

THE WEEK:

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CANADIANS IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK undoubtedly can justly lay paramount claim to being the most cosmopolitan city on the face of the earth. Into every trade, calling, and profession worked and practised in this great city, a foreign element has pushed its way and gained a foothold, and a patriot of any one particular race can point with pride to one or more of his countrymen who have nationally distinguished themselves in this metropolis, and to a certain degree, by gaining such distinction, have commended themselves to the recognition of the Government of their nativity.

The remarks I have made, speaking generically, are more particularly applicable to the Canadian colony, at present resident in New York. Within the last few years they have been unconsciously bringing themselves before the eyes of Americans as a *class*. Such prominence has been deservedly won. It was not gained by any claptrap devices which attract ephemeral attention, but by that display of energy, push, and dogged perseverance, characteristics apparently innate and national, which metropolitan life stimulates and inflames to a degree the happy possessors themselves can scarcely comprehend. There is something in the metropolitan atmosphere that fans the flame of latent ambition and spurs one on. At least it has this effect on the average Canadian emigrant, and it requires but a few weeks, nay, say days, to revolutionize his whole being and turn his thoughts in a new direction, as to what "may be" attained in the future. Where our young countrymen have taken up their permanent residence here imbued with that feeling of strong determination to succeed, I cannot look back and point at a dismal failure. As a general rule, the rewards of their labour are even more remunerative at the end of a year than their brightest plans allowed them to anticipate.

I am losing sight of individual successes, and speaking generally. Of course we cannot forget the fact that they have left their native country for the sole purpose of improving their condition in life. They are firm in this resolution to do better, and therein lies the secret, or at least part of it. Hard work, I might almost say slavery—for a short time—and constant attention and application are the open sesame.

In nine out of ten cases it is, as the old saying has it, "neck or nothing," and the latter alternative is unanimously voted unworthy of even passing consideration. The average Canadian commences the uphill struggle with many things decidedly in his favour. He brings with him those deeply ingrafted principles and ideas of economy, which in Canada he well learns, and his mode of living, as compared to the reckless extravagance of the average New Yorkers, is the essence of asceticism. He denies himself the thousand and one little expensive fancies that the native regards as essentially necessary to his living, and not being accustomed to them the loss is but little felt. His tastes, as I have said, are comparatively simple, and his wants few and easily supplied. It necessarily takes time to uproot these instinctive feelings of economy, and when the revolutionary period takes possession of him, he has attained that position which enables him to "do as the Romans do," without overstepping the limit, or going beyond his means.

All the professions are receiving their quota of Canadian patrons. The study of the law apparently holds out a tempting bait, notwithstanding the fact that a late decision in the Court of Appeals has finally determined the oft-evaded question of citizenship, which, although legally enacted some years ago, had, until the decision in the O'Neill case, remained practically in abeyance. The law is now most strictly enforced. There is no comity between the two countries, and a Canadian who has been "called" in Canada must first serve the necessary five years in this country, and pass the regular examinations before he can be admitted to practise as an American counsellor. The regular term of service of clerkship is three years for a non-graduate of any university, and two years for a graduate. This restriction on the foreigner seems a little harsh, but fortunately the law clerk's salary in New York is not regulated on the same scale of princely magnificence as in Toronto. His remuneration here, after a short period of probation, is sufficiently liberal to maintain him.

No such formidable obstruction to rapid advancement as this question of naturalization rises before the medical student. The initiative in this profession is taken by the passing of a *mild form* of preliminary examination, and, after attendance at some medical college for six months in each year for two years, and a short service under the tutelary care of a practising physician, the student is at liberty to attach the easily obtained "M.D." to his name.

Journalism, as a profession, has claimed a number of bright, clever Canadian writers as its own, whose worth, unfortunately, as of the majority who have chosen this calling, is little known or appreciated outside of their own sphere.

Some fifteen months ago, several of the more prominent Canadians in New York met and fully discussed the advisability of organizing a social institution that would be strictly Canadian in its constitution. There were hundreds and hundreds of resident Canadians in New York who knew little or nothing of each other, and who, in the busy whirl of a busy life, were fast losing interest in Canada and Canadian events. How to bring them together was the question. The result of the several conferences between these gentlemen, patriots to the core, was the "Canadian Club," an institution which, even in this short space of time, has taken such rapid strides of advancement that it has now fairly established its right to a prominent place amongst the leading social organizations of New York.

Quarters in Washington Place were deemed sufficiently pretentious to accommodate the then comparatively small number of members, but the membership roll kept gradually growing larger and larger until no other alternative presented itself than to move to larger and better accommodations. Three months ago the change was made to a more desirable building, and a more desirable location than the quarters at present occupied at 12 E. 29th St.,—the old St. Nicholas Club—could not well be found in New York. The membership roll now foots up to something like three hundred resident and non-resident members, and new ones are constantly being added. The constitution of the club limits the number of American members to one hundred, and about one-third of the space to be devoted to their names is already taken up.

The reading, writing, and billiard rooms are most comfortably fitted up, in fact, everything bears the imprint of excellent management and prosperity. Altogether it is an institution of which Canadians both here and at home may well feel proud. It is, indeed, a wonderful year's growth, and another evidence of what determination will do.

No two gentlemen have been, or are, more closely linked with the fortunes of the club than Messrs. Erastus Wiman and W. B. Ellison. The former by his beneficent aid and apt suggestions, and the latter by his indefatigable efforts and skilful management, have made the Canadian Club as it stands to-day, and if thorough appreciation of their unskilful efforts, by the members of the club, goes for aught, they are being repaid.

Canadians visiting New York are extended all the privileges of the club. They are metaphorically welcomed with outstretched arms, and we make bold to say that they will with little difficulty detect a faint aroma of the proverbial Canadian hospitality lingering around the building, which to many of us, comparative strangers in a strange land, serves as a perfect "haven of rest," our appreciation of the advantages of which can be but ill-expressed in words.

J. H. SINCLAIR.

New York.

LITERATURE IN THE NORTH-WEST.

