

# THE WEEK:

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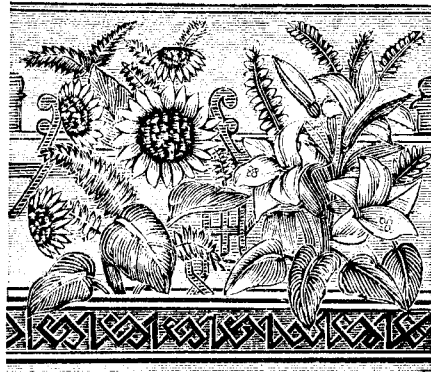
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# THE WEEK.

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## CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

	PAGE
<b>CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES—</b>	
The Status of the Writer.....	C. Davis English. 731
A Quiet New England Village.....	Franklin. 732
Jottings off the C. P. R.....	E. S. 733
<b>INSTRUCTION FROM MUMMY-CASES.....</b>	
Fossil Man.....	Selected. 733
THE SUMMER RAIN (Poem).....	Selected. 734
<b>CORRESPONDENCE—</b>	
Shakespeareana.....	D. Fowler. 735
Anticosti.....	I. Timbers. 735
<b>TOPICS OF THE WEEK—</b>	
Speeches of the Party Leaders.....	736
Prison Labour.....	736
The Quebec Elections.....	736
Dissatisfaction in Nova Scotia.....	736
Cremation.....	736
Mr. Gladstone's Irritability.....	736
The Grattan Parliament.....	737
Lord Lorne in Politics.....	737
Lord R. Churchill's Speech.....	737
Provincial Councils for Ireland.....	737
Fenian Interference with the British Elections.....	738
Partyism and Principle.....	738
The Eastern Question.....	738
<b>NOTES.....</b>	
ANACREONTIC (Poem).....	738
SAUNTERINGS.....	Seraus. 739
FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY (Poem).....	Sara Jeannette Duncan. 739
HOW THE POOR LIVE.....	The Baroness Von Oppen. 740
THE FALL OF THE GREAT REPUBLIC.....	740
DOLCE FAR NIENTE (Poem).....	Henleigh. 741
ENGLAND REVISITED.....	Goldwin Smith. 741
OUR LIBRARY TABLE.....	742

## THE STATUS OF THE WRITER.

SOMEBODY has somewhere said that the writer of anything, no matter how trifling or worthless, is by that very fact the superior of one who has never appeared in print; a statement which, while strongly impregnated with the usual hyperbole of aphorism, is yet not to be taken as the direct reverse of the truth. Yet, how many are there who hold tacitly, if not avowedly, the exact opposite of this—who believe that he who writes is *ipso facto* to be classed amongst a lower order of creatures, who are incapacitated for a place with the active workers and producers, and whose efforts are, in the language of Iago, "Mere prattle, without practice." The writer, whether he be journalist, fictionist, essayist, philosopher, or what you will, is regarded by the public at large, whose literary ignorance is notoriously marvellous, with a sort of complacency, which, if not pitying, is distinct from pity without conspicuous difference. Of course reference is not here made to those famous in letters, to be one of whom makes one cry, *Sublimi feriam sidera vertice*. Such are treated by society at large with very much the same kind of wondering admiration, tinged perhaps with a modicum of respect, that is extended to a visitor from semi-civilized parts of the world. We cannot explain this popular estimate of the writer by attributing it to the present much-deprecated depravity of journalism and literature; rather just now the man of letters has a larger audience than ever before the offspring of a prolific universal education. Years ago Emerson wrote: "There is a certain ridicule, among superficial people, thrown on the scholars or clerisy. . . . In this country the emphasis of conversation, and of public opinion, commends the practical man." To the pachydermatous writer all the slings and arrows of an inappreciative public are simply unconsidered trifles, and to him whose society is of his own kind, laughter at the popular ignorance comes readily; but when one who lives by his pen, or who even makes it his occasional means of amusement, is thrown among the Philistines who are steeped in commercial occupation, and could not write a grammatical sentence, then has he cause to summon to his aid all the gods and muses to help him hold his peace where resentment would be scattered to the four winds of heaven. But not to spend more time in lugubrious "obvious and ancient observations," and not forgetting that authorship has its brilliant aspect, let us glance for a moment at some of the most getatable causes which affect the popular estimate of the new profession; and if, in disclosing the sources of the aspersion, we are unable to dam the outflow in fact, we may at least see our justification for doing so in metaphorical objugation.

Foremost among the influences at work in depreciating the estimate of literary work is the almost universal belief (amongst those who have never tried it) that anybody can write; that to be a successful member of the profession of letters, one need but to climb the hillocks of the three R's, from which points of observation any ordinarily endowed person can observe enough to be interesting or instructive, or both, to the reading public—all of which is a gigantic mistake. Again, a would-be writer may be equipped, to all outward seeming, with every article necessary for literary success; he may have knowledge, intelligence, culture, and, above

all, the *cacoethes scribendi*, and yet not be able to make his salt even in the lowest departments of journalistic ink-slinging. There is a vague, indefinable something, the possession of which in literary effort is absolutely the pre-requisite to production of any sort. We are not all of us like the novelist Cooper, whose literary career was instigated by his disgust with the poorness of a book he chanced to be reading. We may be thoroughly disgusted with a large proportion of the mediocrity or worse offered for our delectation by the press, the magazine, and the bibliopolist; but don't let us calumniate the writers as creatures of approximate idiocy before we have proven our own ability to do better. Let us take the advice of one of our most illustrious littérateurs, when he forefends the sneer by telling us to "But try and do something like it." Indeed this very prevalence of worthlessness (which heaven forbid that I should defend in itself) should incontestably prove to the public how superlatively difficult a thing it is to write; for of all alert, anxious, and eagle-eyed men in the world, editors are the most so, and their endeavours to secure productions of a superior order are unceasing. How puerile, therefore, is it to suppose that these editors content themselves with printing the worst they have offered to them. The critical faculty by no means implies the co-existence of the constructive. One may be able to instantly point out the weakness of a production without being able to write one half so good. As Dr. Johnson was fond of saying, it is one thing to see how imperfect is the manufacture of a table, but an entirely different thing to be able to make one oneself. Without, therefore, curbing in any way the severity of his criticism of what is published, let him who is inclined to belittle the literary profession remember that this profession is culled from the brainiest men the world contains, not from the weaklings of earth; that competition in the world of letters is perhaps greater than in any other profession; and, finally, that the mediocrity of to-day is attributable, in the first place, to the rarity of great minds and geniuses, which alone can achieve literary greatness, and, in the second place, to the fact that the writer must write on the level of his readers. If the public could only appreciate better writing and wanted it, they would not have to ask in vain, for the writer of this age seldom pens a page of manuscript that the fear of writing "over the heads of the people" does not influence.

In penetrating to the foregoing source of the general depreciation of the writer—using here as elsewhere the word in its widest significance of original composition—we cannot fail to discover the adjacent idea that writing entails comparatively little labour; that it involves about as much effort as a fluent talker exerts in monologue. Now putting aside all preparatory education for literary work, and assuming that one has acquired facility in production, the mere mechanical labour in writing is by no means despicable. The more convincing proof of this to the sceptical reader who has himself no experience in the production of manuscript and copy, is the transcribing of a column or so of a newspaper, a few pages of a magazine article, or a chapter of a duodecimo of ordinary print. The work of the scribe or copyist is considered, by the public, laborious in the extreme, and yet that of the professional man of letters, who not only writes as many or more words a day, but who evolves from his own brain the matter, which is many times more exhausting, is considered lazier. The plain, unvarnished fact is that no profession is more jammed with the solidity of work, or stretched to a higher pitch of mental tension, than that of letters. Listen to the testimony of Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose easy, colloquial style is suggestive of anything but effort. "It," he writes, referring to a meeting held in aid of the American Copyright League, "will be a grand rally in the cause of one of the hardest workers of the labouring classes,—a meeting of the soft-handed sons of toil, whose tasks are more trying than those of the roughest day-labourer, though his palms might shame the hide of a rhinoceros. How complex, how difficult is the work of the brain operative! He employs the noblest implement which God has given to mortals." Why then should an age and country which is incessantly chanting pæans to Labour refuse honour to whom honour is due, and revile rather than praise their own chief priests?

Still another tributary to the depreciation of the writer is the relatively small compensation his labour brings; for, as a class, literature is more poorly paid than any other occupation of corresponding intelligence and concentration of toil. It were idle to either discuss or lament this condition, as it is the result of the inexorable law of supply and demand; and we here are concerned to note only its obvious consequential influence upon the

writer's position. It is as natural for a man to gauge another by his pomp and circumstance, or by his ability to surround himself with the luxury which money alone can buy, as it is natural for him to cultivate such a one; and for a much stronger reason therefore it is natural for the masses to think poorly of the profession of letters, which brings so little reward. Every one who writes much for publication must have observed that his contributions are regarded by his non-literary friends purely from a commercial standpoint. Mr. Ticker, who, by a happy turn in the stock market, may in a few hours realize hundreds of dollars, regards with complacent superiority his literary friend, whose morning has been devoted to a leader for which he will be paid five or six dollars; Mr. Cotton, who in the past six months has made, by the rise in dry-goods, a small fortune, looks with pity upon the author who has been engaged during that time in writing a book, the profits of which may be to him five hundred dollars; while the popular salesman, or the president of a rich corporation fairly inflates himself with pride when he thinks how much more his services are worth than those of the editor of the journal across the way. So long then (and the present caliginous intensity in the literary horizon does not seem to presage the dawn of more material prosperity for the writer) as the current rates of compensation in the literary world obtain, just so long will the profession of letters be looked upon askance by the world at large, and the members of this profession must bear in silence the gratuitous commiseration of their inferiors in all but wealth. But there is one thing that the professional writer may do to raise the guild in the eyes of outsiders, which we would mention in an aside. We refer to authorial negligence of sartorial care and *les convenances*, and to the prevalence of what a newspaper man himself calls forcibly, if not euphuistically, "journalistic sloppiness." True, in trying to make both ends meet on nothing a year, and in being more absorbed in subjective than objective operations, the writer has some excuse for his notorious disregard for the little nothings which constitute the amenities of society, but none the less is this disregard regrettable.

Come we now to the last that we shall mention, but not the least deep of the well-springs of the popular disdain of the new profession. In addition to the fact that the activity of the writer requires, though in a less degree, an activity on the part of the reader for its effect to be noticeable at all; we have to observe that its effect is experienced almost entirely individually rather than collectively, and that it works its changes and influences tacitly, with hardly a possibility for the sensational exhibition of its power. On the other hand, the other learned professions have opportunities for the production of an outward and a visible sign of their worth in ways that cannot fail to catch the public attention. Law is woven into the very fabric of every branch of human activity, and the lawyer shows his ability in getting a verdict with a fortune; the doctor ministers to our ailments and snatches from death the dying patient; the minister sways assembled multitudes by his eloquence, who would never think of reading his sermon printed; the man of science controls and reduces to our bidding the forces of nature; and even the artist appeals to us more directly than the writer. The writer has no such advantages as these in offering his brain-work to the world. Little wonder, therefore, is it that the popular applause and material advantages follow professions where the influence is obvious to every one who cannot even write his own name. But who, of those fitted to judge, would rank the profession of letters below any of the professions mentioned, or its members as less powerful in intellect, less manly in purpose, or less able in execution? Great are the disadvantages of literature as a profession, but it has its compensations which only its own members can appreciate; while its influence, silent though it be, is far beyond any other in the moulding of opinion. Ultimately the profession of letters will assume its true position in the world. Until that time comes the writer can well afford to receive as compliment the disparagement of the masses.

C. DAVIS ENGLISH.

PALMERSTON was travelling north, on one occasion, by rail. He purchased a third-class ticket, lit his cigar, and entered the coach. One of the employes called the attention of the manager to the fact, remarking, "What shall we do if Lord Palmerston rides third-class? Every one will follow suit, and no first or second-class tickets will be sold." The manager thought a moment, then took two third-class tickets, handed them to two chimney sweeps standing on the platform, and ushered them into the coach where Palmerston sat. Palmerston looked up, and immediately comprehended the position and the motive. Arriving at the next station, he purchased two first-class tickets, took the sweeps out, and ushered them into the first-class coach. The retaliation was appreciated on the part of the railroad managers.

