

THE WEEK:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

Third Year.
Vol. III., No. 41.

Toronto, Thursday, September 9th, 1886.

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BRITISH POLITICS AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE debate on the Address is dragging its interminable dulness from night to night, and illustrating the tendency, in this oratoric age, of all deliberation and council to be drowned in a sea of talk. As Mr. Gladstone has gone off to Bavaria, it is evident that nothing serious is at present contemplated by the Opposition. But Messrs Gladstone and Parnell have evidently taken their line. I couple their names thus closely together, because Mr. Gladstone now accepts the name of Nationalist, and no longer shrinks from open identification with the designs of the men whom the other day he was locking up as conspirators, and describing as marching through rapine to the dismemberment and disintegration of the Empire. Being defeated on the question of Home Rule, they are going to kindle a revolt against the payment of the judicial rents under the Land Act, in the hope that they will thereby render the government of Ireland impossible, and thus force the nation to bow its head to dismemberment. If Mr. Gladstone's language is more tortuous and unctuous than that of Mr. Parnell, it is not less clear. When it is considered that the Land Act was Mr. Gladstone's own measure, and that the judicial rents which he now incites the people to withhold represent a settlement to which he most solemnly pledged his own faith and that of the nation, we have a picture of Christian statesmanship on which it is needless to dilate. Sir John Paul, of the famous firm of Paul, Strachan, and Co., was a highly religious man; perhaps he did not read the lessons in church, or write theological essays, but he was the lay head of a religious party, and was prominent at missionary meetings and in all pious exercises. When the firm became fraudulent bankrupts, and was found to have made away with the securities of its customers, a gentleman who had banked with it, and was supposed to have a large deposit, was consoled with by a friend on the catastrophe. "Your condolences are misplaced," was his reply. "It is true that I used to bank there, and was a large depositor; but a few months ago I happened to call at the bank, and Sir John Paul talked to me in so religious a strain that I at once transferred my account." I hope it is not very impious to wish that for the welfare and honour of England, she may never again have a political leader who reads the lessons in church. A practical belief in God, and in the constant presence of the All-seeing Eye is, as I hold, the best security for rectitude, as well in statesmanship as in the other walks of life; but there is something else which goes by the name of religion and which too evidently consecrates selfish aims and perverts the moral sense. This man fancies (and, to do him justice, is assured by the flatterers who surround him) that he has a sort of divine mission which warrants him in inciting to public robbery in order that he, the chosen instrument of Heaven, may be restored to power. It is noticed that when anybody is replying to Mr. Gladstone, he leaves the House; and it is believed that adverse criticism is diligently kept out of his sight; so that his faith in his own perfection, and in the lawfulness of all means which lead to his aggrandizement, is likely to remain undisturbed.

THERE can be no doubt that a renewed agitation against the payment of rents in Ireland would be very difficult to deal with, especially when the

Government is so weak: and there is no saying to what other parts of the kingdom, or to what other descriptions of debts and contracts, the movement of repudiation might spread. The seed of discord, sown by Mr. Gladstone's beneficent hand among the different members of the United Kingdom, is beginning to spring up and bear its malignant fruit. We have now a Welsh and Scotch as well as an Irish movement of disruption under the name of Home Rule; and the same spirit is beginning to manifest itself in India, to which the principles promulgated by Mr. Gladstone apply with infinitely greater force than to Ireland. Though, by a desperate effort, Unionism has triumphed for the present, heavy clouds still hang over the destiny of this country, and I confess that, in my prognostications of her future, hope does not prevail.

THAT Lord Hartington and his friends did not join the Government, grasp power, and try to control events, still seems to me a thing profoundly to be deplored. Every one in private acknowledges the calamitous weakness of the present Government. Lord Randolph Churchill, as leader of the House of Commons, has managed so far to keep clear of palpable folly or indecency; and when he does, people are so relieved that they are ready to bestow upon him the praise of statesmanship. He has cleverness enough to mimic moderation and gravity for a time, and the nervousness of a debutant in leadership for the moment subdues his impudence. But there is in him neither wisdom nor honour, and the first time that a severe stress is laid either upon his statesmanship or his integrity, his real nature will appear. The man is in character and tone thoroughly, and I suspect incurably, low. He has won his position almost avowedly by means from which honour would recoil, and his unmerited elevation is at once a proof of Lord Salisbury's weakness, and an addition, little needed, to the influences which are sapping the integrity of British public life. He is now observed to be cultivating with laughable assiduity the impassiveness of countenance which characterized Lord Beaconsfield. To mimic Lord Beaconsfield's manner is easy; to adopt his political morality, unfortunately is still more so; in other respects the imitation, however servile, is not likely to be successful. We have too good reason to know that the fruits of the recent victory of Unionism are not for a moment safe in Lord Randolph's hands. He would not hesitate to barter them to-morrow, as he did the Crimes Act and the integrity of public justice in Ireland, for Parnellite support, if that support seemed essential to the purposes of what is styled his ambition. He is believed by Unionists to be opposed to the return of Mr. Goschen to the House of Commons; and certain it is that he deems nothing so "scrofulous," to use his own patrician phrase, as an alliance with moderation, and that he would feel himself much more at home in plotting with Mr. Parnell than in listening to the honourable counsels of Lord Hartington. Mr. Matthews, the new Home Secretary, and Lord Randolph's special nominee and supporter, is almost as much mistrusted as Lord Randolph himself, and his record on the Irish Question, which his critics have not failed to produce, is as far from reassuring as possible. Lord Salisbury means right. His conduct in offering to waive his own claims, and to act under Lord Hartington, is worthy of all praise. He has now taken a firmer stand on the Irish Question than he did when he was last in office. But whether he has power to control the bad elements in his own Cabinet is a question the practical answer to which is awaited with much anxiety by the friends of the Union.

I HAVE said from the beginning that Lord Hartington's plan of proping and regulating a Government without joining it was too artificial to be carried out, and that the relations between his following and that of the Government, especially in the elections, would soon become desperately difficult of adjustment. At King's Lynn the more patriotic of the Conservatives wished to bring forward Mr. Goschen as a Unionist, but Lord Claud Hamilton, as the representative of partisan Toryism, protested that the compact between Conservatives and Liberal Unionists was at an end, and urged the nomination of a strict party man. If the compact is at an end in elections, it is at an end everywhere, and Lord Hartington will soon find it impossible to restrain his followers, either in the House or in the country, from falling back into the mass of the Liberal party, and practically accepting again the leadership of Mr. Gladstone. As soon as this happens, the Tory Government, not having a majority of its own, must fall. It is not to Toryism, but to Union patriotism and moderation, that good citizens, and the commercial classes especially, have rallied. There

is no aristocratic reaction. The life of a mere Tory Government would be short.

THE Queen's visit to Edinburgh was a success, as it was sure, from causes irrespective of politics, to be; and one is glad, at this crisis, to see anything national superseding for a moment party objects and demagogic eloquence in the interest and imagination of the people. But political loyalty seems to me to have been reduced to a low ebb by the seclusion of Royalty during the last quarter of a century. All the world over, the work of hereditary monarchy, and of the hereditary principle generally, seems to have been nearly done. We shall have to devise some other securities for order, stability, and continuity of government, though what they will be, or how amidst this tossing sea of universal suffrage Conservative institutions are to be founded, it is very difficult to divine.

The work will not be done by the Primrose League, which, with its "Knights," and "Dames," and "Habitations," appears, so far as I can learn, to all rational Conservatives, an organization of fantastic folly, destined in the end surely to collapse, and to do no small mischief to the Conservative cause. Its main object is the very equivocal and dangerous one of bringing social influence, especially the influence of ladies of quality, to bear by personal canvassing on the elections. I agree with Mr. O'Connor that personal canvassing is altogether degrading to both the parties concerned, and that it ought to be suppressed, though I should extend the suppression to the canvassers of the blunderbuss and the boycotting notice as well as to the canvassers of the Primrose. These Knights and Dames had better turn their attention to better modes of forming popular opinion, such as the promotion of a healthy journalism for the cottage, and be content with the Red Rose of England instead of assuming the colour of the Quarantine or the Ghetto. The great comfort is to feel that, though the national spirit is somewhat low, there is still in all the ordinary walks of life abundance of British worth and force. These, it may be hoped, will in the hour of extreme peril come to the front, though it is too likely that to bring them there the nation may have to go through some experience more severe than one likes to contemplate.

INQUIRIES into the causes of the disturbance at Belfast are neither very needful nor likely to be very fruitful. The general cause of the disturbance and lawlessness in Ireland is the abdication of authority by the national government, which, since Mr. Gladstone's accession to power by the grace of Mr. Parnell, has been nothing but a limb of the League. In the "Correspondence on the Irish Question," invited by Mr. Gladstone himself, and published by the House of Commons, I find this paragraph: "A widow having a shop and public-house was coerced to promise the League that she would not supply certain boycotted persons. She wrote to me telling me this, and stated that she was willing to supply them if it could be done secretly. When I told her that her license would probably be forfeited if she refused to supply them, she burst into tears and said she did not know what to do between the League on one hand and the law on the other." This is Gladstone's government, and respect for law in any quarter is not its natural fruit.

"NOTES on Ireland," in the *Morning Post*, are a most instructive series of papers. In the last, the writer shows how the operation of the Purchase Act has been defeated by the machinations of the League, which will not allow the tenant to buy the land, because by so doing he would acknowledge the rights of landlords and give their interest a substantial value. The League intends to rob the landowner—every landowner at least except Mr. Parnell—of all; and Mr. Gladstone intends to help it and to receive office from its hands as his reward.

THE Chicago Convention was useful in impressing on the minds of the people here the fact that the conspiracy was foreign, and making them understand of what sort of elements it is composed. The politic semblance of moderation, assumed for the purpose of playing into the hands of Messrs. Gladstone and Parnell, could deceive few, even if there had been no Congressman Finerty to let the cat out of the bag. Americans can hardly fail to see the close connection between Irish Nationalism and the Anarchism and Nihilism of which also Chicago is the lair, and against which American civilization is now defending itself. If an Irish Republic is ever set up, it will be sport to see the struggle for ascendancy in it which will ensue between the revolutionary Nationalist, who, like the other sons of the Revolution, is apt to be sceptic, and the priest. The priest will probably gain the upper hand at first, the revolutionist in the end. The Americans will note that amidst all the abuse of Great Britain and the Union, not a single practical grievance of any kind was named. The Irishman, so long as he is law-abiding, is on a footing of perfect equality in every respect, political, legal, social, and religious, with the Englishman or the Scotchman. When he becomes lawless the British

Government is obliged to repress him by special legislation, while the Americans shoot him down. Americans are themselves patriotic, and I should be surprised if even the most anti-British of them did not feel more respect for an Englishman who was defending the unity of his own country than for Mr. Gladstone's beloved and trusted friend, Mr. Labouchere, who sends to the sworn enemies of his country, in the language of a burglar's pal, his advice "to lie low."

In the midst of these home troubles, and not without connection with them (since Russia is, no doubt, encouraged by England's difficulty in Ireland), a curious political waterspout has suddenly formed and as suddenly burst upon the Danube. Instead of flying at each other's throats, these little principalities ought to form a military federation, under the nominal suzerainty of the Sultan. They might thus become independent of Russia and of every foreign power. As to the question of Russian advance in the East, I have expressed my opinion—very undiplomatic as I dare say it is—before. Nothing will keep a growing Empire from making its way to an open sea, and the least dangerous point at which Russia can be allowed to reach the open sea is the Gulf of Scanderoon. Even to let her pass the Dardanelles, where she would be watched by Austria and Germany, would be less dangerous to England than to bring her navy into the Persian Gulf, where she would be pitted against the British Empire alone.

THE Canadian Ministry, I see, has lost an important election in Quebec. Canadian statesmen will soon be compelled to admit that a French nationality cannot form a basis for a British Government. GOLDWIN SMITH.

London, August 26, 1886.

A WELL-NIGH FORGOTTEN CHAPTER OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

THE old adage, "happy is the people which has no history," has, we venture to say, done duty long enough. In the case of Canada, of British origin at least, it is doubtful whether the saying has proved true. Without a history of great deeds, and a literature to honour it, the happiness of a people, in times like these, is not likely to be very marked, or to find expression in a career which is patriotic or in any way commendable. With no appreciable heroic past, and with little, in the popular judgment, on which the historic memory cares to linger, the contemporary interests of a people are apt to be trivial and prosy. In a history considered lacking in the elements of greatness, and barren of notable achievement, what wonder that, in the case, especially, of English-speaking Canadians, ward politics, and the petty issues of the party game, so largely engross the public mind? With these for its gods, how can the public concern itself with more serious topics, or rise in the scale of intellectual well-being?