Not long ago a literary critic who had spent a few months in Manitoba complained in an American literary journal that the Canadian North-west was no place for a literary man. He deplored the utilitarian spirit of the people, and enlarged his indictment by asserting that the people were not readers, that the great majority of them had gone to the North-west to make money in a hurry, at all events to make it. He further endeavoured to strengthen his position by pointing out the circumstance that two or three leading political writers had endeavoured to live in Manitoba, but they had to succumb, and seek the older fields whence they had come.

It would, indeed, be odd if a writer, political or otherwise, remained all his days in one place; if he did not travel as other people do, the knowledge which such a person might possess would be extremely limited, and his usefulness would be of short duration.

That the people of the North-west, especially those of Winnipeg and the leading towns, are not a reading people, everyday facts, as stated by those who have come in contact with them for years, do not sustain.

The observing visitor to the splendid rooms of the Manitoba Historical and Scientific Society does not fail to note that their rooms are well patronized. The tables and shelves of the reading-room are plentifully covered with such magazines as *Cornhill*, *Harper's*, *Atlantic*, *Good Words*, *Chambers's Monthly*, *Littell's Living Age*, *Macmillan's Magazine*, *Sunday Magazine*, *Blackwood*, *North American Review*, *Westminster Review*, *Edinburgh Review*, *Quarterly Review*, *Popular Science Monthly*, *Longmans' Magazine*, *Fortnightly Review*, *Contemporary Review*; and the leading illustrated papers are well represented, so are the chief journals, and the daily and weekly press, the world over. But the most magnificent features in connection with these rooms are the library of 13,000 volumes, of which 5,000 were contributed by the late Mr. Isbister, one of the best friends of popular education which the present century has produced, and the museum which is on the second floor. Small and unpretentious as this museum is, it speaks in practical eloquence what this great North-west holds in the shape of minerals and archaeological specimens, to say nothing of the ornithological, entomological, and last, but not least, the botanical, and geological.

Here then is a field of practical literature which offers a most profitable inducement to the young Canadian; and it is not a surprising fact to find many young men who are attending college occupying spare moments in studying practical botany and geology from the works of the library and the specimens of the museum.

Add to this a most courteous and painstaking secretary, Mr. Hughan, whose heart is bestowed on his work, and to whose efforts much of the success which has attended the institution is due. The Society has received little or no public aid; it is self-supporting, and whether in regard to the mental pabulum which is to be found within its walls, or the excellent lesson it teaches, it is doing most valuable service.

It has already laid the foundations of self culture broad and deep in the city of Winnipeg, and the fruits of its labours will be of the right kind in due season.

The legislative library and reading-room in charge of Mr. Robertson, formerly of Ottawa, is a snug literary retreat in which I frequently find not a few of Winnipeg's litterateur, quietly perusing a magazine or some work of reference. This library contains 10,000 volumes, and the law library—altogether devoted to legal tomes, and which is contained in the Court House—comprises 3,000 volumes. Then there are numerous private libraries, and those connected with churches and other institutions, which show a great total of books.

There is a commendable absence of much of that cheap trashy literature in the book stores which is to be found in the older cities of the venerable East. The taste is more in the direction of sound reading, with a great deal of local, musical, and histrionic talent.

A few ladies and gentlemen of cultivated tastes recently formed a society for the promotion of art. With two or three exceptions, all are amateurs, but from what a casual acquaintance leads me to believe they will be heard from as substantial growth progresses. In Regina, the nucleus of a parliamentary library has been laid. The people there are of cultivated tastes, and notwithstanding many drawbacks, they will not permit themselves to retrograde.

The clergymen of the North-west, irrespective of denomination, are about as earnest a class of men in the advancement of education as may be found in any quarter of the globe. They, in addition to the duties of their calling, have done much towards laying the foundation of a literary taste amongst the people. They are readers and travellers. They never fail nor falter in lending a helping hand to the cause of literary advance-

ment, and many of them have already produced evidence of considerable literary skill.

The population of Winnipeg is to-day as orderly, law abiding, and as fond of intellectual entertainment as the inhabitants of the most staid town in the Dominion. The wave of inflation which unstrung men's nerves has gone forever, and the prairie metropolis has settled down to those substantial methods of advancement which, after all, are the natural resources of an Anglo-Saxon people.

G. B. E.

JOTTINGS ALONG THE C. P. R.

I LEFT Calgary on Tuesday, July 6th, at half-past ten o'clock at night by the through train from Montreal bound west for the Coast. I had telegraphed in the morning to Medicine Hat to secure a section, which I found duly reserved for me: when I entered the car I had it made up or rather down at once, and was soon wrapped in as profound a slumber as I can ever hope to achieve in a Pullman Sleeper. I had been warned to rise early in order to enjoy the scenery to be met with at the summit of the Rockies, and accordingly five o'clock found me up and dressed, and my first glance from the window revealed beauties undreamt of before. We were passing through a wild region of tall slender spruces and pines in a narrow rocky defile: some were mere bare, naked poles, others scantily clothed at their tops with ragged foliage, which lower down changed into a dark, heavy black fungus, indicative of primitive decay, and giving these youthful trees a melancholy depressing air, as if they were wearing their own mourning. There is something to me irresistibly suggestive of crape about these sombre trappings of nature's vegetation.

We are evidently at the summit, as there are no mountains in sight; we see several small lakes lying close to the track, all gloom and shadow in the early dawn, and presently come upon a brawling torrent, some forty feet wide, which is, I learn, the Kicking Horse River. We are now in the celebrated Pass of that name, by which the line descends the west slope of the Rocky Mountains; the river rushes and tumbles along beside us, tossing its foaming waters over huge boulders and rocks, as if striving to escape from its narrow bed. We begin to move slowly, with the powerful air brakes in full play, down the steep hill which follows the course of the river to the valley below (a grade of four feet to the hundred). I must confess I held my breath as I gazed from the window and watched our engine snorting and groaning while it crept slowly and carefully along, as if feeling every step of the way. The line twisted and turned round steep walls of rock, and I could see the conductor on the locomotive with the engineer and fireman, their heads well out to the front watching carefully over the lives of the passengers entrusted to their charge; and I was also aware of a sense of gratitude to the iron horse which was bearing us so steadily and surely down this apparently perilous decline.

