

# THE WEEK:

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## The Week.

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY AND LITERATURE.

Edited by W. PHILIP ROBINSON.

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C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher.

## TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

UNDER the stimulus of another dinner at the Beaconsfield Club our valetudinarian Premier, who, we are glad to learn, has recently shown signs of improvement, has made another speech. Looking through the dim haze of distance one misses the "auxiliary kingdoms," which for the time have disappeared below the horizon, while attention is languidly called to a few dulcet notes struck from the old string of perpetual connection. Sir John prophetically assures us that the connection between Canada and England will last for "ages," because, he says, the public men of England desire its perpetuation. Sir S. Northcote struck some responsive notes in the same key. Whether the future relation is to be one of an ally or a dependent we are for once left in the dark. Sir John is only anxious that British statesmen should "expand their minds to the imperial idea." The difficulty is that, in all this vague talk about Imperialism, no definite idea is to be found. Even the few British statesmen who proclaim themselves Imperialists assume a waiting attitude: they want to hear from the colonies. Sir John Macdonald, who is very outspoken in declaring himself the embodiment of Canadian opinion and policy, owes it to the people for whom he speaks to be a little more explicit; they are above everything anxious to know what their own opinions are on Imperialism, and Sir John, as the only one having authority to do so, is in duty bound to tell them. When they have been told what their own mind is, Canadians will at least have the happiness of knowing where they stand. At present they have grave doubts about their own Imperialism, and whoever knows their own mind better than they know it themselves should in charity hasten to impart to them the knowledge. Will Sir John give us the Canadian programme of Imperialism? It is just possible that when Canada sees an official exposition of her own mind on Imperial Federation she may fail to recognize the truth of the delineation.

THE Halifax Board of Trade, following the lead of that of St. John, calls on the Federal Government to show its zeal in negotiating commercial treaties with Spain and the United States. It is about time something was heard of the progress Sir Charles Tupper is making with the projected Spanish Treaty. But it may be well to remember that commercial treaties cannot be made to order; and in the case of the United States there were reasons why the initiative could not come from this side, but, as the ice was broken by the renewal of negotiations some months ago, that difficulty has been got over. The inherent difficulty of making a treaty between

two countries, many of the products of which are similar, remains. Still with the fisheries as a make-weight, the elements of an international bargain are not wanting. No one need affect surprise that Spain showed herself more anxious to conclude a treaty with the United States than with Canada. The relative extent of the trade of the two countries affords a sufficient explanation. We shall not secure treaties either with Spain or the United States any sooner by showing an extreme anxiety on the subject. Of the fate of the Spanish-American Treaty in the United States Senate there is no certainty. If the United States were to admit all the sugar she imports free of duty, under treaties with sugar-growing countries, the loss of revenue would be eighty millions a year. So large a reduction of revenue from transferring this single article to the free list would leave little room for reduction in other directions; neither the tariff on manufactured goods nor the excise duties could be much reduced. Against the Mexican Treaty the objection on the point of revenue was less formidable; yet of this treaty the Senate required modifications, and its ratification is still uncertain. Objections to the treaty with Spain are sure to spring up; and, though it is probable that they will in the end be overcome, ratification during the present session of Congress no one can yet guarantee. The omission of the most favoured nation clause can scarcely be made a ground of complaint by other countries. It has been the practice of both the contracting powers to insert this clause in their commercial treaties; and in this way they have incurred obligations which it will be impossible to ignore. But the omission of this clause from the present treaty cannot effect the rights of nations which claim under it, in virtue of pre-existing treaties, though one of the parties to it might be injuriously affected. If Spain has favoured any other nation with which she has treaty relations in any particular not included in this treaty, the United States will not be able to claim anything for which she has not specially stipulated, nor conversely will Spain be able to do so. But the resulting injury, if injury there be, will be confined to the two contracting powers.

SPECULATIVE politicians in Nova Scotia have revived the proposal of a separate union of the Maritime Provinces. These Provinces, the objection runs, have no interest in the Pacific Railway, or the Canadian Canals and a Protective Tariff does not suit them. Against the tariff, so far as it is made to exceed revenue requirements for the sake of protection, they have a right to protest. And to protests which come from parts of the country so widely separated as the Maritime Provinces and the North-West, the Minister of Finance would do well to give his attention. They are not founded upon fanciful grounds, but represent stern realities. It is too soon to say that the Pacific Railway will not benefit the Maritime Provinces; the traffic which it will bring to their shores is what a maritime people would naturally desire. In isolation the Maritime Provinces have nothing to gain; their prosperity demands an enlargement, not a restriction, of their markets, and their industry and enterprise would have more scope in the wider than in the narrower union. Tariff reform they have a right to claim, but even here they would have, in a sacrifice of the coal duties, something to give as well as to get. If ever the Maritime Provinces present a united front on the tariff question, and show themselves ready to give as well as to take, their request will command respect, and may bring some amelioration of their condition.

THE interest which is felt in the commercial situation has again been expressed by the St. John Board of Trade. A resolution was passed declaring that dissatisfaction with Confederation has become general. An attempt to carry a resolution condemning the declared preference for annexation to the United States by two members at a previous meeting failed; as the Board had not expressed any opinion on the subject, it was thought inexpedient to call for a vote on a political question. But surely the declaration of dissatisfaction under Confederation is political. The usual protestations about loyalty were made, and advocates of Independence were not wanting. Mr. Jones believed that "Independence would be best for us, and what we required was free trade with the United States." "It

is impossible," said Mr. G. Robertson, "to make a people until they are taught to stand on their own bottom." Mr. Fairweather took the opposite side. The Dominion, he contended, would use force to prevent a Province seceding. Practically, at the close of the meeting, nothing had been changed; the explanations showed differences of individual opinion, but they also showed that discontent, not perhaps unmingled with despair, exists. The official record is one of declared and general discontent.

THE conspiracy case promises to form a perennial source of wrangling and revenue for the lawyers. To the public the wearisome prolongation of the proceedings is the reverse of edifying, and there is not one person in a thousand who would not be glad to see them brought to a close. Everybody whom it is possible to convince is already convinced that a conspiracy did take place to buy over enough members to give the Opposition a majority in the Ontario House of Assembly, and nobody believes that such a proceeding is defensible. It would have been better if the plot had been denounced on the instant of its discovery. The employment of spies, though with the object of making the evidence complete, was a mistake. So little have the men to whom this kind of work has been trusted obtained the confidence of their employers that Governments frequently find it necessary to set a watch on their own spies, and when they have been accomplices the spies have sometimes fared worse. When Jaques Pierre informed the Senate of Venice that a plot had been hatched to murder the Doge, the Senators and the Nobles, the Senate bade him encourage his associates in the crime, to hold fast to their diabolic design; nevertheless, one morning Jaques Pierre and his fellow-conspirators were found hanging in the Square of St. Mark. The effect of certain members of the House acting as spies has been to cause doubts in the public mind, however unjust these doubts may have been, whether some of them did not, at one stage of the negotiations, intend to accept the conditions of service proposed on behalf of the Opposition, a doubt which will survive denial and protest, and may even become stronger with time. In acting a part to which suspicion always attaches, these members exposed their reputation to a peril against which the most irreproachable antecedents would be insufficient to guard. That the act was done thoughtlessly, in a paroxysm of party enthusiasm, is their excuse; but it was not the less a blunder. About the sufficiency of the law under which the prosecution is proceeding there is not a little doubt. Against one of the alleged conspirators the evidence is clear; against others it has failed; if the proceedings go on for ten years the present aspect of the case cannot be substantially altered, and for the sake of obtaining a nominal sentence is it worth while to keep renewing the suspicions which, in many minds, attach to some of the accusers? The real victory of the Government is the conviction in the public mind that a conspiracy seeking its overthrow was set on foot; and having obtained this victory it can afford to be magnanimous and leave the punishment of the conspirators to the detestation of their crime which party spirit may hide but cannot suppress. At the same time political crimes, which are as capable of definition as other crimes, ought to be brought within the purview of the law. A corrupt use of patronage is morally a political crime, and there is no good reason why it should not be so legally declared.

"Is not bribery the corner-stone of Party Government?" was the pertinent question put by Mr. Justice Armour in the conspiracy case last week; and he answered his own question affirmatively by saying: "Men are party men for the spoils; they support the Government of the day for the spoils. If a man 'kicks' and gives an independent vote against the party he loses their patronage, does he not?" This is surely the worst recommendation that Party Government can have. The authority on which the statement is made would cause it to be accepted even if it were not corroborated by every man's own observation.

IN addition to the lignite it is alleged that bituminous and anthracite coal have been found in the vicinity of Medicine Hat. This discovery, if it has really been made, is of surpassing importance to the North-West. There are outcrops of coal on the mainland of British Columbia, waiting to be worked, and an abundance of a hard kind of coal on Vancouver Island. In this respect these regions have an advantage over the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec.

ROSE CHURCH (Mrs. Peter Lynam) has been released from the asylum at Long Point. But that there were not good reasons for sending her there, or that she was improperly detained, there is no reason for concluding. The report of the medico-legal expert, Dr. Vallée, shows that when sent there she was in a state of maniacal excitement, and Dr. Howard, knowing her antecedents and present condition, did not feel that he would be justifiable

in releasing her unconditionally. And her release now, under the order of the court, has attached to it the condition that she is to be placed in charge of some person worthy of confidence. The committee under whose care she is to be placed was ordered to be appointed a family council. For the separation from her husband, which the judicial decision contemplates, there appear to be the best of reasons: at the sight of him Mrs. Lynam becomes violently excited, and in the natural affection of a mother she is wanting. She belongs to the class of monomaniacs whose affections are perverted. But she is adjudged not to be dangerous, and no lunatic who is not dangerous can, under the laws of Quebec, be detained in an asylum. Though there were good reasons for the patient's confinement and detention, there does not appear to have been any justification for compelling her to mingle with the violent patients. Dr. Vallée says that she had a preference for this part of the building; but it is not probable that she was allowed to exercise any choice in the selection of her apartments. That a patient should be detained who is not dangerous and whose detention, a demand for her liberation having been made, the law does not authorize, is of itself sufficient to show that there is something mysteriously wrong in the management of the Long Point Asylum; and, in the face of Dr. Tuke's exposure, the Government will be greatly wanting in its duty if it does not cause a searching enquiry into the charges to be made. Because this institution is under the charge of the nuns, some have hastily come to the conclusion that the remedy is to be found in setting up a rival Protestant establishment. But there is nothing in the management of lunatics that makes the presence of a sectarian element necessary or desirable, and the best managed asylums in this country have been under the direct control of the Government. Private asylums there are in the United States against the management of which no serious complaints have been made; but the farming out of persons of unsound mind, even where nuns are the contractors, does not bring satisfactory results. A high mortality seems destined to accompany baby farming everywhere, and as baby farmers the Grey Nuns of Montreal have assuredly not been specially successful. However good the intentions of the nuns may be, the management of a large lunatic asylum is too great a tax on their powers of administration, and it is not surprising that they have proved unequal to the strain.

OUR highly cultivated, but highly anti-British and Fenian, contemporary the *Chicago Current* had the other day an article evidently seasoned to the taste of the Chicago Invincibles. The Irish were described as a people whom "England has been unable to starve or hang into love for the United Kingdom." Dynamitards were designated as men "criminalized by British misrule," so that their crime was all British, while the heroism was all their own. O'Donnell, the murderer, was held up as an object of sympathy, and Americans were told that they must be "lick-spittles" if they ever forgot so dire an injury and insult as the refusal of the English Cabinet to let them interfere with the course of British justice. All this was in a homily on the British "boor" and his ignorance of America. There may surely be some excuse for the British boor who travels in the United States and, finding in a journal evidently written for the educated classes such statements and sentiments as these, carries back to his fellow boor at home a rather indifferent report both of the intelligence and of the moral sympathies of the Americans. It may safely be said that there is not a statesman in Europe of any mark or standing, even if he were as great an Anglophobe as Thiers, who would ever think of uttering the calumnious nonsense about the treatment of Ireland by England which is published by journals of high pretensions in the United States, and probably swallowed with the eager credulity of malice by a certain portion, though happily a diminishing portion, of their readers. The *Current* was an ardent supporter of Blaine, and, if we read it rightly, on the special ground of his supposed willingness to extend the protection of the Republic to "American citizens" operating in Ireland or London. That Mr. Blaine, a man of sense and ability, and a friend of Ingersoll to boot, really sympathized with the Roman Catholic Irish in their hostility to British and Anglo-American civilization is totally incredible. But he was anxious to buy the Irish vote; he succeeded in buying a large proportion of it; and the election of his rival, besides being a most salutary triumph of integrity over brilliant trickery, may have saved the two branches of the Anglo-Saxon race from quarrelling with each other for the benefit of a common enemy of both. Protectionism is in part at least the life of American Anglophobia, as it is of a good deal more that is noxious to humanity.

THE author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," is said to have dramatized her long popular novel "A Life for a Life." The play—which is in three acts, with prologue and epilogue—is in the form of a realistic domestic drama.

## "BYSTANDER" ON CURRENT EVENTS AND OPINIONS.

[THE "Bystander Papers" are not editorial, but are the opinions, expressed without reserve, of an individual writer. Those who hold the opposite opinions are equally at liberty to advocate their views in the columns of this journal. It was the special object of the founders of THE WEEK to provide a perfectly free court for Canadian discussion.—EDITOR.]

SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT has, at all events as a speaker, the inestimable power of making an impression. This he owes to his general habit of taking a single nail and driving it home. His speech about the Exodus has given birth to another lively discussion of that theme. Yet there is no subject the discussion of which is more barren, at least for the purposes of party. Neither Grit nor Tory can be held responsible for the outflow, nor would either of them deserve the credit if the outflow were to cease. The movements of population on this continent are governed by economic causes; they disregard the political line; they disregard it as completely as the movement of population in Great Britain disregards the line between Scotland or Wales and England. Not only the farmer and the artisan, but Canadians of the classes in which it would be supposed that the political sentiment would be strongest, the clergyman, the physician, the financier, even the cadet whom the halls of our Military College have nursed, seek their fortune without the slightest compunction, whenever it suits their convenience, on the other side of the line. The regular current naturally sets Southwards, towards great centres of wealth and employment; but sometimes commercial depression in the United States causes a back-stream to run towards Canada. These tendencies a government can, as a rule, no more control than it can control the weather or the tides. Nor is emigration an evil, much less a disgrace, if there is not subsistence for the people here. What would happen, if the fast-breeding French Canadians were confined to the limited area and somewhat niggard soil of Quebec? We should soon have a counterpart of Ireland, in destitution, if not in disaffection. Many of our factory and mill hands have lately been thrown out of employment by the shutting down of works. Is it not lucky for us that these men, instead of starving and perhaps becoming turbulent here, can seek bread on the south of the line? Increase of population is no blessing unless the population can be fed.

It is particularly unwise just now to be upbraiding the Government with the Exodus, because the taunt will have a tendency to goad it into an extended policy of assistance to immigration. To this question serious attention must soon be turned. Those who are connected with the charities of our cities are too often called upon to deal with heartrending cases of emigrants who, having been induced to come here, sometimes with families, by delusive assurances of employment at high wages, find themselves destitute, unfriended and helpless in a strange land. There is not even a poor-house to offer these unfortunates a certain shelter for their heads; they are cast upon the streets with nothing but casual charity to save them from starving. Everything portends a winter of more than usual distress from the suspension of works in this country, and we can ill afford to have the volume of destitution and suffering swelled by immigrants for whom there is no employment. The North-West needs peopling; and if the SKye Crofters could at once be transferred thither, it would be well both for the country which they left and for the country to which they came. But so far as old Canada is concerned, it appears to be the growing conviction of those best qualified to judge that the point has been nearly reached at which only spontaneous emigration is any longer to be desired. The emigrant who comes to us of his own accord, and unassisted, or assisted only by those who purpose to employ him, is sure to be the man we want. To the zeal of steamship agents, probably, rather than to the agents of the government, who no doubt receive proper instructions, the cases of disastrous emigration may be most frequently traced. In this quarter remonstrance avails little. The only effectual check would be a regulation requiring the companies to issue to emigrants return tickets available within a certain period after landing, of which those would take advantage who had failed to find employment. To prevent fraudulent transfer the ticket might be made out like a passport, with a description of the holder. Government and steamship agencies, however, are not the only influences at work. That Canada may be advertised in England appears to be the dearest wish of us all; and from the language sometimes held, it might almost be supposed that we looked for prosperity more to our success in attracting notice and patronage than to our own energies and resources. When the British Association paid us a visit, we seemed to think not so much of the honour done us, or of the union of Canadian with British Science, as of the grand advertising medium. What is to come of it all nobody seems clearly to know; but the practical inference

sure to be drawn by all Boards of Poor Law Guardians and others who are struggling with social problems in England, is that a colony so prosperous and so obsequious must be the best of all dumping grounds for British destitution.

EMIGRATION of certain kinds is of course still needed, and can be encouraged by special invitation. There is room for good domestic servants, and the demand is not likely to be fully met here. Our Canadian girls prefer the independence, real or supposed, of the factory. Perhaps the democratic sentiment has something to do with their dislike of domestic service, as well as their love of liberty for the evening promenade. In the case of the English girl, the democratic sentiment, at all events, does not interfere; there is nothing degrading in her eyes in being a member of a household in which she is made comfortable and treated with kindness. The only drawback of English domestics is that they are apt to have rigid ideas of their special functions, and stoutly to decline doing anything which is "not their place." In this you must acquiesce, but in all other respects, when you have once formed a good English household, and by your own conduct attached its members to you, you are happy. Mistresses of families in England, however, are as well aware of this momentous fact as we are; they are not likely, if they can help it, to let the best depart; and they give, all things considered, as high wages as are given here. When, therefore, importation of domestics is proposed, it is natural to ask whether precautions have been taken to secure that only domestics worth having shall be imported. Some of the ladies of Toronto, who have formed an Association for the purpose, with the lady of the Lieutenant-Governor at their head, believe that they can safely answer this question in the affirmative, and that they have found in England a correspondent on whom they can thoroughly rely for a judicious selection of young women, as well as for zealous interest in the cause. On this side a House of Rest will be provided for some fourteen emigrants, under the best superintendence, and will also serve as the registry. All who suffer under that by no means light affliction which the Association undertakes to relieve will do well to lend their support to this hopeful experiment.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD in his speech at the Beaconsfield Club had the good taste to acknowledge in emphatic terms that he had received the same courteous treatment at the hands of all British Governments, Liberal as well as Tory. Yet his reception as a Canadian Tory at an English Tory Club could not fail to exemplify the difficulty, already pointed out, of bestowing Imperial honours on the leader of a colonial party without virtual interference in the party conflict. Some passages and phrases of Sir John's speech do credit to the Club's hospitality. Only under exhilarating influence can he have fancied that our Senate was a House of Lords, and that every educated man who came to Canada turned Conservative. This last apothegm, which implies that those who do not turn Conservative are not educated, is sure to set in motion some angry quills. To the project of Imperial Federation Sir John appears to have committed himself only in a champagne sense. He drew the usual picture of universal contentment and devoted loyalty, while New Brunswick was declaring herself anything but contented and by no means devotedly loyal. His Tory hearers did not ask him how he came to be constrained, at the crisis of the struggle against Irish Rebellion, to send over a manifesto of sympathy with Home Rule. On his return he will be able to tell us whether beneath the bust of Lord Beaconsfield in the hall of the Club are inscribed the golden words, "Those wretched colonies will soon be independent, and in the meantime they are a millstone round our neck."

THE chief point of "W. F. C." in the notice with which he has honoured the "Bystander's" comments on the Scott Act, seems to be the special temptation to intemperance involved in the habit of treating. Evidently the habit is vile. Let it then be abolished. Surely in such a community as ours there must be moral force enough to do this without the sinister aid of a sumptuary Act of Parliament. The practices of the Sample Room, says "W. F. C.," are so objectionable that to get rid of them leading men of business are willing to "drop a quiet ballot in favour of the Scott Act," though, it seems to be implied, they are not so ready publicly to advocate that measure. Why cannot they put a stop by their influence to the evil customs of the Sample Room? Surely they are bound to try what they can do before they subject the whole community to legislative coercion. It seems rather hard that a restriction should be laid upon everybody's private tastes, and that everybody's house should be, as it is in Vermont, laid open to the domiciliary visits of the familiars of a Temperance Inquisition, because a few Commercial Travellers choose to keep up a foolish fashion, and their employers have not strength of mind enough to interfere. We

are drawing a cork with a steam engine of the most cumbrous and expensive kind. After all, will the cork be drawn? Will the Sample Room be reformed by the Scott Act? "W. F. C." admits that the Act is "clumsy." But experience seems to show that it is worse than clumsy, that it substitutes the contraband for the license system, and thereby increases that secret drinking of which the Sample Room is a specimen, and which, notoriously, is of all kinds of indulgence the worst. Can it be shown that intemperance is so prevalent and so much upon the increase in Canada as to call for extreme measures? If it can, the "Bystander" has always said, let extreme measures be adopted, as they would be adopted in case of plague or war; only let them be thoroughgoing, effective, consistent with public justice, and the same for the rich as for the poor. In the meantime, he ventures to advocate the inspection of liquor, an unpretending measure, but one which would perhaps do more than is supposed to prevent the growth of the fatal craving. On one point he most heartily concurs with what appears to be the opinion of "W. F. C." The Legislature is bound to settle this question for the whole country; to leave the settlement to local agitation is an unworthy subterfuge. Such a device bears no analogy to the submission of a constitutional amendment to the popular vote: in that case the Legislature initiates; in this case the initiation is left to some irregular and irresponsible caucus, which is always lying in wait, and, when it has manipulated a constituency to its satisfaction, snaps a vote, general disturbance and uncertainty prevailing in the meantime; while the practical result is a country chequered over with contradictory systems, and in which the free counties wage war by a line of frontier taverns on the morals of their prohibited neighbours. But to speak of the conduct of the Legislature is to touch the rotten part of the whole crusade. The politicians of the House of Commons shut up their own bar in deference to the Temperance Vote, and then run across the building to refresh themselves at the bar of the Senate.

SPEECHES on Imperial Federation by Mr. Forster and others continue to fill the papers; but it is idle to debate this project further till it shall have assumed some definite form. Let us see an intelligible and practicable scheme. The feeling of the British in the colonies towards the Mother Country is all that Federationists can desire, and anything which appears likely to strengthen the tie of affection will be assured of the most respectful consideration. But we cannot deliberate on a vision or an abstract idea. We might as well be called upon to discuss the advantages of a Constitution or of an Association in general without being told what the particular Constitution or Association was to be. All the reasons given for declining to frame a definite scheme are utterly hollow, and it is wonderful that they should impose on the minds of practical statesmen. It is not only that the details have not been worked out; the general objects of the league, political, military or commercial, have never been clearly defined. Do the Federationists propose commercial union with a common tariff? Some of them apparently do: Mr. Forster, it seems, does not; yet without commercial union the political structure will scarcely be very solid, and the commercial diplomacy of the league will be an intricate affair. Free access to Colonial ports is the one thing which the manufacturers and merchants of England specially desire, and would be their main inducement to concurrence in an Imperial scheme the political and military objects of which have little attraction for their minds. In the meantime events march and Englands are being practically multiplied, while Federationists and their Committees are dreaming about the political expansion of England.

In the States the prospect is bright. The President-elect is wisely reticent; but all that is heard from him, or of him, tends to the belief that he will adhere to the principle of the Civil Service Bill, and do what in him lies, by limiting as much as possible the number of removals from office, to deliver his country from the spoils system and the record of his party from a deep stain. If he persists in his integrity he will not be long in coming into sharp collision with Tammany and the corrupt ring of his party; but for this he is probably prepared; and as the Irish generally bolted to his rival he fortunately owes them nothing. His avowal of a desire to avoid the shock of sudden change extends no doubt to the general policy of the state. Negro fears of a reaction in the direction of slavery or anything akin to it, if they exist, may safely be pronounced baseless. Mr. Cleveland cannot endow the negroes with political intelligence and independence any more than he can make them white; but he will belie every indication that he has given of the bent of his mind if he allows anything that was settled by the war to be disturbed, or does anything but cultivate, to the full extent of his limited power, good relations between the races at the South, and between the South and the rest of the Union.

Mr. Blaine, in his letter of acceptance, declared the main issue to be the Tariff, and proclaimed that his own defeat would be a death blow to Protection. It is natural that the Cobden Club should take him at his word and be now in a state of hopeful excitement, looking for an immediate change of the commercial system. But Mr. Cleveland has warned them that he is an executive officer with no legislative power except a qualified veto. His election does not alter the balance of the legislative forces or deprive the Republicans of their superiority in the Senate. Nor was the party which elected him identical with that of Free Trade. Pennsylvanian Democrats are Protectionists, and so probably are many of those who joined in the Republican bolt. A reduction of taxation will come as a part of the general policy of reform; the practice of raising and squandering an enormous surplus will be abandoned, and the burdens of the people will, as reason and justice require, be measured by the necessities of its government. So far Free Traders have good grounds for their rejoicings. But American statesmen, even if they are themselves in principle Free Traders, shrink from hasty or abrupt dealing with the mass of vested interests which has grown up under the present system. Nor has the fact that Protection does not really raise the rate of wages yet fully dawned, though it is beginning to dawn, upon the mind of the American artisan. The Cobden Club must have patience, and it will do well to abstain from any excessive jubilation, much more from any interference, which can give colour to the belief, so sedulously propagated by American Protectionists, that Free Trade is the interest of England. Tariff Reform approaches in the United States; but the first measures of Free Trade, in the proper sense of the term, will be Free Trade Treaties, not with England or with any European power, but with Canada and the other communities of this continent.

THE Lords have marched out with the honours of war, but there can be no doubt that substantially it is their House that has surrendered. Their leader's avowed aim was to force a dissolution, by which he would probably have been a gainer; in this he has been foiled, and foiled after advancing pretensions which have been rebuked, and bringing his order under a fire of controversy by which it has been seriously and permanently scathed. The Franchise Bill passes. This was the momentous measure and the real subject of contention, the Redistribution Bill being of secondary importance, though its probable effects were magnified in order that the refusal of the Government to produce it might form a plausible ground for resistance. A Redistribution Bill which merges the small boroughs in the county constituencies and increases the influence of the county would be favourable to the Conservatives with the present franchise, but it is not likely to be favourable to them when the franchise has been extended to the labourer. Each class, generally speaking, is antagonistic to the class just above it, and the labourer will be disposed to vote against the farmer, who is his immediate superior and, as he is apt to believe, his tyrant. It seems that Lord Salisbury was prepared, as a party move, with a Female Suffrage Bill, in the belief cherished by Conservatives that the women would vote for the Tories under the influence of the clergy and thereby offset the votes of the farm labourer. By this readiness of a patrician chief to use the relations between the sexes as ammunition for a faction fight, we are enabled once more to appreciate the Conservative wisdom of a privileged order and the superior conscientiousness of aristocratic legislation. Radicals are exasperated, less perhaps at anything in the Redistribution Bill than at the postponement of the great battle with the Lords. But even those who are most firmly persuaded that a reform of the House of Lords is desirable and inevitable, if they take a large view of the interests of the country, will hardly deplore the adjournment of a domestic struggle when they note the dangers with which England is at present surrounded. It is true that not the least of those dangers arises out of the selfish struggles of a caste to regain its noxious power; yet, upon the whole, wisdom surely counsels the nation first and above all things to secure itself against dismemberment. When the compromise was made the Parnellites showed their teeth; nor did they want the effrontery to upbraid with ingratitude a Government which they had been thwarting, harassing and vilifying to the utmost of their power. But finding themselves unable to shake the general concord, or to play the game of coalition with malcontents, they change their note and now boast that they will be the gainers by the settlement which they were ready, if they could have found allies, to oppose. Their impotence in presence of this temporary union of parties shows that faction alone has made them powerful. They proclaim their hope of carrying a number of English and Scotch constituencies in favour of dismemberment through the strength of the Irish vote. If their hope is fulfilled, and English electors can be found so lost to patriotism and duty as to betray the realm into the hands of its

Irish enemies for the sake of victory in a faction fight, Irish orators will have some reason for saying that the sun of England has set.

