the hand of justice on the foulest murderer. Some years ago in the State of New York a miscreant was convicted of what was known to be only the last of a series of murders, including those of his wife and child. The usual attempt was made to save his precious life, the *New York Tribune* leading the cry, and to the stock plea of insanity was added, on this occasion, the plea that the villain had invented a universal language, so that to hang him would be to extinguish the light of science. The Governor of New York appointed two commissions, one to decide whether the murderer was insane, the other to decide whether he had invented a universal language; and both having reported in the negative, for once a murderer was hanged. The long delay which, also from motives of false humanity, is interposed between sentence and execution, also has a very bad effect. The crime is forgotten and the criminal becomes an object of pity and interest. Let Americans say what they will, they envy the certainty, the promptitude, and the dignity of British and Canadian justice.

OUGHT a man in the civilised state to be permitted not only to repudiate his own debts, but to murder, mutilate, torture, or ruin any other man whose conscience enjoins him to pay them? Is this one of a citizen's natural liberties? If it is, the Act which deprives him of it deserves to be called a Coercion Act. Once more let us direct attention to the fact that recourse is had to these measures, not for the purpose of guarding the lives of British officials, one only of whom in the whole course of this history has fallen a victim to the Irish knife, but to keep Irishmen from perpetrating acts of savagery against each other. If civil liberty is in any way abridged, it is simply and solely because it is so used as to lead to that which every moral being regards as crime, and which could not be left unchecked without dissolving civil society. For some time past it has suited the purpose of the Irish leaders, who wished to play into Mr. Gladstone's hands, that there should be a suspension of outrage; and by the exercise of their power of suspending it they have shown that its agents are under their control, and that the responsibility is morally theirs. Now, as a peaceful settlement of the Land Question by purchase or reduction of rents comes in view, it suits the purpose of the leaders that the reign of violence should recommence, and there is accordingly just need for repression. Either the necessary measures of repression must be adopted or Government must abdicate, for a government which fails to protect the lives and property of law-abiding citizens is worse than no government at all: it only serves to restrain those who obey it from defending themselves against their assailants, as they might in a state of avowed anarchy, with the strong hand. If the Government, instead of merely tying the hands of the Loyalists behind their backs while it leaves those of the Nationalists free, were formally to withdraw and allow civil war to commence, it is by no means certain, in spite of the disparity of numbers, that the Loyalists would not hold their own.

WE must admit, however, that it has always appeared to us that it would be better, instead of confining the Acts to Ireland, to make them applicable to the whole of the United Kingdom. If this were done, and if the Acts prohibited nothing but what the moral sense of the whole civilised world pronounces criminal, no outcry could be raised against them. They would, of course, have practical effect in Ireland only: the English and Scotch are not given to moonlighting, nor do they seek redress of political or economical grievances by shooting defenceless men and women, cutting off the udders of cows, or firing into rooms where children are asleep. But the moral character and the necessity of the law would be made apparent by its extension to the entire realm. Measures directed

merely to the repression of insurrection must, of course, be limited to disturbed districts. But otherwise the laws might be made general, and that they were not made general from the beginning is, we believe, regretted by some of the wisest of British statesmen.

"THE only class of men wanted," says the *Labour Reformer*, "are those with capital to develop the resources of the country, either as farmers or mineral operators." Capital, then, is necessary to develop the resources of a country, and, consequently, we suppose, to furnish employment and a livelihood to the working class. And what is to be said about the capitalists? Are they to be treated as enemies of labour and humanity? Are they, when they have put their money into the land or the mine, to be turned out without compensation, as wrongdoers who have fraudulently appropriated to themselves that which belongs to the whole people?