The scenes that began to unfold themselves before me, however, soon turned my attention from all thoughts of personal danger, and I became perfectly absorbed in the wild beauties of, I believe, the most magnificent mountain scenery in the world: certainly I can imagine none which could possibly equal, much less surpass it. Peak towered above peak on both sides of the line, carved and moulded by the hand of nature in every possible form of crag and precipice, as if lavish of design; their snow-clad summits glistened in the early sunlight with such dazzling brightness that the eye was glad to travel slowly down, over the reddish yellow rocks on which the snow is resting in shady nooks and crevices, to the bare walls of the same warm colour below, then on to the dark forests of spruce and fir which straggle up from the sea of green beneath. Words seem too feeble to express or describe the grandeur and solemnity of such scenery; one could only gaze in awe and admiration, and realize how small and feeble a thing man is beside the works of God.

About half way down the hill a beautiful valley opens out, formed by the north fork of the Kicking Horse River; blue woods recede into purple forests, and these again swell into an amphitheatre of lofty mountains, whose peaks have caught and held the first rays of sunlight, and are glowing in rainbow lines, while all below is mist and shadow. Soon the bottom of the descent is reached, and the river, increased by the streams running into it, widens into a broad shallow bed more than half clay, and spreads itself over it in several channels, which are fordable at Field, where we now pause for breakfast, as there is no dining car attached to the train (it had been dispensed with the preceding night after supper, to avoid its weight down the Kicking Horse Pass, and another car was to be attached for dinner).

Field is quite a typical mountain station consisting of a few log shanties and cabins roughly put up on a clearing in the forest, at the foot of Tunnel Mountain, with the Kicking Horse River flowing quietly below it.

I did not feel inclined to breakfast at half-past six o'clock, so remained where I was, feasting upon the beauties of nature. After half an hour's delay we moved off again down the valley, where the river soon changes its course and narrows into another rocky bed. It now roars and tumbles along more wildly than ever beside the line, here raised on a stone foundation several feet above the foaming waters, which dash angrily against its walls as if bent on their destruction. The track crosses and recrosses the river several times and penetrates through four or five tunnels before finally leaving the Kicking Horse Valley at Golden City, where it enters upon that of the Columbia, whose opening is several miles wide.

The city of auriferous name consists of about thirty log buildings, in the parlance of the country "shacks;" its aspect is not inviting, lying as it does on an extensive flat, with the Selkirk Range in the distance, a nobly redeeming feature in the landscape. After we leave Golden City the line follows the course of the Columbia River down the valley to Donald, sixty-seven miles distant, which we reached at half past nine o'clock, a. m. Here the mountains draw nearer together again. The town itself lies snugly nestled in one of the most perfect situations that could be imagined, with the Rocky Mountains bounding the valley on the east side and the Selkirks on the west, though the Columbia River forms actually its western limits. This, a deep rapid stream of curiously muddy green water about 600 feet wide, flows between high, steep banks; the left one rises in a wooded height of some 300 feet, from which the eye is carried up to the gray scarred peaks of the Selkirks, rising apparently out of the hills of green, streaked with snow in their rocky fastnesses and standing out in blue or purple distance, according to the time of day, against the sky beyond. The high bank of the Columbia spreads itself out in a dense second growth of balsam pines, through which clearings called fire breaks have been made to protect the town from the ravages of the flame fiend, and also to make room for the residences of several officials of the C. P. R. Co., the court house, the jail, my own home and that of Jude Vowells, the Gold Commissioner and Stipendiary Magistrate of the District,—which all occupy the high ground between the railway and the right bank of the river, and rejoice in the somewhat exclusive appellation of Quality Hill.

E. S.

NOTES FROM THE CONTINENT.

BAUDRILLART states the Vendean has neither the tenacity nor the savage instincts of the Brittany peasant. He is quiet, slow, taciturn, a positive, rather than a dreamer. The passions which provoked the civil wars at the period of the Revolution are to-day completely extinguished. Further, politics are viewed with coldness by the Vendean, who has become connected with modern society by the possession of land. The peasants are sensitive only on religious questions. Some ancient customs still exist in Vendée, such as presenting the vicar with a bushel of wheat at harvest time—a traditional tribute. The peasant is honest, economical, hospitable, and occasionally generous; he suspects himself rather than others. He is extremely temperate: not half a quart of fermented drink per head is consumed annually by the population.

This does not include wine, which is under half a pint daily per inhabitant. Vendée is the most abstemious department in France, and it is a rare sight to witness a woman drunk. The people, however, are not provident. Marriage is honoured, and families are very united; but the condition of the wife is inferior. She is not viewed higher than a servant, and the husband calls her familiarly his "creature." The number of children per family is small; education is not at all general, due chiefly to the scattered nature of the residences, the bad condition of the roads, and the scarcity of farm hands, which compel children to be kept at home to labour. This explains why so few boys are to be met with on board the local fishing vessels. The number of conscripts coming from Vendée who can neither read nor write is 40 per cent.

In matters of taste, every one has their ideal. Kola, in Russian Lapland, is an "Arctic Eden," according to M. Rabot, who lived seven years in the region of that capital. Kola contains only 800 inhabitants; but this is considered quite an urban agglomeration, as you must travel a few hundred miles to meet a similar density. The country is a vast desert; only the coast is occupied, and even this, by hamlets at fifty or seventy-five miles distance from each other. In the interior of the country only clans or nomadic tribes are to be encountered. Kola is important, not alone by its population, but from its situation on the cross-roads of Russian Lapland; these extend to the Frozen Ocean and the White Sea, over a peninsula equal in area to half the size of France.

Around Kola are forests of birch and pine, fringing the fjords; the later sparkling like silver, and receiving streams of water, rippling music

as they flow. The air is invigorating from the balsamic perfume of the forests and the saline vapours of the sea. The wooden houses are painted coquettishly, either white, with a blue border, or green. Towering above them is the inevitable onion cupola of the Greek Church. The houses consist of a cellar and a single story; the former is the winter, the latter the summer, residence, and the apartments have each an independent entrance, so that the corridor is a very respectable labyrinth.