ONE Radical member of the Government, Mr. Leonard Courtney, has resigned because the Redistribution Bill rejects the principle of minority representation. It is difficult to understand his persistency in immolating himself on such an altar. Minority representation, though plausible as a theory, is practically a failure. The question interests us because the scheme has been propounded by high authority as a remedy for electoral evils here. In the "unicorn" counties of England what is the result? The partition of the representation is made. The majority takes two of the three seats and allows the minority to take the third. The county then sinks politically into a long sleep. No matter what changes of opinions may take place or what reason there may be for thinking that the electoral balance has been altered, both sides shrink from a fair trial of strength. The member for the minority, holding a secure and inexpensive seat so long as the compromise is respected, of course opposes a contest to the utmost of his power. Thus torpor succeeds to political life. There have even been cases in which the member for the minority has parted company in opinion from his special constituents, and the constituents have been extremely discontented; yet the compromise has continued to prevail. Of course if a vacancy takes place in a minority seat at any time except at a general election, the seat is grasped by the majority, and minority representation falls to the ground. For the same reason its holder never can take office, however fit for it he may be, or resign, though he may have become hopelessly infirm. The plan moreover assumes that there are everywhere two political parties and no more: an assumption which is fast becoming unfounded. Cobden's plan, which the framers of the Redistribution Bill have partly adopted, of equal constituencies with one member for each really gives every opinion and interest the best chance. Divide any great city, however Radical, into equal districts, and in one district Conservatism is sure to prevail. At Birmingham for example, that district which contains the wealthy quarter of Edgbaston would, in all probability, elect a Tory, whereas at present the Liberal majority manages by a skilful distribution of its votes to keep all three seats in its hands. Intricate devices in politics seldom work; they are very apt instead of answering their purpose to give an advantage to wirepullers who study their action with tricky objects. The will of the majority must prevail: this is the law of election institutions; and the safeguards against tyranny must be moral; if these fail paper barriers are of little use.

Is the negro capable of high civilization? This is a question of most vital interest to the people of the Southern States, and, in a measure, to the whole continent, through which a certain sympathy runs. Its importance may hereafter be enhanced, since the West Indies are within our orbit, and pretty sure to be in some way connected with us in the end, though we may not be very anxious to rush into their political embrace. The negro evidently is destined to increase and multiply; unless the calculations of Judge Tourgée are utterly at fault, he is destined to increase and multiply faster than the white. It seems to be a law of nature that the lower and the labouring races shall be more prolific than the higher and dominant races, in which the growth of population is checked by economical prudence, social pride, luxurious habits, and the indolence of the women. Philanthropy answers the question at once in the affirmative; but then Philanthropy founded Liberia, and though her hope for the negro may be reasonable, its fulfilment may not be at hand. She ought to speak with caution after reading Sir Spencer St. John's book on Haiti, and the article in *Macmillan* on Barbados. That the Black Republic was a disastrous failure, politically, economically, and socially, we are already aware. We knew that the Government was nothing but a series of murderous usurpations, the administration a mere mass of corruption, the paper money worthless, public education a farce, justice a mockery, the manners and morals bestial, the capital a pig-sty, and agriculture little more than a lazy consumption of the free bounty of nature. But we did not know on good authority, till Sir Spencer St. John told us, that African serpent worship and Fetichism under the name of the Vaudoux religion extensively prevailed, that human sacrifice was practised, that cannibalism itself had reappeared. A relapse into cannibalism is the most decisive as well as the most hideous proof of ingrained savagery in the people of a country where it is palliated neither by the scarcity of animal food nor by the maddening vindictiveness of war. In the whole political history of the island, full as it is of revolutions, the only man of real mark appears to have been Toussaint, who did undoubtedly show intellectual qualities of a high, and moral qualities of a still higher, order. It was truly said by an ancient philosopher that the best individual of a species should be taken as the

measure of its capacity; but unfortunately it is doubtful whether Toussaint was of pure negro blood. The account of things in Barbados is also discouraging. The population, for the size of the island, is very large; the negro has thus been compelled to work for his living; and this has enabled Barbados to continue prosperous while Jamaica has succumbed to the consequences of abolition. Yet the picture of the Barbados negro given by the writer in *Macmillan* is that of a moral barbarian. He is described as lazy, treacherous, vindictive, cowardly, lying, thieving, sensual, and brutal to his wife, or concubine, and his children. The condition of his existence in anything bearing a semblance of civilization at present appears to be his subordination to a superior race. Perhaps the most hopeful thing about him is his taste for music, which if cultivated seems likely to be an instrument of more practical efficacy in softening and refining his character than an education which appeals more directly to his intellectual and moral nature. The outlook is not promising, though, as Judge Tourgée says, the problem will have to be faced.

THE treatise of Dr. Fowler, Professor of Logic at Oxford, on Progressive Morality, will probably be claimed by the Evolutionists as a tribute paid by a clear thinker and vigorous writer to their general view of Ethics. Butler in his sermons on Human Nature enthrones above all the faculties, passions and affections, Conscience, as an authority divine and absolute, determining intuitively and infallibly what is right and what is wrong. Dr. Fowler maintains that Conscience, in the only tenable sense of the term, is merely the aggregate of our moral opinions reinforced by the moral sanction of self-approbation, or self-disapprobation, while moral opinion is always advancing. "Conscience is fallible and needs enlightenment. There is no act of religious persecution, and few acts of political or personal cruelty, for which it might not be invoked. Queen Mary acted as conscientiously in burning the Reformers as we do in condemning her for having burnt them. Bishop Butler's 'plain, honest man' would always follow his conscience, but his conscience would not always guide him aright." In the moral estimation of action there are two elements: an intellectual judgment and an emotion. It is to the emotional part of the process only that the absolute, authoritative, and apparently instinctive character attaches. Our perceptions of right and wrong, which constitute the intellectual part of the process, are always varying and improving. Slavery and many other practices now condemned were deemed moral by primitive men. Thus the progress of Ethics could be like that of any other science, and there would be no ground for a vital distinction, such as is drawn by Bishop Temple, between the Moral and the Scientific Law. But does this conclusion square with the facts of Ethical history? Dr. Fowler speaks of Christianity as co-operating with culture in transforming the sympathies and manners of society; and in another passage he pays homage to "the ideals of mercy, purity, humility, long-suffering and self-denial, which are portrayed in the Christian teaching, and have ever since the early days of Christianity exercised so vast and powerful an influence on a large section of mankind." Yet it would seem impossible to bring Christianity under the general law of scientific development. Upon any hypothesis, it was the teaching not of a representative of advanced intellect, but of an unlettered peasant in an obscure and little civilized province of the Roman Empire. The same thing may be said, in a degree, with respect to most of the Reformers whose teachings have given a marked and lasting impulse to morality. Nor can it well be affirmed that in the persons of these men morality has been identical with any but spiritual well-being, or that their lives, so far as this world is concerned, were special examples of harmony between the organism and its environment. The author of Christianity was so little in harmony with his wordly environment that the environment put him to a shameful and painful death. Socrates met the same fate; and the disciple by whom his philosophy was expounded, in a most remarkable passage, describes such treatment as the normal lot of the champion of righteousness. Dr. Fowler sets aside the question of the freedom of the will as a theoretical puzzle, which in whatever way resolved has never influenced and never will influence any sane man's conduct. He is at liberty to do this so long as he will admit that the doctrine of fatalistic evolution is incompatible with responsibility, and therefore with morality, as the language of his own treatise throughout implies. To accept the belief that we are under the domain of a dead iron rule is, as Bishop Temple says, to call life a delusion, and the moral law a dream.

A BYSTANDER.

THE length of Welsh names is proverbial, but even Taffy seems outdone by the title of a Mahrathi work lately published—i.e., "Shrimanmadhawwripanidhanawarnanatanakapadyaratnamala," which means, "Verses describing the death of Peshwa Mahaw Rao I."

### JANET'S ELEMENTS OF MORALS.\*

It is a frequent complaint with teachers of Ethics, whether theoretical or practical, that they cannot find a text-book which is quite adapted for their work. There are plenty of good books on Ethics, on the intuitional side and on the utilitarian; but the difficulty is to find one which the teacher can put into the hands of his pupils as a kind of basis for his lectures. Some weeks ago we drew attention to an English translation of M. Janet's *Theory of Morals*, a work dealing with the foundations and principles of morality. We are now able to recommend a smaller work by the same author of a practical character, which, we believe, will be found most useful as a text-book for the teaching of the principles of practical morality.

There are still persons, we believe, who object to the systematic teaching of human duties. The objection comes, in fact, from two opposite quarters. It comes from those who say that morality can be gained only by example and habit, and cannot be taught. This form of objection is not very common among ourselves, and it is easily met by the simple statement that human conduct is of comparatively small value, and it has no certain permanence unless it is based on principle. The teaching of morality, therefore, must begin, as the book before us does begin, with "preliminary notions" or the elementary principles of goodness and virtue.

The objection which comes from the opposite quarter has behind it the strength of a Christian principle exaggerated or imperfectly understood. It is expressed by Young in his "Night Thoughts":

Talk they of morals, O Thou bleeding Love,  
The grand morality is love of Thee.

It is possible that the highly imaginative, but in fact somewhat worldly-minded, poet meant no more than this: that mere external acts could not well be taught apart from the principle which alone could sustain them, the love of God and man, learnt best of all at the Cross of Christ. However this may be, there are many who go further, and declare that the teaching of faith is sufficient, and that details of duty are unimportant and the teaching of them rather hurtful than otherwise. We have not room here to argue this question at length. We would, however, ask these well-meaning people to read the Bible from which they profess to draw their principles, to consult their own experience when they are acting spontaneously and without reference to these cut and dried theories; and perhaps we might further bid them consider cases in which their principles have been most faithfully acted upon, and consider the results.

There perhaps never was a country or an age in which it was more necessary that there should be in our Public Schools a well-considered method of moral instruction than in this country and in this age. It seems hopeless that any dogmatic form of Christianity should be adopted as acceptable to the various communions into which Christians are divided; but we are still agreed that there is a good and an evil, a right and a wrong; that children should be taught to choose the good and to refuse the evil; and we are further agreed that the sanction for moral law is to be found in the existence of a personal God. Even the few Agnostics who are to be found among us would hardly object to the last consideration so long as ethical teaching is put on a scientific basis, and is not promulgated by the mere authority of a Church or even of an alleged Divine Revelation.

M. Janet's book meets this want in a very admirable manner. According to him morality is based on religion; but even those who object to the introduction of religious motives will hardly be offended by the manner in which they are here employed. It is indeed difficult to find a wholly consistent theory of Ethics apart from the being of God. What other idea will reconcile the A-priorist and the Utilitarian? The Utilitarian is quite right in saying that a thing cannot be right unless it does, on the whole, contribute to the highest good of being. The Intuitionalist is right when he says that we discern certain principles and actions as right and wrong apart from their consequences. When we arise to the thought of One who is absolute Perfection and infinite Blessedness, then we see how these two theories are reconciled.

So again, when we are told, for example, by Jonathan Edwards that virtue consists in benevolence to being; and by Butler and the Stoics that it consists in living according to Nature, we find the reconciliation in the Nature of God which is itself Benevolence, and which, reflected in the character of His creatures, is the highest virtue.

This somewhat metaphysical part of the subject, however, was more completely discussed in the larger work on the *Theory of Morals*. In the

present book the "preliminary notions" occupy only thirty-two pages out of the whole 353 of which the volume consists. The rest of it is given to a systematic consideration of the duties of life. The completeness of the treatment will be seen from an enumeration of the heads discussed. The author begins by enunciating the general principles of Social Morality with the division of duties. In theory, he says there is but one duty, namely, to do right; but this duty is sub-divided according to the various relations of man. Hence three classes of duties, duties towards ourselves, towards others, and towards God; in other words, individual, social, and religious morality.

In carrying out this division, he begins with social morality, treating of justice and equity, of charity and self-sacrifice, of duties towards the State, of professional duties, international duties, and family duties. From these he passes to individual morality, treating of duties relative to the body, of those which relate to external goods, to the intellect, and to the will. He then passes on to religious morality. He bases this upon the religious sentiment which has two elements: (1) the sentiment of the infinite, and (2) the need of hope and consolation. He argues that this sentiment involves duties, and lays down that God is the surety of the moral law. This part of his book is brief but excellent, and can be objected to only by the fanaticism which refuses to study such subjects apart from the mere words of Scripture texts, and the equally irrational fanaticism which refuses to consider whether man's religious sentiments may not be a reality which involves religious needs. The last chapter, on Moral Medicine and Gymnastics, is, of course, from a Christian point of view, imperfect; but we venture to say that there are few Christian teachers who may not learn something from it which they can use in their practical teaching, and further, that the child which is educated in any principles, religious or unreligious, will be the worse for not having such guidance and such cautions as are here suggested.