MUCH of our intelligence respecting English politics comes to us manifestly coloured in the Radical and Nationalist interest. It is difficult, therefore, to make out what is really the state of things. All we can say is that an observer, whose judgment we deem as sound as possible, and whose information cannot fail to be the very best, looking at matters from a Conservative point of view, writes to us that the aspect of affairs has somewhat improved. Still, the situation is full of peril for the Union and for the Empire. The Radical Party is becoming every day more desperately committed to Home Rule and more closely allied with Irish disaffection, and with the foreign conspiracy in which Irish disaffection has its base, while the Liberal Unionist Party is evidently in danger of being ground to death between the Radical and Tory millstones, no Liberal Unionist, not even Mr. Goschen or Sir George Trevelyan, being able to obtain a seat. Our opinion as to the hands in which the Tory Party is has been more than once expressed. The flame of Disunionism, assiduously fanned by Mr. Gladstone, appears to be spreading both in Wales and Scotland. We must confess that we see little hope of ultimate salvation unless the Liberal Unionist leaders will make up their minds to carry all the force they have as a reinforcement to the only body of men capable of offering a solid resistance to the dissolution of the Empire, and at the same time to obtain for themselves an effective and legitimate control over events. A suspension of legislative progress, if it is necessary, is not too great a price to pay for the rescue of the nation from disruption.

ONCE more a French Ministry is overturned. They fall not only as the leaf does, but more frequently than the leaf. The truth is that, as the most devoted advocates of Partyism will soon begin to see, party government in France and elsewhere is in a state of pronounced decadence, and must soon give place either to some other form of government or to anarchy. As the activity and divergence of political thought increase, the parties are everywhere splitting up into sections, not one of which affords a basis sufficiently broad for an Administration. There are nine of these sections, some of them with the most fantastic names, in Germany; where all would be confusion at once if order were not maintained, in an unparliamentary way, by the strong hand of Bismarck. There are four, at least, in England, and there also parliamentary anarchy is staved off only by precarious coalitions. In France there are half a dozen; the Ministry has to balance itself between two or three of them in order to form the requisite majority; and if difference of opinion on a particular question, caprice, intrigue, the ambition or the mortified vanity of a leader, throws one of the sections for a moment into opposition, down the Ministry comes. Governments so unstable and feeble can create no sense of national security; they cannot inspire the needful confidence into commerce and industry; they can afford to civilised society no assurance of protection against the anarchic forces which threaten its destruction. One of two things must come—a Government not dependent on Party or an anarchy. What is happening in France is a warning to Canada among other countries. When these party machines break up, as break up before long they must, since the coherence of one is merely personal and that of both is entirely artificial, we shall be in danger of falling into the same state of instability and confusion in which France is weltering now.

MR. MORLEY says that the Tory Party in England is a blind old man led by a very lively dog. The Tories might retort that the Radical Party is a very lively dog led by a blind old man.

IN spite of a rise in the Indian Exchange of 12 to 13 per cent. since the summer, the exports of wheat from India continue very large. So great is the competition between ship-owners in the Indian trade that wheat is being carried from Bombay to England at as low as 10s. per ton. The P. and O. steamers charge 12s. 6d.—a rate which cannot pay; but they

have to sail, and it is better to carry some freight than none. Yet, notwithstanding this supply, the stock of wheat in Great Britain is 14,000,000 bushels less than at this date last year.

THERE appears to be an expectation of a general rise in the price of wheat in the English and European markets. In the five weeks previous to November 20th, the London official average was 29s. 8d., 29s. 9d., 30s. 3d., 30s. 8d., 31s. Although this rise commenced so late that it may not amount to much before the inevitable slackness of the Christmas season arrives, yet it looks as if a gain had been made and a lasting improvement in prices established, in Europe at any rate.

BUT while the trade is growing better in Europe it is getting worse and worse in the States, mainly through gambling and excessive elevator and carrying charges. The visible supply of wheat is very large, which affords a good excuse for speculation. At a date one month earlier in the cereal year than the average date of greatest accumulation, the visible supply now exceeds any previous record. But this does not indicate a larger total supply. According to the *New York Evening Post*, the reason that the visible supply of wheat is so large seems to be not that the production has increased much more than the consumption, but that investments in elevator property for some years past have been paying good dividends, and this during the past few years has led to the erection of a number of them, thereby more than doubling the capacity. In addition to this, capitalists have been making money out of the carrying of wheat against sales for future delivery. These enterprises have been backed up by the various railroad companies, and this has resulted in increasing the visible supply of wheat. As that which is seen has far more influence with the majority of humanity than the unseen, they gaze at the large visible supply of wheat with apparent terror, forgetting to compute the smallness of the invisible.