At the outset, it must be admitted that it is difficult successfully to combat the apathy or indifference of a people who are either ignorant of their own history or see little of good in it. Let us understand, however, what plea is put forward for the prevailing apathy. Is it seriously said that we have no history, or that there is nothing worth concerning our minds about? If this be affirmed, we have nothing more to say. If ignorance of it, however, be acknowledged, then there is work for the schoolmaster and hope for the patriot. Thanks to the Roman Catholic presbytery of Penetanguishene, we have just been reminded of an event in our history which, we fear, is either little known or has been little appreciated. On Sunday last, a ceremony took place in that shrine of Canadian martyrdom, the picturesque village of Penetanguishene, which vividly recalled the tragic past in Canadian history, and won for it a sympathy which might well be the test of our patriotism. On that day the corner stone was laid, with imposing ceremonies, of a national monument—a memorial Roman Catholic Church—in honour of the martyrs Jean de Brebeuf and Gabriel Lallemand, who, in the year which saw the extermination of the Hurons by their inveterate enemies, the Iroquois, fell victims to Indian ferocity and savage lust of blood. Canadian literature has in some measure paid its tribute to the sublime courage and the unflinching faith of those devoted sons of the Church and their heroic companions; but the thrilling story of the Huron Missions in the first half of the seventeenth century may well continue to furnish material for heart-stirring epics and soul-inspiring histories, for the annals of no country, it may truly be said, record a deed of more revolting cruelty or of grander heroism than is to be found narrated in the "Relations" of French evangelization among the savage tribes on the shores of the Georgian Bay.

That the memorial is undertaken by those and for those whose belief may not be shared by the majority of the readers of THE WEEK should

keep no one back from giving it sympathy and support, for the tragic story which it commemorates is the common possession of every Canadian, of whatever race or creed, and should evoke the interest and secure the coöperation of all who can appreciate self-sacrificing devotion and unflinching heroism in carrying the Cross into the wilderness, and in seeking to humanise a degraded pagan people. To erect a monument worthy of the men to be honoured, and of the events to be commemorated, those who have the matter in charge very properly say, could not, and should not, be a local affair. They have, therefore, appealed to the whole Dominion for the money necessary to carry on and complete the work, and it is hoped that the appeal will be heartily and substantially responded to. We have few national monuments, commemorative of deeds worthy to be treasured in the hearts of the people, and this undertaking of Father Laboureau and of Mayor Keating, of Penetanguishene, should not fail to receive generous recognition from all who claim Canada for their country, and who gratefully acknowledge their debt to the fidelity and valour of its early pioneers and those who sought to Christianise it.

There may be those who think that to the trader, rather than to the French Missions, the credit of opening up the country is most due; but, in the contact of the Church with the native tribes, though religious impressions were often feeble and evanescent, the avowed primary object of French colonization, as we know, was the conversion of the Indians. If this was not accomplished, the cupidity and contaminating influences of adventurers, and not the zeal and devotion of the Recollet and Jesuit Fathers, should bear the blame. To the missionary spirit of these self-sacrificing men, who, heedless of danger and privation, penetrated to every tribe where there was a chance of carrying the story of the Cross, and thus preparing the way of the incoming settler, no thoughtful, right-minded man will withhold his meed of praise. In their honour this memorial at Penetanguishene is to be erected, and few objects could better enlist the sympathies of the Canadian people, and express the common admiration for the faithful and the heroic, than this monument about to be reared in the historic country of the Hurons, now the peaceful scene of Canadian thrift and energy. To this worthy purpose all should contribute, and help to preserve a grand, but, it is to be feared, little known chapter in Canadian history.

G. MERCER ADAM.

A SUMMER IN THE MANITOULINS.—II.

AFTER leaving Manitowaning our next stopping-place was Little Current. This village is prettily situated in a hollow that follows the curve of the shore. We were now on the most northerly point of the Grand Manitoulin Island. The north shore is only six or eight miles distant, the La Cloche mountains lie along the horizon, and the channel is full of green and brown and gray islands.

We had an opportunity of observing the phenomenon from which the village derives its name. There is a clear passage to the south of the islands of about two hundred yards in width. When a strong wind blows from the south or east the waters of the Georgian Bay are massed at the east end of the channel, and so are forced through this narrow passage with great velocity. Sometimes the current continues for hours after the wind has gone down, but at other times, when the wind falls, the water runs back rapidly. A similar result follows a west wind; and owing partly to the peculiar configuration of the coast and the adjacent islands, the curious phenomenon of opposite currents is often presented, the water running west on one side of the passage and east on the other. Equilibrium is rarely attained, the ebb and flow is almost perpetual, and so the current is open water all winter, though all the rest of the north channel is icebound.

We made several fishing excursions among the islands during our stay here. Pike and black bass are quite plentiful enough to furnish good sport, while rock bass, perch, and pickerel are also frequently caught. The bass would not rise to the fly, but were readily taken with the ordinary bait. They are of a fair size, too, running from one pound to three. It was no unusual thing for us to hook a six or eight pound pike with the trolling-line. A Toronto tourist caught a fish of the latter species here this summer, concerning which several respectable citizens assured us of their willingness to appear personally before the village justice of the peace and testify that they saw it weighed, and that it pulled down the scale at twenty-eight pounds.

Sheguiandah and Sucker Creek are two small but fairly prosperous Indian settlements near Little Current. The people do a little farming for themselves, and occasionally hire with their white neighbours to cut wood or help in harvesting, but many of them seem to prefer to get their living by fishing and picking berries.

Petroleum of an excellent quality was discovered a few months ago a few miles from Sheguiandah. Several wells have been sunk, but it is yet doubtful whether the flow of oil will be large enough to make the enterprise a financial success.

From Little Current we took a zigzag course through the channel, calling alternately at ports on the mainland and on the islands. Among these were Kagawong, Spanish River, Algoma Mills, and Thessalon. All these villages, and especially the latter, are picturesquely situated; but for the rest there seems to be for the most part nothing but poor board houses and lumber piles, sawdust, bare rocks, and desolation. There is little or no soil, and consequently no grass, no gardens, and no fruit or shade trees. The inhabitants are nearly all engaged in lumbering operations. They depend on the steamers for provisions and clothing, and, indeed, for almost everything else but fuel. Consequently the arrival and departure of the regular mail boats seem to be the great events in their monotonous lives.

At some distance inland from several of these ports the soil is said to be fertile, especially along the valley of the Spanish River. But there is comparatively little arable soil throughout the whole Laurentian district of this region. The Manitoulin, however, being for the most part of the limestone formation, originally contained much good soil, but owing to the great prevalence of forest fires large tracts on the islands have been denuded of all their vegetable mould and left comparatively sterile. Then in some places the soil, though good, is shallow, and in dry seasons like the present it yields nothing. In the valleys at the foot of the limestone ridges, where the fires have not entered, there are many farms quite equal in fertility to the best in any part of Ontario. We saw some excellent crops of hay, spring wheat, oats, pease, beans, carrots, and potatoes. The smaller garden fruits are also very successfully cultivated, owing to the absence of the currant-worm and the other insect pests that afflict our gardeners. Clover seed is sometimes sown among the boulders and underbrush of partially burnt districts. Enough of the clover ripens to spread and perpetuate itself, and fair pasturage is thus obtained. Consequently the islanders are able to carry on a considerable trade in fat cattle and sheep.

The mills and lumber camps on the north shore afford a good market for all the produce of the islands. Wheat, beans, hay, and oats are always staple, and, on account of the comparative inaccessibility of these places in winter, prices are usually better than in other parts of the Province.

At all the principal points along our route we found that summer mission stations had been established by the Students' Missionary Society of Knox College, Toronto. In some of the villages neat little churches have been built and paid for. We also saw the Church of England mission yacht *Evangeline* several times, and heard Bishop Sullivan preach.

We stayed at the village of Bruce Mines, for a few hours. The ore found here was chiefly copper pyrites; but both the vitreous and the variegated sulphurets were met with in small quantities. The mines were first opened in 1847 by a Montreal company, who at once commenced smelting operations, bringing their coal from Cleveland. But smelting was soon given up, and the company shipped their ore for a while to the United States and England. This also was found to be unprofitable, and the mines have been abandoned for several years.

The decayed pier, the great quartz-crushing and smelting mill, and the little shanties of the miners, all deserted and falling to ruin, give the eastern part of the village a most forlorn appearance. The people who still live here look forward hopefully to the completion of the Canadian Pacific branch line to Sault Ste. Marie, for this, they dream, will restore their prosperity. But, at least, nothing can bring back the fortunes that have been sunk in those water-filled shafts.

The beauty of the scenery continued undiminished throughout the remainder of our upward trip. On the northern horizon, in rugged outline, now dim, now distinct, the gray and misty mountains bounded our vision. Island succeeded island with ever-varied charms. Here it was but a bare rock, wet with every wave, where the white sea-gull loves to sit. In the fissures of another a little wild grass had taken root, and perhaps even a blue-bell nodded its fairy blossom over the water. Where the rocks rose still higher, a fine, deep-gray moss grew near the shore; farther up, blueberry bushes flourished, covered with rich purple-blooming clusters, and still higher the deep, sombre green of the red pine harmonised finely with the red and rusty looking rocks.

In the meantime we had become acquainted with many of our fellow-passengers, and we found them a varied and interesting company. There was worthy Canon C——, jolly and genial, an Irish gentleman of the old type, on a visit to the Bishop of Algoma at the Sault. A dark, clear-eyed, intellectual-looking professor of the University of Michigan left us at Killarney, fully equipped for a canoe voyage to the head waters of the

Ottawa, by way of French River and Lake Nipissing. A decidedly independent young lady poet-artist, travelling to Mackinaw, employed her time in sketching when the assiduous attentions of two young university graduates permitted it. A prominent Toronto journalist, with a pitiful look of utter weariness in his eyes, came up with us in search of rest and recreation. When we saw him afterwards, three weeks' fishing and loafing at Spanish River and Thessalon had made a new man of him. But we may not enumerate even the half of the pleasant and entertaining acquaintanceships we made during the voyage.

At Sault Ste. Marie we inspected the great lock in the canal, watched some of our party running the rapids, and visited the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Industrial Homes for Indian boys and girls. From the Sault we ran down to Point St. Ignace and Mackinaw Island, making a short pilgrimage to the tomb of Père Marquette at the former place, and to the famous old fort at the latter. There are many other points of beauty and interest here, but these have been so often described that we shall pass them over.

Our return trip to Collingwood was under blue skies and fair weather, and altogether our summer in the Manitoulines passed very pleasantly.

SIGMA.

JOTTINGS ALONG THE C. P. R.

MOSQUITOES are the only insect plague of the Columbia Valley; there are no black flies, sand flies, horse flies, or other objectionable winged creatures, and neither vermin nor snakes. The chief climatic peculiarity of the present season is its dryness. During the seven weeks I have spent in Donald there have been only two heavy showers, lasting three or four hours each; consequently, the dust has been at times several inches deep. The bush fires have grown and spread in all directions, destroying acres of valuable timber, and they must prove an incalculable loss to the country. The prevalence of smoke all through the mountain region has been a sad drawback both to tourists and residents in the enjoyment of the beautiful scenery between the Summit of the Rockies and the Coast; in many places it has hung over the valleys for weeks at a time, obscuring and blotting out the landscape like a thick veil, until dispersed by wind or rain. The effect of this about Donald was almost magical, and reminded me of the curtain rising on some gigantic transformation scene, as the smoke clouds would part and roll away over the tops of the mountains, revealing the magnificent peaks which enclose the Valley of the Columbia. As far as I have observed there is little or no wind in this district, and the quiet and silence of nature, without song of bird or rustle of leaf, are to me a most striking peculiarity of the region. There is a magnificent echo for miles along the valley, and the whistles of the locomotives may be heard at all hours of the day and night, rebounding through the rocky defiles and dying away in infinite distance.