The hundred houses composing the Kola capital are distributed over a large area, and the streets have the width of a boulevard. The sidewalks consist of planks, and at stated distances there are lamps, each surmounted with the Russian flag in zinc. The police—and they are everywhere in Russia—have nothing to do, save to roll their cigarettes, herd the cattle which browse in the streets, and suppress riots between the dogs. The latter are as numerous as in Constantinople, only in Kola the dogs are not scavengers, and in part replace horses—which are rare in the country—to transport wood and water. No case of hydrophobia has ever occurred among such dogs. M. Pasteur might explain this secret, and perhaps do away with inoculation.

There are no roads, strictly speaking, in Russian Lapland. In summer the rivers and the caravan tracks through the forests do that duty; and in winter the ice and snow. The sparse populations find it difficult to live; if their scanty harvest fails, famine is the consequence. Many people quit the villages in February, to return in autumn, and hire themselves out as labourers and fishermen on the shores of the Frozen Ocean, and even as far as Norway. This means travelling a distance of 700 miles to gain some 300 francs, and with that sum to purchase flour. The flour too has to be carried home on the owner's back, if he has no reindeer. The women are better porters than the men.

Travelling on the river is effected in the lightest and most primitive of skills; eddies and cataracts are frequent; the frail bark, however, is provided with a good keel, to enable voyagers to grip when upset in the river. In passing through the forest, every exposed part of the body must be covered with red cloth, to keep off the mosquitoes. In the course of an hour they can disfigure their victim so as to be completely unrecognizable. But then the insects rarely have the chance to meet a visitor. The mosquitoes are so numerous that one can trace his name on the cloud swarm as if they were sand. They will pursue you like death or a constable, and even into the middle of a lake.

In winter the soil is covered with snow, and in summer with white moss. Game is very plentiful, especially woodcocks; a dog barks at them, when they remain mesmerized till knocked over with a stick like barn-door fowl. There are bears, but they avoid man, and the only hunting accidents are those caused by sportsmen firing on each other. The neighbourhood of the White Sea during its summer of eight weeks recalls Italy and the Apennines. Kendalask is the prettiest village, lying on the edge of the "blue" White Sea, in a flood of light, and "with verdure clad." As round Kola, the hamlets are forty or fifty miles apart, and the people live in underground huts like moles, as in old Bulgaria. No one can stand upright in a hut, and it only accommodates six persons; the one entrance serves for chimney, window, and door. Inside are branches of birch—for furniture; a few skins thrown across these serve at night for beds.

The fireside in the centre is composed of a few rough stones; close by is a shelf containing the sacred image of St. Nicholas, before which all the family kneel and bless themselves after every meal.

Beside the hut is the trunk of an old tree, twelve feet high, and notched with steps; on the summit of the stump is a pigeon house combination, in which the flour, provisions, and Sunday apparel of skins are kept as the safest place against vermin. Good fishing abounds, and to cook the fish it is cut up into small morsels, boiled, then emptied on a plank, when each guest grabs what he pleases; the water in which it was cooked washes all down. The flesh of the reindeer is only eaten in winter: a poor person can have fifty deer, a rich man a thousand. They graze at large, and when one is wanted it is caught with a lasso. A reindeer is yoked or saddled like a horse, and will carry one hundred-weight at the rate of three miles an hour. Those nomadic Laplanders who live in the forests make all their implements out of the horn and bone of the reindeer, and in their mode of life correspond to the peoples of the epoch of the reindeer in more southern climes. The bark of the birch is made into buckets, bottles, and boots; it serves as a capital oil-cloth and match-wood. Similarly to the natives of Africa, these wandering Laps prize highly, and have a weakness for, gaudy colours and iron knick-knacks.

THE forcible motto which long headed the pages of the *Examiner* was supposed to have been selected by Leigh Hunt. It ran thus—

"Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few."

LUNA.

DEEP slumber hung o'er sea and hill and plain ;
 With pale pink cheek fresh from her watery caves
 Slow rose the Moon out of the midnight waves,
 Like Venus out of ocean born again.
 Olympian blazed she on the dark blue main ;
 "So shall, ye gods,"—hark how my weak hope raves !—
 "My happy star ascend the sea that laves
 Its shores with grief, and silence all my pain !"
 With that there sighed a wandering midnight breeze
 High up among the topmost tufted trees,
 And o'er the Moon's face blew a veil of cloud ;
 And in the breeze my Genius spake, and said,
 "While thy heart stirred, thy glimmering hope has fled,
 And like the Moon lies muffled in a shroud."
 —From the Swedish of Erik Johan Stagnelius, by Edmund Gosse.

STATUS OF PRIMITIVE WOMAN.

IN a review of a new work by Prof. W. Robertson Smith—"Kinship and Marriage in Early Arabia,"—the *Athenæum* says: The general theory of female kinship as forerunner of the male kinship of later times, on the basis of modern rude societies, was laid down for the first time on clear and unmistakable lines by the late J. F. MacClenman in his book on "Primitive Marriage"; Friedrich Engel's German work, "Der Ursprung der Familie," expounds similar ideas on the development of the relation of the sexes in prehistoric times; and in an excellent introduction to the second edition of his translation of John Stuart Mill's essay on the "Subjection of Women" the famous Danish scholar Dr. George Brandes has summed up the results of all the previous researches in this department, and conclusively shown that the inferior social position of women is of a comparatively recent date, and that in the primitive ages of mankind the two sexes must have enjoyed an almost complete equality. The first successful attempt to bring the full power of Semitic philology to bear upon this highly interesting, but difficult, question was made by Prof. Robertson Smith in a collection of facts about female kinship and totemism which appeared under the title of "Animal Worship and Animal Tribes among the Arabs and in the Old Testament," in the ninth volume of the *Journal of Philology*, and elicited both from Prof. Nöldeke and from Prof. Goldziher at Buda-Pesth new and valuable evidence. Prof. G. A. Wilken's Dutch work, 'Het Matriarchaat bij de oude Arabieren' (Amsterdam, 1883), and the controversy it raised between himself and Dr. Redhouse (1884), carried again the investigation a good step further; but the honour of finally solving the problem was reserved to the same scholar who had given the first impulse to the study of old Semitic society, and this solution—which future research may modify in secondary points, but will scarcely alter in its chief heads—is contained in the present book, and is partly based on a course of lectures delivered by the professor before the University of Cambridge in the Easter term of last year. It is a masterpiece of sound reasoning, and no link in the chain of argument betrays the slightest sign of weakness. Proceeding in a retrogressive order from the known facts of historical times to the unknown conditions of prehistoric ages, and justifying every step by full and well-sifted evidence, or—where such direct testimony was not available—by striking analogies from other rude societies, and the powerful aid of comparative Semitic philology, the learned author has succeeded in giving a clear exposition of the successive stages through which the tribal organization and the social system of the Arabs and their cognate races have passed from the remotest antiquity to the time of Mohammed and the rise of Islam. These stages are as follows:

The earliest and universal blood relation was in Arabia, as indeed in all primitive societies, kinship through the mother, the latter being considered the most sacred trust of every stock-group; and the grammatical rule that names of tribes, and consequently all collective nouns, are of feminine gender in Semitic languages, is the direct outcome of mother kinship. These old stock-groups of female kinship were totem tribes, distinguished from each other by a tribal or totem mark, an allusion to which is found in the mark God set on Cain in order that no one of the same blood tie might kill him. The close etymological relationship between the words for "name" (Hebrew *shēm*, Arabic *ism*) and "mark" (Arabic *wasm*) also corroborates this theory. The totem itself became, as many of the Arab stock-names derived from animals and a number of animal names in the genealogical lists of the Hebrews (especially in Genesis, chap. xxxvi.) show, first an animal god, then a divine ancestor; and both were, as long as female kinship ruled supreme, necessarily of female gender.

The oldest marriage system in Arabia, as elsewhere, was polyandry of the so-called *nair* (or, as the author aptly terms it, *sadica*) type, in which the woman remained among her own people and received suitors from other tribes, whom she could choose and dismiss at will, being on an entirely equal footing with her partners, and in which all the issue of such loose

marriages belonged exclusively to the mother's stock. Exactly the same law prevailed in cases of individual marriage of the *beena* type in Ceylon, that is to say, when a woman restricted herself to one man. The husband either remained with his own kin and visited his wife at intervals only or he joined his wife's stock altogether, being liable, however, to dismissal by her at any time. A remnant of that custom still existed in the beginning of Islam in the *mot'a* or temporary alliances. That there was originally an absolute prohibition of marriage within the same stock or totem group is evident from the later law of forbidden degrees, which are all without exception in the female line. The existence of such *beena* marriages among the old Semitic races is corroborated by Genesis ii. 24, "Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife"; by the stories of Jacob and Samson; and philologically both by the use of the Hebrew verb *bō* (literally "to go in," i.e., into the bride's tent) in the sense of "cohabit" (just as in the corresponding Arabic verb, *dakhala*), and by the correlation of ideas in the Hebrew word, *shel*, "tent," which in its Arabic form, *ahl*, combines the meaning of "people, nation," with that of "wife."

The transition from female kinship to that system of male kinship, which is the only legitimate one in the time of Islam, began when *nair* polyandry was gradually superseded by that of the Tibetan or *ba'l* type, in which a group of kinsmen brought a woman from another clan into their own as their common wife, and naturally reduced her from the position of a *sadica*, with the free disposition of her favours, to that of a *ba'ulah*, a possessed or captive woman. It is obvious that this custom must originally have been established by capture in war, and that *ba'l* marriage by covenant developed at a much later period. Here again monandry took by degrees the place of polyandry, the more powerful or wealthy member of a clanship being naturally desirous to have a wife to himself instead of sharing her with all his brethren; and therefore the author is fully justified in saying that individual marriage was not the result of refined feeling, but of a gross state of society, and that the more civilized ideas of conjugal fidelity followed, and did not precede, the new state of things. Out of individual *ba'l* marriage, in which the husband alone had the right of divorce, sprang on the one hand the idea of individual fatherhood together with that of blood kinship in the male line, and on the other hand the idea of a real family, by which the old tribal system was in course of time entirely abolished.

That such a vital change in the relation of the sexes cannot have been accomplished without a severe and prolonged conflict is evident, and philology in particular furnishes us with many valuable proofs. There was undoubtedly a period of considerable length during which the two rival systems of female and male kinship were coexisting and struggling with one another for mastery, until the latter triumphed over the former. The *acica*, that is "severance from mother's kinship," or consecration of a male child to the stock god—a rite continued, although in a greatly modified form, even in Mohammed's time, and, as it appears, by his own sanction—is such a point in question; another is the wide spread of the mother and son worship, which means that the way for the transformation of the female stock god into a male one was paved by the addition of a son to the former. Examples of a double eponym for the same stock-group, a female as the older and a male as the more recent one, are the Biblical names of Leah and Levi, of Sarah and Israel. Very significant in this respect is also the name of Ahab, literally brother, i.e., kinsman of the father, to which we might add another, not mentioned by the author, viz, Moab, i.e., father's seed.

The *Athenæum* concludes its very interesting account of the main points discussed in this work by calling the attention of Biblical scholars to the new and startling light that has been therein thrown by the learned author upon many passages of the Old Testament.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SHAKESPEARIANA.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—I have been reading some "premonitory notices," as I may call them, on the forthcoming volume which Mr. Ignatius Donnelly has promised us, in which he advocates the cause of Bacon against Shakespeare, in regard to the plays which have hitherto been accepted as the products of Shakespeare's mind.

I have been lately, and still am, reading the biography of Shakespeare, written chiefly from old legends, by Charles Knight. In this he shows that Shakespeare's grandfather, or great-grandfather—I forget which,—served under Richmond at Bosworth Field, and it is worthy of notice that Richard III. is about the only character in all of the poet's plays from whom he withholds even the scantest courtesy.

I write now to ask you whether it would not be worth your while to open a column in THE WEEK for a little discussion on the subject? If only from mere motives of inquisitiveness, it might lead some to open their Shakespeares who otherwise might allow them to rest idly on their shelves.

I make no excuse for this note, as I know that you will take it in the spirit in which I send it. But a regular good Shakespeare discussion would be very acceptable to many of your readers.