THE plethora of money in London of late induced some months ago a large speculative movement in stocks, which has now spread to the American market; and Wall Street is fast approximating to its condition during the boom of 1879-81. There is a distinct increase of speculative activity at all the American centres of late; the bank clearings last week in thirty-two cities show the unprecedented increase of \$262,000,000 over the amount for the previous week—an increase of 26 per cent., 16 per cent. over the like week last year.

THERE is scarcely any speculative tendency in our local market. In Montreal some of the leading securities advanced in price during the week, under the stimulus of a reduction in the rate for call loans. It is generally felt, however, among investors, that prices range too high for safe dealing at present. The Bank of England rate is still 4 per cent., and although plenty of money is to be had outside at 3, the probability is that money may be dearer on both sides of the Atlantic and investors perhaps do well to be cautious.

To General Sherbrooke, Sir F. H. Doyle, in his "Reminiscences," assigns a story that has "always been assigned to the wrong man"—to Sir Thomas Picton. "Sherbrooke," he says, "sent my uncle forward to tell a certain commissary that such-and-such an amount of bread must be prepared for the troops on the march by next morning. My uncle found the gentleman in question giving a sumptuous breakfast to a number of his friends. He communicated his order, and was answered very politely by the founder of the feast that he would use every exertion, and hoped that he should be able to comply with the general's request. Carlo, who knew Sherbrooke's temper much better than the commissary did, felt sure that his peppery commander would not be satisfied with these vague assurances, and replied accordingly, 'Very good; these are the orders—it is your business, not mine, to have them carried into effect.' Thereupon back he trotted. On reporting the commissary's message, Sherbrooke, as he expected, broke out into a torrent of wrath. 'He'll use every exertion, will he? He hopes to be able to comply with my request, does he? Return to him, sir, with this message—that if the bread is not on the spot at the right moment, I'll hang him!' Very naturally this plan of the general's was not agreeable to the commissary, and he appealed to Lord Wellington, who happened to be within reach. Lord Wellington listened patiently, and when the perturbed official informed him that General Sherbrooke had used most extraordinary language, and had even threatened to hang him, inquired, with a sympathising air, 'Did he, by G—?' 'He did, indeed, my Lord.' 'Then all I can say is, by G— he'll do it; and I strongly recommend you to have the bread ready.' I need scarcely inform my readers that the bread arrived in excellent time."

A THOUGHT IN STONE.

STILL keeping watch and ward, O silent Sphynx,
Guarding the secrets of the Pyramids?
A symbol of eternity art thou;
Through all the years no dread of death awaits thee,
No shuddering fear, though all defiant powers
Should hold high carnival in Pluto's realm.
The earthquake spares, the fierce tornado's blast,
Speeding on lightning wing, starts back dismayed,
At strength to match his own, and shrinks away,
Abashed to look on such majestic calm.

Oh, if a heart could beat within thy breast,
And human reason light thy stony face,
What wonders would those hoary lips disclose!
But thine is stone, and such as thine alone
Could smile unmoved through all the centuries,
Yet know the tragedies that lie between
Man's birth and death, by millions multiplied.
Yes; hoary Sphynx! aught human would have doomed thee,

Consumed apace by fierce internal fires
The heart that feels, 'tis only stone survives
Or else Omnipotence that calmly views
The end from the beginning, merging all
In one eternal Now and Evermore.

What lesson teachest thou, O silent Sphynx?
By affirmation or negation's sign?

No answer? Then I view thee from afar,
And read at longer range thine alphabet,
While one by one signs weave themselves in words.

Have I a friend? Then let me learn from thee
To stand unshaken by sirocco gales,
And be to him, e'en on the desert's edge,
As firm and sure, but not as coldly mute.

Have I a faith? Then let it tower on high,
Like solid rock upon the desert's marge,
And bar the progress of the doubting fiend.