I have seen only one mountain storm, which, strange to say, was rainless. It began on the gloomiest day of smoke, with a roaring noise in the Selkirk Range (to which we are nearest) like the report of cannon. This proved to be the crashing and uprooting of timber in some forest belt far up on the mountain side; about our house, however, the trees stood perfectly motionless, not a branch stirring. Twenty minutes later, however, the storm, or, fortunately for us, the edge of it, struck the valley, and the tall young pines and spruces bent like reeds, while clouds of dust and smoke rolled along veiling every object in a mysterious half-light. The trees about us were only partially cleared, and protected one another, but at a little distance off, on the edge of the high bank, where they were more exposed, some twenty or thirty were uprooted, one of them falling upon a house occupied by the Engineer of the C. P. R. and his family, but luckily doing no damage, as it was too close to the building to have gained any purchase in its descent and fell against a solid wall of logs, instead of crashing upon the roof. This small cyclone lasted about twenty minutes, and was followed by some hours of rain during the night.

There are several silver mines in the immediate neighbourhood of Donald awaiting development, as is the case with all the mineral resources of British Columbia at present, owing to the lack of capital in the country, but not to any want of enterprise, as numerous claims have been located and entered. "Placer" mining at the Columbia Lakes has been diligently prosecuted for some time past owing to the simple and inexpensive system employed to extract the gold dust, which is merely washed out of its gravelly bed in wooden troughs, through which a constant stream of water is led. The Chinamen have been particularly successful at this work, and have carried some thousands of dollars out of the country back to their native land.

The principal event during my residence in Donald was the visit of Sir John and Lady Macdonald to the town, on the 22nd of July, on their way

to the Pacific Coast. They arrived by a special train at two o'clock, Lady Macdonald creating an immense sensation, as the engine drew near the crowded platform, by her occupation of a well-cushioned seat immediately above the cow-catcher; she had made the whole trip from the Summit down the Kicking Horse Pass on this commanding post of observation, and subsequently continued her journey to Port Moody without any change of base (as they did not travel by night), a feat which will doubtless become historical. Sir John and Lady Macdonald spent only about half an hour at the station, just long enough to receive a handsomely engrossed address presented by Judge Vowell, Stipendiary Magistrate and Gold Commissioner of the Kootenay District, on behalf of the residents of Donald. As this document has not seen the light of day in the public press, owing to our remoteness from the centres of civilisation, and as it deals with some of the important features of the country, I will give it *verbatim*:—

DONALD, B. C., July 22, 1886.

To the Right Honourable Sir John A. Macdonald, G.C.B., etc., etc., etc.

SIR,—The people of this portion of Kootenay District have much pleasure in welcoming you to Donald, the first place of importance in British Columbia you reach in your journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific through Canadian territory.

It must be a great source of pleasure for you to travel over the Canadian Pacific Railway, which has been brought to completion with a speed unparalleled in the history of railway construction, owing almost entirely to the support this great enterprise has received from your Ministry, but more especially from yourself. This important work you are now viewing, and it alone would be a sufficient mark to distinguish the career of any statesman; but in your case it is only one of a large number of great public works which have resulted from your long and successful administration.

Until the railway reached this portion of British Columbia, it was impossible for settlers to come in, and the district was only occupied by a few enterprising miners, who endured hardships, privations, and dangers which it is hoped are now things of the past. We trust that one result of your visit will be the early opening up for settlement of the Dominion lands along the line of railway, in order that parties anxious to become settlers, and those already settled upon the soil, may have that feeling of security they require which can only be established by the granting of a title to the lands they occupy.

We hope and trust you have recovered entirely from your illness of last winter, and that your valuable services to Canada may be available for many years to come. We have also much pleasure in conveying to Lady Macdonald our hearty welcome to the Western Province of the Dominion, the threshold of which you have just crossed, and to wish both you and her a pleasant journey and a safe return to your eastern home.

Presented by

A. W. VOWELL, S.M.,
on behalf of the residents of Donald.

Sir John was also presented by the Gold Commissioner with a free Miner's License, bearing his name inscribed upon it in letters of gold, on the receipt of which he made a few appropriate and witty remarks to the effect that he was glad to find, in view of his advancing years, that he could still be a minor in British Columbia.

E. S.

ELECTORAL FRANCHISE FOR WOMEN.

SOME concession has been made by the Ontario Legislature to the demand for "Women's Suffrage" by conferring the right to vote at Municipal Elections on widows and unmarried women. The right to vote at Parliamentary Elections has not yet been conceded, but may before many years; and in view of the discussions which occasionally take place, the following *résumé* of the law on the question by Mr. Thomas Hodgins, Q.C., in the second edition of his *Manual on Voters' Lists*, just published by Messrs. Carswell and Company, may be interesting.

In commenting on the statutory provision that "no woman shall be entitled to vote at any election," Mr. Hodgins observes: A woman, not being a "person" within the meaning of the Election Acts, cannot appeal to the courts from the decision of the Revising Barrister: *Wilson v. Salford*, L. R. 4 C. P. 398. All women having freehold, or no freehold, and men within the age of one and twenty years, are bound by Acts of Parliament, but are not parties to elections: 4 Coke's Inst. 5. Women, being under legal incapacity, have no common law right to vote at Parliamentary Elections, though possessing the requisite property qualification: *Chorlton v. Lings*, L. R. 4 C. P. 374.

"Persons disabled from voting at elections are those who, holding freehold lands and tenements, either lie under natural incapacities, and therefore cannot exercise a sound discretion, or are so much under the influence of others that they cannot have a will of their own in the choice of candidates; of the former are women, infants, idiots, and lunatics; of the latter, persons receiving alms, and Revenue Officers": Heywood on Elections 159.

Women are disqualified by the common law from voting in Ireland: *Hudson on Elections* 159. And also in Scotland "by a long and uninterupted custom": *Brown v. Ingram*, 7 Sess. Cas. (3rd ser.), 281. In the

United States a female who possessed all the qualifications entitling a person to vote, except that she was not a male, voted at the election for a member of Congress: held, that she was rightly convicted for knowingly voting at such election without having a lawful right to vote: *United States v. Anthony*, 11 Blatch. 200. "I trust the unanimous decision of the Scotch judges and our unanimous decision will for ever exorcise and lay this ghost of a doubt, which ought never to have made its appearance:" *Per Byles, J., Chorlton v. Lings (supra)*.

Before Lord Coke promulgated his opinion "that women having freehold" were not parties to elections, it was said to have been the opinion of the judges that a *feme sole*, if she has a freehold, might vote for members of Parliament: *Catharine v. Surrey*, cited 7 Mod. 264. Women, when *sole*, had a power to vote for members of Parliament: *Coates v. Lisle*, 14 Jac. I., cited *Ibid.* 265. A *feme sole* freeholder may claim a voice for Parliament-men; but if married, her husband must vote for her: *Holt v. Lyle*, 4 Jac. I., cited *Ibid.* 271. "The case of *Holt v. Lyle* is a very strong case": *Per Probyn, J., in Olive v. Ingram, Ibid.* 267. "Whether women have not anciently voted for members of Parliament, either by themselves or attorney, is a great doubt. I do not know upon enquiry, but it might be found that they have:" *Per Lee, C. J., Ibid.*

Women who signed charters in Saxon times may have been present at the Witenagemot, just as Judges may now be present in the House of Lords in order to advise, but not to vote: *Per Willis, J., Chorlton v. Lings*, L. R. 4 C. P. 374. "Possibly other instances may be found in early times, not only of women having voted, but also of their having assisted in the deliberations of the Legislature:" *Per Bovill, C. J., Ibid.* "But these instances are of comparatively little weight as opposed to the uninterrupted usage to the contrary for centuries; and what has been commonly received, and acquiesced in, as the law, raises a strong presumption of what the law is:" *Ibid.* "Fickleness of judgment, and liability to influence, have sometimes been suggested as the ground of their exclusion:" *Per Willis, J., Ibid.*

Votes given by women at a Parliamentary election in Canada were not struck off on the mere *prima facie* evidence of the poll book: *Halton (1844)*, *Patrick's El. Cas.* 59. Women, not being men at all, may be struck off the poll on a scrutiny of votes: 1 O'M. & H. 159.

Though a woman has no common law right to vote at elections of members of Parliament, she appears to be capable of holding many public offices—such as Queen: "Queen regnant is she who holds the Crown in her own right:" 1 Bl. Com. 219; also Marshal, Great Chamberlain, and Champion of England, 2 T. R. 397; Constable of England, 3 Dyer 285b. Anne, Countess of Pembroke, held the office of hereditary Sheriff of Westmoreland, and exercised it in person. At the Assizes of Appleby she sat with the judges on the Bench: 2 T. R. 397, note (a). Lucy, Countess of Kent, was Returning Officer, and signed the indenture and return of the member for the County of York in 1412. And in 1415 Margaret, widow of Sir H. Vavaseur, also acted and signed a similar indenture. So Lady Elizabeth Copley made the return for the Borough of Gattton in 1553, and again in 1555. Dame Dorothy Packington also acted as Returning Officer, and made the return of the two members for Aylesbury in 1572: *Prynne's Brev. Parl.*, 152. And in 1628 the return of a member for Gattton was made by Mrs. Copley, *et omnes inhabitantes*: *Heywood on Elections* 160. Widows and spinsters were burgesses (electors) of Lyme Regis in 1577: 2 Lud. 13.

A woman may be a Commissioner of Sewers, which office is judicial: *Callis (1685)*, 250; and Clerk of the Crown in King's Bench; 7 Mod. 270; governor of a workhouse: 2 Ld. Ray. 1014; sexton of a parish church in London: 2 Stra. 1114; keeper of the prison of the gatehouse of the dean and chapter of Westminster: 3 Salk. 2; governess of a workhouse at Chelmsford: 13 Vin. Abr. 159; custodian of a castle: *Cro. Jac.* 18, 13, Vin. Abr. 159; constable at the Sheriff's Court: 2 Hawk. P. C. c. 10, s. 36; which is an office of trust, and likewise in a degree judicial: 2 T. R. 406; gaoler: 2 T. R. 397; overseer of the poor: *Ibid.* 395.

Although it is uncouth in our law to have women justices and commissioners, and to sit in places of judicature, yet by the authorities this is a point worth insisting upon, both in human and divine learning: for in the first commission ever granted (*Genesis i. 28*), by virtue of the word, *dominamini*, in the plural, God coupled the woman in the commission with man: *Callis (1685)*, 250.

"A woman cannot be a pastor by the law of God. I say more, it is against the law of the realm:" *Per Hobart, C. J., Hob. R.* 148. Women who were housekeepers, and paid church and poor rates, were entitled to vote for sexton: 2 Stra. 1114. Women may vote for churchwardens: *Tully v. Farrell*, 23 Gr. 49. "It might be more reasonable that one or more churchwardens should be women than men; one-half the congregation are likely to be women, and a female overseer would be able to watch over their conduct, to counsel and advise them better than men:" *Per Proudfoot, V. C., Ibid.*

By 47 Vic., c. 32 (Ont.), widows and unmarried women who are in their own right rated for a property or income qualification sufficient to qualify male voters have the right to vote at municipal elections in Ontario. And by 32 and 33 Vic., c. 55 (Imp.), spinsters and widows who are rated for property are entitled to vote at municipal elections in England, but they lose that right on their marriage: *Reg. v. Harrald*, L. R. 7 Q. B. 361. Marriage is at common law a total disqualification, and a married woman could not therefore vote, her existence for such a purpose being entirely merged in that of her husband: *Ibid.* Nor can it be supposed that the statute which was passed *alio intuitu* has, by a side wind, given them political rights: *Ibid.*

By the Roman law, when the wife passed *in manum viri* all that she had belonged to her husband; but when she did not, all her property belonged exclusively to herself: *Sandars' Justinian* 242. Among the semi-

barbaric nations of a later time, marriage was a species of partnership, in which husband and wife had each their separate rights. Any profits or purchases with their joint property were divided between them in proportion to their separate property: *Spence's Orig. Laws* 373.

By the custom of the ancient Britons "women had prerogative in deliberative sessions touching either peace, government, or martial affairs:" 3 *Selden's Works* 10, cited L. R. 4 C. P. 389. Coming to Saxon times we find it stated: "All *fiefs* were originally masculine, and women were excluded from the succession of them, because they cannot keep secrets:" *West on Peers*, 44, cited 7 Mod. 272. "A woman is excluded from military tenures and from councils *quia quæ audit reticere non potest*:" *Wright's Tenures* 28.