Yours, GRANT SEYMOUR.

[We shall be glad to comply with our correspondent's suggestion, and to hear from others on the subject.—Ed.]

THE REPEAL MOVEMENT IN NOVA SCOTIA.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—There seems to be some misapprehension in the Upper Provinces in regard to the extent and meaning of the recent action of the Legislature and people of Nova Scotia, in seeking a separation from the Canadian Confederation. Some newspapers profess to pooh-pooh the movement. Others ascribe it to a desire to levy blackmail upon the Federal Government in the shape of Better Terms. Some are good enough to refer to Nova Scotia as a selfish province, always seeking to obtain money from the Dominion, and suggest that she had better be allowed to go. Others, in a better spirit, speak with sorrow of this attempt to break up the Confederation and trust that good government will have the effect of appeasing the manifest discontent which prevails in Nova Scotia.

Perhaps, in place of these vague speculations, it would be well, once in a while, for candid thinkers to consider the causes of this discontent in a broad spirit, and see if they are not worthy of fair and rational discussion.

First of all, it would be wise for the people of Ontario to get rid of the idea that Nova Scotians have no larger ideas in politics than mere grants from the Dominion treasury. The records of this province show that in the past she has produced able men, who have fought out the battle of Responsible Government in a better spirit, and with more satisfactory results, than the colonial statesmen of either Upper or Lower Canada. The system of Constitutional Government was achieved in Nova Scotia without rebellion or bloodshed. It was accomplished in a perfectly peaceable and constitutional manner of legitimate agitation. Nova Scotia can fairly lay claim to having produced the author of Responsible Government, not for this province only, but for the Colonial Empire—Joseph Howe. The views of the people and public men of Nova Scotia are as broad as those of Ontario, and it is safe to assume that any movement in the direction of breaking up this Confederation is inspired by reasons as sound, and by motives as elevated, as any possessed by those who are striving to build up a great nationality in this northern half of the Continent of North America.

The first question which every man in Canada has a right to consider is, Whether the elements of a successful and consolidated nationality exist in this Confederation? A great deal of doubt has already been thrown upon this proposition by writers in the Upper Provinces. Some have regarded the existence of a great French Province between Ontario and the Maritime Provinces as a formidable, if not fatal, barrier to the success of the Confederation. Able statesmen in Canada have frequently affirmed that the interference with provincial rights on the part of the Federal authorities would have a damaging effect upon our unity, and tend to break up the whole structure. Mr. Goldwin Smith, in the columns of THE WEEK and elsewhere, has reiterated the opinion that there was no real cohesion between the disjointed string of provinces extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Indeed, from the beginning, there have been constant misgivings as to the stability of the Confederation, and there must be some cause for all this. In order that a great nation should be evolved from this union of the Provinces of B. N. America, there should be no doubt, no misgivings, for these are fatal elements.

The people of Nova Scotia entered the Confederation reluctantly, because they foresaw that there could be no real union between this province and the Canadas. Those who were induced to favour the union were misled, as many of them have since discovered. In 1866, when the Confederation question was the burning one in Nova Scotia, the Reciprocity Treaty with the United States came to an end. The people were told that Canada would supply the place which the United States had formerly afforded in the way of markets. It needed but a glance at the map of the country to demonstrate the fallacy of this, and the majority of the people of Nova Scotia never believed it. Neither did the people of New Brunswick. But, at the same time, came the Fenian raids, and alarmists dwelt upon the necessity of union for common protection. Governors were sent out to declare to a loyal people that it was Britain's policy to have their provinces united. These were the means used to lure the people of New Brunswick and the Legislature of Nova Scotia into accepting the Confederation scheme. The construction of the Intercolonial Railway was a further bait.

We have had nineteen years' experience of the system, and let any candid man say, if he can, that the results have been satisfactory. Have the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec afforded markets for the products of these Maritime Provinces? Have they, in any sense, supplied the place of the United States in the way of trade? Are the bonds of interest and sympathy growing each year closer? These are questions which public men and political writers must look into, for they form the gist of the whole matter. Let it not be imagined that the leaders of the Repeal movement in Nova Scotia are so narrow-minded as not to recognize the fact that if the conditions were favourable, the union of the several provinces of B. N. America into one grand consolidated nationality would be preferable to isolation. This may be assumed. No one fails to recognize that it is a serious thing to talk of breaking up the Confederation. But the vital point is, How much sacrifice are these provinces called upon to make in the attempt to build up what is believed to be an artificial and essentially unstable union? It will be admitted that the foundation of success is confidence in the system. The majority of the people of Nova Scotia have no confidence in the ultimate results or destiny of the Confederation. They know that it has been, and is, injurious to them, and they have no faith that it will ever be otherwise.

In the presence of this issue, it is idle to talk about Better Terms, or enter into a calculation as to the amount of money which the central

Government has expended in the different provinces. Granted that Ontario has contributed proportionally the most, and received proportionally the least. This signifies nothing. It only proves that Ontario is not benefiting by the Confederation, and, if no portion is gaining anything by it, why attempt to work out a fruitless, a purposeless, and impossible game?

The fact is that during these nineteen years of Confederation, with all the influences of a Government bound to force an inter-provincial trade, there has not grown up a healthy trade between the Upper and Maritime Provinces. Nova Scotians have been compelled by malignant tariffs to buy flour from Ontario and goods from Montreal and other Upper Province cities, but it has not been to their interest to buy them. It is palpably the interest of Nova Scotia to buy her flour from the United States, for the simple reason that she could pay for it with her own products, whereas we have nothing to send to Ontario or Quebec in return. Nova Scotia pays for pretty much everything she buys from the Upper Provinces in hard cash, and this money is obtained very largely from a hampered trade with the New England States. Of the thousands of vessels which leave the various ports of Nova Scotia, not one ever turns its prow in the direction of the Upper Provinces, while a great majority of them do go to the United States. This is manifest to the dullest observer. How long can such a system be tolerated—how can it be expected to produce satisfactory results?