### A QUIET NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE.

WE came upon it suddenly as we were returning from an afternoon drive one evening last summer, while we were boarding in M——, a country town in Massachusetts. Upon reaching a sudden bend in the road, which had led us on very quietly for a mile or two previous to this, this little hamlet lay spread out before us as plain as a map, and we stopped our lazy old steed, and he was not at all averse to stopping at any time, and readily complied with our request now.

We sat there, and "viewed the landscape o'er," and so peaceful, so quiet, and withal so beautiful was the scene before us, that it was photographed on my mind, and memory has reverted to it many times since, and always with pleasure.

Nearest to us was a large farmhouse, with a long array of outbuildings in connection, all in good condition, painted and trim, with grounds in front filled with shrubs and flowers, many of which were in bloom, making in themselves pictures that far excel any paintings done by human hand. A little farther on, and on the opposite side of the road, were two or three pretty, tidy cottages, shaded by one large old elm. Next comes the village store and post-office, with the usual number of after-supper loungers, age, youth, and childhood, all represented in the half-score of humanity ranged on the door steps. Across the way, and back from the street a little, stand the church and schoolhouse side by side, and behind them the long row of horse-sheds, indispensable adjuncts to the New England meeting-house.

Here the road divides, and one branch, crossing a bridge on the left, follows the stream a short distance, and then, still diverging to the left, is lost from sight, and the other branch, following the right bank of the stream, can be traced for some distance farther on, showing that its course leads by half a dozen more houses; then a saw-mill with piles of logs and piles of lumber before it; then a three-story shop for the manufacture of wooden pails, three smaller buildings, a blacksmith's shop, a waggon-shop, and a few more houses.

Behind these buildings, on each side, lie narrow strips of cultivated fields, where tall grass, fields of oats, corn, rye, and the inevitable potato-patch are all seen, and back of these rise a line of low hills, mostly covered with woods; and all this, seen in the glorious light of a June sunset, presents a scene which no beauty-lover could fail to admire. While we sit looking, a rush is heard, a shriek of a steam whistle, and out from a gap in the hills comes the evening train, stops for five minutes at the little brick depôt, just discernible in the distance, and dashes on. This starts a new train of thought, and also starts the old horse from the brown study he appears to have fallen into, and we allow him to jog on at his own sweet will, while we take observations. Passing the thrifty farmhouse, we observe a long building, under which is carefully housed farm-machinery of the most-approved invention—mowing-machine, horse-rake, hay-tedder, disc harrow, sulky-plough, and also the comfortable two-seated carriage and light buggy, all showing thrift, enterprise, and comfort. The open windows of the house show taste and comfort combined. We catch a glimpse of pictures and hanging lamp, parlour-organ, and sewing-machine. Farther down the road, from the open doors of the kitchens, we see the glow of the Florence oil-stoves—that boon to tired women—and occasionally we see the cans of a patent creamer in bright array, waiting the evening milking-time, and showing the owners to be patrons of a Coöperative Creamery Association, located not many miles distant.

We arrive in front of the post-office just as a small throng is collecting to witness the arrival and distribution of the evening mail. A bevy of young ladies come forth—in whose manners, dress, and appearance, there is no perceptible difference from a similar group in any large town or city—save the bright eye, rosy cheek, and light step of health—carrying their share of the contents of Uncle Sam's mail-bag, among which we notice *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, *Lippincott's*, *New England Monthly*; besides the *Bazaar*, *Domestic Monthly*, *Household*, and other lighter publications. The men seat themselves on the steps of the piazza, to investigate the contents of the *Boston Weekly Globe*, *Springfield Republican*, *Homestead*, *Daily Herald*, *New York Times*, *Tribune*; and occasionally a youth is seen to be absorbed in the fortunes of the heroine of the story in the *New York Weekly*.

We see a gleam of wires in the sunshine on the piazza roof, showing this little hamlet to have telephonic as well as telegraphic and railroad connection with the bustling world beyond.

The homes look neat and tasteful, the children look bright and healthy, the men look enterprising and intelligent; and all the surroundings show that they keep abreast with the times, and that a practical use is made of many of the best labour-saving inventions of the day, and that the true New

England spirit of education, culture, and progress, can be found here. The spirit of our forefathers, who, from the landing on Plymouth Rock, battled with forest and savage, sickness, famine, and hardship, until, conquering and overcoming all opposition, civilisation was established all over the land—this same spirit can be seen now, as ever, in every little village, in the keeping pace with the greatest thoughts and inventions of the day.

Always ready to secure, and put into execution, any new ideas likely to further the advancement of any of our occupations, we make our "quiet New England homes," whether situated in bustling town, or more remotely placed in seclusion, the homes of education, refinement, and culture. This can be seen in a summer ride over the hills by an ordinarily observing traveller without an actual acquaintance with the people. FRANKLIN.

*North Leverett, Mass.*

### JOTTINGS OFF THE C. P. R.

WE left Donald for our trip to the Columbia Lakes and Kootenay Valley, at four o'clock on the afternoon of Saturday, August 28, by the eastern-bound express, with a regular camp outfit, consisting of two bundles containing blankets, buffalo robes, and waterproof sheets for bedding, one tent, one small valise, two saddles and saddle-bags, two guns, an axe, one sack of flour, one sack of provisions for our 200 miles ride, another of cooking and eating utensils, and miscellaneous odds and ends. It should have taken us but half an hour to reach Golden City, seventeen miles distant, where we were to embark upon the steamer *Duchess*, but we were more than an hour on the way, for, owing to the approach of a special, bearing Sir Donald Smith, Mr. Cyrus Field, Mr. Stafford Northcote, and other notabilities, to the far Pacific Slope, our express had to turn off the main line at Moberly on to a mysterious switch branching from the track at a right angle, and running directly into the bush, so that as our engine advanced along it we seemed bound to plunge from the rails into the primeval forest.

It was half-past five o'clock when we steamed into Golden City, where we were met by Mr. F. P. Armstrong, the captain of the *Duchess*, who escorted us to the banks of the Columbia, about a mile distant, where the steamer lay at her moorings. There is a good waggon-road all the way, but the evening was so beautiful that I preferred to walk, and formed a far more favourable opinion of the city of gold than I had done when I passed through it on my way to Donald, perhaps because on that occasion I had my back turned to Pilot Mountain, which rears up, almost a detached mass of granite, behind the town. The setting sun was gilding the surface of its reddish-yellow rock with tints that might have given the city its golden name; I fear, however, that it was derived from below, and is of the earth earthy in its origin.

The rosy and purple shades of the near and distant ranges would have delighted the eye of an artist, and the aspect of the boat, as she lay at her picturesque moorings opposite a high wooded bluff on the Columbia River, was most inviting. To me the *Duchess* was a new nautical experience, being a small edition of the stern-wheel steamers used for the shallow navigation of the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers; she is a flat-bottomed boat of light draught, and can pass over two feet six inches of water; she has a promenade deck, supported on light columns, with a hurricane deck above, on which the wheel-house stands; she is sixty feet long, by seventeen feet beam, with a carrying capacity of twenty tons; her cabin accommodation will be excellent when complete, giving room for eight or ten passengers. The main saloon is wide and spacious, and, as Mr. Armstrong kindly placed his cabin at our disposal, we fared sumptuously. The steamer *Duchess* will run next year from the month of May to September, in connection with the C. P. R. trains; the trip up to the lakes and back takes four days. All information on the subject of this route will be forthcoming in the spring, when it will be advisable for all tourists visiting British Columbia to diverge from the main route, and see something of the interior of the country, and the magnificent mountain scenery which the Columbia River commands in its winding course between the ranges of the Rockies and the Selkirks.

Steam was up when we went on board the boat, and a few minutes later she moved away from her moorings, and we were launched upon the bosom of the far-famed Columbia. We ran up the river some seven miles to Canyon Creek, to take on wood, and then tied up to the bank for the night, as it was getting dark. The navigation of the Columbia, with its numerous snags and sand-bars, is an impossibility after dark, and this original manner of securing the boat to Mother Earth during these hours is very conducive to sound slumber.

Sunday, August 29, was a lovely summer day, bright and cloudless, with a fresh wind blowing, which rolled away the light veil of smoke

that had drifted down from the forest fires of the west, till it rested on the distant mountains like a silver haze, against which the adjacent trees stood out in strong relief. This scene from the decks of the *Duchess* was a most entrancing one, and quite beyond description. Words fail me to depict the beauties of the Columbia River, winding as it does between two mountain ranges, the Rockies on the east side standing out in bold peaks and rugged bluffs, while the Selkirks on the west, some few miles from Golden City, lose their massive outlines, and fall away in sloping wooded heights. The course of the river, with its swift current, as it flows, now wide, now narrow, between its low banks overhung with willows, cranberry bushes, and tall cottonwood trees (very similar in growth and appearance to our poplar), is strangely peaceful and secluded, and its varying width, never exceeding 300 feet, is in strange contrast to the extent and volume of our Eastern waters.

The first pause we made was at eleven o'clock in the morning, at Johnson's Hog Rancho, which does not, as the name would imply, indicate the porcine quadruped, but is the western slang for a whiskey resort. That insidious stimulant was a year ago a contraband article, which could not be sold within twenty miles of the C. P. R. rails; hence Johnson's Hog Rancho was established just outside that magic circle. We are now twenty-five miles from Golden City; and the said rancho is beautifully situated at the base of a superb peak of the Rocky Mountains on one of the numerous channels of the Columbia. We made a halt of some twenty minutes to take on wood at this delectable spot, then ran down the stream with the swift current at a tremendous pace for some 100 yards, sweeping so close to the bushes as we turned into the main channel that the overhanging trees crashed against the sides of the boat.

Immediately after we leave Johnson's, the Columbia develops numerous branches, and the Selkirk Range is lost to view, its place being supplied by wooded hills which descend to the edge of the water and continue for about ten miles. The river seems, if possible, to increase in beauty the farther we ascend its tortuous course. The Rocky Mountains stand out in an almost incredible depth of blue distance on the eastern bank, reminding one of some of Turner's Italian landscapes. In one place the main channel divides, and we follow an apparently narrow stream, and coast along a low island, with a marshy bed of reeds on the west—a likely haunt for wild fowl; indeed the constant popping of a gun from the hurricane deck overhead, as flocks of geese and ducks, roused by the approach of the steamer, fly across her bows, is a constant source of excitement. I regret to say, however, that on these occasions no bag was made. Farther up again we find ourselves in a network of islands and channels, with trees hanging, in some places, so far over the water as almost to sweep the upper decks of the *Duchess* as she glides beneath them. On one occasion, Mr. Armstrong told me, when he had given the wheel for a few moments to the charge of a deck hand, the latter cut a point too short (in nautical parlance), and the steamer struck upon one bank and swung off on to the opposite side, passing as she did so under a leaning tree which caught the smoke-stack, and deposited it promptly in the river: he and his men spent all the next day fishing in twelve feet of water for it, and eventually succeeded in recovering it, and restored it to its former position. E. S.

### INSTRUCTION FROM MUMMY-CASES.

WHEN the ancient Egyptians embalmed their dead with so much care they did not suspect that thousands of years after their time other races would open their sepulchres and sarcophagi, and find therein evidence of great value and significance for the explication of modern world problems. It was a custom of those ancient Egyptians to bury seeds and sometimes plants with their dead. They commonly made a light bier for the body of freshly cut green boughs with the leaves on, and it was customary in swathing the corpse with its mortuary bandages to enclose this light bier in them. These plant remains, with many others more purposely deposited on or about the bodies or in the sepulchral chambers, have been resurrected recently from many old tombs never before opened, and the information they give us is interesting and suggestive. Professor William Carruthers, president of the biological section of the British Association, discussed these discoveries in his opening address, and while he refrained from making any application of the facts ascertained, the mere statement of them is enough to demonstrate their scope and bearing.