Under the common law of England, as under the Roman law, a married woman was more helpless than infants and lunatics, the two other classes of persons under disability in whose company she habitually figured in English law. Everything she acquired at or after marriage went to her husband unless she had a settlement to her separate use. She had no legal individuality apart from her husband. A *feme covert* can do no act to estop herself at law: *Per Lord Kenyon, C. J., 7 T. R.* 539. *Contra* in equity: 1 Mac. & Gor. 529.

"The policy of the law thought women unfit to judge of public things, and placed them on a footing with infants; by 7 and 8 Wm. III. c. 25 infants cannot vote—and women are perpetual infants:" *Per Strange, Sol. Gen.*, 7 Mod. 282.

But the recent legislation of England and Ontario respecting the property of married women "makes such alterations in the relation of husband and wife that it severs that unity of person and divides that compound person, which the law formerly recognized, to such an extent as to render it wrong for the courts now to apply the old principle, which was founded on unity of person:" *Per Chitty, J., in Re March*, 24 Ch. D. 222. Marriage, and the acquirement of property by a married woman, subsequent to the Acts, give the husband no estate or interest in his wife's property, nor any right to enjoy the revenues and profits thereof: *Merrick v. Sherwood*, 22 C. P. 477. And the husband having now no beneficial estate in his wife's property, cannot qualify or vote in respect of such property. And where the husband is not really desiring to use or to enter the wife's house as a husband, to enjoy the society of his wife, or to consort with her as his wife, an injunction will be granted to the wife restraining her husband from the proprietary use of the house: *Symonds v. Hallett*, 24 Ch. D. 346. "The old-fashioned notion that women need legislative protection, even against their husbands, is fast fading in the light of modern legislation:" *Per Harrison, C.J., in Kerr v. Stripp*, 40 Q. B. 134.

Under our present political system, the legislative, executive, and judicial functions of the Government are carried on in the name of a woman: "Her Majesty, etc., enacts," or "commands," etc.: yet women, because of their sex, are said by the learned judges and sages of the law to be "disqualified by the common law," or "by the uninterrupted usage of centuries" from having any voice or representation in elections affecting either legislation or government.

CHELLOW DENE.

Wind of the North!—blanching the fields of green—
What of the shadowed hour of Chellow Dene?

A lover has whispered a last good-night,
By the verge of Chellow's wave;
But the green orb is nigh, and the sad winds sigh
O'er a lover's nameless grave:
And a murderer rides at a furious pace,
For well; oh! full well, knows he
That the son of his sire, in a bloody attire
Is sleeping all peacefully.

Wind of the South!—sighing at languorous e'en—
What of a heart that once knew Chellow Dene?

A Red-cross nurse where the vine-clad walls
Slope down to a Southern sea;
One nurtured in ease, who has drained to the lees
Of the chalice of Misery.
Oh! her pure, sweet face, in the sunset glow,
Is wreathed in a golden gleam,
And her deft hands' caress, soothes the weariness
Of a dying soldier's dream.

Wind of the West!—pulsing each prairie scene—
What of the serpent's trail from Chellow Dene?

Bound hand and foot by the Vigilants
In the land of the setting sun,
There is one swings on high, and his lustreless eye
Is the thread of a life that is spun:
To the horse-thief, the gambler, and fratricide,
Short shrift and a hempen rope;
For death ever steals upon Judgment's heels,
On the far Pacific slope.

H. K. COCKIN.

Is it generally known that the distance between the rails on the narrow gauge of railways is the same as the width between the wheels of the old mail-coaches, viz., four feet eight and a half inches? A curious instance of the survival of custom.

The Week,

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

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THE English still carry their natural conservatism to a remarkable length, even in trade, whence one would expect to find that competition had long ago banished it. Thus it has been found almost impossible to introduce a new article into the English market, because, however superior it might be to that which it was proposed to displace, *this* being familiar to dealers would hold its ground in spite of every effort to supplant it. It is, as it were, planted within a charmed circle, guarded by the whole trade, within which no outsider can penetrate. A natural result of this ultra-conservatism, working however in a different direction, has become manifest in the course of a visit made by the Colonial and Indian representatives to the manufacturing centres of the North of England. The Colonists were there much struck with the circumstance that, with all her vast resources, England still allows herself to lose ground in the Colonial markets in consequence of perfectly remediable causes. This circumstance, no doubt, explains also to some extent the decline of the general export trade of Britain; yet its almost sole cause is the neglect by the great body of manufacturers to find out what the Foreign and Colonial markets want, and their failure to apply themselves to the supply of those wants. The Englishman's practice is too much to manufacture what he has been in the habit of doing, and to send out to the Colonies what he finds he can sell at home; while the American studies the market, makes no stock at a venture, but adapts himself to the circumstances of the hour. To take a few instances, the Canadians prefer for forest work an axe much blunter and of heavier make than that employed in England. For years English axes were sent out without regard to Colonial tastes, and the result is that now in the Dominion it is the exception to meet with an English-made axe. The bulk of those used are from the States, not at all because English firms cannot make such axes, for they can and do, but because English slowness allowed the Americans, who watch the wants of their customers, to forestall them in the possession of the market. In New Zealand all the spades used come from America, because the Americans found out that in New Zealand there was a preference for a light handy spade, and made what was wanted, while the heavy spades which were sent out from England were unsaleable. On the eve, as we believe, of opening up a foreign trade, Canadian manufacturers should bear in mind these facts; as we again say, Canada as a junior partner in the British firm, has an immense advantage over the Americans in a free access to British markets, and wherever these have obtained a footing, there is nothing to prevent us from ousting them always.

SIR WILLIAM DAWSON delivered last week a noble inaugural address as President of the British Association for the current year. It was applauded by an audience of over two thousand persons, of a class of trained thinkers whose approval is highly valuable. The occupancy of so exalted a position, with such acceptance, by a Canadian, must redound greatly to the honour of this country, and is likely to draw the attention of the British people to us more strongly than heretofore. Already we hear the masses have begun to distinguish intelligently between Canadians and Americans; and perhaps after this it may come to be recognised generally that we produce something else besides Rebellions and Ice Palaces. To the enterprise of the *Montreal Gazette* of the following day we are indebted for a very full résumé of the address, which was delivered at Birmingham, England, on the 1st instant, and dealt with the geological history of the North Atlantic Ocean. We have no space to follow Sir William Dawson's argument; but there are two or three features of it that may be profitably noted, albeit in brief. As, for instance, where he says that since the dawn of geological science it has been evident that the crust of the earth on which we live must be supported on a plastic or partially-liquid mass of heated rock, approximately uniform in quality, under the whole of its area. This interior heated and plastic layer he regarded as merely an under-crust, the mass of the earth, its nucleus, being practically solid and of great density and hardness. Where vents or fissures form in the upper crust, the material of the lower crust is forced upwards by the pressure of the less supported portions of the former, giving rise to volcanic phenomena. Sir William rejects the theory of a mid-Atlantic continent, that dream of

the poets and Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, and maintains that the Atlantic has been always in the form of a shallow plate with its middle raised; the earth's crust, as we understand it, being forced up at the edges of the plate, where now are the continents of Europe and America, by several natural causes. The older mountains of Eastern America and Western Europe were the first to emerge, during the Laurentian period, and probably at this period the land was limited to high latitudes, and its aspect, though more elevated, must have been of the character still seen on the Laurentian Hills. In concluding his address Sir William said: "We cannot, I think, consider the topics to which I have referred without perceiving that the history of ocean and continent is an example of progressive design, quite as much as that of living beings. . . . The vastness and the might of ocean, and the manner in which it cherishes the feeblest and most fragile beings, alike speak to us of Him who holds it in the hollow of His hand, and gave to it of old its boundaries and its laws; but its teaching ascends to a higher tone when we consider its origin and history, and the manner in which it has been made to build up continents and mountains, and at the same time to nourish and sustain the teeming life of sea and land." And, we may add, no less eloquently does this human intelligence, dwelling in a mere clod of matter, surveying with clear insight from the Birmingham platform the remotest past and the process of construction of this flowery abiding-place for man—this nursery of immortal souls—speak to us of one purpose of His beneficent design.

IN an article on the "Abuse of Citizenship," the *London Times* says the abuse of American citizenship must inevitably form one of the most important points of discussion in the future diplomatic relationship of Great Britain and the United States. At the Chicago Convention the leaders of the Irish revolutionary and political clubs and societies in America met together to consult upon the best means of promoting the cause of rebellion and disturbance in every portion of the British Empire; this is but a repetition of what has occurred for some years; and the question that must be decided sooner or later is simply whether or not Irishmen naturalised in America can claim the right and privilege to aid and abet political conspiracies and felonies, designed to harass and obstruct the British Government, and bring about tremendous political changes in the British Constitution. Intrenched upon foreign soil, with a foreign treasure chest and foreign advisers, the enemies of England are allowed to hatch undisturbed their plots and schemes against the British nation; the Chicago Convention is the public expression of the intention of a certain section of American citizens to make war on British law in Ireland. By the law of the United States the Irish naturalized in America are citizens. Why is it, that alone, of all the twenty-two nationalities that supply immigrants to that country, the Irish behave like conspirators who have merely paid their one dollar for naturalisation in order to raise money for carrying out intrigues, and promoting crime and disturbance in the land of their nativity? Have Irish-born citizens of the Great Republic rights and privileges denied to native-born Americans? It would certainly seem so.

THE *Times* then puts a case by way of illustration, and believes that if an association of Americans descended not from modern Irishmen, but from the old Puritan stock, were to organise themselves into a body with avowed hostile intentions against any country friendly to the United States Government, that Government would take instant notice of the matter. And if those native Americans were further to subscribe money to carry on physical or financial operations against the laws of that friendly country, there would soon be an outcry which would create a strong public opinion against such an organisation, followed by very strong measures of repression. From the evidence adduced at the Anarchist trials, there seems no doubt that the Irish dynamite wing in Chicago are in active sympathy with the foreign Nihilists who flock to America; and this consideration, among others, sagacious Americans should well weigh in dealing with this question. The particular use which Irishmen have made of their citizenship must be allowed to every other nationality, and in a few years America will be the playground of all the aggressive nationalities of Europe, who may bring with them race antipathies or factious disputes, and domicile them permanently in their adopted land. But the *Times* points out, the opportunity now occurs to make the Irish in America understand that they are not the depositaries of the balance of political power. Whatever power they possess has been used to embarrass the diplomatic relations between England and America, and to advance the personal interests of their own "bosses." Already there is a growing feeling in the Democratic party that they have borne too long the yoke of the Irish voter. It is a statistical fact, and one thoroughly appreciated by

the astute managers of the American caucus, that the number of Irish-born immigrants has for ten years been a diminishing figure: it has decreased both absolutely and relatively. For while in 1850 the percentage of Irish among the foreign-born inhabitants of the States was 43.5, in 1880 it was only 27.7. It is obvious from the statistical figures published that the numerical ascendancy of the Irish has vanished in America. While immigration from Ireland culminated long ago, other nationalities are steadily increasing their numbers, and the American politicians might do well, perhaps, to draw the obvious moral that to pander to a diminishing political force is a blunder—at all events from the point of view of the caucus managers.

THE *Philadelphia Record* seems to hold that England, upon annexing Burmah, should at once have conferred constitutional government on the country, with universal suffrage. It does not consider that an eastern people cannot be transformed in a day into that ideal of freedom—a nation of ward politicians; and accordingly, remarking on the condition of Burmah, it observes that, “it is a strange anomaly that, with all her enlightenment, when England annexes a country she does not allow its inhabitants as much freedom as does even autocratic Russia.” This sapient observation is another proof, however, of how little capable our affectionate cousins are of satisfactorily doing a job they are very fond of undertaking—directing the management of the British Empire. A few weeks ago they were all advising England that the best way to deal with the conspirators who have usurped the government of Ireland was to do as the United States *did not do* in the case of the Southern rebels—to retire the Queen’s Government from the country, and legally establish the Government of the National League in its place. And we suspect their idea of what is required in Burmah is not a whit sounder than this disinterested advice about Ireland; perhaps, however, if the States should ever rise out of their present somewhat limited political state to the government of a world-wide empire, their grasp of the science of politics may be better. In the meantime, let us assure the *Record* that the troubles in Burmah do not arise from any denial of Home Rule to the Burmese, but from the neglect of the late Home Rule Administration in England to follow up with vigour the policy begun by the preceding Government. If that Administration of enthusiasts, doctrinaires, and adventurers had spared a little of the time they wasted over their quack Irish nostrum, for Burmah, Lord Salisbury, on his return to power, would not have found the condition of the country in a worse state than when he left it. But it may be hoped he is still in time; and if he addresses himself at once—as Mr. Gladstone should have done, by taking in hand the needful railway extension toward China—to satisfy the people that the British have come to stay, and that they are likely to derive substantial benefit from British rule, why, then, dacoity will soon cease; the so-called dacoits will be easily transformed into police and soldiers under the Queen’s colours; and peace and prosperity will speedily follow the killing, burning, and destroying that has resulted from the time of the Gladstone Administration being so wholly engrossed by their desperate electioneering.