We have thus given a slight sketch of the design and contents of this useful and handy book, while we have briefly insisted upon the importance of the kind of teaching which it has been written to afford. We need only further add, as regards the particular contents of the work, its method, manner, arguments, and style, it would be difficult to imagine anything better adapted for its purposes. Like the best French writers, M. Janet has a style which is surpassingly lucid and graceful. One tries to think how terribly different in this respect a German book on the same subject would have been. Moreover, this one has suffered hardly at all in its translation into English. But the style is not its chief excellence. It is full of vivid illustration, of apt and happy quotation, and throughout it is pervaded by a vivacity of expression which will prevent the reader from ever imagining that the study of Moral Philosophy must be dull and uninviting.

C.

### GEOLOGICAL SURVEYS.

It is not yet apparent what action will be taken on the report of the Select Committee of the House "to obtain information with regard to Geological Surveys"; but the investigations of the Committee have made it sufficiently evident that the usefulness of our Dominion Survey, under its present management, has been brought in question with justice, and that radical changes in the system have become imperative.

The importance of a good Survey in a country like our own, when mineral wealth, or the rumours of mineral wealth, are cropping up every day, can hardly be over-estimated. Conducted by the Government, and therefore presumably for the best interests of the country, its authoritative and disinterested information should be invaluable, not only in leading the way to the discovery of the valuable metals and minerals, but in averting the disasters of hasty speculation by wise discouragement. Infallibility, of course, could not be claimed for the work of any survey; but few will doubt at this day, who are acquainted with the subject, that the practical interpretation of the geological facts of a country (its stratigraphy, its palæontology, its chemistry) is indispensable for economical mining.

The Committee's report clearly shows that the Survey, as now conducted, almost entirely ignores practical questions, and is devoted, with the approval of the Director, to the study of Indian ethnology, and to the patient accumulation of archæological curiosities. These are doubtless very interesting, and the study of them might with propriety be pursued at the expense of the Government; but they should not over-ride the more important questions which immediately concern the development of our country. The great North-West is daily giving evidence of mineral wealth, and systematic information of its geology, illustrated by suitable maps, should be available for investor and prospector alike. We do not doubt but that the Director really considers the questions which have seemingly

\* *Elements of Morals: with Special Application of the Moral Law to the Duties of the Individual and of Society and the State.* By Paul Janet. Barnes & Co., New York.

absorbed the time of the Survey of secondary importance, as he defends the practical nature of the work done in the last few years by saying that valuable results merely remain unpublished because he is not in favour of hasty publication. This explains why such a large portion of the last annual report was devoted to the Indian dolls found in the Charlotte Islands. The coal-beds of the North-West, perhaps, were under serious consideration!

The report also brings out the fact that harmony does not prevail among officers of the Survey. This is unfortunate in a body of men whose work depends so much on each other's assistance, and, we might almost say, sympathy; and will be found perhaps the most difficult part to deal with when action is taken. Men of considerable geological attainment, technically, may be found in other countries, but very few of them would be suited to the peculiar character of the work in our country. We venture to say, indeed, that the physical hardships and perils of our Dominion Survey are greater than any other in the world, and that many of the tracts of country explored could only be traversed by Canadians. We do not wish to imply, of course, that only Canadians should be employed, but that, other things being equal, Canadians are best adapted for the work. The Director, it seems, considers the Canadian "too independent" and "not amenable to discipline," and has endeavoured to replace him by a more docile animal.

One thing at least is clear, and that is that the country cannot any longer afford to keep up an expensive Geological Survey unless more practical results can be shown. We must receive a larger proportion of information with regard to the mineral resources of the different Provinces; and this information must be published oftener and illustrated by suitable maps. Whether or not a Bureau of Mines should be established, distinct from the Survey or in conjunction with it, will be a question of expedience for the Government to decide; but such a bureau is required. A model can be found across the border, where the Survey is managed on nearly half the amount required by ours, and gives both "practical" and "scientific" results.

J. C. S.

### THE MOODY MEETINGS.

In a city so "evangelical" and sensation-loving as Toronto, Mr. Moody was sure to prove a great success. He drew immensely, hundreds being turned from the doors at each service. It is said that never has so large a number of men been gathered under one roof in Toronto as attended his evening services for men. All classes of the community were represented at the meetings, leading off with bishops, statesmen, presidents and professors of colleges, and so on. One most noticeable feature was the crowd of clergymen, of almost all denominations and shades of opinion, not only supporting the famous Evangelist, but virtually sitting at his feet and eagerly consulting him on matters relating to their own work.

Such a man must have something in him. To show this his success in Toronto was not required; for he has been equally, and often more, successful among people less favourably predisposed towards his peculiar mission than most Torontonians. He has been likened to Wesley and Whitfield; in one respect he is greater than either of these, for, whereas their preaching had the rare advantage of being alone of its kind in that time of pulpit decadence, his has become celebrated when preachers generally are faithful and earnest. We think—and we were not among the favourably predisposed—that there is so much in him as to make him remarkable almost to the point of greatness—greatness, of course, in his own line. What are the elements of his power? Certainly not eloquence, for of eloquence, as commonly understood, he has nothing. As certainly not theological learning, depth of thought, or argumentative skill, for he pretends to none. Nor yet earnestness: many preachers are quite as earnest as he, and show it quite as much. The secret lies undoubtedly in a combination of colloquialism, homely simplicity and directness of appeal, a shrewd knowledge of human nature, irresistible pathos, and an intense faculty of belief. Perhaps the two last elements are the strongest of all. Anything more moving than the way in which he related some of his simple stories we have never heard, and faith with him is a passion.

It were easy to take exception to much that he says and does. His humour is often coarse and nearly always out of place; reverence suffers sorely by it. His lack of education shows itself continually. His methods are sensational, and such as calmer and more delicate-minded Christians do not prefer. Then he is offensively American—by which we mean that he is characterized by many offensive Americanisms in speech, style, and system. But, when all exceptions have been taken, he still remains a remarkable and perhaps even a great man. His faults by no means destroy his effect, and only partially disturb it; as much, we think, can be

said of but few men. He is decidedly a character. In his own way he is unique. He is to be judged accordingly.

At the same time we should be sorry for preachers to take him as a model. Apart from the ridiculous failures which would inevitably be the result of the attempt in most cases, the model is one far too exaggerated to be of general service. Mr. Moody is too dogmatic, too literal, and too emotional. We can put up with these things in him, conscious that he is a sort of genius notwithstanding; but the same amount of dogmatism, literalism, and emotionalism all round would be too much.

One thing at least Mr. Moody may and does teach the churches, namely, that if preaching is to be effective it must cast off much of its present stiffness and become more human.

R. A. B.

### THE WINTER CARNIVAL.

MONTREAL, December, 1884.

It was a bold idea to take ice and snow, which so many Canadians regard as among the weighty evils of their country, and make of them the most attractive festival ever projected in the Dominion. It was no "solid" man, with a seat at a bank board, where weekly or bi-weekly he could brush crumbs from his vest, and frown at applications for discounts, that conceived the idea of a Winter Carnival. It was the suggestive mind of a youth of twenty-four that first originated the scheme which for two winters has brought the *élite* of Boston and New York to Montreal in the depth of winter for a week's frolic in sleighs and on toboggans and skates. Mr. R. A. McGibbon, who invented the carnival, was fortunate in enlisting the services of other young men in carrying out his unique programme. Of course, he has had substantial aid from men with frost in their hair, but his principal lieutenants have been selected from among the sturdy youths who lead in our numerous athletic clubs.

This winter the Carnival has been fixed for the week beginning January 26th, and already a design for the ice-palace has been accepted, and contracts for its construction given out. As the building is to be larger and loftier than that of last winter, its projectors are a little anxious to see the St. Lawrence arrested by Jack Frost, that its surface may be quarried for the gleaming blocks to be built up during the few weeks that remain before the Carnival. Still, whatever may have been the fate of wheat, or corn, or fruit, never yet have we known the ice-crop to fail us, so we bolster ourselves with that comforting thought. As the palace will be erected by night as well as day, the electric light being employed for the purpose, we can expect some new and very beautiful effects. Its walls, translucent crystal by light from within, become marble when illuminated from without. In its general outlines the new palace will resemble that of last February, except that its projections will be bolder, and its appearance more massive. Every spectacular feature of the Carnival we are promised this winter in improved form. The processions will be greatly extended and diversified by the French Canadian Athletic Clubs, which have organized themselves for that special purpose. The pyrotechnist who makes Coney Island, every summer evening, gleam with flame and colour, is to be engaged for displays much in advance of anything presented last winter.

Perhaps no more agreeable feature of our past Carnivals can be named than the hearty welcome shown strangers at our skating and curling rinks, at our toboggan slides, and by our snow-shoe clubs. This hospitality grows more extensive every year, for the Carnival immensely increases the local interest in winter sport, and constantly multiplies toboggan-slides and rinks of all kinds. At the Club House of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association, new members are enrolling themselves this winter at a rate which must soon embarrass the managers. Their accommodations will soon be too scant for the thousand young men who will at an early day be on the lists of the establishment. This club-house has been the nursery of the Carnival, and well deserves to be imitated in Toronto, where so many young men would be the better for means of recreation and intercourse.

Last winter the Carnival Committee had two disagreeable experiences—the paucity of good quarters for the overwhelming number of visitors, and the greed of some keepers of hotels and lodging-houses. This time a thorough canvass is to be made for pleasant rooms for Carnival visitors, and Mr. W. R. Salter, who presides over the lodging department, will take pains to arrange reasonable terms in advance for all who apply to him. Any stranger overcharged, or otherwise defrauded, can have his case prosecuted at the cost of the Carnival Committee. With wise foresight, no contribution from the hackmen is to be taken this winter, so that Jehu will not, by virtue of the donation of a dollar, hope to escape unpunished in wrongful charges aggregating a hundred times the sum.

When a Montrealer sees the crowded hotels during Carnival week; the mobs surrounding every slide and rink and procession; the competition for every sleigh—including the antiquated old traps at other times in jeopardy of being broken up for kindlings—he is apt to think that if visitors prefer our sports to our spectacular entertainments, they should come to Montreal at any other time than during the stress of the Carnival. The month before and the month after the Carnival afford all the joys that chiefly make it the great attraction it is, and why should not visitors come when attic rooms are vacant, hotel-keepers civil, and the city can be seen in its normal winter garb of leisurely hospitality?

Z.

## HERE AND THERE.

WHILE the hotel-keepers and retailers of Montreal are busy booming their Winter Carnival, certain railroad magnates look askance at their enterprise. One of these gentlemen, an owner of many square miles in the North-West, recently observed to an English visitor: "The trouble of all this Carnival business is that it spreads the notion abroad that Canada is an arctic country. An ice-palace an hundred feet high is a poor advertisement for emigrants. Every man who sends his photograph to England must, even in July, with perspiration thick upon him, don fur cap and coat, and be sprinkled with salt in default of snow, for the sake of picturesqueness. One of these Carnival collectors asked me for a subscription this morning, and I told him he could have twenty-five dollars if he would get up a series of views next summer of people prostrated by sun-stroke on St. James Street. He left!"

THE Librarianship at Ottawa has now been vacant for nearly a year. Why is there no appointment? The habit into which Sir John Macdonald has got of keeping places open, whether it arises from senile procrastination or from a desire to keep patronage dangling as long as possible before the eyes of expectants, is very injurious to the public service.

CANADIAN readers of *The English Illustrated Magazine* will notice with pride and pleasure that the illustrations accompanying the paper entitled "Clovelly," in the Christmas Double Number, are by L. R. O'Brien, Esq., R.C.A., of Toronto. They are nine in number, and are excellent in conception and execution, especially those bearing the legends "Return of the Herring Boats," "Down Along," "Herring-nets, Drifting" and "North Hill."

ENCOURAGED by his reception in Convocation Hall, Mr. Samuel Brandram returns to Toronto on Saturday next, when it is understood there is every prospect that a large and intelligent audience will assemble to hear his marvellous recitals.

How can the citizens of Toronto be expected to leave the erection of a new court-house with confidence in the hands of a Council which stands paralyzed in the presence of muddy streets and defective drainage? Even Ottawa might have blushed for the Queen City on the evening of Saturday last, when slush was from four to six inches deep at the corner of King and Yonge.

THE acting of Mr. Dion Boucicault, jr., in the Toronto theatre last week elicited a considerable amount of favourable comment amongst lovers of the sock and buskin. His *Danny Mann* in "The Colleen Bawn" was an especially fine performance, and would have reflected great credit upon an actor of much more extended experience. In the second act, where *Mrs. Cregan* gives *Danny* her son's glove as a proof of his supposed desire to have the Colleen made away with, and again where the misguided cripple plunges *Eily* into the river, Mr. Boucicault's acting left little to be desired. Every feature, every gesture, every tone bespoke the horrified youth who, to oblige, as he thought, a beloved master, undertook a crime against which his whole soul revolted. His portrayal of the death-bed scene was equally effective. Miss Nina Boucicault also, despite a little nervousness, is rapidly improving, whilst the irresistible *Myles na Coppaleen* is as popular as ever, and seems totally impervious to the attacks of Time.

THE following is cut from the *Liverpool Mercury* :—

The Provincial Board of Health of Toronto, Ontario, which is to the Province of Ontario what the Local Government Board is to Great Britain, has been doing good work in sanitation. But it needs a library of hygiene and vital statistics, and has no money wherewith to purchase the books. Inspired by a happy thought, it has sent out to the principal publishers of Europe, and proposed that they should supply the library, assuring them that if they will give the books "ample and proper space" shall be provided for them. Governments supported by voluntary contributions would hardly seem to be a Utopian dream if this kind of thing goes on. Shipbuilders will next be asked to furnish ships, and gunmakers arms, to our colonies.

THERE were thirty-four failures in Canada reported to Bradstreet's during the past week, as compared with twenty-five in the preceding week, and with thirty-three, twenty-three and four, respectively, in the corresponding weeks of 1883, 1882 and 1881. In the United States there were 296 failures reported as having taken place during the same period, as compared with 237 in the preceding week, and with 246, 247 and 169, respectively, in the corresponding weeks of 1883, 1882 and 1881. About 84 per cent. were those of small traders whose capital was less than \$5,000.