"Thy face is turned towards the teeming Nile,
The desert far behind thee."* So, my soul,
Look thou before thee with unflagging zeal,
Not back upon the desert waste of life
To feed the gaping maw of discontent;
But onward still and upward day by day,
Undaunted by the "irony of fate,"
Till heaven's sweet sunshine bids the shadows flee.

Johnstown, N. Y.

J. OLIVER SMITH.

AFTERNOON TEA.

ONE seldom sees a happier illustration of the prominence of individuals in American social life than is being afforded a deeply interested American public at the present moment, by a young married lady whose name has been invested with a certain familiarity even in Canada—Mrs. James Brown Potter. Democratic usage and tradition not permitting rank by heredity, the democrats hasten to create it by notoriety. Some individual democrat, previously known only to her own immediate New York, Boston, Chicago, or Cincinnati circle, by a happy accident accentuates her reputation. Instantly its proportions increase, it envelops her as a garment, it follows and precedes her in densely accumulating volume. Of course it is emitted by the all-belching press of her native land, and the typographical fires that cast it forth are industriously fed by the American reporter. I use the feminine pronoun advisedly, for while the newspapers teem with personal information about men who have rendered themselves and their country no more distinguished service than jumping off Brooklyn Bridge, and failing to be killed thereby, such reputation does not usually redound to their social advancement. We did not hear of Mr. Donovan's enthusiastic reception at the hands of the Gothamites elect as an immediate consequence of his remarkable jump. But in case of the notable performer belonging to the opposite sex, all the vast amount of "kudos" attached to the performance takes a social form and colour. Her own receptions are carefully depicted by an unassuming person who stands behind the orchestra in evening dress for the purpose, her comings and goings at other people's are chronicled by the same assiduous individual, who racks his journalistic brains for fresh adjectives for each occasion. Her presence sheds a glory upon every house it graces, and people before unheard of flash into the noonday of social effulgence with the comet that trails its magnificence

*From Carnegie's "Round the World."

across their Wiltons and Axminsters. We cannot speculate with any certainty upon what the result would have been if Mrs. Donovan had jumped!

The lady upon whom the open-eyed, open-mouthed admiration of the whole American nation is at present concentrated, Mrs. James Brown Potter, might, for aught we know to the contrary, have once written her name Mrs. J. B. Potter. The social insignificance that this would imply can by no means be predicated of her with certainty, but is merely stated to show the density of the oblivion that possibly surrounded her origin. Certain it is that the patronymic Potter with its familiar accompaniment had no broad, national, not to say cosmopolitan, significance until one brief year ago, when its fair owner, at the house of the Secretary of the Navy, in Washington, recited that production of George R. Sims', iniquitously known as "Ostler Joe," which caused the great American journalistic upheaval of 1886. Very little can be said about the poem, which, while it contains an immoral incident, is perfectly moral in tone and purpose. It has almost no literary merit, being poor, thin, weakly sentimental, and strained in its effects. It does, however, give scope to a certain amount of emotional power in the hands of an elocutionist, and Mrs. Potter's crime was simply that she recited it too well. There was absolutely no excuse for the howl of contumely and derision that began in the Washington correspondent's ubiquitous column, spread through the telegraphic despatches, and finally found blatant voice in the editorial department itself. For fully six weeks the battle raged, and, judging from its sound and fury, it is probably echoing still in some Sitkan publication which is not too remote from the centres of civilisation to take a lively interest in the doings of "society" thereat.

We are all acquainted with what followed. Mrs. Potter, pretty, clever, accomplished, but not one whit prettier, cleverer, or more accomplished than hundreds of her charming compatriots, of whom the world has never heard, went to England, and met the Prince and Princess of Wales. The correspondents attended to the rest, and the lady returns to her native Gotham with the aureole of royal approval about her shapely head, and the prospect of seeing it reflected "everywhere" in society this winter. Her photographs are sold as the English court beauties are, and she has allowed one of them to be reproduced in the New York *Mirror*; she has shown the quick American appreciation of an opportunity by making a bookful of "selections" for amateur elocutionists, and she has had the distinction of being "interviewed" by a New York *World* reporter. Her friends have thus far succeeded in dissuading her from going upon the stage, and we have not yet heard of her intention to lecture. There is still good cause to fear, however, that she may write a novel upon English society. As might be expected, Mrs. Potter's head, clever head as it is, has been slightly turned by these circumstances, over which she has really no control, and according to the *Critic*, this has been abundantly manifested in her recent "interview," which that journal's quizzical "Lounger" comments on rather amusingly thus:—