It results from the hermetic sealing of the plants and seeds referred to that they have been preserved, for the most part, as fresh as when they were deposited, and very fortunately their first examination has been made by an eminent botanist, Dr. Schweinfurth, who has for a quarter of a century been exploring the flora of the Nile Valley. By putting these plants in warm water Dr. Schweinfurth has restored them almost completely. "The colours of the flowers are still present, even the most evanescent, such as the violet of the larkspur and knapweed, and the scarlet of the poppy; the chlorophyll remains in the leaves, and the sugar in the pulp of the raisins." Dr. Schweinfurth has determined no less than fifty-nine species, and what is most remarkable is that the characteristics

of nearly every one of these species are identical with those of the same family at the present day. An exception exists in the case of a certain vine, the under surface of whose leaves was formerly clothed with white hairs, which are no longer found. But the great majority of the plants, seeds, and even the weeds, discovered in the tombs, resemble in all respects the modern species, and when we realize that this fact indicates a stability of forms and character during from four to five thousand years it will be seen that the facts possess strong suggestiveness in relation to the evolutionary theory.

Barley 5,400 years old has been found by Mariette Bey in a grave of the fifth dynasty, at Sakhara. This barley is precisely similar to the grain of to-day. The increase of agricultural science has produced no apparent improvement in the grain during that long period, nor has it changed from its primal type in any way. A garland was found in another tomb, of wild celery. "The leaves, flowers, and fruits of the wild celery have been examined with the greatest care by Dr. Schweinfurth, who has demonstrated in the clearest manner their absolute identity with the indigenous form of this species now abundant in most places in Egypt." No doubt it is true that the periods required for the cooling and gradual stocking of the earth with vegetation and animal life by modern geology seem to afford ample space for the evolution of species. But when we find that a large number of plants have undergone no changes at all in five or six thousand years, it is apparent that the evidence, though not in any sense conclusive, makes against the hypothesis which is most generally accepted at present. But it is possible to go very much further back than Egypt for evidence. Plant remains have been found in sedimentary deposits older than the glacial drift—giving them an age of from 50,000 to 100,000 years—and those plants present no differences from the same species as they exist to-day. It may be said, therefore, that the testimony of ancient plant remains, so far as it goes, seems to oppose the evolutionary hypothesis; or at least to require the assumption of perhaps even longer periods for mutation than the most liberal estimates of the modern geologists have allowed for the earth's formation.—*The Tribune*.

#### FOSSIL MAN.\*

SCIENTIFIC research into the general history of mankind has established two leading principles—first, that, notwithstanding isolated instances of lapse and degradation, the developments of race, of language, of civilisation, show gradual and uniform progress from a state rude and simple to a state elaborate and refined; secondly, that since the earliest historical or pictographical records of our kind five thousand years ago in the monuments of Babylonia and Egypt exhibit a highly advanced stage of culture, speech, and physical beauty, a vast extent of prehistoric time must be demanded for the attainment of so high a level. And further, looking, as Sir W. Dawson bids us look, to modern causes for the explanation of ancient effects, we may assume that the three conditions of life now extant on our globe—the savage, the barbaric, the civilised, the condition of the Brazilian forest-dweller, of the New Zealander, of the European—represent the ascending scale by which our ancestors climbed from prehistoric rudeness to historic civilisation. These principles are strikingly illustrated, and this assumption justified, by geological investigation, which has been able to classify the retreating ages of prehistoric man as the Bronze Age, the Neolithic or new-stone Age, the Palæolithic or old-stone Age,—a period in which bronze was known, but iron was not discovered; a period in which metal was unknown, and the tools or implements in use were of hard stone, finely ground and edged; a period in which flints chipped roughly, yet chipped by the hand of man, were the only weapons known. These eloquent relics, regarded formerly as elf-bolts or moon-stones, now eagerly sought and preserved, are derived from two sources,—river gravels and caves. We stand by a tiny streamlet at the bottom of a deep ravine in Cumberland or Devonshire. There was a time, we know, when the valley was filled up to the level of the surrounding land, and the predecessor of the stream below ran a hundred and fifty feet above our head. Slowly the water carved for itself an ever-narrowing channel, the sharper tooth of its midstream leaving behind it, as it deepened, the successive margins of its gravelly bed. Flood after flood washed into its swollen waters, and lodged upon its submerged sides implements of the rude tribes which lived upon its banks, and the bones of the huge animals which they hunted and destroyed, burying them in the mud which each subsiding cataclysm deposited as it shrank. Man comes to-day and digs into the hillside. In the upper slopes he finds rude flints, with remains of the mammoth and the mastodon; lower down, the polished celt, along with relics of the hyæna, lion, elephant; lower again, the arrow, saw, pierced hammer-head of stone, mingled with the reindeer horn and the tooth of the arctic fox; lowest of all, with bones of recent animals, otter, deer, and ox, appears the sickle, spear-head, or shield-boss, which attests the Age of Bronze. We unseal an ancient cave which has been for ages closed and lost. We dig through mould charged with human bones, remains of pig and sheep, weapons of stone and bronze. Below it is a mass of stalagmite yielding no remains. Under that, again, we find a hard, red mud, containing reindeer-bones and polished implements. This rests upon a second thicker bed of stalagmite, and boring it, we find another earthy stratum, mingled with erratic blocks of grit, attesting glacial action, yielding the extinct cave-bear's bones, with the rudest human implements. The section which we have made "drops sense distinct and clear." In times long past, before the glacial drift had ceased,

man inhabited the cave. Driven from his home by ice-sheet or by flood, he left his weapons strewed around, and mud poured into the cave, laden with the bones of animals, deceased or slain, which it had gathered in its flow. The disturbance passed; the mud hardened into breccia, lime-drops from the roof splashing their film upon its surface slowly built up the crystalline stalagmite. Another generation of men found out the cave and haunted it, not knowing that the floor of their new home was the roof of an ancestral tomb. They, too, in time were driven out, their relics left behind, embedded in earth, sealed by stalagmite, succeeded by fresh inmates, till the cave is found to-day, a prehistoric museum, preserved, arranged, labelled, by the Great Teacher's hand. Even this is not the whole. A comparison of ossiferous caves and gravels yields still minutely evidence as to the ascending development of the races they embalm. They show a period during which no relics except rude chipped flints are found; their owner wielded them to dig for roots, to break the ice, to slay his neighbour, or to wound his prey. By and by are seen flint scrapers, such as the Australian uses now to soften the skins he wraps around his naked form, and with them rude bone pins,—the creature had learned to dress! Anon we find charred bones with the remains of fire,—the creature had learned to cook! Presently we exhume pierced shells and pigments made of hæmatite,—the idea of ornament had followed on the idea of dress! And so upward, through kitchen-midden and lake-dwelling, we trace the birth and growth of pottery, of agriculture, of house-building, of domestic animals, of woven cords, nets, mats, and garments; till the Stone Age yields to the Bronze, Stonehenge and the Cromleches are reared, the Bronze Age passes into the Iron Age, and written history begins.

It is in Western Europe that the remains have hitherto been found which are pregnant with these exciting revelations; from America they are absent. On the other hand, savage, or at least barbaric, man, unknown for ages in Europe, formed little more than three centuries ago the entire population of America, and survives there to the present day. It is the object of Sir W. Dawson's book to exhibit the culture of the native American as it existed in pre-Columbian days, and by means of it to throw light upon the habits and institutions of Palæolithic man, as he lived in Hoxne or the valleys of the Somme. The town of Montreal stands upon the site of the ancient native village of Hochelaga, discovered and described by Cartier in 1534, and shortly afterwards destroyed by an invasion of Huron tribes. Its people, with their arts, manufactures, knowledge, and religion, are depicted at length, and an exceedingly interesting chapter is devoted to their ethnic relations with the other continental tribes. We feel in reading that we probably understand as we never understood before the life and surroundings of a lake-village in Switzerland, in Ireland, or in our own Hornsea Mere. But Sir W. Dawson is not satisfied with this. He will have us believe that the savage who has left us all he had to leave in the flint implements and scrapers at the bottom of a French or English cave was "not inferior to the aborigines of America at the time of its discovery;" that in the Red Indian of Sebastian Cabot we have the *fac-simile* of primitive man! In defiance of the inductive process, he lays down as an established starting-point the Hebrew tradition of our first parents, applies to it the Ussherian chronology of B.C. 4,000, cites Tubal-Cain as the pioneer of the Iron Age, Jabal of the nomadic life, sees in Adam a Turanian man, in the big tenants of the Cro-magnon cave the giants of Genesis vi. Facts which decline to fit this theory are hammered into shape like fossils, most commonly shivered in the process. The absence of polished stone or pottery, of, in fact, all but the very rudest implements, from remoter strata is explained by the supposition that these represent mere camping stations of travelling Palæoliths, who had other and better tools at home; that they used wicker baskets and bark boxes instead of pots and pans; that the man who made the bone pins in Kent's Hole could, if he pleased, have made edged stones, but found flints handier to his purposes; that because the tenants of the Mentone cave wore perforated shells, and the tribes of the St. Lawrence valley wore wampum, therefore the two were in all respects upon a par; that because jade and coral were known to the Swiss lake-dwellers, therefore Palæolithic man had extensive commerce with distant regions; that because the American wapiti has disappeared within the historic period, therefore the mammoth is a recent animal; that because contact with Europeans has caused the rapid degradation of the red man, therefore developments of early man, to which vast periods have been assigned, may be condensed into times not greater than have elapsed since the voyages of Columbus.

We had thought that the school of Reconcilists was extinct; but, living in a land of survivals, Sir W. Dawson has galvanized it into unexpected life. Even were the philologist and the ethnologist content to accept his theory, the geologist must demur. While declining to fix, or even to approximate, the date of Palæolithic man, he sees that the years essential to his growth cannot possibly be compressed into the six thousand which Sir W. Dawson postulates. If the average rate of valley erosion is proved to be one foot in twelve hundred years, and the average deposit of stalagmite six inches in two thousand years, the hundred and fifty feet of descent to the bottom of a Somme valley, and the seventeen feet of stalagmite in Kent's Cavern, demand, on the lowest computation, far more than a decade or even than a score of thousand years. Nay, more; the latest discovery recorded, accepted as unquestionable by the veteran Pengelly and his brother anthropologists at Birmingham, a flint flake of human manufacture, disinterred from below the earliest boulder clay in the Vale of Clwyd, carries back the human race into the Pre-Glacial Age, 240,000 years ago, and disposes of the assumption on which the whole of this book is built, the post-glacial genesis of man. The interpretation and the value of the traditions embalmed in the earliest chapters of the Old Testament are

\* *Fossil Men, and their Modern Representatives.* By Sir J. W. Dawson, F.R.S. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1883.

questions for the Biblical critic and for the historian; the geologist must build his conclusions on the phenomena which the earth affords, not ignore or manipulate them to suit a preconception. The student who passionately longs to trace man's first creation to the Miocene, and the professor who labours to restrict the prehistoric period to a thousand years, will be certain to find proof of their respective theories; they will not convince their neighbours, nor advance the cause of scientific truth.—*From the Spectator.*

### THE SUMMER RAIN.

SWEET, blessed summer rain—ah me!  
The drifting cloud-land spills  
God's mercy on the dotted lea  
And on the tented hills;

Yet is there more than shrouded sky,  
And more than falling rain,  
Or swift-borne souls of flowers that fly  
Breeze-lifted from the plain:

Strange joy comes with the freshening gust,  
The whitening of the leaves,  
The smell of sprinkled summer dust,  
The dripping of the eaves;

The soul stirs with the melting clod,  
The drenched field's silent mirth:—  
Who does not feel his heart help God  
To bless the thirsting earth?

Oh rain—oh blessed summer rain!—  
Not on the fields, alone,  
Nor woodlands, fall, nor flowery plain,  
But on the heart of stone!