THE general opinion in England with regard to the case of *Adams v. Coleridge*, seems to be that the judge ought to have nonsuited the plaintiff on the ground that Bernard Coleridge's letter of warning to his sister was confidential, and that there was no evidence of malice. The course which he took of allowing the case to go to the jury, and then entering a verdict in accordance with the law, is not unusual in ordinary cases, but was not suitable to a personal case of this kind. His object apparently was to escape responsibility; and he has done this, not at the expense of Mr. Adams, but at the expense of the Coleridges, who, relying on the legal plea that the letter was confidential, produced no evidence on their side.

SIR ALEXANDER GRANT, by whose death the Principalship of the University of Edinburgh is rendered vacant, was a man of some mark. He had held an important educational office in India and had published the

best edition of Aristotle's Ethics. The candidates for the Principalship are said to be Mr. Matthew Arnold, Mr. Huxley and Sir Lyon Playfair. Scotch orthodoxy must have relaxed its rigour to an amazing degree if it can accept Mr. Huxley. Mr. Matthew Arnold has been less aggressive; but there are passages even in his writings on religion which would make the hair of any devout Presbyterian stand on end. Sir Lyon Playfair is a Liberal; but he has not meddled with theology. His candidature also appeals to the national sentiment, which, though less uncompromising than it was, is not extinct.

WITHOUT notoriety "society" journalism (so-called) would soon become a lost art—as is frankly acknowledged by Mr. Edmund Yates in his recital about the establishment of his organ *The World*. But it is possible to pay too dearly for the law-courts advertising which is occasionally the outcome of unscrupulous attacks upon private character and of the retailing backstairs gossip picked up by eavesdroppers. The fates appear to have been somewhat unkind of late to the social pests who wax fat upon the circulation of scandal. The recent attacks upon Lord Coleridge in *The World* have recalled the scathing castigations given by the Chief Justice to Mr. Yates when the latter was sentenced to fine and imprisonment for libel. The Labouchère-Lawson incident—the result of a scurrilous paragraph in *Truth*—has also been unearthed in this connection; and now the editor of *Vanity Fair* is attacked in his own sanctum by an indignant nobleman, whilst the proprietor of *Modern Society*—a piratical hash of the various society journals published in London—has been fined \$5,000 for a vile slander upon a lady of position. In the course of an article upon "Property in Letters" the *English Queen* takes occasion to say :—

The invasion of the sanctity of private life is one of the evils of the day. Gossiping writers of memoirs and recollections of deceased persons contribute no inconsiderable portion to our current literature, and what are termed the society journals pander to the curiosity of the public for piquant scandal. As has been truly said, it would almost add a new terror to death to reflect that every letter that had been written, possibly in haste or anger, should be printed, not for the edification of the public at large, but for the gratification of scandal-mongers and the retailers of prurient gossip. Thanks to the existing law, as re-enforced by Vice-Chancellor Bacon, such a disastrous state of things is not possible at the present time; and, whilst sympathizing fully with Lord Lytton in having to suffer the annoyance of bringing the family jars of his parents before a public court, we cannot but thank him for maintaining so successfully the sanctity of communications which are made by letter from one person to another. The receiver of a private letter is in the same position as a physician, a solicitor, or a minister who receives a private communication, and the publication of the former may be as infamous a breach of confidence as the divulgence of the latter.

IF the House of Lords, as a political institution, has ceased for a moment to agitate the public, the Lords, as private persons, are more to the fore than ever. The other day Lord Perth figured in one court, Lord Garmoyne and his father, Lord Cairns, in another. Lord Coleridge, charged with being the cause of a libel for which his son, the Hon. Bernard Coleridge, is made actionable, appeared in company, if one may say so, with Lord Marcus Beresford, who is indicted for assaulting Mr. Bowles, of *Vanity Fair*. Love letters; letters intended to kill love; the way a peer deals with a son contemplating a *mésalliance*; the way a peer deals with a daughter about to marry a man whom he does not approve; the peer; considered as a man of business; the nobleman considered as a pugilist of the lord who joins a board of directors without reading the prospectus of the company he is to manage; the lord who breaks off a match without reading the letters of a daughter-in-law expectant; the lord who resents a libel with his fists; the lord who is charged with suggesting a libel against a man who may yet be his daughter's husband; the lord who deserts a woman whom he professes to love, to please his very religiously-minded mamma, and forfeits \$50,000 to be free; the lady who leaves the house of her father, a peer, because her love for her betrothed is stronger than her love for her old home—all this we are talking about to-day. Much of it is very painful; some of it is truly scandalous. But the public interest in the doings of these people with titles shows that England loves a lord. Its curiosity is born of affection; nothing less would sustain it at such a burning point. The lawyers at all events ought to love them. They have put several thousands of pounds into legal pockets during the last few days.

HAS it yet occurred to the public that Her Majesty will complete the jubilee of her reign on June 20, 1887? It has occurred to many people about the Court, and, according to the last English mail, schemes are already being formulated to keep the festival in the grandest style, with all national honours. The last Royal Jubilee England had was in 1809, when George III. was King. That was merrily kept. But it is proposed to make the whole season of 1887 a sort of recognition of Her Majesty's long reign. Many ideas are already afloat, and the one which has most likelihood of being adopted is the use of the parks for a great show. The scheme has not yet taken shape, but there is a talk of reproductions on a large scale, à la "Old London" at the Healtheries. Then a whole week is to be spent in carnival. June 20th is to be kept as a national holiday, and every form of amusement is to be provided. It seems early yet to think of what will be done in 1887, but if any of the more magnificent ideas now afloat are adopted, much preparation will be necessary. Parliament will have to be asked for money for any such a National Fair as that contemplated in Hyde Park.

THE American Exhibition of the inventions, manufactures and resources of the United States, which is to be held in London in 1886, will in many ways be a new departure in international exhibitions. The various buildings, sections, etc., will be so arranged that the visitor, in what he sees around him as he traverses the Exhibition, will make a trip from the



Atlantic to the Pacific seaboard. The States as he passes through them will be illustrated by specimens of their productions—agricultural, pastoral or mineral, as the case may be. The scenery characteristic of the region will be represented by paintings, etc. The arts and industries will be practically illustrated. The handicrafts pursued by the Chinese, Indian, and Negro men and women will be exhibited in Industrial Hall, and will at least have the charm of novelty. Many of the peculiar phases of American life—such as camp-life in the mining States, the wineshops of California, Florida fruit stores, an Indian village, ice-drink pavilions, etc.—will be represented. And while the eye is thus ministered to, the ear is to be delighted with the performances of the leading American musicians and actors, while the negro minstrels will give their special forms of entertainment. Among the visitors that are expected are a celebrated American regiment with its band, and a fire engine corps. The taste also will not be forgotten; canvas-back duck and terrapin soup will form items in the refreshment department. Assistance of all kinds is freely promised, and there seems every likelihood that the enterprise of the promoters will be rewarded with substantial success.

No living monarch, European or Asiatic, not even the Czar of all the Russias, can boast of such a service of plate as that owned by the Queen, to whose guests it is often exhibited, on huge buffets at either end of the banqueting table in St. George's Hall—vases, plateaux, cups and candelabra, all wrought in the precious metal, the net value of which is said to exceed two millions sterling. Conspicuous among the trophies are the mimic "lyre bird" and tiger's head taken from Tippoo Sahib eighty odd years ago, and presented to Her Majesty's grandfather, King George III. The lyre bird's body and tail are composed of solid gold, richly studded with brilliants, rubies, emeralds and pearls. As he stands with all his jewelled pride, one of the costliest follies ever devised to gratify the whim of a lavish Oriental potentate, he represents a perpetual income of £1,500 a year, calculated at five per cent. upon his intrinsic worth. The tiger's head once served Hyder Ali's masterful son as a footstool. It is a life-size model, fashioned in solid silver, richly gilt, its eyes of rock crystal, and its tongue of pure gold. Like the lyre bird, it fell into the hands of the British at the storming of Seringapatam, where Tippoo himself, its valorous owner, met his death; and as a brilliant memorial of our Indian conquests it could not be better bestowed than in entertaining the banqueting hall of Hindostan's first Empress.

FAR too much importance is attached to the Free Trade nonsense which is being talked by a few antediluvian and quack politicians in England. No person who has the slightest acquaintance with the feelings of the masses in that country would venture to assert the danger of their "going back upon" Free Trade. True it is that Fair Trade literature is being scattered broadcast by a section of the Tory Party which is blind enough to imagine Protection would be a good cry to go to the country with. "Writers on the subject," says the author of "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London," "would do well to give us at the same time their views on the advisability of resuming the curfew bell and trial by the ordeal of the heated ploughshare. Steps should be taken also by them to revive capital punishment for sheep-stealing and passing bad money, and the advantage of sedan chairs and torch-bearers over railway trains and the electric light should not be overlooked."

NEXT to the death of a popular English author, nothing seems to extend the sale of his books in America so much as a personal visit. Mr. Herbert Spencer's New York publishers, since his trip to the United States, have had the pleasure of remitting him double the returns earned before he travelled about on this side the Atlantic. If a visiting English author chooses to read or lecture, he recovers in no inconsiderable degree the money of which he has been robbed by piratical publishers. These publishers issue large editions at very low prices, and the wide interest thus excited in the author throughout the country goes to swell notably the audiences which gather to hear him.

"MUNDUS," in the Chicago *Rambler*, asks: "Why does not some inventive woman turn her genius to account by contriving some secure as well as convenient place for carrying her money?" Why, indeed? The majority of women are so culpably careless in this important matter that the wonder is that hundreds of them are not robbed daily of their worldly possessions and left to learn wisdom by sad experience. It is seldom that a woman has a pocket of any description about her unless it be some little fancy affair for watch or pocket-handkerchief; a small hand-bag which she carries carelessly swung on her arm or dangling from her hand, contains all her wealth for the whole season. So easy would it be for a pickpocket to grasp one of the things and escape into the crowd that the wonder is it is not done oftener than it is. More careless even than the hand-bag is the little fashion some of them have of thrusting a netted purse into the fronts of their dresses in such a manner as to absolutely invite some one to help themselves to the article

THE following extract from the letter of a correspondent shows how the "special wire" telegrams of one of the most puffed Paris dailies are manufactured: "I was sitting in one of the *cabinets de lecture* on the boulevard the other day, engaged in reading one of the German papers, when I was touched on the arm by my neighbour, who asked me if I was a journalist? 'Yes.' 'Entre confrères on s'aide?' 'Certainly; what can I do for you?' It appeared that he wished me to translate a passage in the yesterday's *Cologne Gazette*. I did so. At my dictation it was written down in French, and the copy put in an envelope which bore the printed

inscription, *Télégramme de Berlin*, and was addressed to one of the best-informed journals in Paris."

A NEW fashion appears to be coming in vogue by which singers in public will in future be able to dispense with the usual custom of hiding their faces in a sheet of music or hiring a light porter to carry their impedimenta. At a musical "at home" the other evening a gentleman attracted considerable attention by reason of the music from which he sang his songs. Instead of being cumbered with the usual long roll of music, or the bound volume which can only be modestly brought concealed up one's back, he produced from his pocket a small book not much bigger than an ordinary hymn-book, and sang from this. On inquiry, it was ascertained that he had had his songs reduced by one of the many available processes, and had thus obtained, in a portable and legible form, enough music to make, in the customary way, a big and awkward volume.

THE following description of what the writer justly calls "a pretty dinner table" is worthy the attention of our lady readers: Down the centre of the white damask cloth ran a strip of rich crimson velvet scalloped at the edge. All along the edge were bunches of white yew and cotoneaster berries, with their leaves. The undulations of the edge prevented all appearance of stiffness: and at each corner was a large spray of arbutus with its strawberry-like fruit. The floral wreath was slightly tacked to the velvet strip to keep it in place. Opal glasses of different colours looked lovely on this deep red ground, and glass dishes of white lilies and maiden's-hair fern alternated with the dessert fruits and the quaint *menus*, which deserve particular notice. The ornamental cards contained the name of the guest, the *menu*, and an appropriate selection from Shakespeare. Thus, a famous story-teller and most genial man was greeted with this motto: "A merrier man within the limit of becoming mirth I never spent an hour's talk withal."—*Love's Labour Lost*. A young barrister received this hint: "We will not stand to prate. We come to use our hands and not our tongues."—*Richard III*. An old friend of the family had this line: "His worth is warrant for his welcome here."—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*. The top of the *menus* were also appropriately mottoed from Shakespeare. One had, in coloured letters: "Be patient to the last."—*Julius Cæsar*. Another: "Small cheer and great welcome make a merry feast."—*Comedy of Errors*. It would be an amusing exercise for young people to find a number of such lines and adapt them to friendly and social purposes, and perchance the exercise might introduce many to a knowledge of the great bard who are yet strangers to his wonderful genius.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed: EDITOR OF THE WEEK, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto. Contributors who desire their MS. returned, if not accepted, must enclose stamp for that purpose.

CARLYLE CRITICIZED.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—Surely we in Canada may find in Carlyle's *Life* something more worthy of space in our daily and weekly press than his failings to laugh at and his judgments of men and things to sneer at. Every one appears interested in depreciating him. Why, it is hard to say. Mrs. Carlyle acknowledges she married for social position, and gained it; but it was bitter to her to feel it was *because* she was his wife and not by her own merits. From a careful reading of the letters of both, I was forcibly convinced it was neither irritability of temper nor indifference which was the cause of a domestic unhappiness which has been much exaggerated. It was cock-crowing, dog-barking and servant-galism more than anything else. Carlyle's whole life was a cry for honest work and honourable men; an incessant hammering of principle, as the guide of life; and a scathing denunciation of corruption and money-grabbing and cant of all kinds. Would it not be more profitable for us, in America, to have pictured to us the long toil and struggle against poverty of this man in his dreary morn; his sturdy rejection of the temptations of affluence, if he would subordinate his principles to policy; his manfully holding fast to the truth that was in him, in spite of the fretting of his wife, than the excerpts from his life given to us? His severe judgments of men contain little of the malice of small minds, but more of the pity of great souls—uttered merely to blow off steam. His notes to his wife's letters show his exceptional moral strength. To exaggerate into mountains every mole-hill of complaint his wife makes is not generally characteristic of husbands. His remorse and repentance are so strong and genuine that I can rank them only with King David's.