Mrs. James Brown Potter tells the *World* that her collection of pieces for recitation by amateurs will be published by the Lippincotts about the 1st of December. Additional interest attaches to this statement from the fact that when Mrs. Potter made it, her "stately figure" was "clad in a yachting suit which had pleased the taste of the Prince of Wales at Cowes last summer." She will print "Ostler Joe" in her book for amateurs, and a poem which has "never yet challenged public criticism." It is called "Two Sinners," and was written for Mrs. Potter's little volume by Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, whom Mrs. Potter pronounces to be "a charming lady."

"The Prince of Wales has written to me asking for the first copy—which shall be sent him." Mrs. Potter is not "going back on" the acute critic of feminine habiliments whose taste was pleased by her yachting suit at Cowes last summer. He wants the first copy of her book, and he shall have it. If it doesn't reach him promptly, it won't be because it hasn't been sent to him. It may be because the postage hasn't been fully prepaid, or because an English edition of the book is copyrighted in Great Britain, or because the postmaster has lost his address. He must be patient; sooner or later the little book will come; and ten to one it will contain the fair compiler's veritable autograph. It will be a proud day for the Prince of Wales. The book is dedicated to Mr. Browning by permission; and the poet may have the further satisfaction of knowing that the compiler prizes no souvenirs of her English season more highly than his letters—and the Prince of Wales's pins. During the coming winter Mrs. Potter proposes to "study the French language and literature and the French art at the very fountain-heads"—in Paris, that is to say, where "my uncle, you know, is at present our Minister."

To say that Denman Thompson's new play, "The Old Homestead," produced for the first time in Toronto last week, gave unqualified delight to large houses, is to express the facts inadequately. The special virtues of *Joshua Whitcomb* find nowhere more enthusiastic appreciation than in this

city, and Mr. Thompson has so thoroughly identified himself with that character as to make it a matter of incredulity with the world that he has any other. His interpretation of the hard-headed, warm-hearted, quaintly humorous old New England farmer, is one of the most pronounced dramatic successes of the day. "The Old Homestead" is in the nature of a sequel to the original play, and while the scenes and situations are changed to meet the exigencies of the plot, the spirit of *Joshua Whitcomb* pervades it from the first act to the last, and ample opportunity is afforded for the play of that very refreshing old gentleman's eccentricities. The merit of the piece lies in its thoroughly faithful depiction of New England country life, toward the realistic representation of which Mr. Thompson has left no stone unturned. The stage setting is admirable in every detail, except possibly the superfluous article which appears in Mark Hopkins' city drawing-room. Even to exploit rustic ignorance a "cuspidore" under the centre-table is hardly excusable. A marked and excellent feature of the play was the prevalence of chorus and part-singing; an exceedingly charming quartette, "The Old Oaken Bucket," however, was thoroughly spoiled by the tenor, who has really a fine tenor voice, but sent it unsparingly through his nose. This may be very faithful to vocal exercise as it is in New England, but it is not agreeable, and we would have been willing for once to dispense with the verities.

THIS week at the Grand, the Kiralfy Brothers present their spectacular drama "Around The World in Eighty Days," with Mr. Joseph Slaytor in the rôle of *Phineas Fogg*. Mr. Slaytor dresses and looks the character to perfection, but is almost too wooden, even for that exceedingly wooden member of the Eccentric Club. Mr. Arthur Moulton, as *Passepartout*, is one of those thoroughly self-poised American youths, whose cool readiness and invariable slang in any emergency never fails to delight an audience. Mr. W. H. Bartholemew, as *Mr. Blunt*, a Calcutta magistrate, scores a decided success; the Calcutta episode being decidedly the funniest of the plot. The Eastern costuming is really dazzling, the scenic effects remarkably good, and the pirouettes of Mademoiselles Qualitz and Newman quite startling to a public before whom *la première danseuse* appears but seldom.