—Robert Burns Wilson, in *New York Critic.*

### CORRESPONDENCE.

#### SHAKESPEARIANA.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I am sorry that your ready acceptance of the proposal for a Shakespeariana column has not met with greater result. I hope that you will agree with me that the more reverence we feel for the mighty genius of Shakespeare, by so much the more should such over-free rendering of his works as I describe be brought under notice. The authority for the letter of the quotations that I have made from the article in question, and of the omissions, is at any time at your service. The play itself is almost always and everywhere accessible. Faithfully yours, D. FOWLER.

THE following is, I think, a curiosity in its way. In Act III., Scene IV., of the "Merchant of Venice," Portia says to Nerissa, "I'll tell thee all my whole device when I am in my coach," and "we'll see our husbands," that is, in the court. She requires the professional disguise in which she is to appear in court, and sends her servant Balthazar to her cousin Bellario, doctor of laws at Padua, for "notes and garments." She orders her messenger to use utmost speed, and instructs him to join her at the ferry on the way to Venice, "where," she says, "I shall be before thee." Accordingly, having in due time sent in a note of introduction from Dr. Bellario, concocted for the occasion and full of fiction, as indeed there was no avoiding in such a "device," she enters court "dressed like a doctor of laws." This is Shakespeare; this is the order of his play; Portia has no need to go, and does not go, to Padua. She is hard pressed for time. She takes the direct road to the ferry. But one of our recent instructors, a lady, knows better. She tells us that "Portia, after despatching an *avant courier* to Bellario, herself hastens to Padua;" that she "goes gayly on to Padua with Nerissa;" and that "in the play we see that Portia bids Balthazar wait for her at the ferry." "In the play" we have seen, as all may see for themselves, that she says, "I shall be there before thee." The lady proceeds, "either her mind must have changed, or she must have met messengers from Bellario on the road" (the alternative is not intelligible), "who tell her of his illness and inability to help her in person. Consequently she hastens on to Padua." Now, if Bellario had not yet received the errand of Balthazar, he knew nothing of Portia's interest in the trial, which had only come suddenly to her own knowledge within the last few hours. If he had received the letter carried by that messenger, he knew that it was his robes, and not his personal help, that was applied for. If he had required a messenger to Portia, he had Balthazar at hand, who was to hasten to her at the ferry. "Consequently," he would not have sent messengers to meet her on the road from Belmont to Padua. The lady continues, "in this extremity, with no other help at hand, Bellario proposes that Portia shall go in his stead." (He had been specially summoned by the Duke to attend at the trial.) There was no "extremity," because Portia was sufficient for herself, and had not counted on personal help from Bellario, ill or well; but, if there had been, there were all the other lawyers at Padua and Venice. Bellario would have made no such proposal, because he knew that Portia's resolve was already

determined on. And, while all this is put in, all that is of most significance is left out; not a word is said about "all my whole device," or "we'll see our husbands," or "notes and garments." But we are told that "Portia's eye had been the first to see the flaw in the bond." No doubt, only, "in the play" we hear nothing about any flaw, nor is there any. Portia had not yet seen the bond. At the trial she says, "let me look upon it." Then she decides:

Why this bond is forfeit;  
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim  
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off  
Nearest the merchant's heart.

And:

For the intent and purpose of the law  
Hath full relation to the penalty,  
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

There was indeed a "device," by which she saved Antonio from Shylock's knife, but that is another matter. One more example or two. Nerissa is called in the play Portia's "maid" by Portia herself, and by Gratiano who also calls Portia Nerissa's "mistress;" this lady calls her her "dame d'honneur and friend." She expatiates upon the horror excited in Portia's mind by seeing Shylock whet his knife; she does not see it, for it takes place before she enters the court. Such is the style in which we have "Shakespeare made easy" for us. And the most curious part of it all is that it is accepted and defended. I have asked people whether there could be any excuse for the actual reversal of Shakespeare's own words, such as "wait for me there," in place of "I shall be there before thee," to say nothing of continual misleading less direct, but I have asked in vain. This lady brought to her work station, rank, much well-earned prestige from former achievements on the stage, and all the persuasiveness of an accomplished writer, and, as a matter of course, all she says is taken for granted by those who do not know better, and how many are they not? D. F.

#### ANTICOSTI.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I have just read an article in THE WEEK on Anticosti, its capabilities and incapacities. May I respectfully beg your permission, as one of the delegates chosen by the directors of the company formed in England for the purpose of sending out suitable men as settlers there, to offer a few remarks thereon, not for the purpose of creating or prolonging a spirit of controversy, but with the view of doing justice to an island, the resources of which appear to be known only to few? During the last month I, in company with six others, started from Quebec in the steam-tug *Conqueror* for the isle of wrecks and barren rocks. We landed at English Bay, where we found about sixty well-built houses, well-stocked general stores, and had the opportunity of conversing with many of the oldest residents there, some of them having spent from twenty to forty years of their lives there, perfectly satisfied with their banishment on this horrid island. During our stay there we visited English Bay, Salmon River, Fox Bay, East Bay, South-West Point, Jupiter River, and Ellis Bay, taking frequent pleasant strolls through the impenetrable scrubs, falsely so called. We could only come to this conclusion, viz.: no finer roots, vegetables of all kinds, and even oats, barley, and wheat can be grown in any part of Canada. The natural grass grows to an enormous height, and must possess highly nutritious properties, as some fine specimens of bullocks may be seen on the island fattened entirely on these grasses; and we saw large quantities of splendid hay, also the produce of this barren rock. Being in possession of these facts, it is difficult to conceive the necessity of importing even fodder for pigs, horses and sheep, as has been erroneously asserted. The water supply is excellent, and of the purest kind; the timber, varying from one to seven feet, suitable for boat building and general purposes. The rich deposits of marl, its wild fruits in abundance, its rivers and creeks, and the whole of the sea-coast around it, seem to me to render it an island to be sought rather than to be avoided; and I have no doubt that many a happy home will be established there very shortly. I am taking home some fine specimens of potatoes, swedes and other roots grown at Anticosti, and shall only be too pleased to place them in the hands of those who have been hitherto most sceptical as to its capabilities. As a test of my hopes for the future of this place, I feel that from all I have seen of it I shall be justified in endeavouring to induce two of my sons, now in the Colonies, to take up land there.

I am, sir, yours,

I. TIMBERS.

Rossin House, Toronto, Oct. 6, 1886.

P.S.—I have omitted one very important point. It has been asserted that cows could not possibly live on the island more than two years. I believe there is one place only where some noxious weed is picked up by them, at South-West Point; but if removed to any other part they do well, their milk being of the finest quality.

WHEN "Thad" Stevens was a young lawyer in the Pennsylvania Courts, he once lost his case by what he considered a wrong ruling of the judge. Disgusted, he banged his law books on the table, picked up his hat, and started for the door with some vigorous words in his mouth. The Judge feeling that his dignity was assailed, rose impressively and said: "Mr. Stevens!" Mr. Stevens stopped, turned, and bowed deferentially. "Mr. Stevens," said the Judge, "do you intend by such conduct to express your contempt for this court?" And Stevens, with mock seriousness, answered: "Express my contempt for this court! No, I was trying to conceal it, your Honour!"

## The Week.

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We have been having speeches from the leaders of both the parties in anticipation of the election. The audiences on both sides have, no doubt, been edified and delighted; but there is nothing in the speeches which calls specially for criticism or discussion. On one side it is all the M. O. G., if we may take the liberty of substituting the initial letters of Merry Old Gentleman for those of Grand Old Man. On the other side it is all "Hope, like a burning eagle, poising above the unrisen morrow." Till the M. O. G. quits the stage, or the morrow rises and the eagle leaves off poising and takes wing in some definite direction, there may be local gains or losses in the election, but there is not likely to be any general change of affairs. In the meantime anglers for votes on both sides of the stream are whipping the water with their lines, and throwing all imaginable sorts of flies over all imaginable sorts of political fishes—the Rielite Vote, the Catholic Vote, the Prohibitionist Vote, the Protectionist Vote, the Labour Vote, and even the Red Indian Vote. The Rielite vote seems to be slipping off Mr. Blake's hook. It will be curious to see whether the *Mail* succeeds in landing Prohibition.

THERE is one part of the regular gamut of demagogism which we know is inevitable, but which, as it fatally affects the most miserable and helpless portion of the community, we cannot help always deploring. The Premier claims credit with the workingmen for having relieved them from the "unwholesome competition" of prison labour. Why this competition should be particularly unwholesome it is difficult to see, since no taint of criminality adheres to articles made in prisons. Nor can we imagine that the labour market can be sensibly affected by the introduction of goods so trifling in amount and the product of unskilled hands. But to the convict the denial of labour is almost a moral death-warrant. Idle life in prison, especially if the prisoner is holding intercourse with other men of the same class, can be nothing but a course of depravation. The Toronto city jail, notwithstanding all that its excellent governor can do, is, we fear, to the men who lounge, brooding over evil, in its corridors, little better than a seed-plot of crime. The exertions of prison missionaries are most praiseworthy, and may sometimes do good; but it is not often, we apprehend, that seed sown in the heart of one who listens to the preacher because he has nothing else to do takes root, and springs up when the prison gate has been unbarred, and the prisoner has been thrown back into his old associations. Good principles, to give them vital force, must be carried into action as soon as they are imbibed. Anything in the nature of a treadmill only increases the jail-bird's dislike of labour. Real work, seasoned by the hope of some little profit or advantage, appears to be the only reforming agency on which much reliance can be placed. A man convicted of crime forfeits some rights, but he can hardly forfeit his right to labour, especially when it is indispensable to his moral restoration: such, at least, is not the principle of Christian civilization. The prejudice of the people, however, though cruel, is insurmountable, and we do not expect a politician to contend against it: but the less he boasts of what he must know to be wrong the better.

THE result of the elections to the local Legislature to be held in Quebec this week may possibly determine the date of the Dominion general elections. Our own opinion is that, while the Government majority may and most likely will be reduced, the Government will yet emerge strong enough to maintain their present position. For the issue on which they are being tried is an irrelevant one, raised by the Rouges and the Jesuits, which has been able to produce an immense deal of demonstrating and general effervescence—among those sections; but to whose beguilement the great body of the *habitants* have not succumbed. These in general will be guided by their clergy; while the clergy will sustain the Ross Government; and the Rielite section, though spread in small and noisy groups all over the Province, will remain but a powerless faction in Opposition, from whose company, out of which so sterling a Liberal as M. Joly withdrew himself long ago, Mr. Blake will draw no genuine strength.

THE Repeal movement in Nova Scotia is likely to cause more anxiety to the Government than the Riel agitation. Sir John can hardly go to the

polls without providing, in some way, against that danger. A National Policy must, in the nature of things, operate against export trade; and where, as in Canada, an important Province is essentially maritime in its interests, the extension of the National Policy to that Province is as much as asking its merchants to relinquish the businesses they have been accustomed to and take up new ones. This is the trouble in Nova Scotia? and nothing can remove it, short of exceptional treatment, until the trade of the Dominion shall have grown to such a degree as to force an outlet through the Maritime Provinces. Sir John cannot defer the elections until then, and a Reciprocity Treaty is not in the air yet. Will he quiet the elements, before trusting himself to them, by promising Better Terms?

CREMATION has advanced to Buffalo, and will some day pass the line. The *Globe* is entirely right in saying that religious principle has nothing to do with the question. In this, as in other respects, the gospel is entirely free from the ceremonialism which other sacred books have confounded with religion. There is not a syllable in it to preclude Christians from disposing of their dead in whatever manner may be the most healthy and convenient. What it was that determined Christian practice in favour of burial, it is difficult to say; but antagonism to pagan customs was probably the principal cause. The idea that it was necessary to keep the body intact for the resurrection can hardly have prevailed when the highest places in heaven were being decreed to martyrs whose bodies had been consumed by fire or torn to pieces by wild beasts. The custom is now, no doubt, deeply rooted and closely entwined with sentiment and ritual: it is even becoming closely entwined with vanity, since floral offerings are now catalogued and paraded like wedding gifts. But in these days, custom, however deeply rooted, gives way to reason more readily than it did some centuries ago. Public health and safety will prevail. Be the process burial or cremation, its end is the same: to dust we, and those whom we love, return; and whether it be the dust of the furnace or of decay can signify nothing. To let imagination dwell on the details of the process in either case is foolish; but if we do, nothing can be so hideous as the protraction of decay.