Although Confederation has given the Upper Provinces, to a certain extent, the command of the markets of Nova Scotia, it will not be contended that, therefore, the Upper Provinces are gaining any great advantages thereby. The natural trade of Ontario is *not* with the Maritime Provinces. It is with the great States of New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio and Michigan, just as the natural trade relations of the Maritime Provinces are with the New England States. The attempt to force a trade in artificial channels is a war against geography, a defiance of the laws of nature. It must continue to bear bitter fruits in spite of all the patriotic gush that self-styled patriots may indulge in. The question is, Is the game worth the candle? Ontario is paying hundreds of thousands of dollars a year in the shape of a coal tax. She is paying this as a fine for buying her coal where God and nature intended she should buy it—from Pennsylvania. And all this enormous taxation is not even mitigated by the thought that it is doing anybody any good. It is safe to say that Ontario's coal tax does not benefit the Nova Scotia coal industry to any appreciable extent.

These are among the reasons which have tended to destroy confidence in the Confederation among the people of Nova Scotia, and a majority of them have declared that they are tired of it and are willing to take the responsibility of breaking it up. Perhaps they are wrong. If so, the proper thing is for some of the believers in this Confederation to establish the fact and make their error manifest. I should personally be glad if any one could convince me that all was going well; that the elements of strength, stability, and consolidation existed in this Canadian Confederation. There are no charms to me in isolation. But the question must be looked straight in the face and argued on this line. The true meaning of the Nova Scotia Repeal movement is lack of faith in the Confederation. Is this absence of faith confined entirely to the Province of Nova Scotia?

Halifax, August 2nd, 1886.

J. W. LONGLEY.

FLOWERS.

FLOWERS bloomed in Eden; there the fragrance of their breath
Was breathed in air untainted by the withering touch of death:
That withering, blighting touch has never ceased to fling
Its baneful influence over every living thing;—
And flowers too must die,—yet no! the perfume of a flower
Is too ethereal for the touch of that relentless power.
The sweetest blossoms droop and fade, but perfume will remain,
We know not where it passes to, we know not whence it came.
Science tells us sunbeams give the rose its lovely hue,
They paint the gaudy tulip and the sweeter primrose too—
Ah yes! but colour ranks not as the highest floral boon,
Colour is everywhere, not so the rich perfume.
There are mysteries in flowers which science can't reveal,
Not to the senses only do their many charms appeal;
Wells of deep thought spring up, high aspirations rise,
Until our gaze is wafted upward to the skies,
And we worship and adore the wondrous loving Power
That has centred so much true enjoyment in a flower.

Ottawa.

M. F. F.

SEVERAL stories are related respecting the eccentricities of the father of the present Duke of Cambridge, who would give vent aloud to the thoughts current in his mind during divine service. Once when the clergyman said, "Let us pray," the Duke added audibly, "With all my heart." On another occasion, as we have heard, he said, "Why the devil shouldn't we?" Once, as the unfortunate curate was reading the story of Zaccheus, "Behold, the half of my goods I give to the poor," the Duke astonished the congregation by saying aloud, "No, No! I can't do that; that's too much for any man—no objection to a tenth." In answer to "Thou shalt not steal," the Duke remarked: "No; I never did steal anything except some apples when I was quite a little boy." The Duke at another time objected to the prayer for rain on account of the wind, "No use praying for rain in a north-east wind."

The Week,

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

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A FATAL objection to the Colonial Commercial League proposed by Sir Alexander T. Galt, in the *Imperial Federationist*, and mentioned in the *Globe* last week, is that it requires members of the league to adjust their tariffs, not according to their material interests, but from sentimental considerations. Business is to be encouraged with another member of the league, however far distant, by a discount on duties, which we suppose is to countervail any disadvantage the members may be under in the increased cost of their products and increased cost of freight, with respect to nearer non-leaguers. Thus if an article of Australian product would cost, laid down in Canada, 20 per cent. more than a similar article of United States product, we give the former—if Australia is a member of the league—an artificial advantage by allowing a sufficient discount off the ordinary duties. But this is not business, it is sentiment; and between commercial communities it is unworkable. In such a case the Canadian taxpayer would naturally ask why Canada should foster an Australian industry by remitting a perhaps 25 per cent duty. This might perhaps be done with advantage in exceptional cases, where for instance a return consignment of Canadian product could be placed under a similar condition of reduction of duty; but this would be Reciprocity, which might otherwise be attained quite independently of Federation, and at any rate could not but be of very exceptional occurrence.

SIR A. T. GALT'S general plan of Imperial Federation, as he explained it at the recent conference of the League, starts with the assumption that the British Empire is being shattered into fragments, and so it is better to set to work at once and pull it to pieces. He proposes that the Constitution be broken up to suit this suppositious crumbling to pieces; and then when Home Rule has been established everywhere throughout the United Kingdom,—Ireland and the Isle of Dogs, we suppose, and every such centre of local influence having its independent legislature for local affairs—an omelette is to be made of these broken eggs, to which the colonies are to contribute an egg or two apiece, and the whole mixture will ensure a thorough consolidation of the British Empire. So it might, perhaps, if the eggs were all of the same size and nature; but we doubt if an omelette composed of several hen's eggs and one roc's—even though the roc's be first subdivided—will taste of anything but roc. England is too big a country to place on a level with Scotland, or Wales, or Ireland, or any colony—she will overshadow them all put together; and the result of confederating such disparate parts can only be that the smaller constituents of the confederation will perpetually combine and cabal against the larger. We have had a foretaste of this in the late election, when Mr. Gladstone attempted to array Scotland and Wales with Ireland, against England; and the dissolution of the United Kingdom in the manner proposed by Sir A. T. Galt, by forcing these countries more apart would, by fostering in each an individuality it does not now possess, offer a rich field for the intriguing politician.