GARTH GRAFTON.

THE CHRISTMAS MAGAZINES.

THE Christmas *Harper's* is, as usual, a perfect treasure-trove of Christmas sentiment in song and story. The artist's pencil, the engraver's burin, and the writer's pen have all been laid under contribution to even a more voluminously attractive extent than usual; and one hesitates upon opening the magazine, in delightful inability to choose a page to begin upon. Most people will turn at once to the artistic *bonne-bouche* of the number, the time-honoured "Sally in our Alley" song, which will be positively introduced to many by the inimitable drawings by E. A. Abbey that accompany it. There is little of Mr. Abbey's thrice-familiar work that reflects with happier fancy the humour of the author he illustrates than these sketches. The subject, both as to date and character, is one that lends itself most readily to his quick perception, wit, and sympathy in interpretation; and from our introduction to the black-eyed, gay-bonneted "Sally" on the first page to the sportive scene on the last, "My master and the neighbours all make game of me and Sally," one's imagination is completely captive to the quaint facility of Mr. Abbey's pencil. The frontispiece, "When Christmas Comes," is also part of the illustration of the old song. It represents an outdoor scene, with tents and booths, and while we admire the spirit of the composition we cannot help doubting its truth somewhat. For straw hats and bare elbows prevail among the women folk, and a general picnic air pervades the picture. Mr. Abbey must have had a very "green Christmas" in his mind when he made it. A paper upon the "Boyhood of Christ," containing all the fascinating Oriental interest we should expect from the author of "Ben Hur," opens the number, to which Mr. Howells contributes a reflection upon feminine courage, in a farce called "The Mouse Trap," and Sarah Orne Jewett a pleasantly-sad little sketch, "The King of Folly Island."

We look almost in vain in the *Century* for any suggestion of the holiday season. Beyond a page or two given up to Christmas songs, its editors have apparently made no attempt to recognise the festive time, somewhat to the disappointment of readers who have often been struck with the special timeliness of the *Century's* contents. The number is one, too, of distinctively American interest. We get two more of the tiresome war papers, and a very large instalment of the Hay-Nicolay biography of Lincoln, which, now that it has got beyond the minutiae connected with that great man's ancestors and early life, is beginning to throb with the vitality of the national heart. Henry Clay forms the subject of the frontispiece and opening article, and the department of "Memoranda on

the Civil War" is, as usual, full to overflowing. A very slight sketch of a languid aristocrat, who could not bring himself to marry the daughter of his father's groom, is contributed by Mrs. Poultney Bigelow, a reigning lady in New York society. It is styled "An American Beauty," and is, despite its superficiality, an excellent satire upon international matrimonial episodes. "The Minister's Charge" is brought to a somewhat trite and commonplace end—an end which makes us half suspect that Mr. Howells had grown tired of his unmanageable Lemuel and his associates of the factory, the womanish Mr. Sewell and his disagreeable wife. The number, as a whole, is not well-balanced, and is a good deal of a disappointment.

A forceful "Study of a Head," engraved by O. Lacour, from a drawing by Alma-Tadema, forms the frontispiece of the December *English Illustrated*. The *English Illustrated* is given to presenting us with *genre* studies such as this, which, although intrinsically valuable, and full of virtue, might be well replaced by something with a more vital meaning than is supplied by it alone. A butterfly of a poem, by Charles Algernon Swinburne, has alighted on the first page—a baby song—entitled "In a Garden," and so frail as to be almost overweighed by any title at all. And then we get a long and graphic Venetian paper, by H. F. Brown, and a vivid Indian story, by J. S. Winter, entitled, "A Siege Baby." There are still some, it is said, who are sceptical regarding the fact that the author of "Boote's Baby" is a woman. They will find it easier to believe after reading the history of this infant of tenderer age. The most interesting feature of the number is a long, rambling sketch of the life of the London masses, "In the Heart of London," by D. Rice-Jones, copiously and characteristically illustrated. It is always fascinatingly remote, almost foreign, this kind of London life, and is an inexhaustible fund for sympathetic depiction by either pen or pencil. With all we know of the great metropolis, there are volumes unwritten still.