OUR correspondent in England once noted the hysterical violence of Mr. Gladstone's manner in the House of Commons as hardly indicative of a sound state of mind, or of fitness to deal calmly with great questions. The London correspondent of the *New York Evening Post*, which is Gladstonite, notes the same thing. "M. Gambetta," he says, "in the days of the National Assembly, once described M. Buffet as the Minister of Perpetual Interruptions. Mr. Gladstone, who is impatient of the slightest interruption,—whom a sarcastic cheer, a defiant 'No,' or a sceptical 'Oh, oh,' which a judicious stage manager, arranging a stage mob, would deem essential to the effect, drives into paroxysms of scolding—is himself incessant in interruptions, interjecting not only single words, but whole sentences into the speeches of other members, shaking his head, gesticulating, and rising from his seat. If he were anybody else but Mr. Gladstone, the wildest Irish member would not be more frequently called to order and told from the chair that Mr. So-and-So was in possession of the House, and must be heard without interruption. Mr. Matthews spoke on Monday, in the midst of a constant fire of exclamations, contradictions, and corrections from Mr. Gladstone, and sustained skilfully the diversion from his main argument which these sallies necessitated. His speech to the House was interrupted by a series of single combats with Mr. Gladstone. Lord Hartington was exposed to the same scarcely warrantable annoyance on the following evening. He is understood to have expressed himself before with some soreness with respect to this practice of Mr. Gladstone. On Tuesday, though he paused and deferentially inclined his head as Mr. Gladstone interposed time after time from the bench which they both occupy, he took no argumentative notice of the interruptions, but proceeded with the tenor of his argument as if they had not been intruded on him. Mr. Gladstone's gestures and looks showed an irritation scarcely capable of being confined to gestures and looks." The correspondent winds up with the remark that "there is no help for it; Mr. Gladstone's great qualities and his petty foibles must be taken together." The question is, Whether an irritability of temper, which knows no bounds of decorum, and an arrogance which refuses to listen with patience to any argument, are "petty" foibles in a man who holds the helm of state?

If Grattan's Parliament was so beneficent and its revival would be so vast a blessing to the Irish people, as Mr. Parnell and Mr. Gladstone contend, why did the Irish people, when they had it, rise in desperate rebellion against it? Why did its period of rule end, after only seventeen years, in a hideous and internecine civil war of races and religions, in which all government perished. Wolfe Tone was the precursor of Mr. Parnell, and



would, if he were now on the scene, be the confederate of Mr. Gladstone. What was Wolfe Tone's opinion of Grattan's Parliament? "I have seen," he says, "the Parliament of Ireland, the Parliament of England, the Congress of the United States, the Corps Legislatif of France, and the Convention Batave, . . . so that I have seen, I believe, in the way of deliberative assemblies, as many as most men; and of all these I have mentioned, beyond all comparison, the most shamelessly profligate and abandoned by all men of virtue, principle, or even common decency, was the legislature of my own unfortunate country—the scoundrels, I lose my temper every time I think of them!" It is very fine to talk, as Mr. Gladstone does, of Pitt's "blackguardism;" but even Mr. Gladstone will hardly aver that Pitt himself preferred dishonourable to honourable courses, or that he would have resorted to bribery in order to carry the Union, if Grattan's Parliament had not been manifestly open to corruption, or if he could have gained his point by purer methods. A Parliament which could sell its own existence and the independence of the nation, as the Gladstonites say the Irish Parliament did, must surely have deserved what was said of it by Wolfe Tone. In 1784, when Pitt was preparing a "blackguard" plan for creating a unity of interest between the two countries by an equitable adjustment of the tariff, and had at the same time in contemplation a measure of Parliamentary Reform, he directed the Irish Government to furnish him with information as to the composition of the Irish Parliament and the character and objects of the men with whom he had to deal. Mr. Massey, in his History of England, gives some specimens of the report:

H—N—, son-in-law to Lord A—, and brought into Parliament by him. Studies the law; wishes to be a Commissioner of Barracks or in some similar place. Would go into orders, and take a living.

H—D—, brother to Lord C—. Applied for office; but, as no specific promise could be made, has lately voted in Opposition. Easy to be had if thought expedient. A silent, gloomy man.

L—M— refuses to accept £500 per annum; states very high pretensions from his skill in House of Commons management. Expects £1,000 per annum. N.B.—Be careful of him.

T—N— has been in the army, and is now on half pay; wishes a troop of dragoons or full pay. States his pretensions to be fifteen years' service in Parliament. N.B.—Would prefer office to military promotion; but already has, and has long had, a pension. Character, especially on the side of truth, not favourable.

R—P—, Independent, but well disposed to Government. His four sisters have pensions, and his object is a living for his brother.

J—P—, brother to Lord L—, and brought in by him; a captain in the navy; wishes for some sinecure employment.

Pitt's blackguard desire in the first instance was to carry the Union through a reformed Irish Parliament, and by the aid of liberal commercial measures. But reform, it need hardly be said, was rejected by an overwhelming majority in Grattan's Parliament, Grattan himself being cold about it; while the most amiable of races signalized the occasion by houghing a number of poor soldiers, whose only offence was their red coats, in the streets of Dublin; and the measure of commercial freedom, after passing the Parliament at Westminster, was in like manner rejected by that on College Green, Grattan vying with Flood and Curran in the fury of patriotic denunciation. So far from the truth is Mr. Gladstone's assertion that no difficulty was found in carrying reforms on liberal measures through the Irish Parliament. But it is idle to argue against a man who interprets history, Irish as well as English, to suit his own political necessities, and is ready to maintain that the No-Popery Riots were the work of the aristocracy, and that Catholic Emancipation was carried by the mob.

THE Marquis of Lorne is the Queen's son-in-law, and has represented Her Majesty as the Governor-General of the greatest of British Colonies. In both characters he might have been expected to feel that some respect for his own position and some preservation of his dignity were due to the Crown and to the country. An ex-President of the United States descends into private life, but he is not unmindful of what he has been, and he would no more think of running against Mr. Kelly for Congressman of New York than he would of appearing as clown in a circus, or of playing hop-scotch on the street. A Marquis could hardly lack suitable fields of public usefulness. If the political world were short of demagogues, it might perhaps be incumbent on men in Lord Lorne's position to sacrifice decorum and supply the need; but he can scarcely plead the scarcity of incendiaries or mountebanks as a reason for doing anything which is offensive to sense and taste. Whether, in the course of his electioneering adventures he actually fled before a shower of rotten eggs, appears to be a moot point for future annalists of the House of Argyll, who may, perhaps, show that the retreat was heroic; but when ex-Governor-Generals run as Radical candidates for suburban constituencies they must look for

these popular demonstrations. Should Royalty hereafter be inclined to keep its distance from the Marquis of Lorne, it may fairly plead unwillingness to place its robes in the line of fire between its gifted son-in-law and a battery of rotten eggs.

THE full text of Lord Randolph Churchill's Dartford oration is not yet before us, but we cannot be mistaken as to its general character. It was pretty certain that his lordship's modesty and sobriety would not long outlast the first tremors of acrobatic performance on so very high a rope as the leadership of the House of Commons. His native assurance now returns, and as though he were not only the head of the Government but the whole Government in himself, he puts forth a panoramic programme of his Tory-Democratic policy as the policy of the Administration. That this is a flagrant breach of loyalty to his Conservative colleagues, and of the rules of public life, concerns him not in the slightest degree. The pedigree of Tory-Democracy, of which Lord Randolph poses as the prophet, may be distinctly traced through the writings of its hierophants to the tactics of the Jacobite leaders in the time of George I., who took up universal suffrage because they believed, probably not without reason, that the mob was Jacobite, and would help them in overturning the Hanoverian Government. The creed of the Tory-Democrat, in short, is a historic fancy, born of a precedent ridiculously misread and misapplied. If it has any practical meaning, it is a plan for preserving the Monarchy and the House of Lords by surrendering every thing else, including the rights of property, to the Democracy, and thus outbidding the popular leaders. It is forgotten by the inventors of this notable expedient that the Conservative classes value the Monarchy and the House of Lords, not for themselves, but as the means of conserving those very things which the Tory-Democrat proposes to surrender. When everything has been thrown overboard but the Crown and the Hereditary Peerage, it is not very likely that the victorious Democracy will respect institutions which are the very symbols of the opposite system, and which will then be entirely at its mercy. The whole texture of society having been made Democratic, how could the Government be anything else? It happens also, that the object upon which, above all others, Democracy has at present set its heart, is an agrarian revolution which must subvert the territorial basis of the House of Lords. But it is too apparent that, under the auspices of Lord Randolph Churchill, instead of a return of the Conservative party to the old paths of British integrity and honour, the miserable course of intrigue, charlatany, and legerdemain which led to the infamous alliance with the Parnellites is going to be renewed. The consequences every man of sense knows too well. That was a dark day for England on which Lord Hartington declined to join the Government and give the House of Commons as its leader an upright, honourable, and straightforward English statesman. That Lord Salisbury should allow himself and all his colleagues to be treated as nullities by the self-conceited idols of the Music Hall, seems very strange; but, as we have had occasion to remark before, Lord Salisbury, notwithstanding his great talents, his lofty bearing, and his fits of impetuosity in action is, at bottom, not a strong man.

THE report that Lord Salisbury's Ministry had resolved to propose, as a settlement of the Irish Government Question, the institution of a local council for each of the four Provinces of Ireland is denied, and so much of it as related to Lord Hartington's concurrence in the plan was certainly false. But the report, in itself, is by no means incredible. There would be nothing in the establishment of such councils in any way derogatory to that complete supremacy of the United Parliament which it is the cardinal principle of Unionism to preserve, while the religion and civilisation of Ulster would be safe. The plan was in fact advocated many years ago by a writer who has constantly defended the Union in these columns, and was reproduced by him at the first meeting of the Loyal and Patriotic Union held in this city. It met with the opposition of Lord Russell, who, however, at that time was retiring from public life, and had not the opportunity of giving legislative effect to his opinion. Twenty-five years ago, in a political calm, the measure, if it had been then adopted, might have satisfied the Irish and nipped the present agitation in the bud. But it is one thing to operate in a calm; it is another to operate in the midst of a raging storm, and we may be well assured that the Irish agitators both at Dublin and Chicago, having once been presented with the dazzling prospect of an Irish Parliament, an Irish Executive, and the power of appointing to all the offices great or small in Ireland, would spurn such a concession as that of Provincial Councils subordinate to the United Parliament and with merely local functions. Whatever Lord Hartington may think of this particular scheme, it is certain that both he and Mr. Chamberlain, with their followers, would support any feasible plan for the extension of local

self-government in Ireland which the Ministry might bring forward, and that the measure consequently would be carried. Indeed there are not a few, even among the professed followers of Mr. Gladstone, who are Separatists only under the coercion of their local caucuses, and would welcome from the bottom of their feeble hearts any plausible mode of escape from their election pledges. They would pretend, as even the *Daily News* seems preparing to pretend, that they accepted Provincial Councils only as an instalment, though it would be with a secret determination never to go a step further unless the caucus dragged them. Some measure of political settlement must certainly be proposed, and the scheme of Provincial Councils is, we should say, as likely to be proposed as any other.