THE abandonment by Mr. Gladstone of the Land Purchase half of his Home Rule scheme is quite consistent with his repeated declarations that he adopted this feature, not from belief in the necessity of protecting the landlords against the proposed Irish Parliament, but in deference to English prejudices on the subject. This is the exact reverse of the position taken by Mr. John Morley, who, contrary to the opinion of Mr. Gladstone, insists absolutely that the landlords must be protected against the confiscation which he clearly foresees would result from a National League Government in Ireland. Whether this difference will breed internal disunion in the Disunionist camp it is not worth while now to inquire; sufficient to remark that on this head Mr. Gladstone must be acquitted from the probable charge that he has dropped Land Purchase from tactical motives, because experience has taught him that it will never be agreed to by the English Democracy; that in fact his Home Rule scheme went to wreck mainly on this very question in the late elections.

WITH respect, however, to Mr. Gladstone’s statement that the idea of Home Rule has been growing in his mind for fifteen years—that for fifteen years he has never opposed Home Rule upon principle—we cannot help comparing a speech he made almost exactly fifteen years ago (the 27th September, 1871) with one delivered not more than ten months ago. In the first, referring to Mr. Butt’s proposal of a separate Parliament for Ireland, he said:—“Can any sensible man, any rational man, suppose that at this time of day, in the condition of this world, we are going to disintegrate the great capital institutions of this country for the purpose of making our-

selves ridiculous in the sight of mankind and crippling any power we possess for bestowing benefits upon the inhabitants of Ireland?” And in his speech at Edinburgh on November 9th, 1885, just previous to the elections of last year, Mr. Gladstone said: “It will be a vital danger to this country and the Empire, at a time when the demand of Ireland for large powers of self-government is to be dealt with, if there is not in Parliament a party totally independent of the Irish vote. . . . Let me now suppose for argument’s sake, I may suppose it possible, that the Liberal party might be returned to the coming Parliament—that is rather a staggering supposition, but I beg you to indulge me for an instant,—might be returned to the coming Parliament in a minority which might become a majority by the aid of the Irish vote, and I will suppose that, owing to some cause, the present Government has disappeared, and a Liberal party was called to deal with this great constitutional question of the government of Ireland, in a position where it was in a minority, dependent on the Irish vote for converting it into a majority. Now, gentlemen, I tell you seriously and solemnly that, though I believe the Liberal party to be honourable, patriotic, and trustworthy, in such a position as that, it would not be safe for it to enter on the consideration of a measure in respect to which, at the first steps of its progress, it would be in the power of a party coming from Ireland to say, “Unless you do this and unless you do that, we will turn you out to-morrow.” This utterance is most remarkable in view of what actually afterwards occurred: it might be inscribed on the page of history as the epitaph of the late Gladstonian Administration; for it exactly describes the temptation to which Mr. Gladstone afterwards so miserably succumbed: and we much fear that the idea of Home Rule, so far from having been germinating in Mr. Gladstone’s mind for fifteen years was of a mushroom growth, having its root in a design to thwart the English constituencies in their emphatic condemnation of the right honourable gentleman’s methods of government last autumn; and there is, we submit, much in Mr. Gladstone’s speech of November 9th, 1885, to lead to the suspicion that his sudden conviction on the subject of Home Rule, following within a few weeks the speech, and the defeat he foreshadowed with its probable result, was not honestly come by.

It is hardly credible that the German Emperor should have advised Prince Alexander to make his humble submission to the Czar, without first making sure that the submission would be effectual. It looks more like a desperate attempt of the Prince’s own to placate his implacable enemy; an invertebrate step which only invited the brutal answer returned. Whosoever is responsible, the submission exhibited a fatal degree of weakness; and no wonder the Czar seized a welcome opportunity as well to insult the hated Prince as to slap the face of Europe. Whether the smart of this rebuff will prove unbearable by Europe is now the question. The situation is perilous on all sides. Germany’s attitude on the subject is still an enigma; but Austria can hardly submit tamely to such a blunt and overbearing assertion of Russian predominance in the Balkans; Turkey cannot see with equanimity a Russian province set up at the very door of Constantinople; Roumania, Servia, and the other States of the Balkans, ought to have something to say about the vanishing prospect of Balkan unity; and Greece will certainly seize the slightest excuse to invade Thessaly and Albania. She missed her opportunity by hesitancy and trust in the Powers the last time the pot boiled over; but this is a mistake she will not repeat: she will have if she can a *sait accompli*, instead of a claim, to present to the next Conference on Balkan affairs. And England? England’s action must depend altogether on that of Bismarck, who, however, is playing his own hand. England has a definite policy; but she is not bound alone to carry the whole of Eastern Europe on her shoulders: the Danube is a German river, and the Danube it is that is threatened by Russian aggression in the Balkans; therefore let the German Powers see to it. England can protect her own peculiar interest as far as they may be affected by any threatened change in the ownership of Constantinople; and to this end mainly, if the German Powers step out of Russia’s path through European Turkey to the Bosphorus her diplomacy should be directed. To prevent Russia from making Asia Minor a vantage-ground, to seize Constantinople should be England’s object; not, however, for the sake of Constantinople, but because, if Russian influence should prevail in Asia Minor, that would in itself be a serious menace to England’s interests in the far East.

AN anecdote which throws some light upon an enigmatic side of the negro character was told in the course of the discussion which followed Dr. Ogle’s monograph on suicide at the last meeting of the British Statistical Society. Many years ago a West India regiment stationed at Kingston was afflicted with a martinet colonel, whose severities led to an epidemic of suicide

among the rank and file. In the full conviction that negroes when they die go to Africa, poor Quacko was wont to hang himself *en grand tenue*, his knapsack stuffed with all his little belongings, as a sort of provision for a new life in fatherland. Strong measures became necessary. The colonel therefore paraded the men one Sunday morning, and addressed them as follows: "Men! You are hanging yourselves because you think that you are going back to the Gold Coast. Nothing of the sort. When you die, you go to a much warmer place; and, by Jove, the next man who hangs himself, I'll do the same; and I'll make it ten times hotter for him there than here!" The result was an immediate cessation of suicides.

THE *Révue Scientifique* publishes a paper on alcohol and alcoholism which presents statistics and conclusions of a startling nature. The author, M. Fournier de Flaix, affirms that the outcry against alcohol is utterly unmerited, as it does far more good than harm. To demonstrate this, M. de Flaix furnishes tabular statements to show that not only in the French departments, but in all other countries the birth-rate is lower and the death-rate higher wherever the consumption of alcohol is small. It is further argued from these figures that neither criminality nor suicide is in proportion to alcoholic consumption. In the Seine et Oise the consumption of alcohol is just about half what it is in the Seine Inférieure, yet the suicide rate is double in the former. In England, again, more alcohol is consumed than in France, and yet in France, the writer points out, the birth-rate, the death-rate, the statistics of crime and suicide, are less favourable than in England. The comparisons for Italy, Spain, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Russia, Austria, and Germany show analagous results. M. de Flaix's conclusion is that it is the nations with the most vital powers, the greatest wealth, and the best morals who consume the most alcohol.

In theory, education in Egypt is gratuitous and universal; the most ardent supporter of free education could find no fault with the Egyptian system, which adopts a child from the moment of its birth, and for a charge amounting to about eight cents per head per annum on the whole population provides it with a curriculum that could hardly be equalled outside of the larger European Universities. The young Egyptian of six years of age may, if he chooses, attend a primary school; at the age of eleven he may go to a secondary one; and at sixteen may continue his studies at one of seven colleges. A Ministerial report shows that in June, 1885, out of a population of 6,800,000 souls, 8,587 were receiving instruction. For the instruction of these 8,587 scholars, 504 professors are employed, an average, that is, of one teacher to every seventeen taught. The total budget for the Ministry in 1885 was £84,689, but of this £17,470 went to administrative expenses, to feeding some of the scholars, and other charges, so that the actual charge for education alone was only £67,219, which it may be interesting to note is about £7 16s. 6d. per scholar—five cents per head of the entire population—and would allow £133 for each professor.

BUT the report gives other information which is of interest as showing the working of free education in Egypt. From the figures given it might be supposed that the main difficulty was to procure pupils, but Egypt is a land where everything goes by contraries, and it is amusing to notice that the chief complaint is the impossibility of getting rid of these few but ardent scholars. It would appear that the Egyptians, if not as a class thirsty for knowledge, are yet in particular instances very tenacious about receiving the full value for their five cents. Thus we find at the primary schools youths of 19, at the secondary ones men of 22; and this does not imply that they are seeking the advantages of education late in life, but that, having found a benevolent Government who will educate, and even partially feed them, gratuitously, they are in no hurry to find other means of livelihood. In fact, the Minister complains that these ungrateful children of a paternal Government actually demand as a right that that Government should find them employment, and to an Egyptian mind no idea would appear more logical. From their point of view they have, instead of being useful to their parents in the fields, obliged the Government by wasting their early years in what is almost considered a State department; and it would be obviously unjust that when thus, as they consider, rendered useless they should be expected to make their own living. In fact, a boy educated by the State considers the State, *in loco parentis*, bound to provide for his future.

THE *Queen* states that some instructive information respecting "temperance drinks," as they are called, is to be found in the report for the past year of the Principal of the Laboratory of the Inland Revenue office; and a contemporary observes that among the analyses of beer and wort made

by the department during the twelvemonth, were 425 samples of "botanic beer" and other temperance beverages, more than one-half of which, it is stated, contains over the legal 2 per cent. proof spirit, the range extending from a mere trace up to 25 per cent. In nineteen of the latter cases the samples, although represented as non-intoxicating, contained as much spirit as, or more than, ordinary ale and porter. On the label of a professedly non-alcoholic beverage which was analysed a short time ago, it was asserted that total abstainers who consumed it were both pleased and surprised at its "comforting and exhilarating effects." The reason of their pleasure and surprise was, the Principal of the Laboratory cynically remarks, obvious, inasmuch as the beverage in question contained no less than 23 per cent. of proof spirit. It is by no means improbable that "temperance drinks" will be discovered, one day, to be a prolific source of vice and crime. It is, however, consoling to reflect that their extreme nastiness, as a rule, is likely to prevent their widespread consumption.

MR. TUKE'S report on his distribution of seed-potatoes to the islands off the West Coast of Ireland, from Achill southwards, just published, contains an account of his eighth visit during recent years to this poverty-stricken coast, and is well worth careful reading. Of the small agricultural holdings on these islands, and even on the shore of the mainland, Mr. Tuke is more and more thoroughly persuaded on every visit he makes that even if held rent-free, they would not keep the heads of their occupants above water. "The fact that the small holdings of worn-out land cannot support the crowded population is no longer a debateable question. It is unanimously borne witness to. From priest, or landlord, or tenant, there is but one response: 'Without other means of earning money, there is no possibility of living out of the land.' 'The living isn't in it, rent or no rent, yer honour!' And can it be otherwise? Consider Achill, with its thousand families, of whom three-fourths are living on holdings so small that the rental or valuation does not exceed 30s. a year each,—and few of the remainder exceed £4 a year! Take another instance in Connemara, of one thousand families attempting to live on 1,700 acres of arable bog-land, mere patches of soil lying among great boulders." On the other hand, Mr. Tuke is convinced that fisheries might be made to take the place of land-tillage, especially if the Tramways Act were carried out so as to give these fisheries the means of sending their fish to suitable markets. Mr. Tuke also believes heartily in very carefully superintended emigration, but is convinced that without careful superintendence the expenditure on emigration might do pure mischief. The question now arises—of what good to these poor people would be the substitution of the National League of professional agitators and politicians, without money or credit, for the British Government, with its unlimited means of help?