A new and agreeable feature of *Lippincott's* is the publication each month of a complete novelette by a writer of note. The last number brought us "Brueton's Bayou," by John Habberton, and this month we get "Miss Defarge," by Frances Hodgson Burnett. When we say of "Miss Defarge" that Frances Hodgson Burnett has written it, we imply of necessity that it is written with grace, tact, skill, and a more or less serious art. Power, and pathos, and analytic ability of a high order are characteristic of this distinguished author, but not invariably. And none of these things could be predicated of "Miss Defarge." It is not even so good a piece of literary work as "Dolly," Mrs. Burnett's first effort in fiction, for it lacks the endeavour and aspiration of that pleasant little book, chiefly interesting now to mark the development of its author's genius from its earlier manifestations. "Miss Defarge" is lightly and thinly entertaining, in so far as it bears the more superficial of the virtues of Mrs. Burnett's writing, but it is almost incomprehensible as emanating from the author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's." In this story Mrs. Burnett has allowed her noble art to degenerate into artifice of an exceeding flimsy character, and forces us to the unwilling alternative of believing either that her creative powers are diminishing or she has lost her literary conscience. Rhoda Broughton could have written "Miss Defarge."

Apart from the closing chapters of Charles Egbert Craddock's "In The Clouds," in the current *Atlantic* interest will centre in its supplement, which contains Mr. James Russell Lowell's oration, and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes' poem recently delivered on the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Howard University. Dr. Holmes writes in his usual reminiscent vein; it is difficult to imagine the celebrations of such occasions when this poet of the past shall be no longer a figure of the present. Mr. Lowell's oration is like him too, vigorous in thought, graceful in construction, rich in diction. Thus saith he of the humanities and America:

I am saddened when I see our success as a nation measured by the number of acres under tillage, or of bushels of wheat exported; for the real value of a country must be weighed in scales more delicate than the Balance of Trade. The garners of Sicily are empty now; but the bees from all climes still fetch honey from the tiny garden plot of Theocritus. On a map of the world you may cover Judea with your thumb, Athens with a finger-tip, and neither of them figures in the Prices Current; but they still lord it in the thought and action of every civilised man. Did not Dante cover with his hood all that was in Italy six hundred years ago? And if we go back a century, where was Germany outside of Weimar? Material success is good, but only as the necessary preliminary of better things. The measure of a nation's true success is the amount it has contributed to the thought, the moral energy, the intellectual happiness, the spirit of hope and consolation of mankind. There is no other, let our candidates flatter us as they may. We still make a confusion between huge and great. I know that I am repeating truisms, but they are truisms that need to be repeated, in season and out of season.

St. Nicholas has not altered its dress for Christmastide, but is full to the brim of the spirit of Christmas. The nonsense songs and pictures are

particularly amusing in this number, and every boy and girl who has ever seen a great battle panorama will be trebly interested in Mr. Whitney's well-illustrated article explaining how they are constructed.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

BISMARCK generally knows what he is about, and he certainly did when he bestowed his approbation on "The Buchholtz Family."* It is a wonderfully vivid and exceedingly amusing picture of middle-class life at Berlin. The local aroma is strong in it, and attests its genuine Berlinity. But the amiable and weak parts of domestic character; the ways and the foibles of mothers, mothers-in-law, and every member of a family group; the daily incidents, cares, and stratagems of housekeeping; the social life, alliances, quarrels, and match-makings of a small neighbourhood, are depicted in a way which brings them home to us all. In fact, to many, and to mothers-in-law especially, the book will be a confessional. But they need fear no censoriousness or austerity: the worst that can happen to them will be to be made to laugh at themselves.