IN the meantime there is one duty which Parliament clearly owes to its own character and to the honour of the nation. It is bound to preserve the integrity of British elections from the interference of a foreign conspiracy. What would have been thought if at the time of the Russian war, Russian money had been openly sent into England, and accepted by Parliamentary candidates opposed to the war, for the purpose of carrying elections in the Russian interest? Yet this would not have been a grosser outrage than is the open transmission of money from the coffers of American Fenianism for the purpose of carrying British elections in the interest of a foreign conspiracy, avowedly formed for the destruction of the British power, and which has twice invaded the Queen's dominions. There are sitting in the British House of Commons men who are actually the paid agents of the public enemy, and who openly come over to take a part in the councils of that enemy at Chicago with a view to carrying on the war against the State, which they do by means of outrage and obstruction, while their confederates do it by means of dynamite and Fenian raids. The British Parliament ought surely to lose no time in passing an Act annulling all elections in which funds subscribed by the enemies of the realm shall have been used, and disqualifying as candidates all who shall have in any way connected themselves with foreign conspiracies against the State. Such a measure would considerably reduce the forces of obstruction in the House of Commons, and it would receive the approbation of every one, even in America, who has any respect for the rights of nations.

POLITICS are certainly a curious subject. In an appreciative article on Lord Randolph Churchill, the highly respectable correspondent of a highly respectable New York paper observes that his lordship's present revelation of his Liberal opinions does not surprise, inasmuch as he has long been believed to hold such opinions, though he "expressed Tory principles for the purposes of tactics." In any other sphere it would be deemed rather a serious detraction from a eulogy of a man to say that he had been in the habit of telling systematic falsehoods for an interested purpose in regard to matters of the highest importance and specially committed to his trust. But in the case of the politician the only question asked is whether the fraud has been successful: if it has, he is a great man, and perhaps the rising star of the day. On our streets at this time you hear the conjecture freely uttered that the leader of a party in repudiating its organ is acting in secret concert with the organist, whom he wishes, "for purposes of tactics," to take a line which he would himself not find it convenient to take; and nobody seems to suppose that the suggestion is injurious, either to the party leader or to the journalist. Yet in the ordinary dealings of men with each other such a suspicion would be resented as the grossest of insults. That it is well founded in the particular case, we have ourselves no reason for believing; but the tone in which it is discussed shows that the thing might be done with moral impunity. Whether the advocates of Partyism choose to admit it or not, their system has fundamentally perverted public morality; and the evil grows. Pitt, Canning, or Peel would have sent you a challenge for imputing to them that in which Lord Randolph Churchill openly glories as a clever trick of his trade.

IT is fortunate that the British Parliament has risen, and that in dealing with the Eastern imbroglio, the Government is not harassed by the incessant fire of questions, which, when the House is sitting, is kept up by the mischievous folly of members and their desire, at whatever expense to the public service, to distinguish themselves in the eyes of their constituents. Lord Salisbury has completely changed his line upon the Eastern Question since he brought back "peace with honour" from Berlin. The great achievement of which he and his chief boasted on that occasion was the separation of the two Bulgarian Provinces, and the retention of one of them under Turkish dominion. The conviction has now dawned upon him that the consolidation of Bulgaria is the right policy, and the one which affords the best hope of curbing Russian aggression. But he has

proved himself a good diplomatist, and he unquestionably stands well with Bismarck. What are the intentions of Bismarck is still the enigma of the hour, and until it is solved, speculation must be at fault. It is certain, however, that the old Emperor of Germany wishes to avoid a war; so, there is every reason to believe, does the Crown Prince. The Russian Government continues in all its proceedings, and notably in the scandalous mission of General Kaulbars, to show a savage disregard of civilized rights and obligations. Kaulbars' intrigue and bullying have evidently failed, and the Bulgarians are bravely true to their own cause. The chief source of danger is the temper of the Czar, who is too evidently a barbarian goaded into ferocious panic by Nihilism, and inclined by plunging into a policy of aggression to rid himself of his personal danger at the expense of humanity. There has been upon the Russian throne a curious alternation of philanthropists and Tartars, the two Alexanders having belonged to the first category and the heir of each to the second; as alternations of strength and weakness may be found in the line of our own monarchs, Edward the First and Edward the Third having been strong, while the heir of each was weak. As to the British people, they are now in a perfectly rational frame of mind, and content to let their Government deal with the danger as best it may in conjunction with the other Powers.

WE have received a letter from the Rev. J. F. Stevenson, who states that he is not satisfied with the explanation given in our number of September 30th, of a passage in the letter of our English correspondent respecting the contrast between the religious professions of Mr. Gladstone and his conduct in a matter of common honesty towards the landowners of Ireland. We regret that our explanation should not have appeared sufficient to our esteemed correspondent; but what we deemed necessary on our part has been said, and we do not wish to reopen a question out of which an endless controversy might arise.

THE members of the proposed temperance, or rather Prohibitive, organization in Quebec City, who are to vote only for the candidate in the coming local and federal elections that pledges himself to support Prohibitive legislation, are practically disfranchising themselves. No one that took such a pledge in Quebec Province would have a shadow of a chance of election, save from other considerations that might outweigh that drawback, or in a non-French constituency; and to exact it would be in general to ensure the defeat of the candidate.

IT looks as if the conversion of Sir John to Prohibition may not be far off. According to the *Regina Leader*, Mrs. Youmans, the temperance lecturer, has had an interview with him, at which our astute and experienced Premier, apparently quickened by the lady's "forcible and stirring," but to most people rather stale, comparison of the granting of a license to Haman to kill Mordecai and the Jews, to the license system of the present day,—declared that "as soon as he saw that public opinion demanded Prohibition he would do all in his power to give Prohibition to Canada." Was the *Mail's* recent conversion but *un ballon d'essai*?

AMONG the humours of the electoral contest in Quebec is the oratorical flight of a Montreal Rouge, who likens Attorney-General Taillon to Pilate, because he had advocated the policy of non-intervention in the Riel matter. Pilate had refused to interfere on behalf of our Saviour for fear of incurring Cæsar's displeasure, and Taillon feared displeasing Sir John, who was thus likened unto Cæsar. The pathetic allusion of another orator, the Mecænas of the Rouge Party, to the insult "our race and religion" had received by the execution of "our brother," fell rather flat, however, the hearers probably remembering that this patriotic but rather indiscreet Nationalist had said before Riel's execution that he hoped the Government would hang the Métis chieftain, and so give the Rouges a war-cry.

AS the months roll on, Gen. Logan's hopes of the Presidency, and of a Republican "boom," rise; for, according to an ingenious little theory he has adopted, every month now must be adding to the numbers of the Republicans. And this is the way it comes about. These votes are not gained by Republican merit or Democratic demerit, but by the force of heredity—that potent force in democratic America! Thus, explains the General, "during the years of 1862, 1863, and 1864 the loyal unmarried men of the country were in the army, and at home the others were breeding Copperheads. These came of age and voted for Cleveland, as I expected." Hence the Democratic victory. Now comes the turn of the others. In the approaching Presidential election, the sons of those brave fellows who came home from the war in 1864 and 1865, and promptly married, will cast their first vote: they of course will vote Republican, and the rout of the Democrats will be complete.

## ANACREONTIC.

(From the French of Théophile Gautier.)

THOUGH I love thee, O my Poet,  
Leash thy love, lest mine should fly,  
Like the modest dove, unquiet,  
Up into a blushing sky.

See, the bird that hears a whisper,  
Sails away in swift surprise;  
Such a winged thing is Passion—  
Follow it, away it flies!

Standing rather like the marble  
Mercury mute beneath the tree;  
Soon descending, calm and fearless,  
Thine own birding shalt thou see.

And around thy brows shall flutter  
White and palpitating wings;  
Snowy whirlwind that in passing  
Airs of freshness with it brings!

And the timid dove so tender  
On thy shoulder will alight;  
And its rosy beak will render  
Kiss for kiss to thy delight!

Ottawa.

SERANUS.

## SAUNTERINGS.

OCTOBER with his legions, all in russet and gold, has besieged us for a fortnight, and at last we have capitulated. In our gardens, on our terraces, up and down our dusty streets, we may watch his gaily uniformed forces incontinently routing the green doubleted troops of June and July, whose gentle domination we have known so long. To our deaf, human ears the battle is soundless, save for the angry rustle of the wind-swept attack, the occasional report of a falling ash-berry, or the explosion of chestnut-bombs upon the sidewalk. Yet the birds must have heard the noise of battle, for they have nearly all gone; and Psyche must have informed the butterflies, for they too have disappeared and left not a wing behind. Bloodless, too, we are inclined to believe the encounter; yet, behold the sanguinary aspect of the Virginia creeper and the more bellicose of the maples! Clearly the victory is as hard now as it will be short-lived, for shall we not presently surrender to November with his unruly lieutenants, and find ourselves, as his disreputable flying squadrons whirl through our streets, verily under mob rule!

Perhaps, after all, we are not unfortunate in our dulness to the multitudinous tiny vibrations which accompany Nature's performance of her perfect work. As it is, we miss, perhaps, much nameless music written in inconceivable scores; we lose Nature's undertones and minor melodies, which must be surpassing sweet. But could we catch her never-ending speech, her divine silences would not be. And yet so necessary and so dear to that which is best in us do we find these mute moods of hers, that we would not exchange them for any unguessed good, even admission to her most exclusive and classical *musicales*.

Such silences brood often in October. The sunlight falls lazily through the haze that possesses the land; there is no stir among the crisping leaves; the great bursting horse-chestnuts hang motionless in the quiet air. There is everywhere a sense of accomplishment and mellow fruition and pause. Nature, well content with the results of her summer labour, is taking a siesta in the sun before the serious necessity arises that she should creep under white blankets for a longer season of repose. Down in the orchard there is great sleepiness from over-exertion; the very yellowing grass tufts have wilted down into somnolency in the warm, still sunlight. Even the stray robin who has delayed his departure southward on account of the mountain-ash berries is entirely subdued by the hush that prevails; and his flitting shadow beneath the rowan-tree is not more noiseless than he. It is the time of times when no Canadian should have any distracting occupation which should prevent him from lying at full length among the dropped spoils of some gnarled Spitzbergen, and staring up through its sun-gilt brown leaves at the fathomless blue of the deep above him, and the

Fleets of clouds that drift before  
The charmed winds of upper seas.

All else is vanity and vexation of spirit, and dwindles insignificantly away beside the supreme joy and necessity of drawing in the golden fulness of this autumn weather, of losing life's uncertain perspective in this gracious haze, of rounding off destiny's ragged edges with October dreams. Presently it will all be blown away again, this dreamy spell that keeps us loitering among the yellowing vines; and our autumn weather will have a

touch of champagne in it. The leaves will fall faster, and the air will grow more deliciously pungent, and the very last cricket will seek a hearthstone audience for his cracked baritone. And a great many good people will discover in themselves symptoms of sympathy with the dying year, and will go about retailing them with emotional references to Keats and the decaying vegetation. Not everybody. There are some other people to whom the scarlet sumach, and the tasselled golden-rod, and the purple juniper-berries, and all the sovereign largesse of glorious dishevelled October communicate a sudden subtle thrill of triumph, a splendid sense of strength that shall endure, an intoxicating assurance that we are not, after all, precisely like the grass of the field, which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven.

Is it not a little odd that, with all our social ideals and attainments, to say nothing of our pretensions, we should manifest so slight an interest, of other than a political nature, in the capital of our Dominion? For, whatever our literary shortcomings, socially Canada has no small cause to think well of herself. Her people are well educated, well read, and, on the whole, well mannered. Her aristocracy of birth is so slender, and her aristocracy of wealth so small, that, while the influence of both is, of course, unmistakeably felt, neither of these invidiously operating castes obtains here to any very damaging extent. While we are largely governed by the social traditions that obtain in England, we are so far from the autocratic code of insular dictation, and so near the somewhat lax and liberal system that prevails among our cousins of the Republic, that repressive austerities are somewhat softened among us with the result of a decided gain in individuality. Canadians, as a rule, talk well, and—*laus Deo!*—not through their noses, except in Toronto, where this distinctively democratic characteristic appears to be rapidly gaining ground. Culture they have, if riches they have not; and the social atmosphere of Eastern Canada, where the inhabitants have had a little more time to grow than we in Ontario, and where already some optimistic sky-searchers see a brightening of our literary horizon, is said by competent critics to be as charming as any, anywhere! One would fancy that a consciousness of our accomplishments in this direction would provoke a very general interest in social matters throughout the country, and that it would naturally centre in Ottawa.