Hamilton.

CHELSEA.

"W. F. C." AND THE SCOTT ACT.

To the Editor of *the Week*.

MR. EDITOR,—The statement of your correspondent "W. F. C.," that "an order for drinks on the salesman's part, perhaps several of them, must precede an order for goods on the part of customers" is assuredly "unspeakably demoralizing," for it simply is not true. It is a slander on the merchants, for in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is only when done buying that he is offered a drink. There are only two or three merchants in all my journeys to whom I would dare to offer a drink before they were leaving or had almost completed their purchases. Such I feel assured is the experience of most travellers. If "W. F. C." has been in a sample-room with a different experience I must infer, perhaps uncharitably, that the travellers "knew their man." We may excuse a "reformed" man, but must weigh his zeal. If sample-rooms "are far more mischievous drinking-haunts" than drinking-bars, does it not strike him that the Scott Act will stop the less mischievous bar-drinking and increase the more dangerous secret "sample-room drinking"!

A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

## RONDEAU.

[After Voiture.]

AH, done at last for am I, well I know,  
My mistress having ordered a Rondeau!  
When was a poet's trouble more extreme?  
What! thirteen lines to rhyme with *ow* and *eme*!  
This would have puzzled Edgar Allan Poe.

Yet, notwithstanding, here are five I throw:  
Perhaps I may get up to eight or so.  
(Sweet Isabel, to please you how I scheme!)  
Ah, done at last!  
Now, could I find but five more lines to show!  
If rhyming with exactitude or no.  
Hurrah! is this the eleventh? or do I dream?  
Then this in hand must be the twelfth I deem,  
And there are all the thirteen in a row!  
Ah, done at last!

G. G. CHALLICE.

## THE GALWAY MARE.

[AIR:—"Nora O'Neale."]

IN the course of my wand'rings, from Cong to Kanturk—  
And a man of his honour is Jeremy Burke—  
I've seen many horses, but none, I declare,  
Could compare wid Jack Rafferty's fox-hunting mare.

She was black as the sut,  
From the head to the fut,  
And as nate in her shapes as a Royal Princess;  
Twinty miles in the hour was her lowest horse-power,  
'Twould desthroy her intirely to go at a less!

No Arabian charger that's bred in the South  
Had so silky a coat or obaydient a mouth;  
And her speed was so swift, man alive! I'd go bail  
She'd slip clane away from the Holyhead mail.

Her asiest saunther  
Was quick as a canther,  
Her gallop resimbled a lightning express;  
Twinty miles in the hour was her lowest horse-power,  
'Twould desthroy her intirely to go at a less!

There was never a fence so conthráry or cruel  
But she would contrive to surmount it, the jewel!  
And Jack on her back, without getting a toss,  
Clared ditches, no matther how crabbèd or cross.

An iligant shteppe,  
A wondherful lepper—  
Don't talk of Bucephalus or of Black Bess—  
Twinty miles in the hour was her lowest horse-power,  
'Twould desthroy her intirely to go at a less!

They were clifted,\* the two of them, Jack and the mare,  
Returning one night from the Blackwater fair;  
Bad 'cess to that road! in the worst place of all  
There isn't a sign or a taste of a wall.

Sure the Barony's grief  
Was beyant all belief—  
'Twas the loss of the mare caused the greater disthress;  
Twinty miles in the hour was her lowest horse-power,  
'Twould desthroy her intirely to go at a less!

\*Anplict, "Fell over a cliff."

CHARLES L. GRAVES.

Spectator.

## THE VENUS OF ILLE.

[Translated for THE WEEK from the French of Prosper Mérimée (somewhat abridged).]

II.

THE breakfast bell interrupted this classical parley, and, as on the previous evening, I was obliged to eat for four.

Then came some of M. de Peyrehorade's tenants; and while he was occupied with them his son took me to see a carriage which he had purchased for his betrothed at Toulouse.

At last he spoke to me of his intended, the subject being brought up by his referring warmly to a grey mare in the stable, which he desired to give to his bride.

"We shall see her to-day," said he. "I do not know whether you will find her pretty. You are hard to please at Paris; but everybody here, at Perpignan, finds her charming. The best of it is she is very rich. Her aunt at Prades has left her her whole fortune. Oh! I will be very happy!"

I was profoundly shocked to see a young man appear more concerned about the dowry of his intended than about her fine eyes.

"You are an authority in trinkets," pursued M. Alphonse, "how do you like this? It is the ring I shall give the bride to-morrow."

Thus speaking, he pulled off from the first joint of his little finger a large ring set with diamonds, and formed in the shape of two hands interlaced; an idea which appeared to me rather poetical. The workmanship was old-

fashioned; but I judged that it had been retouched to set off the diamonds. On the inside of the ring were these words, in Gothic characters: *Sempr' ab ti*, that is to say, "ever with thee."

"It is a pretty ring," I remarked; "but these diamonds that have been added to it have made it lose a little of its character."

"Oh! it is much handsomer like that," he replied, smiling. "There are twelve hundred francs worth of diamonds on it. My mother gave it to me. It is a family ring, very ancient . . . of the times of chivalry. It was my grandmother's, who got it from her grandmother. God knows where it was made."

"The custom at Paris," said I, "is to give a plain gold ring, usually manufactured of two different metals, such as gold and platinum. Now, that other ring which you wear on this finger would be more suitable. This one with its diamonds, and its hands in relief, is so bulky that one couldn't put a glove over it."

"Oh! Madame Alphonse will arrange that as she likes. I believe she will be well pleased with it. Twelve hundred francs on one's finger is not to be despised. This little ring here," he added, looking with an air of satisfaction at the plain one he wore on his finger, "this one was given to me by a lady in Paris on Shrove Tuesday. Ah! how I did enjoy myself when I was in Paris two years ago; that's the place for pleasure!" . . . and he sighed with regret.

We dined that day at Puygarrig, with the parents of the intended. I will not speak of the dinner, nor of the conversation which ensued, and in which I took but little part. M. Alphonse, seated at the side of his intended, spoke a word in her ear about every quarter of an hour. As for her, she hardly lifted her eyes, and, every time her intended spoke to her, she blushed with modesty, but replied to him without embarrassment.

Mademoiselle de Puygarrig was eighteen years old; her lithe and delicate figure contrasted finely with the well-developed form of her robust betrothed. She was not only beautiful; she was seductive. I admired the natural simplicity of all her replies; and her air of goodness, which, though not exempt from a slight suspicion of malice, called to mind, in spite of myself, the Venus of my host. In this comparison, which I made to myself, I asked if the preëminent beauty, which one was forced to accord to the statue, did not in great measure recall the expression of a tigress; for energy, even in ill-passions, excites in us always astonishment and a kind of involuntary admiration.

"What a pity," thought I, on leaving Puygarrig, "that so engaging a young lady should be rich, and that her dowry should cause her to be sought after by a man quite unworthy of her."

On returning to Ille, and not knowing well what to say to Madame de Peyrehorade, to whom it was proper now and then to address a word, I ventured to remark:

"It is clear you are all free thinkers at Roussillon! Why, Madame, you have a marriage on a Friday; at Paris we are more superstitious: nobody would dare to take a wife on such a day."

"Gracious goodness! do not speak of it," she replied; "if it depended on me they would certainly have chosen another day; but Peyrehorade would have the marriage on Friday, and we had to yield to him. It gives me anxiety, however. If any disaster should happen! There must be some reason for the common apprehension, otherwise why should all the world be afraid of Friday?"

"Friday!" cried her husband, "it is Venus's day; a most appropriate day for a marriage! You see, my dear colleague, I think only of my Venus. Upon my honour, it was on account of her that I chose Friday. To-morrow, before the wedding, we shall sacrifice two wood-pigeons, and if I knew where I could find some incense . . ."

"For shame, Peyrehorade," interrupted his wife, scandalized in the highest degree. "To shower incense on an idol!"

"The arrangements for the morrow were ordered in the following manner: Everybody must be ready and in full dress by ten o'clock precisely. The chocolate taken, all must repair in the carriage to Puygarrig. The civil marriage would take place at the Hotel de Ville, and the religious ceremony in the castle chapel. Then would follow the breakfast. After the breakfast they would spend the time as they best could till seven o'clock. At seven o'clock they would return to Ille, to the house of M. de Peyrehorade, where the two families together would sup. The rest of the time would be passed in a simple and natural manner. Not being permitted to dance they would have to eat as much as possible.

At about eight o'clock I was seated in front of the Venus, a pencil in my hand, recommencing for the twentieth time the head of the statue, without being able to catch the expression. M. de Peyrehorade kept moving around me, giving me advice; then placing Bengal roses on the pedestal of the statue, and in a tragi-comic voice supplicating good fortune for the couple, who were going to live under his roof. Towards nine o'clock he went into the house to put the finishing touch to his toilet, and at the same time M. Alphonse made his appearance, tightly buttoned up in a new coat, white gloves, polished shoes, scroll-chased buttons, and a rose in his button-hole.

"You are sketching the portrait of my wife," said he to me, leaning over my drawing. "It is very like her."

Just at this moment there commenced on the tennis-ground, of which I have already spoken, a game which at once attracted the attention of M. Alphonse; and I, being fatigued, and despairing of interpreting this diabolical countenance, soon quitted my drawing to look at the players. There were among them some Spanish Muleteers, who had arrived the night before. They came from Aragon and Navarre, and almost all of them showed wonderful dexterity in the field. The Illois, although encouraged by the presence and the counsels of M. Alphonse, were easily defeated by these new champions. The national spectators were dismayed.

M. Alphonse looked at his watch. It was hardly half-past nine. His mother had not yet completed her toilet. He hesitated no longer; he took off his coat, called for a vest, and defied the Spaniards. I, smiling, saw him do this with some surprise.

"The honour of the country must be sustained," said he.

It was then I found him quite handsome. He was impassioned. His toilet, which shortly before this had occupied him so much, did not now concern him. A few minutes ago, he would not turn his head for fear of disarranging his cravat. Now, he no longer thought of his frizzled hair, nor of his frills, so well plaited; nor even of his betrothed! I do believe, if it had been necessary, he would have postponed the marriage. I saw him rapidly draw on a pair of sandals, roll up his shirt sleeves, and, with an air of confidence, put himself at the head of the beaten party, like Caesar rallying his soldiers at Dyrrachium. I leaped over the hedge and placed myself conveniently under the shade of a nettle-tree, so that I might have a good view of the two camps. Contrary to the general expectation, M. Alphonse missed the first ball; it is true, it came grazing the ground, having been thrown with surprising force by an Aragonais, who appeared to be the chief of the Spaniards.

He was a man of about forty years of age, spare and nervous, six feet high; and his olive skin had a tint almost as deep as the bronze of the Venus.

M. Alphonse threw his tennis bat to the ground in a rage.

"It is this cursed ring," cried he, "which squeezes my finger and causes me to miss even a sure ball!"

He took it off, though not without difficulty; I approached to take it from him, but he pushed me aside, ran to the Venus, put the ring upon her ring finger, and again took his post at the head of the Illois.

He was pale, but calm and resolute. From that time forth he did not make a single mistake; and the Spaniards were completely vanquished. The enthusiasm of the crowd was a beautiful spectacle; some uttering a thousand joyful cries, throwing their caps in the air; others pressing his hands, calling him the honour of the country! If he had been repelling an invasion, I doubt whether he could have received more lively or sincerer felicitations. The chagrin of the conquered added still more to the *éclat* of his victory.

"We will have some other games, my brave fellow," said he to the Aragonais in a tone of superiority, "but I will give you points!"

I could have wished that M. Alphonse had been more modest, for I was almost sorry at the humiliation of his rivals.

The Spanish giant felt deeply this insult. I saw him turn pale under his dusky skin. He gazed with a dejected air upon his bat, grinding his teeth; then with a stifled voice, he muttered quite low: *Me lo pagaras.*

The voice of M. de Peyrehorade marred the triumph of his son. My host, much astonished at not finding him getting ready the new carriage, was still more astonished to find him all in a sweat, the bat in his hand. M. Alphonse ran to the house, washed his face and hands, put on his new coat and his polished shoes, and five minutes afterwards we were on the high road to Puygarrig.

We had reached Puygarrig and the cortége was getting ready to set out for the Hotel de Ville, when M. Alphonse, striking his forehead, said to me in a low voice, "What a blunder! I have forgotten the ring! It is on the finger of the Venus, the devil take it! Remember, do not say anything to my mother about it. Perhaps she will never miss it."

"You can send some one for it," said I.

"Unfortunately my valet has remained at Ille. Those here I can scarcely trust. Twelve hundred francs worth of diamonds! that would tempt more than one of them. Besides, what would they think here of my distraction? They would poke fun at me; they would call me the husband of the statue. . . . provided they do not steal it from me! Fortunately the idol makes my rascals fear her. They dare not come within the length of those arms. Oh! it is nothing; I have another ring."

The two ceremonies, civil and religious, were performed with the usual *éclat*; and Mademoiselle de Puygarrig received the ring of a Paris milliner without suspecting that her betrothed was making the sacrifice of another's pledge of love.

At Ille, supper awaited us, and what a supper! The bridegroom, who had disappeared for an instant before sitting down to table, was pale and serious. Every now and then he drank some old wine of Collioure, almost as strong as brandy. I was at his side and felt myself obliged to warn him.