As we anticipated, none in England but the wilfully blind or the foolish have been deceived by the farce played lately at the Chicago Fenian Convention, or are likely to mistake the purpose of the present lull in the operations of the Irish Murder League. The *St. James's Gazette* says, in reference to this peaceful interlude:—It is not generally known, perhaps, that Mr. Labouchere is a contributor to the columns of the Irish-American press. A copy of the *Boston Pilot* of the 19th of June is before us, with a communication signed by the member for Northampton, and headed, "Special Correspondence of the *Pilot*. Labouchere's Excellent Advice to Irish-Americans." The excellent advice is as follows:—

The Irish in America must not frighten the English by any rant or exaggeration. *They should lie low*. Every exaggeration is still further exaggerated here and produces a most deplorable effect. It is absurd to suppose that the English people can be bullied into Home Rule by the use of either big words or dynamite. Parnell is one of the ablest tacticians that I know, and if the cause is to be won it can only be by leaving him a free hand. . . . Mr. Gladstone seems very hale and hearty, but if anything were to happen to him I am afraid that Home Rule in the sense that he and we mean would be relegated to a very distant future. Mr. Blaine would do well to be more careful in his utterances respecting Lord Salisbury and others. The English do not like American Presidential candidates to lecture English statesmen, of whatever complexion their politics may be. *My advice, therefore*, to the Irish in America is to be exceedingly careful just now, and to keep as quiet as they possibly can. Gladstone and Parnell have acted in perfect harmony since the meeting of Parliament; and with the democracy of England and Ireland behind them they will eventually win if they continue to do so, and if they both live a year or two.

The charming simplicity of Mr. Labouchere is most instructive. The American-Irish are to lie as low as they can with dignity to themselves, and we have the measure of their moderation in "Home Rule or else ——" England cannot be bullied, but she can be cheated and chicaned into believing a lie by a combination of kid-gloved revolutionists of the Labouchere species and violent ruffians like Sullivan and Finerty.

"J'AI TROP BU LA VIE."

(GEORGE SAND.)

AH! what a wonderful draught!
Now, was it ruby red,
With heart of flame in the glass,
A passionate crimson shed
By the loves on which she fed?

Or with a golden hue
Caught from the grapes that grow
High in the sunshine of Fame?
Thus with an amber glow
Did her life's elixir flow?

Or was it colourless, clear,
White to her mortal eye,
Pure from a mountain stream,
Fresh from a fountain high,
Losing itself in the sky?

Or was it none of these,
Ripe and rare to the taste,
Rose or gold to the eye,
Brought in a beaker chased,
Bearing a rim flower-graced?

But was it muddy and black?
Bending over the brink
Of a foul and stagnant pool,
Loathing the draught, did she drink?
Draining the cup, did she shrink?

What were its dregs to her?
Ah! what a wonderful draught!
Perhaps as the dregs she drained,
Perhaps, as the cup she quaffed,
Her tempting angel laughed.

Ottawa.

SERANUS.

SAUNTERINGS.

THERE are drawing-rooms and drawing-rooms, of course; but the average drawing-room of the average person is filled with her idea of art culture, as it is limited by her purse. Meaningless apartments, furnished by tradition and the dictum of the upholsterer, are rarer than they used to be. The average woman no longer exercises her taste within Berlin wool limits, but gives it all the house room she can afford. Almost every woman of intelligence has felt the impetus to her æsthetic tastes given by the modern processes of art reproduction, and her walls usually testify of the distance and direction in which it has carried her. Men have doubtless been more or less affected by it also, but in women, with their easier susceptibility to matters of taste, and ampler opportunities for displaying it, we see the results of any æsthetic movement always first. The benevolent observer of his species finds much to marvel at as he goes from habitation to habitation, each reflecting a different stage in the progress of its decker and designer. And one of the oddest things that come under his observation is the peculiar bias in women towards the sorrowful in art. This is not attained at once, but somewhere on the journey from the red-and-blue chromo that rewards a subscription to a fashion magazine, and an etching by Moran that represents the profits of a defrauded milliner, the melancholy mania is sure to come; and when it comes it stays. If there is anything more attractive to the average woman picture-buyer than a "Mater Dolorosa," she does not hang it. Weeping Magdalens she takes especial delight in, and the mournful countenance of Dante's "Beatrice," in any pictorial representation whatever, affords her a keen and intense pleasure. There is something about streaming hair and upturned eyes, and countenances abandoned to the more becoming forms of grief, that is irresistible to a woman; why, it is not easy to say. Her own temperament is usually more morbid than a man's, but the tendency is quite the same, if not even more pronounced, in the healthiest, happiest specimen of womanhood, as in any other. It may be that grief, being the easiest and commonest of the depicted emotions, is the most quickly and permanently retained as an art idea. It may be, too, that if, as the philosophers tell us, there is a distinct psychological pleasure in sorrow, women, sorrowing more, have grown to an unconscious appreciation of this paradoxical enjoyment, and instinctively recognise it upon canvas. Whatever the cause, the effect is rather lugubrious, especially when, as of late, it has taken the form of transparencies, and one cannot even look out of the window without encountering the appealing gaze of some disconsolate dishevelled damsel known to history or tradition. Let us draw the line at transparencies.

I DO NOT find myself regretting the last rose of summer half so much as another adjunct of that halcyon season, much less ornamental and not useful at all. I mean the hand-organ man. By the time the first maple yellows, the hand-organ man is evincing a decided preference for the sunny side of the street, the first autumn chill communicates a deadly bronchial difficulty to his only visible means of support; and through a whirling vista of November leaves, we catch a final glimpse of his demoralised figure mutely disappearing, to gladden our eyes and our ears no more till springtime. What becomes of him during the winter has never, I believe, been satisfactorily ascertained. It has yet to be proven that any organ-grinder has ever permitted himself a more lucrative and less anathematised occupation. You never recognise him in the street-car driver, or the hotel porter, or the man who shovels off the sidewalks. His familiar presence never rehabilitates itself. It never even dehabilitates itself and comes around to the back door soliciting old clothes. It is absolutely and utterly gone. I think he follows the sun. Or he hibernates. Or he goes to gaol.

While yet he tarries with us, however, the hand-organ man is the object of a great deal of unjust animadversion. He affords, nevertheless, a beautiful example of the enforced rights of the minority. Did the majority approve him, the hand-organing profession would be like the rest—overcrowded. But he lives and moves and grinds and has his being upon the unfrequent coppers and the scanty tolerance of the few. Long ago, the orthodox and well-regulated and musical part of the community voted him a nuisance and a bore; it is hard to justify a predilection for him. One cannot arouse compassion toward him on the common ground. There is no starving wife and family in the pathetic rear. A hand-organ man is always a bachelor of his art, and supports nobody, I am convinced, but himself and his monkey. But I prize him as one of the few picturesque incidents in our over-practical civilisation. There is nothing idyllic about the organ-grinder, but there is about the idea which he embodies. How soon, I wonder, shall we have a municipal enactment forbidding the purveying of popular airs unless expressly contracted for? Then he is about the only son of *la belle Italie* whom one may regard with trustful sentiment without being startled by a broad Cork brogue from its object, in this age of misrepresentation. And his humility is so genuine—he knows so well what the majority think of him! And his philosophy so unflinching, and his *répertoire* so deliciously adapted to all tastes, and his pertinacity so calm, and his hypocrisy so unruffled! I should like to get his views of life from a hand-organ man! After all, moreover, if he is only far enough down the street, and there are a good many breezes about, the discord for which he expects to be remunerated in legal tender is not so bad. I daresay we should be dissatisfied with the pipings of Pan himself in this hypercritical day, unless Mapleson exploited him, and we had to pay that extortioner two dollars a seat for the privilege of hearing Nature's classicist. For me, I always open the shutters that the strident strains of this modern satyr may float in, bringing with them a magical picture of a sleepy old Southern city, upon whose narrow banquettes these peripatetic musicians sun themselves all the day; a city where the gentle atmosphere hushes and softens the crudest discord, where the fragrance of the sweet olive is a continual benediction, and orange blossoms drop the year round; where nickels abound, and merry groups do congregate, the Paradise of organ-grinders—the dear, impoverished, fascinating old city of New Orleans.

"AND probably General Badeau touches the very heart of the matter—the vital difference between English and American things—when he says that though with us some people may look down upon their fellows, their fellows (who feel that they are only the other fellows) do not look up. As long as this is the fact, we are safe; and till a thoroughly stupid millionaire can inspire social reverence, or anything but a more or less jocular curiosity, in most Americans, we can still hold up our heads."

Mr. Howells is commenting upon General Badeau's "Aristocracy in England." It is the old charge of the demoralising influence of caste; and one might note it without any comment, except a sigh for the tedium of the thing, but for the complacent little chuckle at the end. Mr. Howells is no Pharisee. He is not thanking the Lord, in his interesting periods, that the Americans are not as other men, or even as these Englishmen. He is doubtless stating what he is convinced is the truth about the people of the United States, in order to give force and effect to the truth about the people of England. It has frequently been attested, however, that democratic theory and democratic practice are apt to be irretrievably con-founded in the best regulated democratic mind; and it seems to me that Mr. Howells may have lived so long in an atmosphere of liberty, equality, and fraternity as to absorb an extravagant idea of its beneficial effect upon social growth. True, there are no technical aristocrats in the United States. An intense dislike to anything representing social fungi appears

to have taken irremovable root in public opinion there. Titles, it seems, are the bane of the democrat. In proof of which, he confers them on his fellow-democrat upon every possible occasion for every conceivable and inconceivable reason. It is quite possible that there are to-day in the American Republic more men with "handles" to their names than in all England. True, the title represents little, sometimes so little as an unsuccessful candidature for legislative honours; but its owner has a life tenure, and his six sons, if he be so blessed, have an equal opportunity of wearing his easy dignity. Since title has no ruling power, however, it is perhaps bestowed as a queer democratic compensation for the lack of the fabulous riches to which it is every citizen's privilege to attain. Millionaires are seldom honoured in this way; the multitude knows them chiefly by their nicknames.

As to social rule, the statement that "a thoroughly stupid millionaire" cannot inspire reverence will be received with incredulous wonder. What, then, mean the columns of descriptive eloquence devoted to the doings and sayings of the immoderately rich in the American Sunday Press? From what quarter does the New York novelist draw his picture of the social rise and rule of the man of millions? What unfounded rumour is this of a Gothamish clique, so select and so rich that even a stockbroker is excluded from its gilded interior? Politically, it is interesting to note the number of millionaires in the United States Senate. Of course it is possible that they owe their positions to their innate fitness, but it is difficult to assure the public of this. As typifying the influence of money in municipal politics, the unmentionable New York aldermen will rise before the heated imagination of everybody who pursues the subject. Theoretically, the American citizen is a free and independent personality. Practically, he is dominated, to some extent at least, by what seems to him a worthier master than rank. Men are ruled everywhere. Republics change the form of the ruling power, and make the chances of wielding it even. But the domination is always there, and it is rather too much to ask us to believe that even in the advanced and enlightened United States its manifestation is mere "jocular curiosity."

SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

IN the "Jottings along the C. P. R.," in our issue of August 19, we made Golden City sixty-seven miles from Donald, instead of seventeen, the true distance; we also made our correspondent say, "The high bank (instead of the 'right' bank) of the Columbia spreads itself out in a dense second growth of balsam pines;" and, further, we somewhat disrespectfully, but not intentionally, dubbed His Honour Judge Vowell—"Jude Vowells." For all these errors we are, figuratively, wearing sackcloth and ashes. But fortunately for us, our injured yet valued correspondent has gone into the interior of the country to the Columbia Lakes and Kootenay Valley, with which there is no postal communication; and, therefore, unfortunately, the Jottings will be discontinued for two or three weeks, to be resumed with an account of that district, and of the course of the C. P. R. from Donald to Port Moody, with a sketch of Victoria and its vicinity.