We are told by the managing editor that this interest does not exist, and upon this presumption the managing editor declines to gratify it. He employs a whole corps of correspondents, the ablest, the most alert, the most indefatigable within his reach, to watch and report the political situation. He devotes page after page of his journal to leading Parliamentary speeches, and full accounts of interminable sittings. The country knows its representatives only as a superior kind of talking-machines, with the faculty of interrupting one another at intervals with laughter, loud and prolonged applause, and similar manifestations, with which we are all typographically familiar. And here our information ends. Their political entity is all our intensely party press will concern itself with. Socially, intellectually, personally, we know no more of the men to whom we entrust the destinies of our Dominion, than if their social, intellectual, and personal characteristics were *nil*. We are tolerably familiar, thanks to our comic journals, with the nose of the present Premier. But for the unwearying efforts of these caricaturing instructors, we might still be in a harrowing state of doubt as to whether he had one!

To be sure, social correspondence from Ottawa would entail the lady correspondent, and with a terrified eye upon the fate of Washington legislators at the hands of this person, our representatives at Ottawa may well pray to remain in kind oblivion and the hands of the men. Where there are no lady correspondents there can be no victims to the lady correspondent's rhetoric. The honourable member is spared the exquisite agony of seeing himself photographed in the *Mail* or *Globe* as a dear little chubby, rosy-cheeked, silver-haired gentleman, with necktie always askew, a chronic expression of benevolence, and an almost invariable gravy spot where no gravy spot should be. Or to find himself possessed of a forehead of alabaster, slightly corrugated with the cares of state, beetling bushy eyebrows, and steely-blue eyes that flash iridescent scorn at his hapless opponent, writhing under the torrent of invective that proceeds from behind an iron-gray moustache of heroic proportions. He is not accused of tossing back his raven locks with one white hand, as poor General Logan has been on several occasions, and rising to the imposing height of his splendid stature to confront the foe. He is not compelled to deprecate the admiration of this fair journalist of alarming resources of imagination. His is not the time-honoured supplication, "Deliver me from my friends!"

Nevertheless, we, the public, feel defrauded in this matter. Not that

we would fain revel in the tropes of the Washington lady correspondent, nor the gossip and scandal which she too often retails over a *nom de plume*; but it would be absurd to fasten upon a class the sins of a few of its individuals. Many of the women who write from the American capital do admirable and indispensable work in sending the social flavour of a cosmopolitan society into the remotest ends of the country districts. It is not all frivolity, the official life of any capital, and almost every American metropolitan journal of any consequence prints every week not only florid descriptions of Mrs. Cleveland's reception costumes and Californian millionaire Senators' dinner services, but interesting phases of social life somewhat less superficial. In addition they occasionally have more or less incorrect accounts of Ottawa society, which are eagerly read by a public apparently more curious about our official forms and ceremonies than we are ourselves.

I fancy I hear the complaining notes of the managing editor in the King Street distance again concerning this thing:—

*One Organ.*—"Ottawa society consists of a lot of Civil Service snobs. What do people care about them or their fooleries."

*One.*—"Toronto should have been the capital of this Dominion. Why should we interest people in Ottawa. Suicide! Madness!"

*One.*—"There is no literary life there, excepting a lot of fellows who are always wanting favours from the Government for writing a pamphlet because it is Canadian."

*Both.*—"It would be a great innovation; and somebody might get offended; and it would cost; and we have absolutely not an inch of space for it."

The boldest pleader for some knowledge of his country's capital might well quail before this array of protest and invective. Yet it seems to me that there still remains something to be said. Our "Civil Service snobs" (to let the arraignment stand), clustering as they do about the direct representative of the Queen, in this, her most loyal colony, must form a social circle of great relative importance in Canada. The doings of this circle, whether or not it profit us to know them, have a pardonable interest for us in view of the fact that it is drawn about the proxy of that institution which many of us still reverence—the throne of the United Empire.

We have little of the foreign element in Ottawa, but society there must be truly cosmopolitan of Canada, and so should be of interest to all Canadians from Halifax to Vancouver. The unpatriotic objection that as Toronto was not made the capital she should ignore the town that was, is quite beneath refutation. No doubt we should have a much livelier interest in Ottawa if we had a President there, but a Governor-General and his wife are not wholly unworthy of Canadian attention. There is a very perceptible literary atmosphere in Ottawa; some of our most brilliant essayists live there, and if literature is to be encouraged anywhere in Canada, where more probably than at her capital? We have no incessant stream of distinguished visitors, but an occasional celebrity has been known to travel thither and stay over night, and where in Canada shall we expect distinguished visitors if not in Ottawa?

It would be a great innovation, and somebody might very probably get offended, and it would undoubtedly cost; but if you haven't room for it you should enlarge your boundaries or contract your political intelligence, and there is little doubt that either the one course or the other, with this object in view, would result more profitably to the journal that pursues it.

SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

LIBERTY has become nature; the creature is one with its Creator—one through love. It is what it ought to be; its education is finished, and its final happiness begins. The sun of time declines and the light of eternal blessedness arises.

I FELT the unfathomable thought of which the universe is the symbol live and burn within me; I touched, probed, tasted, embraced my nothingness and my immensity. I kissed the hem of the garment of God, and gave Him thanks for being Spirit and being Life. Such moments are glimpses of the divine. They make one conscious of one's immortality; they bring home to one that an eternity is not too much for the study of the thoughts and works of the Eternal; they awaken in us an adoring ecstasy and the ardent humility of love.—*Amiel*.

## FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

### FAITH.

WE mourn: 'tis Nature mourns, but Faith  
Can see beyond the gloom of death.  
Nature mourns an earthly brother;  
Faith can give thee to Another.  
Nature sees thee go with sadness;  
Faith on the future dwells with gladness.  
Nature never sees thee more;  
Faith knows thou hast gone before.  
Nature says a sad "Good-bye!"  
Faith says, "We shall meet on high!"  
Yes; we miss thee, yet we'd rather  
Know thee with our heavenly Father,  
And patient wait His own decree,  
That calls us home to Him and thee.

### HOPE.

This world might seem so bright and fair  
If our grumbling hearts would make it;  
There's a gleam of sunshine here and there,  
If we would but stop to take it.

Perhaps it's somebody's grateful thanks  
For kindness willingly given;  
Or perhaps it's the voice of a little child  
That prays for us to heaven.

We must not despair: it will never do  
To rebel and be always repining;  
The clear blue sky will soon peep through  
"The cloud with the silver lining."

There are no nights without their days,  
No evening without a morning;  
And "the darkest hour" (so the proverb says)  
"Is just when the day is dawning."

### CHARITY.

That is our sister—she who keeps  
Her sorrows hid for years;  
Who, when alone, so often weeps  
Such bitter, blinding tears!

That is our brother—he whose eyes  
With burning tears are dim,  
While thinking how they now despise  
Who once did flatter him.

The wise old Greek said, *Know thyself!*  
'Twas good advice, he knew;  
But Christ said, *Do to others*  
*As ye would they'd do to you!*

Londonderry, Ireland.

THE BARONESS VON OPPEN.

## HOW THE POOR LIVE.

MR. GEORGE SIMS'S "How the Poor Live," which originally appeared in the *Pictorial World*, is now selling largely, in a cheap edition, at all the English bookstalls. It is, beyond doubt, a horrible and harrowing revelation, and hard the heart must be which is not melted by it, or which in the midst of opulence and comfort does not feel a pang of self-reproach when awakened to the consciousness that there is such misery at its gate. Especially touching is the wretchedness in the cases where it is borne with patience, and where it has not been able to embrate or to prevent the sufferer from retaining something of self-respect, of courtesy of manner, and of tenderness of character. The title of the book, however, is extremely misleading, and to the minds of Americans and other foreigners is likely to convey an impression, which Americans perhaps would too readily entertain, but which would be a libel on British civilisation. This is not a picture of the life of the poor even in London, much less in the country generally: it is simply a picture of the very worst of the London slums, including the haunts of the criminal population. Part of it relates to misfortune, but a good deal of it relates to crime and vice. The population of London is now four millions and a half. In such a multitude, the actual amount of destitution from various causes, including indolence, improvidence, and intemperance, must inevitably be large: whether the proportional amount is large, so as to be a national reproach, is a question on which Mr. Sims throws no light. Certainly there are hundreds of thousands in London of the class commonly called poor, who yet are living in decency and in tolerable comfort by industries which regularly afford them bread. The mere density of the population, by tainting the air, especially in summer, and rendering supply, particularly of water, difficult, produces evils for which no one is responsible, while the smoke

and dirt emitted from half a million of chimneys renders the aspect of misery more hideous. The city being built on the ancient model, the streets are too narrow and tortuous for street railways; the workman, therefore, cannot live at a distance from his work, and the quarters in which work is to be found are necessarily overcrowded. The precarious character of the employment on the Docks, which cannot be helped, as the demand for hands must vary with the arrivals, is also an accidental cause of suffering which affects thousands of people. There is another cause which cannot be called accidental, inasmuch as it is capable of removal, but which nobody as yet has thought of removing. We mean the constant influx into London of destitute foreigners, especially of Polish Jews. The Americans turned back, the other day, a large consignment of these vagrants; and it is difficult to see why, when the labour market of London is already more than glutted, the London poor should not be entitled to the same protection. So long as unlimited immigration is permitted, all attempts to improve habitations, or otherwise to raise the condition of the people, will be merely pouring water into a sieve. It is a pity that Mr. Sims should allow himself to indulge in acrimonious declamation about the worthlessness of British freedom and British empire to the unfortunate inhabitants of the slums. He might as well declaim about the worthlessness of freedom and empire to a man dying of cancer, or to one who had been born blind. Even these children of misfortune are better off; at all events they have more chances of relief in the domain of a great and vigorous civilisation, full of moral energy and sensibility, than they would have as denizens of a nation which was one vast poorhouse and lazaret-house, such as Spain was in her decay. In Mr. Sims's pages the form of active charity, penetrating into the lowest lairs and dens, is frequently seen, and he says himself that though the case of the present generation is almost hopeless, he hopes every thing for the next generation from the influence of compulsory education. Two things, he says, are specially to be noted in these days of revived confidence in the universal action of the State. One is that the Artisans' Dwellings Act and the Improvement Acts have practically done mischief by tearing down blocks of houses which, though bad, were tenanted by the respectable poor, and compelling their former inhabitants to find lodgings in the haunts of crime. The other is that the extraordinary powers conferred on municipalities for the application of the Acts have been used, certainly in one case, and, as there is reason to suspect, in others, for the objects of gross jobbery. Let Mr. Chamberlain look into the results of this experiment before he invests municipalities with the power of expropriation for the purpose of inaugurating a revolution in the tenure of land.