"Take care! they say that the wine" . . . I do not know what nonsense I said to him, so that the guests would not notice my anxiety.

He touched my knee, and in a very low voice said:

"When they leave the table, let me speak two words with you."

His solemn mood surprised me. I looked at him attentively and remarked a strange alteration in his features.

"Do you feel indisposed?" I asked him.

"No;" and he commenced to drink again.

I had a severe headache; and then, too, I know not why, a marriage always makes me sad. This one, besides, disgusted me a little.

The last song having been sung by the Deputy-Mayor (and I must say it was extremely indecorous), the company passed into the drawing-room, to be present at the departure of the bride, who was soon about to be conducted to her chamber, for it was nearly midnight.

M. Alphonse took me into a window recess, and, turning away his eyes, said to me:

"You will laugh at me, . . . But I know that I have . . . I am bewitched! the devil take me!"

"You have drunk too much of the Collioure wine, my dear M. Alphonse," said I to him. "I warned you."

"Yes, perhaps, but it is something far more terrible than that." His voice was broken, I believed him to be quite drunk.

"You recollect my ring?" pursued he, after a pause.

"Well, they have taken it!"

"No."

"In that case, you have it."

"No . . . I . . . I cannot get it off the finger of that she-devil of a Venus."

"You have not pulled hard enough."

"Yes, indeed, . . . but the Venus, . . . she has squeezed my finger."

He looked at me fixedly, with a haggard air, supporting himself on the window-fastening to keep himself from falling.

"What an extraordinary story!" said I to him. "You have forced the ring on too hard. To-morrow you will have pinchers; but take care you do not injure the statue."

"No, I tell you, the finger of the Venus is contracted, bent back, she squeezes the hand; do you understand me?—It is my wife, apparently, since I have given her my ring. . . . She does not want to give it back again."

A sudden shivering came over me for an instant. I felt my flesh creep. Then a deep sigh which he heaved wafted to me a whiff of wine, and every emotion disappeared.

"The wretch," said I, "is unquestionably drunk."

"You are an antiquarian, sir," added the bridegroom in a gruesome tone; "you know all about these statues—there is perhaps some spring, some jugglery, about which I know nothing. If you would go and see."

"Willingly," said I, "come with me."

"No; I would rather you would go alone."

I left the drawing-room.

The weather had changed during supper, and the rain commenced to fall heavily. I was going to ask for an umbrella, when a thought arrested me. "I would be a great fool," thought I, "to go to verify what has been communicated to me by a drunken man! How do I know, besides, that he is not trying to play some trick upon me, so that these simple-minded provincials might have their laugh. The least that I can gain by it is to be soaked to the skin and catch a cold."

From the door I threw a glance at the statue, streaming with water, and I ascended to my chamber without returning to the drawing-room. I went to bed; but sleep was a long time in coming. All the events of the day presented themselves to my mind. I thought of this young girl, so beautiful and pure, thrown away upon a drunkard. What an odious thing, I said to myself, is a marriage of expediency! A mayor invests himself with a tri-coloured scarf, a minister with a stole, and, behold! the most virtuous girl in the world is handed over to minotaur! What can two beings who do not love each other say in such a moment—a moment which two real lovers would purchase with their existence? Can a woman ever love a man whom she has once seen a brute?

First impressions are never effaced, and I am sure this M. Alphonse will deserve to be hated.

During my monologue, which I must abridge, I heard great stirrings in the house, doors opening and shutting, carriages driving off; then it seemed to me that I heard the light steps of several women going in the direction of the end of the corridor, opposite my chamber.

It was probably the cortége of the bride whom they were conducting to bed. Then there was a re-descending of the stairs. The door of Madame de Peyrehorade was closed.

How this poor girl, I mused, must be troubled and ill at ease!

I turned in my bed in a very bad humour. A bachelor plays a foolish part in a house where a marriage is going on!

Silence reigned for some time, when it was disturbed by heavy steps, which ascended the stairs. The wooden steps creaked audibly.

What a lout, I cried, I bet he will fall on the stairs.

All became quiet again. I took up a book to change the current of my thoughts. It was a book containing the statistics of the Department embellished with a memoir, by M. de Peyrehorade, on the Druidical monuments of the Arrondissement of Prades. I got drowsy at the third page. I slept badly, and woke several times. It must have been five o'clock in the morning, and I had been awake for more than twenty minutes, when the cock crew.

Day was breaking. Then I heard distinctly the same loud steps, the same creaking of the stairs which I had heard before I went to sleep. That appeared to me singular. Yawning, I tried to guess why M. Alphonse got up so early. I did not imagine anything that was probable. I was on the point of closing my eyes again when my attention was excited anew by strange stampings, with which were mingled the tinkling of bells and the noise of doors being slammed; then I heard confused cries.

My drunkard must have set some part of the house on fire, I thought, as I jumped from my bed.

I dressed quickly and entered the corridor. From the opposite extremity there proceeded cries and lamentations and a heart-rending voice was heard over all the others.

I caught the words: "My son! my son!" It was evident that an accident had happened to M. Alphonse. I ran to the nuptial chamber; it was full of people. The first object which arrested my attention was the young man, half dressed, and stretched across the bed, the wood of which was broken. He was livid and motionless. His mother wept and cried at his side. M. de Peyrehorade, greatly agitated, rubbed the young man's temples with *eau de cologne*, and applied salts to his nose. Alas! soon it was apparent that his son was dead. On a couch, at the other end of the chamber, was the bride in horrible convulsions. She uttered inarticulate cries, and two strong servants had the greatest difficulty in keeping her down.

"Good Heavens!" I cried, "what has happened?" I approached the bed, and lifted up the body of the unfortunate young man; he was already stiff and cold. His teeth clenched and his face blackened, betokened the most frightful anguish. It was evident that his death had been violent, and his agony terrible.

No trace of blood, however, was on his clothes. I opened his shirt and saw on his breast a livid mark which extended to his sides and his back. One would have said that he had been clasped in a circle of iron. My foot rested on something hard lying on the carpet; I stooped and saw the diamond ring.

I hurried M. de Peyrehorade and his wife to their chamber, and made the bride go there also.

"You have still a daughter," I said to them, "to whom you owe all your care." Then I left them alone.

It did not appear to me doubtful that M. Alphonse had been the victim of an assassination, the perpetrators of which had found the means of introducing themselves during the night into the bride's chamber.

The circular bruises on the chest, however, embarrassed me greatly. A stick or an iron bar could not have produced them.

Suddenly, I recollected having heard at Valencia of ruffians making use of long leathern bags filled with fine sand for the purpose of overpowering those whom they have been hired to kill. Then I recalled to mind the Aragonias muleteer and his threat.

Still, I could hardly imagine that he would have taken such a terrible revenge for so slight an offence.

I went within doors seeking everywhere for traces of the house having been broken into, but could find none. I went down into the garden to see if the assassins could have introduced themselves from that side; but could find no certain indication.

The rain of the previous night had so moistened the soil that an impression could not be retained. I observed, however, some foot-marks deeply imprinted on the earth; they went in two contrary directions, but on the same line, parting at an angle of the hedge close by the tennis ground, and terminating at the door of the house.

These might have been the foot-prints of M. Alphonse when he went in search of his ring on the finger of the statue.

From another side the hedge, at a particular spot, was not so closely set as elsewhere; that might have been the place where the murderers broke through.

Passing and repassing in front of the statue, I stopped for an instant to consider. This time, I must confess, I could not contemplate without dread its expression of ironical wickedness; and my head being full of the horrible scenes of which I had been the witness, I imagined I saw before me an infernal divinity, looking with satisfaction on the misfortune that had befallen this home.

I regained my chamber and remained there till noon. I then went out and asked my host and hostess if anything further had been discovered. They were now somewhat calmer.

Mademoiselle de Puygarrig (I ought to say, the widow of M. Alphonse) had recovered consciousness. She had even spoken to the Crown Attorney of Perpignan, then on circuit at Ille; and that magistrate had received her deposition. He asked me for mine; I told him what I knew. I did not conceal from him my suspicions in regard to the Aragonias Muleteer.

He ordered him to be arrested on the spot.

"Did you learn anything from Madame Alphonse?" I asked of the Crown Attorney when my deposition was written down and signed.

"That unfortunate young lady has become mad," said he, with a sad smile, mad; "quite mad. Here is what she states:

"She had been asleep, she said, for some minutes, the curtains were drawn, when the door of her chamber opened, and some one entered. She was then at the edge of the bed with her face towards the wall.

"She did not stir, supposing it to be her husband.

Presently, the bed creaked, as if it had been burdened with an enormous weight. She was in great alarm and durst not turn her head. Five minutes, ten minutes passed; she could not reckon the time. Then she made an involuntary movement, or rather the person who was in the bed made one, and she felt the contact of something cold as ice;—these were her expressions. She sank down in the bed, trembling in every limb. A little while afterwards the door opened a second time, and some one entered who said, 'Good evening, my little wife.' Soon after that the curtain was drawn. She heard a stifled cry. The person who was in the bed at her side rose and appeared to stretch out his arms in front of him. She then turned her head . . . saw, she says, her husband on his knees near the bed, his head above the level of the pillow, in the grasp of a greenish-coloured giant, who hugged him furiously. She saw further, and she repeated it to me twenty times, the poor woman! . . . She saw, she recognized . . . Can you guess? The bronze Venus! the statue of M. de Peyrehorade. Since ever that statue has been in the country every body dreams of it . . . But I must go on with the statement of the unfortunate mad woman. At the sight of this spectacle she lost consciousness, and probably for some time had parted with her reason. She cannot in any way tell how long she remained unconscious. When she came to herself, she saw again the phantom, or the statue, immovable, the legs and lower part of the body in the bed, the bust and arms extended in front, her husband in its arms, but making no movement. A cock crew. Then the statue left the bed, dropped the corpse, and departed. Madame Alphonse held on to the bell, and you know the rest."

They brought in the Spaniard; he was quite calm, and defended himself with a great deal of coolness and presence of mind. He did not deny the expression I had heard him use; but he explained it, maintaining that

he meant nothing more than that on the next day, having rested, he would have won a game of tennis with his conqueror. I recollect that he added:

"An Aragonias, when he is insulted, does not wait till the morrow to revenge himself. Had I thought that M. Alphonse wished to insult me, on the spot I would have plunged my knife into him."

They compared his shoes with the impressions of the footprints in the garden; his shoes were much larger.

Finally, the hotel-keeper where this man had lodged, affirmed that he passed the whole night in rubbing and physicing one of his mules that was sick.

Besides, this Aragonias was a man of good repute; well known in the country whither he came every year to trade.

They let him go, making apologies for his arrest.

I forgot the deposition of a domestic, who was the last to see M. Alphonse alive.

It was just as he was going up stairs to his wife; calling this man, he asked him with an air of anxiety, if he knew where I was. The domestic replied that he had not seen me. Then M. Alphonse sighed and remained for a few minutes without speaking. At last he said; ah ha! *the devil will have taken him also!*

I asked this man if he noticed that M. Alphonse had his diamond ring when he spoke to him. The domestic hesitated before replying; at last he said he believed not, though he had not paid any attention.

"If he had had this ring on his finger," added he, returning to the subject, "I would have noticed it, for I believed that he had given it to Madame Alphonse.

In questioning this man I manifested a little of the superstitious terror which the deposition of Madame Alphonse had spread through the whole house. The Crown Attorney looked at me to re-assure me, and I placed myself on my guard.

Some hours after M. Alphonse's funeral, I made preparations to leave Ille. M. de Peyrehorade's carriage was to take me to Perpignan.

Notwithstanding his feeble condition, the old man insisted on accompanying me to his garden gate.

We crossed the garden in silence, he dragging himself along with difficulty, leaning on my arm. At the moment of our separation I threw a last look at the Venus. I foresaw clearly that my host, although he did not share the terror or the hatred of the statue which inspired a part of his family, he would have been pleased to get rid of an object which could never cease to recall a terrible misfortune. I thought of persuading him to place it in a museum, but hesitated to broach the subject. Presently, however, M. de Peyrehorade turned his head mechanically to the spot whereon he saw me intently gazing. He perceived the statue and immediately burst into tears.

I embraced him, and without saying a single word, leapt into the carriage.

Since my departure I have not learned that any new light has been thrown on this mysterious matter.

M. de Peyrehorade died some months after his son. By his will he bequeathed to me his manuscripts, which I shall perhaps one day publish.

I have not found among them the memoir relating to the inscriptions on the Venus.

P. S.—My friend M. de P. has just written me from Perpignan informing me that the statue is no longer in existence. After the death of her husband the first act of Madame de Peyrehorade was to have it melted into a bell, and in this new form it serves the church at Ille. But, adds M. de P., it seems that an evil destiny pursues those who possess this bronze. Since the ringing of this bell at Ille, the vines have been twice frozen.

THE END.

### MUSIC.

THE battle between Italian Opera, with its objectionable concomitant, the "Star system," and the highest type of dramatic music as represented by German Opera, will be well-fought, and perhaps settled for this side of the Atlantic, in New York this season. There have been several agencies at work for some years past to bring down Italian Opera from the place it once held in public estimation. One of these is the fact that the finest operas are no longer written by Italians, therefore it seems unreasonable to require all such works to be translated into a foreign language before they may be heard, especially as most of the singers engaged in their interpretation are not Italians. Another very potent cause of the decadence of this form of art is the pernicious "Star system" alluded to. Prima Donna worship has of late years increased to such an absurd extent that the terms asked by a great Soprano are sufficiently large to pay an entire company, so that when a Patti or a Nilsson is engaged the chorus has to be inferior, the *mise en scene* slovenly, and the *ensemble* second-rate, because the leading lady exacts such an exorbitant fee that there is not sufficient left to allow of putting work on the stage in proper style. This is the reason why chorus-singing is occasionally heard at Covent Garden and Her Majesty's Theatre that would be a disgrace to a provincial choral society. Then again the public are condemned to listen year after year to the same well-worn operas, because they give certain celebrated vocalists a chance for the display of their own particular styles; therefore other meritorious works are left in obscurity that the greed and vanity of that objectionable creation known as a Prima Donna may be indulged. German Opera on the other hand demands equal efficiency from the whole company, and, as it represents the highest type of dramatic music, will undoubtedly have the good wishes of all musicians for its success at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, under Dr. Damrosch.