A PLEA FOR THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Nearly all Canadians who have taken a series of holidays have, no doubt, at some time or other passed through the Thousand Isles. For those who have not enjoyed that marvellous panorama, there is a source of pleasure yet in store if they hasten to avail themselves of it before all the islands are turned into camping grounds or hotel gardens. It is on this point I would beg to write a few words on the demolition of the temple of nature to make room for the erection of saloons and eating houses; the desecration of one of the fairest pieces of Canadian scenery to suit the depraved tastes of modern holiday fiends and picnic ghouls. What are the words and works of man beside the words and works of God? Nature is the work of God made eloquent; art is the dumb creation of human imbecility. God made man in his own image; man has effaced that image of Divine origin long ago, and not content with his work of self-destruction, must needs seek to destroy also the works of God in nature. The beauty of the Thousand Isles cannot be in any way exaggerated—indeed it cannot be justly described, except summarily, as the most beautiful example known of river island scenery. Isle after isle arises, sometimes slowly in the long distance, and at other times suddenly, and as it were magically, in the bright freshness of virginal beauty, clad in varying tones of brown, green, and gray vegetation, firmly fixed upon their rocky beds that jut sharply from the ripple of the broad tree-terraced river.

The wind sings along the crests of the waves, scattering the foam; whistles among the pine tops, gilded with the glory of the summer's sun; and murmurs gently along the tufts and beds of grass, in which insects innumerable find a home. Swift swallows skim along from isle to isle, now touching the wave-tops with their white breast-feathers, now glinting their purple backs in the sun as they curve upon the air. All of which is delightful and refreshing to eye and ear and soul, and compels most men into a state of ecstatic admiration, if they possess eye or ear or soul, and urges others into a peaceful state of religious contemplation. But the boat turns, and there, in the midst of our reverie and reverence, right before our astonished eyes, rises up a formidably ugly structure of hybrid architecture. It dispels at once the inspiration of the place. The paradise of loveliness has gone at once and for ever, because of the sight of this ungainly shed of wood, built for man's pride in front of the island, noble trees and natural rock-work being ruthlessly sacrificed to make way for

this summer resort and its approach-way. What I would urge strongly is that these hotels and resorts and small cottages of nondescript wood-work be built in future on the shores of the river and not upon the islands. If people wish to enjoy the scenery, let them go amongst it and do so to their hearts' content; but I beg to protest as strongly as possible against the increasing destruction of this wonderful island-group by the campers and salooners and rich idlers who live thereon and deface its beauty irreparably. It is a criminal shame, and if it be money that is at the bottom of the ruthless barbarism, then in God's name and in nature's behalf, let all who have regard for the preservation of at least some of God's work through nature, bestir themselves and remedy this growing vandalism. In a few years all the island beauty will have departed, and nothing but ill-built houses and hotels will be left to see. Yours truly,

E. G. GARTHWAITE.

SHAKESPEARIANA.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Noting your remarks in answer to Mr. Grant Seymour's suggestion, in your issue of the 19th inst., reminds me of an incident that occurred some forty years since in reference to a phrase in Hamlet.

The incident is this: Seated in the gun-room of the *San Josef*, in Hamoaze, a discussion arose as to the correct rendering of a quotation that had been used by one of the party. The subject was Hamlet.

Your readers will recollect Horatio's answer to Hamlet's question, as to what had brought him to Elsinore.

Horatio—"My Lord, I came to see your father's funeral."

Hamlet—"I prithee do not mock me, fellow-student, I think it was to see my mother's wedding."

Horatio—"Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon."

Hamlet—"Thrift—thrift, Horatio; the funeral's baked meats did coldly furnish forth the marriage-table. Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven, or ever I had seen that day, Horatio."

The discussion arose on the word "*dearest*." Some urged that the term was mis-applied—others, that the word should have been *direst*—as of an evil, in the superlative degree. Caldicott, however, goes to the root of the word, as used in olden times, and Knight says, in explanation, it is an "*epithet applied to that person or thing, which, FOR or AGAINST us, excites the liveliest interest.*"

So, in Parliamentary phrase, we must let it "stand," for not one word nor one tittle of Shakespeare's writings should be altered.

The discussion in the gun-room of the *San Josef*—through the porthole of which Nelson sprang when he captured the ship from the Spaniards—led to the study of the works of Shakespeare; and soon after, to the adaptation of parts of his plays to private theatricals.

I can only hope that the spark struck by Mr. Grant Seymour will find an echo in the minds of very many of your readers, and lead to a more enlarged study of a work that has gained for its author the term IMMORTAL.

R. NETTLE.

Ottawa, 23rd August.

THE RUSSIAN STORM-CLOUD.*

STEPNIAK'S new book is so full of matter and big with thought, so varied in its contents, and so rich in suggestion, that any one of its divisions might easily be made the subject of a separate review. One of the most interesting chapters, and that to which many readers will give the greatest attention, is the chapter headed, "Why is Russia a Conquering Country?" For the question is one the right answering of which deeply concerns our relations with the greatest of European States and the tranquillity of our Indian possessions, and the wrong answering of which may not only involve this country in heavy expenditure, but give rise to dire alarms and a portentous war. Hence the opinions of a writer like Stepaniak, who is at once an ardent patriot and a warm admirer of England and free institutions, and who has sources of information and opportunities for observation which only a born Russian can command, are of the highest value, and merit the attention both of publicists and statesmen. Russia, in his belief, is a conquering country because it is despotically ruled. It may be objected to this that Stepaniak is a prejudiced witness—that being an avowed rebel against the existing régime, he sees in it the root of all evil, and is actuated more by a desire to discredit the autocracy than to deliver an impartial judgment. But he gives such abundant reason for the faith that is in him, and adduces so many facts in support of his conclusions, that even those who may refuse to adopt his views can hardly fail to be impressed by his arguments. This is what he says:

"A free government does not exclude the possibility of wars, as the example of Europe has shown only too well. But in autocratic States, the ambition and cupidity of the masters is a weighty and an additional cause of strife. And the overpowering strength of Russia, together with its geographical position, is particularly adapted to give full play to such propensities in its rulers. Russia, alone among European States, is a conquering State in these days. Of late the total ruin of the moral prestige of the Government, and the growing disaffection among all classes of society, have converted into a sort of moral necessity what was formerly a mere luxury. The Czar must look on external wars as an oft-tried expedient to divert the storm of discontent from internal questions. . . . And what is very remarkable and characteristic of the present intellectual

*The Russian Storm-Cloud; or, Russia in her Relation to Neighbouring Countries. By Stepaniak. London: Swan Sonnenschein and Company.

condition of the Russian people, is the fact that the public opinion of this most pacific of all countries seems at first sight to possess an easily excitable Jingoism, making such criminal expedients particularly easy. Whenever there is some diplomatic complication, and some smell of powder in the air, the Russian Press seems as if intoxicated all at once with a war-like spirit, and provided the trouble lasts for some time, society seems to be ablaze. . . . When the Government gives the signal, there are dozens of papers ready to take the hint, and cheer for war as they would have cheered for peace, at the bidding of the authorities."

On these occasions, moreover, the cry for war is swollen by many who hate strife hardly less than they detest the Government. Rendered reckless by the wretchedness of their daily lives, they feel, rightly or wrongly, that as things cannot be made worse, any change must needs be for the better. It was thus in 1883, when war with Germany was in the air, and again during the late Afghan difficulty; and to the same cause may be ascribed, in the opinion of our author, more than half the "nationalist" excitement which preceded the Bulgarian War. But these patriotic outbursts, though affording the Government an admirable excuse for going to war, are never the cause of war. The Czar can either suppress or disregard them, as he may please. War may be made in the interest of the dynasty or from high (or low) political considerations, but never out of deference to the popular will. In a country where the people are voiceless, where there is neither freedom of the Press nor right of meeting, and the presentation of a petition is punished as a crime, public opinion can have no real existence. If, however, the nation could be consulted, wars of conquest would never be sanctioned. The peasants, who form the vast majority of the people, who furnish both the sinews of war and food for powder, want nothing so much as peace, and would vote for it as one man. On the other hand, there is one class of the community outside the official class who, though small in number, are great in influence, which they almost invariably use in favour of war. These are the traders and manufacturers, whose power lies in the fact that they are the only subjects of the Czar contented with their lot and well affected to his Government. The nobles, heavily hit by the emancipation of the serfs, and now all but ruined by the depreciation of land, are moody and discontented; the peasants, though loyal to the person of the Czar, detest his Ministers; the Army is contaminated with sedition; while many of the town workmen and the great majority of the educated are either actual conspirators or potential rebels. So it comes to pass that traders are the only body whom the Government can thoroughly trust. For the most part imperfectly educated, they care nothing for freedom, give their minds altogether to business, and repay the favours lavished on them by the State with unswerving devotion. It is to encourage this class, to increase their power and multiply their numbers, that the Russian tariff has been made even more protective than that of the United States; and in the hope of finding them fresh markets, the boundaries of the Empire have been pushed to the frontiers of Afghanistan.

On the other hand, as Stepniak well puts it, the masters of Russia have their legs confined in stocks which tighten in proportion as their greed for territory increases. "The material decomposition, the financial difficulties, the disorder in all branches of the Administration, including the Army, exercise the most salutary and cooling effect even on those who govern Russia." In answer to the question whether Russia cherishes hostile designs against India, he says that though some such idea may occasionally cross the minds of St. Petersburg rulers, it would be doing the Government of the Czar too much honour to attribute to it any strongly marked line of conduct whatever. Its policy in home matters is uncertain, vacillating, and contradictory. The Czar's Ministers "live from hand to mouth, thinking only how they can get through the day, and not knowing in the evening what they are going to do on the morrow." Can it be that men so wanting in decision, so halting in opinion as to domestic matters, act in foreign affairs with the constancy of aim and steadiness of purpose for which English Russophobists give them credit? Is it not rather the fact that in both these branches of administration the Government follows the impulse of external events, and yields to the pressure of the moment, without any fixed plan for the future. Stepniak regards the idea of an immediate campaign against India as an absurdity. Russia does not possess the material forces necessary for so vast an enterprise, her finances are in as evil plight as those of Turkey, and though her Army is formidable in numerical strength, and excellent so far as the *personnel* is concerned, it is eaten up by the gangrene of official peculation, which "makes greater ravages in its ranks than any enemy with whom it has had to cope." Let any who doubts this read the chapter entitled "The Russian Army and its Commissariat."

Stepniak has naturally much to say concerning the position and prospects of the revolutionary party, and he gives incidentally some interesting information as to the religious condition of the people, which may be thus summarised—the educated classes are Atheists, the members of the Orthodox Church heathens. Faith is found only among the sects—"all the truly religious elements of Russia are comprised in them." The number of sectarians is reckoned at fifteen millions, and they are continually increasing. "Their religion is a living power, inspiring and confirming all their political and social conceptions. They are the greatest moral force which moves the Russian peasantry, and their tendencies are necessarily Oppositionist and anti-Governmental." As the Nihilists belong to the educated class, they are naturally unbelievers; yet they do not, as has been erroneously supposed, seek to destroy either the official *culte* or the unrecognised religions. The former is so unreal and hollow that it would not be worth destroying; and dissent, including as it now does one-fourth of the rural population, may one day range itself on the side of revolution.

A similar misconception prevails as to the supposed anarchist tenden-

cies of Nihilism. Nihilists, it is true, hold Socialistic views; but views are one thing, demands another, and they ask only for such political reforms as would convert the autocracy into a limited monarchy with free institutions, and afford the people an opportunity of controlling their own destinies. The Government, however, will not grant this opportunity:—

"It tabooed not only Socialism, but everything tending to the good of the nation, to progress, and to general liberty. This necessitated a political struggle, and the battle began all along the line. The Socialists, recruited from among the well-to-do as well as from among the workmen, were the first to assume the initiative, and remained the most ardent in carrying it through. Was it because they are Socialistic? No; Socialism in itself has little to do with it. They possessed in the highest degree what urges people to similar struggles: the spirit of self-sacrifice, and the unbounded ardour of serving their country. A pure 'liberal,' a man believing in political freedom as the ultimate perfection of human society, may unite quite fraternally with their efforts."

And, in point of fact, the movement which was begun by Socialists is gradually losing its special character, and becoming thoroughly national and patriotic. It has been joined by many military officers and civilians, who have little or no sympathy with Socialism:—

"Thus, we may say that the Nihilist movement, which some fifteen years ago was commenced by a set of young enthusiasts of Socialistic creed, now under the influence of internal causes and the great spread of disaffection in the country, is tending to transform itself into a vast patriotic revolutionary party, composed of people of various shades of opinion, united in a common effort to destroy a tyranny obnoxious to all. They want to substitute for it a national government, in which all shall possess the possibility of working pacifically for the good of the country. Nothing can be more moderate, more just, nor give them a greater right to say they are working for the common good."