### THE FALL OF THE GREAT REPUBLIC.

"THE Fall of the Great Republic," which is having a run in the States, is a political "Battle of Dorking." In the form of a prophetic narrative, it forecasts the overthrow of the Republic through the growing ascendancy of the foreign element, and especially of the Irishry. Actual events, such as Irish dynamite outrages, are taken as the starting-point, and the future is traced on their lines. The end is a revolution, of which Chicago is the focus, and which throws the government into the hands of the Irish, who involve the country in war with England, France, and Germany. The three powers invade the United States, and the end is conquest and military occupation. A joint conquest of the United States by England, France, and Germany can hardly be in the Book of Fate. But Chicago bears witness that the growth of the foreign element is becoming a very serious source of danger. American institutions were well suited for a people of Puritan farmers or traders and Virginian gentlemen, all alike accustomed to self-government, and steeped in British traditions. Even under those conditions Hamilton and the statesmen of the higher class were but half satisfied with the safeguards, though for the election of the President they had provided, as they thought, conservative machinery in the shape of a College of Electors, which has completely broken down. But since that time the Republic has become not only the receptacle of a vast and heterogeneous emigration, but the asylum of European revolution. That it has become the asylum of European revolution it owes partly to its own revolutionary character; and this may be reckoned among the consequences of a violent rupture with the British portion of the race, which has hitherto been exultingly celebrated, but perhaps will some day be soberly deplored. The reputed hostility of the Republic to England has certainly been largely instrumental in drawing to it Irish emigration, of which the result, as the writer says, is the formation of a vast clan held together by race and religion, intermarrying little, and never fusing with the native Americans, grasping political privilege and power more eagerly than any other immigrants, but using them solely for the objects of

the clan, giving its affections not to the land of its allegiance, but to that of its origin, always bent on using the government of the Republic as the instrument of its own clan feud with England, and wherever it prevails filling American politics with violence, local tyranny, and corruption. Happily the Irish immigration has been balanced by that from Germany, at least from Northern and Protestant Germany, the people of which, though not trained like the British to self-government, have all the moral, social, and industrial qualities which make men good citizens. The Italian immigration, which is now becoming considerable in volume, comes largely from Calabria, and, though not revolutionary, is barbarous and even savage, as continual affrays and stabbings bear witness. Altogether the danger, though overpainted by a writer who aims at startling effect, is undoubtedly serious, especially as the various elements of disturbance—Socialism, Anarchism, Irishry, and the Labour agitation are blending and preparing to combine their forces for an attack on American civilisation. Still, civilisation has an immense superiority of force, both political and physical, on its side, if only good citizens will unite in its defence, instead of giving themselves up to the senseless and immoral service of parties, for the existence of which there has ceased to be any rational ground. The foreign element by itself will not wreck the Republic: combined with faction it may.

### DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

RICH with the tribute of a hundred fields  
Of clover, purple-globed, or white and fair;  
And hedge-row trailed with honeysuckle rare,  
Or flowery dell, whose shady covert yields  
Moist foothold for the violet, and shields  
Its petals from the sun; the perfumed air  
Blows soft, and over all my senses wields  
A spell. Deep in the grateful shadow where  
The thick-leaved branches scarce admit a ray  
Of dancing sunlight—here in blissful ease,  
Lulled with the drowsy hum of honey-bees,  
I lie and watch the drifting clouds all day,  
Till the warm hues that tint the waving seas  
Of golden grain fade into sober gray.

Chatham, Ont.

HENLEIGH.

### ENGLAND REVISITED.

I DO not know whether rural England grows more beautiful, or whether it is that one is more struck with its beauty every time one returns to it from a newly-settled land of promise, with its raw look of recent clearance, its denuded fields, its stumps, its snake fences instead of hedgerows with trees, its unpicturesque though thrifty-looking homesteads, its horizon fringed with the gaunt trunks of pines blackened by the forest fire, its landscape which by the absence of finish shows that no labour has as yet been spared for anything but the absolutely useful. Surely this English union of the highest cultivation, and the trimness produced by the outlay of vast wealth on a small area, with the sylvan character maintained by the interspersions of parks and pleasure-grounds, the reservation of which the same wealth has permitted, as well as by the hedgerow timber—this conjunction of all the smiling evidences of present prosperity with the gray church towers and immemorial trees of the past, and the richness of this landscape, which presents a charming view from almost every rising ground, have nothing equal to them in their kind. There may be many lands more romantic, there can hardly be one so lovely. In America the dwellings, artists say, look like structures, and are indicative only of present prosperity; here they look like growths, and are suggestive of a history. In America you see from the windows of the railway carriage at nearly equal distances the nearly equal homesteads of the agricultural democracy; for, there being no such thing as a county gentleman, and little use of hired labour, there are no mansions and few cottages. Here we have the variety of hall, farm, and cottage, which is unquestionably more interesting, though perhaps not economically so wholesome. Yet one cannot help thinking that a life outwardly so beautiful must inwardly be pretty healthy if the different members of the rural community do their duty. There are flowers, the symbols of cheerfulness, on the walls and in the garden of the cottage as well as on the walls and in the garden of the hall. Over this landscape and life Radical agrarian reformers propose to drive the plough. If they are to have their way, one is glad to have had one more look.

The plough, however, not of the agrarian reformer, but of destiny, seems likely to be driven over the parks and pleasure-grounds. Everywhere one hears the same story of reduced rents, overwhelming incumbrances, and county families sinking under their losses and burdens. Many mansions are shut up, more would be shut up if the owners had not sources of income besides land. Farms are everywhere on the hands of the landlord, who is lucky if he manages them without loss. Nor is there any prospect of a change; the vast Canadian wheatfield is only just being opened, and exportation from India still increases. In the end, no doubt, land in the neighbourhood of vast masses of population must have a value, but in the meantime the squire may be ruined. "Divide the farms," say some; "small holdings will pay rent." It is easier to divide the farms

than to divide the farm buildings, or find money to build new sets. Others preach a change of crops, and certain it seems that, unless freights rise immensely, England can never compete with boundless expanses of the richest soil and stable climates. But a total change of system, whether in regard to holdings or crops, will take time.

If England in general looks more lovely every time one sees it, less lovely, it must be confessed, every time one sees it, looks manufacturing England, with its firmament of smoke, its soil devoid of verdure, its polluted streams, its buildings and chimneys supreme in hideousness, its dreary lines of dingy cottages, its soot and grime, its distracting din, its myriads spending their lives in the monotonous toil in which they have no more interest than the other part of the machinery, its employment of women in factory labour, which must be hurtful both to home and to the health of the race, make what Factory Acts you will. One may marvel at the industry, the skill, the almost miraculous inventions of mechanical genius, the organising power here displayed. One may rejoice over the immense production, and the benefit not only material but moral which it confers upon mankind. Ascetic prejudices against money-making no man of sense shares: wealth honourably made and well used is as pure as were the streams which once ran sparkling and babbling through Lancashire and Yorkshire dells. Master manufacturers I have known whose characters were as beneficent and as noble as human characters could be. Co-operative stores, it seems, are doing every year an increased business, and besides the direct benefit are spreading thrift and the elevating sense of ownership among the people. Popular education no doubt is doing its part; music may do her part also. Still, one cannot help feeling that manufacturing England is unlovely, and wondering that all the nations should so vie with each other in forcing factory life into existence. Happy, one would think, would be the nation which could get others to do work of this sort for it, while itself enjoyed its sky and verdure, its well-balanced union of urban, rural, and maritime character and life. The skilful artificer has an interest in the work of his hands; even the farm labourer sees the harvest: the mechanical tender of a machine has nothing but his wages, and he is not to be blamed if on them his heart is fixed. Who can be surprised if these masses are not national in spirit, or even if they would be ready, for some object of the trade unions, to surrender not only Ireland but Kent. The Black Country is hardly a part of England: it belongs to the carboniferous strata. That the increased wages of its workmen should be largely spent in sensual indulgence is not wonderful; nor would it be wonderful if their political character was violent and sour. The operatives' creed, too, it seems, is in an increasing degree Secularism, which may be enlightenment, but is not poetry or comfort.

Wealth, rapid development, the stress and drive of life (which appears to me almost as great here as in the United States), and facilities of travelling, have begotten a restlessness which crowds all the railway stations and seems to have almost banished the idea of repose. Every one "wants a change." Every one, when he has a holiday, sets off and travels as far as he can by rail and boat, exchanging for the cares of the counting-house those of time-tables and luggage. One man I have found passing his holidays in his home. Society has become migratory, and therefore less social. In the old country town, as I remember it in years gone by, the people spent their lives at home, only going to the seaside when they needed it; and they enjoyed intimacy, which is surely a part of the happiness of life, for no passing acquaintance can be so interesting as even a very ordinary friend. Some such towns there still are in England, out of the tide of traffic, and especially under the peaceful shadow of cathedrals, where the people seem to have leisure, the streets sleep in the summer sun, and new rows of houses are not going up; places where old age might find a quiet haven. The men in the country town of former days were not idlers or dreamers: the banker had amassed wealth, though not in a wild-cat way; the old Indian had governed an empire; the old admiral had commanded a crack frigate. But they knew repose, which is now a lost art. Some day, perhaps, it will be revived, and a new generation will enter into the labours of this unresting one and rest. As a set-off against what is for the time lost from the sociability of the private circle, it may be said that, through the multiplying agencies of communication and sympathy, all men and circles are being more welded together into a community, the ideas and interests of which are brought home to every fireside.—*Goldwin Smith, in Macmillan.*

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

We have received the following publications:

BOOK-BUYER. October. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.  
 ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. October. New York: Macmillan and Company.  
 OVERLAND MONTHLY. October. San Francisco: 120 Sutter Street.  
 BROOKLYN MAGAZINE. October. New York: 7 Murray Street.  
 THE DIAL. October. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company.  
 POLITICAL SCIENCE QUARTERLY. September. Boston: Ginn and Company.  
 LITERARY LIFE. October. Chicago: Elder Publishing Company.  
 ART INTERCHANGE. October. New York: 37 and 39 West Twenty-Second Street.  
 FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY MAGAZINE. November. New York: 53-57 Park Place.

MR. MANNERS, who had but lately been created Earl of Rutland, said to Sir Thomas More, just made Lord Chancellor, "You are so much elated with your preferment that you verify the old proverb, 'Honores mutant Mores.'" "No, my Lord," said Sir Thomas: "The pun will do much better in English: Honours change Manners."

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## Knitting & Crochet.

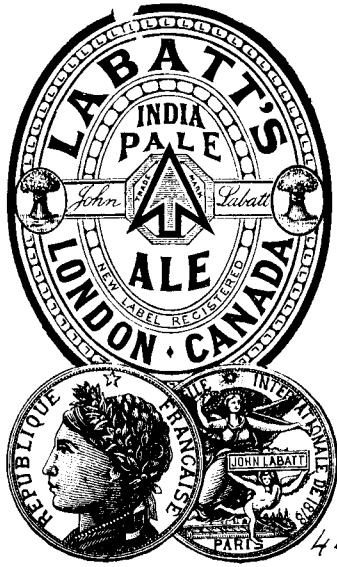
Knitting and Crochet.—A guide to the use of the Needle and the Hook. Edited by Jenny June.

In arranging this work the editor has taken special pains to systematize and classify its different departments, give the greatest possible variety of designs and stitches, and explain the technical details so clearly, that any one can easily follow the directions. There are a large variety of stitches and a great number of patterns fully illustrated and described, which have all been tested by an expert before insertion in this collection. The aim of the editor has been to supply women with an accurate and satisfactory guide to knitting and crochet work. This book is printed on fine paper, bound with a handsome cover, and contains over

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The knitting stitches illustrated and described are: To Cast On with One and Two Needles—To Narrow—To Widen—To Purl—To Cast Off—To Slip Stitch—Round Knitting—To Join Together—Edge Stitch. PATTERNS.—Peacock's Tail—Vandyke—Looped Knitting—Cable Work—Leaf and Trellis—Triangular Knitted—Gothic—Coral—Knotted Stitch—Diamond—Wave—Cable Twist—Stripes, etc.  
 MACRAME STITCHES.—Solomon's Knot—Simple Chain—Spiral Cord—Waved Bar—Spherical Knot—Slanting Rib—Open Knotting—Pilot Heading—Crescent Knot—Fringe—Tassels, etc.  
 CROCHET STITCHES.—Chain Stitch—Single Crochet—Double Crochet—Half Treble—Treble—Double Treble—Crosst Treble—Slip Stitch—Tricot—Muscovite Tricot—Shell Pattern—Basket Pattern—Raised Spot Stitch—Ring Stitch—Hair Pin Crochet—Crochet Lace, etc.  
 DESIGNS AND DIRECTIONS are given to Knit and Crochet—Afghans—Undervests—Shirts—Petticoats—Jackets—Shawls—Insertion—Trimming—Edging—Comforters—Lace—Braces—Socks—Boots—Slippers—Gaiters—Drawers—Knee-Caps—Stockings—Mittens—Clouds—Purses—Counterpanes—Quilts—Rugs—Infants' Bortines—Hoods—Caps—Shawls—Dresses—Bed Quilts, etc., etc. Every lady will find this the newest and most complete work on Knitting and Crochet published.

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