The list of operas to be performed is as follows:—"Rienzi," "Flying Dutchman," "Tannhauser," "Lohengrin," and "Die Walkure," by Richard

Wagner; "Fidelio," Beethoven; "Der Freischütz," Weber; "Huguenots" and "Prophet," Meyerbeer; "Don Giovanni," "Marriage of Figaro" and "Magic Flute," Mozart; "La Juive," Halevy; "William Tell" and "Il Barbiere Di Seviglia," Rossini; "Rigoletto," Verdi; "Faust," Gounod; "Masaniello," Auber; "Merry Wives of Windsor," Nicolai; "La Dame Blanche," Bouldieu; "Hans Heiling," Marschner; and "A Night in Granada," Kreutzer. In a programme such as this it seems a pity to have included such operas as "Don Giovanni," "Il Barbiere" and "Rigoletto," which are better when sung in Italian, the language for which they were written, and are besides so hackneyed as to present little attraction to educated musicians. There are English operas which mark an era in music, such as Mr. A. C. Mackenzie's "Colomba," Dr. Stanford's "Canterbury Pilgrims," Mr. Goring Thomas' "Esmeralda," etc.: these should be heard in America, and would be more satisfactory in German than Italian Opera can be owing to the greater affinity in the language and train of thought of the two countries. The production of "Hans Heiling" is a praiseworthy feature in the programme. The composer, H. Marschner, of whose music little is known outside Germany, was a contemporary of Weber, between whom and himself great friendship existed. In 1823 Marschner was appointed joint Capellmeister with Weber and Marlacchi, of the German and Italian Opera at Dresden. Weber had hoped to obtain this appointment for a friend of his own, but did not allow the disappointment to mar his relations with his *confrère*, whom he assisted in the production of his operas as long as he lived. In 1829 Marschner's opera, "The Vampire," was performed in London at the Lyceum, and ran for sixty nights. In 1831 he was appointed Court Capellmeister at Hanover, where he produced "Hans Heiling," the libretto of which had been offered to Mendelssohn but declined by him. Herr A. Mackzewski, in an article on Marschner, says:—"As a dramatic composer of the romantic school Marschner ranks next to Weber and Spohr. . . . Marschner's favourite subjects were ghosts and demons, whose uncanny revels he delineated with extraordinary power." Coming between Weber and Wagner he was overshadowed by both, and as his chief aim in all his writings was popularity, his music has not stood the test of time. The opera in question is his best work and, though not great, has cleverness, much charm, and some clever orchestration. It still takes a high place in Germany, and its production at the Metropolitan shows a wise determination to make that opera house attractive to musicians as well as to those who are only drawn by hackneyed works. The most important operas on the list are of course those of Wagner. In the present day his position as a great composer is questioned by none but fossil musicians, although many leading critics take exception to his later compositions in which his theories are carried out to their logical conclusion. The only opera of this debatable epoch announced for performance is "Die Walküre," the second of the great Tetralogy of the Nibelungenlied, and its production will be eagerly welcomed by musicians as an earnest of the performance of the entire work at some future time.

In connection with this subject special interest attaches to the recent performance at the Albert Hall, London, of Wagner's last music drama, "Parsival," which on account of its sacred character cannot be put on the stage in England as an opera. When performed in Wagner's own theatre at Bayreuth it produced a deeply solemn effect, and was received by the audience in much the same spirit as the Passion Play at Ober Ammergau. It would, however, be unseemly to place it in an ordinary operatic repertoire, as the spirit and even observances of Christian worship form an important part of its action. For this and other reasons Wagner never in his life-time would allow it to be performed anywhere but at Bayreuth, and it is highly creditable to the enterprise and musical enthusiasm of Mr. Joseph Barnby that a work requiring such vast vocal and instrumental resources should have been presented to an English audience. Divested of stage accessories, it was listened to as an Oratorio, and produced a great impression on a large and interested assembly. The soloists were Fraulein Maiten, Herr Gudehus, Herr Scaria, and Herr Schuegraf, of whom the first three were the original creators of their respective parts at Bayreuth, and whose singing on this occasion is highly praised. This latter fact will be interesting to those who heard the very indifferent performance of Herr Scaria in Wagner's music at the festival given by Theodore Thomas with his orchestra in Montreal last summer.

Not long since a festival was held at Eisenach on the occasion of the unveiling of the statue of J. S. Bach, who was born in that town. The interesting event was celebrated by two concerts, at one of which Bach's Mass in B Minor was performed, the orchestra being constituted exactly as in the time of the composer—that is, with several instruments included in it which are now considered obsolete. These are—the *corno di caccia*, the *oboe d'amore*, and a high trumpet differing from that now in use. The *corno di caccia*, or hunting-horn, is the precursor of the French horn. Unfortunately on this occasion the player was ill, and his place supplied by an ordinary horn. The *oboe d'amore* is a transposing instrument standing in A, and has a hollow, globular bell instead of a conical one, giving it a more veiled and pathetic tone than the "acid-sweet" sound of the ordinary oboe. The trumpet used was manufactured under the direction of the player, Herr Kosleck, of Berlin, and is an exact copy of one three hundred years old which he found in a shop at Heidelberg. It has a high compass, extending to E flat in alt., and has a different *timbre* from the modern trumpet. Bach wrote much for this high instrument, and since it has fallen into disuse parts written for it have been given to the clarinet, producing an entirely different effect. Herr Kosleck, who is a very fine performer, has been already invited to visit England next spring, when this same Mass will be produced, and his re-discovered instrument will be gladly welcomed by musicians as helping to realize the exact effect intended by the great master.

MESSRS. SUCKLING AND SONS send "Festival March," by Anton Gunther, "Nina Valses," by T. Herbert Chestnut, "The May Queen," by Arthur E. Fisher, and "La Brunette," by J. Davenport Kerrison—all for the piano. The first piece is an admirable composition of inspiring music, well accentuated, and is sure to become popular, especially as it is not difficult. The "Nina Valses" are also very pretty, though the composer has, involuntarily, no doubt, distinctly plagiarized the song "It is a Dream" in the opening movement. "The May Queen" and "Brunette" are both polkas—the former very catchy and original, the latter more pretentious, but with many attractive features.—*Com.*

### BOOK NOTICES.

FLOWER-SONG SERIES. By Susie B. Skelding. New York: White, Stokes, and Allen. BABY'S KINGDOM. Designed and Illustrated by Annie Cox. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

The "Flower-Song Series" includes four satin-bound and silk-fringed booklets each of which is a triumph of artistic taste and lithographic skill. The first, "Hearts-ease," has four different shades of pansies, on as many full pages, and bound in handsome covers containing enlarged prints of the same flower. Another is entitled "A Handful of Blossoms," and consists of lovely pictures of apple blossoms, white clover and violets, morning glories, and poppies and wheat, the whole also handsomely bound. A third is a gilt-encased series of maple leaves, golden rod, harebells, and sweet peas, and named "Maple Leaves and Golden Rod." The last includes chaste bouquets of wood-fringes, pansies, columbine, and daisies and ferns. Each picture is accompanied by an appropriate poetical motto, and longer poetical selections occupy the inter-leaves. A more charming series has not appeared this holiday season.

"Baby's Kingdom" is a unique and beautiful production. As the title tells us, it is a volume in which may be chronicled, as memories for grown-up days, the mother's story of the events, happenings, and incidents attending the progress of that important domestic personage "The Baby." It is a magnificent gift-book, in the production of which neither pains nor expense appear to have been spared. Illuminated mottoes decorate the various pages where blanks are left for the date of baby's birth, a list of gifts, date of christening, name, for a lock of hair, for his picture, for the date upon which his first tooth appears, and for the thousand-and-one incidents connected with the appearance and career of the diminutive tyrant. "Baby's Kingdom" is bound in gold, with gilt edges.

HALF A CENTURY OF ENGLISH HISTORY. Pictorially Presented in a series of Cartoons from the Collection of Mr. Punch. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Seeing that the first cartoon is dated 1846 and the last 1857, one is inclined to complain of the "shortage," especially as the one hundred and fifty pictorial satires given are so excellent. Not that they are perfect by any means: it was to be expected that in reducing them much of the sharpness of outline would be lost; but the pencils of Doyle, Leech, Tenniel, and others are plainly traceable throughout. It is remarkable, however, that not a single cartoon relating to the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, or the Franco-German War appears, and there is an hiatus from 1853 to 1857. Moreover, some of the subjects seem to have undergone change in course of reproduction—notably "The Political Topsy" and, if memory serves, "The Fight at St. Stephen's Academy" and "Columbia's Fix." Apart from these slight drawbacks, however, the book is admirably conceived, very valuable, and most amusing. It ought to command a good sale in Canada, and would form a most appropriate gift-book to students of English history.

SELECTED PROSE WRITINGS OF JOHN MILTON. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

This pretty little volume includes the "Arcopagitica" and "The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates" entire, as well as the letter "On Education," and extracts from "The Reason of Church Government," from the tracts on the Smeectymnuus controversy, from the "Eikonoklastes," and from other writings. The introduction, by Mr. Ernest Myers, adds considerably to the value of the book, which forms one of the charming "Parchment Library Series." Messrs. Appleton have laid the reading world under a great obligation by this reproduction, for, great as Milton's reputation is, there is some danger of his prose writings being forgotten in the daily flood of literature that is poured over the world. Most truly does Mr. Myers say, "Small indeed is the residue of prose from any pen that can be fully enjoyed two centuries, or even one, after it is written."

THE MENTOR. By Alfred Ayres. New York: Funk and Wagnalls.

The author explains that this is "a little book for the guidance of such men and boys as would appear to advantage in the society of persons of the better sort." It is characterized by much common sense, and Mr. Ayres carefully distinguishes between the so-called "politeness" which consists merely of a graceful exterior and the true courtesy which comes from the heart. The book is much less dogmatic in tone than the average manual of etiquette, and will no doubt be found of as much assistance as can be expected from this class of work.

WILLIAM AND MARY. A Tale of the Siege of Louisburg. By David Hickey. Toronto: William Briggs.

ALDERSYDE. A Border Story of Seventy Years Ago. By Annie S. Swan. With Six Original Illustrations. Toronto: William Briggs.

JOCK HALLIDAY. A Grassmarket Hero. By Robina F. Hardy. Toronto: William Briggs.

The author of the first story, who makes no pretence to experience or ability as a novelist, succeeds nevertheless in infusing considerable interest into his account of the Louisburg incident of 1745. Although the site of the once redoubtable fortress is now only marked by mounds of rubbish, the spot has, in the words of Mr. Hickey, "still a strange charm." He has attempted to tell his story with historical accuracy, but distinctly seizes the opportunity to "preach" in his book, and though he succeeds in "pointing a moral" in relating the adventures of "William and Mary," it is a matter of opinion whether he by that means "adorns a tale."—"Aldersyde" is a thoroughly interesting and very well written Scotch border tale of seventy years ago. The author without moralizing contrives to impart a considerable amount of sensible information.—The story of an Edinburgh Grassmarket Hero, "Jock Halliday," is also well told, and has been written "with an object" apparently outside of commercial success. The last two books have gone into their sixth and seventh editions respectfully—a striking testimony to their merits.

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WHAT IS CATARRH?

From the Mail (Can.) Dec. 15.

Catarrh is a muco-purulent discharge caused by the presence and development of the vegetable parasite amoeba in the internal lining membrane of the nose. This parasite is only developed under favourable circumstances, and these are:—Morbid state of the blood, as the blighted corpuscle of ureole, the germ poison of syphilis, mercury, toxomias, from the retention of the effeted matter of the skin, suppressed perspiration, badly ventilated sleeping apartments, and other poisons that are germinated in the blood. These poisons keep the internal lining membrane of the nose in a constant state of irritation, ever ready for the deposit of the seeds of these germs, which spread up the nostrils and down the fauces, or back of the throat, causing ulceration of the throat; up the eustachian tubes, causing deafness; burrowing in the vocal cords, causing hoarseness usurping the proper structure of the bronchial tubes, ending in pulmonary consumption and death.

Many attempts have been made to discover a cure for this distressing disease by the use of inhalants and other ingenious devices, but none of these treatments can do a particle of good until the parasites are either destroyed or removed from the mucus tissue.

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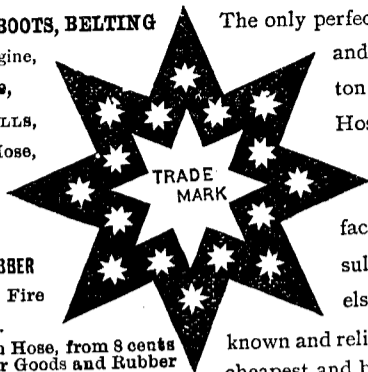
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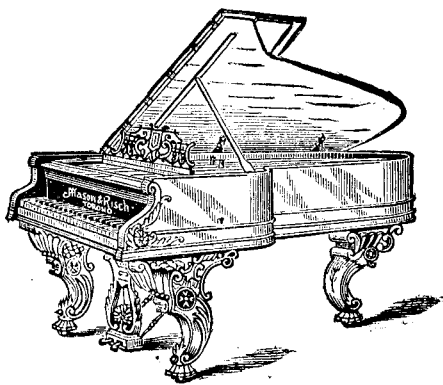
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