That this hope will sooner or later be realised seems to us as certain as any event which has not yet come to pass well can be. The method and time of its accomplishment are necessarily matters of conjecture. Stepniak counts much on the growing disaffection of the Army, and he quotes a letter from an officer, lately published in *Narodnoia Volia Messenger*, in which occurs the following significant passage:—"It is not the cunning of revolutionary propagandists that urges us to side with the Revolution; it is the Government itself—the Government which every hour makes of its officers gaolers, executioners, gendarmes, and the servants of every swindler."

An open insurrection without the active or passive co-operation of the military is, of course, out of the question. But the coincidence of a palace revolution or a partial mutiny with agrarian disturbances and an insurrection supported by the Nihilists, is quite on the cards, and would of a surety be fatal to the dynasty. This contingency is far from improbable. The national finances are in utter disorder, the peasants, impoverished by a bad fiscal system, and by a succession of lean years, crushed with taxation, and maltreated by the agents of power, are ripe for rebellion, not against the Czar, whom they regard as semi-divine, but against his Ministers and taxgatherers, who, as they believe, usurp his authority and criminally hide from him the sufferings of his people. They would, in fact, rebel against the Czar's Government in the name of the Czar. All the same, the rising would have to be dealt with as a veritable insurrection, and might have political results of the last importance. Yet even in the most favourable circumstances, the revolutionists, as Stepniak frankly admits, will have to encounter enormous difficulties. "With a much stronger tyranny against us than the Italian, whose struggle for liberty was the direst, we have to organise, on the soil of the enemy, in a country swarming with spies, what the Italian patriots could prepare on friendly ground. Such work presents incalculable perils and difficulties, and the further the conspiracy extends, the greater is the danger of its discovery. The revolutionary organisation may incorporate once more hundreds of the military and thousands of civilians, and this only to be ruthlessly destroyed in its bloom, to rise and once more be destroyed; the dreadful test being repeated again and again before arriving at the glorious and longed-for day of open battle."

But however desirable, it is by no means certain that Russian revolutionists will have the patience to bide their time, and keep to purely insurrectional methods. Russians, as the author observes, though born in an icy country, are nervous and excitable:—

"The word 'terrorism' has been uttered by the most popular of our clandestine periodicals, and it will not be at all surprising if we hear now and then of violent attempts against the persons of various representatives of the Government. It is a dreadful thing to take in one's hands to decide the life or death of men whose guilt would be better judged by the country. But it is the greatest injustice to set against Russian patriots as an accusation what is their dire necessity. No man or woman living in political conditions so entirely different from the Russian has a right to condemn them before knowing what these conditions are. And no Russian, however moderate he be, who knows and feels for the wrongs of his country, has condemned them in the past, nor ever will condemn them in the future."

That last assertion is certainly untrue, unless there be not a single Russian left who is also a Christian.

We cannot take our leave of this remarkable book without calling attention to the author's sensible and acute observations on Socialism. Though himself an avowed Socialist, he is no believer in the possibility of a social revolution. Political changes may be accomplished by violence, a street-fight may cause the destruction of a Minister or the downfall of a dynasty; but the economic changes involved in the Socialistic idea can be brought about only by general consent and voluntary co-operation in tentative measures deliberately taken and extending over a considerable period of time. Socialism, in short, he believes, is an affair of evolution,

not of revolution; people cannot be coerced into it, they must be educated up to it. This process of evolution is now going on, and some of our readers may be surprised to learn that, in Stepniak's opinion, it is going on nowhere so rapidly as in England. We are all, he says, becoming Socialists without knowing it; and if, as he avers, the future is with Socialism, nothing could well be more satisfactory than the gradual and insensible transformation whose advent he discerns and whose success he predicts. But of course Stepniak defines Socialism in his own way, before he can assert that England is succumbing to Socialistic ideas. Whatever may be thought of his theories, the methods he proposes are greatly to be preferred to those of the peculiar philanthropists who would begin an era of peace and universal brotherhood by indiscriminate plunder and a general conflagration.—*The Spectator*.

THE MAGAZINES.

As might be expected, Liszt is the chief feature of the *Century* for this month. A speaking portrait as the frontispiece, and a graphic and comprehensive accompanying article by Albert Morris Bagby, "A Summer with Liszt in Weimar," form by all odds the most important and acceptable contribution to our knowledge of "The Master" that the event of his death has yet called forth. A couple of novel and interesting papers, giving the aerial experiences of some amateur balloonists, and illustrated by the results, acquired at the same time, of amateur photography, will attract an idler's attention not unprofitably; and Kate Foote's story, "A Pistol Shot," will suggest the field of physiological research, as offering undeveloped opportunities for the novelist. It is curious to watch how, more and more, magazines are looking to ingenuity and novelty for their attractions, to note how rapidly the old deference to mere literary style is disappearing, and how completely the manner of expressing a thing is being subordinated to the thing itself and its power to arrest and stimulate public interest. It is perhaps a good thing, it is certainly a remarkable thing, that our monthly journals should live, as it were, in the very breath of to-day; but it is also a very evident phase of a literary tendency that is to be deprecated—a tendency, I mean, to make profit the sole object of the *litterateur*. "Forgetting those things which are behind," in the shape of purely literary ambition and a desire to mould and direct public taste and opinion, "press forward unto those things which are before," in the shape of publishers' cheques only, seems to be the motto of the average artisan in letters of the present. Soon we shall have no longer in current literature

High thoughts and honourable words,
And courtliness and the desire of fame;

but thoughts that suit the multitude and words that it will pay for, manners that it appreciates and such notoriety as it is disposed to bestow. Some few there are, it will occur to all of us, who still love their art for their very art's sake, and are yet heard for their very name's sake, but who will suggest their successors in fidelity to higher aims than the price of copyright? The question that perplexes the author of to-day is not "What should I write?" but "What can I sell?" So intense is the commercial spirit of the age that it has infected even the Muses. It will be interesting to watch the decline in value of real estate upon Parnassus in consequence of this.

MR. HOWELLS has found another Russian realist to magnify, and proceeds to do it, in this month's *Harper's*, with much zest. The new idol is one Dostoievsky, whose second novel, "Le Crime et le Châtiment," has lately been done into French. Mr. Howells is probably building, from month to month, much better than he knows in this department of his. Appreciation of any school of art is so much easier when one is assisted to it by a master. He measures work of other schools a little too rigidly perhaps by the rules of this, but the most sensitive author would hardly shrink from the kindly spirit of his criticism. "Ah!" said his charming little wife to me, not long ago, talking of a particularly abusive critic, "when I think of the slashing reviews Mr. Howells used to write!" But that was in his young, journalistic time. He has probably been a successful author long enough to be a forbearing critic; or, more generously perhaps, to find a luxury in abstaining from satire. At all events, the "Editor's Study" bears the impress of a very kindly hand, rather too kindly occasionally, as this month, where the writer magnanimously refrains from abusing Badeau's book about the English aristocracy, which must be worthy of abuse because it is Badeau's, and writes instead, a little essay upon the same subject himself. Mr. Howells' opinion of the British aristocrat is of less value, under the circumstances, than his opinion of Gen. Badeau's book about him; and the versatile novelist should be aware of this.

In the *Atlantic* there is a paper of special virtue upon the late Edwin Percy Whipple, by Thomas Wentworth Higginson. It is written in a spirit of deep admiration, controlled by the most impartial criticism, and is valuable not only as a clear presentation of Mr. Whipple's literary personality, but even more so as an exposition of the principles upon which the essayist did his important and permanent work. "The Princess Casamassima" reaches the fifth book and the forty-fourth chapter, a point which will be illustrated by the yawns of the great majority of people, who find a lack of stimulus in Mr. James's novels; and Charles Egbert Craddock's "In the Clouds" shows signs of aiming rather more ambitiously than any of her previous stories.

As usual, the *Forum* palpitates from cover to cover with issues that have a vital interest for everybody. The Rev. Dr. Bartol's "Civilization and Suicide" is less of a physiological discussion of the cause and effect of the modern evil than a deploration of its existence, less a contribution to the science of suicides than a sermon upon the inadvisability of suiciding. The other numbers, however, quite maintain the magazine's high average merit. Dr. Charles L. Dana puts an article of Spencerian philosophy rather coarsely before us in his "Is Life Worth Saving?" and we follow him anxiously through the very startling facts and figures of his utilitarian argument to the conclusion that it frequently is not, which we are relieved to find modified from "another point of view, viz.: that human life represents something more lasting and sacred than mere albuminosity." James E. Learned takes a trenchant lance on behalf of the much vilified editorial fraternity in an article he calls "The Turning of the Worm," and George Alfred Townsend—"Gath"—contributes an admiring pen-picture of Jay Gould. Perhaps the anti-monopolists can extract some comfort from the following paragraph:

Gould, or some other such accumulator, must have come in our time as a human honey ant to hold the percolations of a mighty general expenditure upon works of intercourse. The question for us to consider is whether he is not rather a contributor to the species than a reflection upon it. As a disturbing cause he has been mild and not wanton, and the low figure of telegraphy and the low cost of intelligence at this moment are somewhat due to him, though he has compelled the absorption of more wires. His example has been his bane as well; a trespasser upon old corporations, he in turn suffers trespass, but no complaint escapes his mouth, philosopher to the end.

LIPPINCOTT'S has dropped its rather egotistical authors' "Experience Meetings," but seems to be determined upon the encouragement of literary vanity in giving space to—probably soliciting—Mr. Brander Matthews's "Random Recollections," all about himself. Mr. Brander Matthews is a young newspaper man of New York, who last year wrote a clever novel called "The Last Meeting." The most charitable must consider his autobiography under the circumstances, even with its apologetic introduction and pleasant final allusion to the "unconscionable frequency" of the "perpendicular pronoun," a little premature.

EVERYBODY will turn first to the last page of the *North American Review* for "Indifference," a posthumous scrap signed by George Sand, and full of the rare metaphysical quality of that novelist's writing. Arthur Richmond's "letter" to Samuel J. Randall is probably the most candid, if not the most complimentary, communication the speaker has ever received. "Ouida" writes her uncompromising negative against female suffrage, and Kate Field contributes a forcible paper upon the Mormon matter. The number is unusually well filled.

LIEUTENANT JOHN BIGELOW'S "After Geromino" continues to be the chief feature of *Outing*. The danger threatening "Little Lord Fauntleroy" in *St. Nicholas* is apparently to be averted in almost too easy a fashion even for a child's story. The Honourable and indefatigable Mr. S. S. Cox contributes an entertaining little sketch to *Wide-Awake* entitled, "L'Enfant Terrible Turk," illustrated by several quaint photographs.

THE *Andover Review* for September fully sustains the justly-earned reputation so generally conceded to this progressive and liberal theological monthly. There are several strong papers, in which speculative religious questions are discussed with seriousness and freedom.

AMONG the late coming August monthlies the *Church Review* contains an interesting article upon "The Conquest of California," by Francis J. Parker. The first place in *Macmillan's* is given to Professor Goldwin Smith's "Election Notes." The *English Illustrated* has a plaintive little story, "Mère Suzanne," by Katherine S. Macquoid, and some dainty verses by Edmund Gosse about "The Death of Procris." The *Popular Science Monthly* contains a carefully written "Canadian Chapter on Agrarian Agitation," in which Mr. George Iles presents the past and present condition of land tenure in Prince Edward Island.

Library Magazine

What the Magazine has been in the past is the publisher's best guarantee for its character in the future. One fact, in regard to it is believed to be without precedent in the history of periodical literature, namely: it is frequently necessary to print large editions of the back volumes, running back to the beginning, in January, 1879.

CONTRIBUTORS.

The following is a characteristic list of Authors whose contributions have appeared in its pages since January, 1885:

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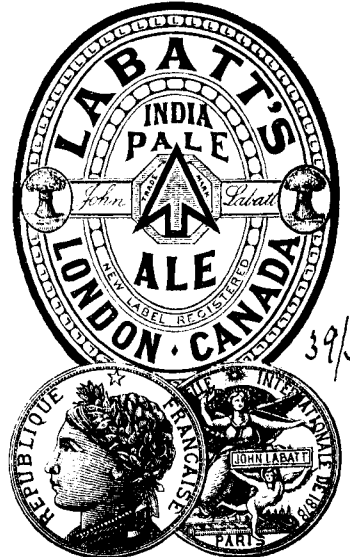
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