"ANDROMEDA," by Mr. Fleming; "King Arthur," by Mrs. Craik (Miss Mulock), and "Mrs. Dymond," by Miss Thackeray, are none of them new, but they may not have fallen under the notice of our readers. Not one of them is exciting, but all of them, and especially "Mrs. Dymond," will be found to afford quiet and healthy enjoyment. They are careful studies of characters, with enough of a plot for its development, though without any thrilling incidents. All three of the writers cultivate the picturesque, and are particularly fond of word-painting as applied to scenery, of which Mr. Hardy among novelists is the great example. Perhaps there is rather too much of this, and the art is rather too apparent. "Go to, let us make a picturesque description," seems to be the thought in the writers. Still, the painting is good, particularly in "Mrs. Dymond."

THE ALDINE BOOK PUBLISHING COMPANY, of Boston, have just issued a very cheap "Globe Dictionary of the English Language." It appears to be a reprint of the one completed some years ago by Hyde Clarke for Weale's Educational Series, from the dictionaries of Worcester, Webster, Walker, Johnson, Richardson, Murray, and Latham. Containing 100,000 words, it is pretty complete, giving, besides the ordinary words of the language, the names of places, technical and scientific terms, foreign phrases, etc. The printing and paper are rather poor, as may be expected from the price, but otherwise the volume may be found a most useful companion for the student and general reader.

We have received also the following publications:—

- CENTURY. December. New York: Century Company.
- ILLUSTRATED CHRISTMAS NUMBER PUBLISHERS WEEKLY. New York: 31 and 32 Park Row.
- BOOK BUYER. Christmas. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
- OUTING. December. New York: 140 Nassau Street.
- ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. December—Christmas Double Number. New York: Macmillan and Company.
- NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. December. New York: 3 East 14th Street.
- NINETEENTH CENTURY. November. Philadelphia: Leonard-Scott Publication Company.

MUSIC.

CHAMBER MUSIC ASSOCIATION CONCERT.

THE second concert of the Chamber Music Association was given Monday evening last before a large audience. The playing of the quartette evinced great care and precision, and was, perhaps, most appreciated in the Mozart *Allegro* and *Adagio*. The Beethoven *Scherzo* was well executed, but made one wish to hear the whole quartette, while the *Intermezzo*, by Cornelius Gurliitt, furnished a light and acceptable number.

Mr. Presberg, who, if we mistake not, made his *début* before a Toronto audience, is well qualified to rank as a solo pianist of high order. His *technique* is clear and correct, and his execution leaves nothing to be desired, although he is more at home in pieces of the Thalberg type—i.e. concert fantasias—than in the exacting requirement of the great D Minor Trio, which, to connoisseurs at least, was the most interesting number on Monday's programme.

The violoncello solos from Mr. Corell were given in good style, and met with vociferous applause.

Mrs. McKelcan, of Hamilton, who possesses a voice of perfect quality, but limited compass, sang three songs and a couple of *encores* in that charming style, which has rendered her such a favourite in musical circles.

Mrs. Blight played with her usual taste, and Mr. Jacobsen supplied an *obligato* to a song of Kricken's, as well as the piano accompaniment to Mr. Corell's solo.

Cannot some understanding be reached with audiences in the matter of *encores*? One *encore*, we submit, is legitimate, so is a second, if earnestly persevered in; but the senseless "clap-clapping" indulged in by the audience of Monday between some of the numbers was neither gratifying to the performers nor creditable to itself.

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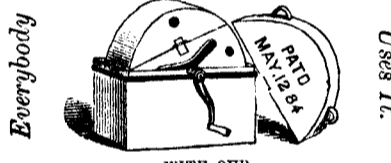
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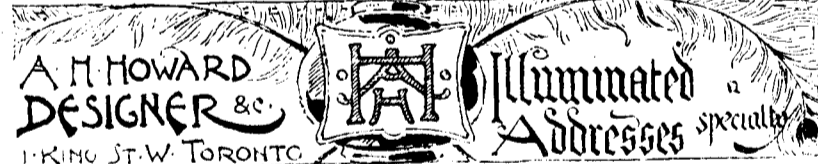
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