ADMIRAL SIR A. COOPER KEY contributes to the current *Nineteenth Century* a paper on the "Naval Defence of the Colonies," which gives a suggestive sketch of what may be done towards a military federation of the Empire. There is no colony without foreign trade; and under present conditions the Mother Country is expected alone to bear the cost of protecting this foreign trade, in which, as far as hostile tariffs can affect it, she may have no greater share than a foreign country. The duty of the Imperial Government of course is to afford protection to British subjects and interests wherever situated; but in fairness there is a limit to this obligation in the case of a colony which, like Canada, sets up a wall of protection against British commerce. Why, too, should Great Britain alone bear the cost of safeguarding the transit of Canadian produce across the Atlantic? She is at the same time protecting British shipping, it is true; but that is only an incident in the case, the main fact remains that the safety of the foreign trade of Canada—the marketing of her produce—is secured at the sole cost of the British taxpayer. If this security were withdrawn, Canada would have to provide a naval force for the protection of its foreign commerce, or the whole farming interest throughout this country would be

ruined. Admiral Key discusses the subject of Imperial Defence generally as it concerns all the colonies. These he distinguishes as—naval stations for the repair and equipment of ships of war and *places d'armes*, such as Malta, Gibraltar, Hong-Kong, etc.; coaling stations, such as St. Lucia, in the West Indies, Perim, in the Red Sea, Port Hamilton, near the Corea, etc.; and the colonies proper, which class includes the Dominion of Canada, the Australasian group, and South Africa. The two first classes he considers as military colonies, whose maintenance should be at the sole charge of the Imperial Government; the Royal Navy would also protect trade on the high seas in all parts of the world, and in the neighbourhood of the last-mentioned class of colonies; but in each of these latter there should be established at least one port as a naval station—such as Halifax, N. S., and Sydney, N. S. W.,—as is actually being done by Australia. A naval force should be maintained there for defensive purposes at the cost of the colony. This force is to be solely for the purpose of defence; but as it is certain that an efficient and reliable naval force cannot be extemporised—it must be the growth of years, of years during which the *personnel* must apply their whole energies to obtain a knowledge of and practice in their profession,—it is proposed that the Imperial Government shall provide the necessary vessels and maintain them in efficiency as part of the Royal Navy, under the command of the admiral on the station, the cost being paid annually by the colony to the Imperial Government, on an estimate previously agreed on by both Governments. A remedy would thus be found for all the difficulties inherent in the organisation of separate colonial squadrons independently of the Royal Navy, of which the vessels would be, perhaps, provided with different arms and ammunition; and the Royal Navy being open to the colonists, they would receive an invaluable training and their federation for defensive purposes would be established, which would be more efficient than could be any colonial force.

At the dinner of the City Liberal Club, Lord Granville gave some account of the progress made in fortifying some of these *places d'armes* and coaling stations, and, what is most satisfactory to add, he was able to say that the colonies are aiding in the work. Alive to the importance of Imperial defence, the Colonial Ministers and Downing Street are settling between them in a friendly way the problem that cost England the American colonies; and at half a dozen stations the British colonies have consented to pay part of the expenses of fortification. At Hong Kong, Singapore, Trincomalee, and Sierra Leone, the works are "well advanced, and will be completed as soon as the armament is provided." "In Mauritius, Jamaica, and at Esquimault, the works will be commenced at once, and the defence of Table Bay and St. Lucia will shortly be undertaken." At Simon's Bay and Aden, works are in progress, but apparently not yet in an advanced condition. The Dominion of Canada has undertaken to construct the defences of Esquimault; the Australian Colonies will bear the expense of fortifying King George's Sound and the Torres Straits; while Hong Kong, the Straits Settlement, and Mauritius have also undertaken to provide the works if the Imperial Government send the armament,—the same arrangement as that on which the Dominion Government and the United Kingdom are to divide the expense of fortifying Esquimault. This is a most pleasing statement, and it shows that Lord Granville's Colonial administration, though short, has, like Lord Rosebery's administration of foreign affairs, been most active and useful to the country.

THE announcement of the Irish policy of the Government, made by Lord Salisbury at the Lord Mayor's banquet, is quite satisfactory so far as it goes. Perhaps it is too early yet to indicate what measures the Government propose in order to remedy the agrarian discontent—it is necessary that something be done, but that something will necessarily require careful elaboration,—but it is reassuring to know, at all events, that the Nationalist Conspiracy, which has been trading on this discontent, is to be rigorously suppressed. "It is the duty of every Government," Lord Salisbury said, "to devote its whole energies to freeing the loyal people of Ireland from the constraint exercised upon them, whether in the form of riot or in the more dangerous, insidious, and effective form of outrage and intimidation." The present Government bears a direct mandate from the English electors deciding firmly and irrevocably that Home Rule shall not be granted; and it is their duty, armed with this final decision, to restore in Ireland that social order which has been banished by the government of the National League. To do this it would seem that Conspiracy must disappear with the Gladstone Administration it succeeded in capturing, and on whose weakness it thrived till, throughout Celtic Ireland, law and order everywhere gave way to outrage and disorder. It is to be hoped the Empire has seen the last of her Gladstone Governments; and that the late era

of mismanagement abroad and triumphant treason at home may never be revived. The electors have emphatically condemned the late Government on both accounts; and it is the duty of their successors to fulfil the new mandate—as much to make the Union a reality, as to administer the foreign affairs of the Empire in the interest of the Empire instead of its enemies.

THE Italian papers state that the Pope has purchased the Palace Mignanelli, for the sum of £60,000, and intends fitting it up as a printing and publishing office, which will probably entail an additional expense of about £20,000. It is said that His Holiness has long been engaged in publishing religious works, and that the business has grown to large dimensions.

THERE are said to be 5,000 patent medicines of American concoction now on the market, and the trade amounts to twenty-two million dollars per annum. Of this, ten million dollars are expended in advertising, and the net profits are set down at five million dollars. What a basis for newspaper prosperity to rest on! Is it wonder that newspapers have their moral vagaries, when they are so largely supported by this huge bribe?

ONE of the most curious of French duels was a meeting which took place between a cavalry officer and a senator. The senator had choice of weapons, and in a most chivalrous spirit, although he had never been on a horse, elected to fight with sabres on horseback. The combat took place, and was brought to an abrupt termination by the cavalry officer tumbling off his charger. It is only fair to his memory to state that the accident was due to the fact that when standing up in his stirrups to smite his antagonist, one of the leathers broke, and over he went.

THE *English Churchman* notes as "one unfortunate result" of the late general election that a greater number of Roman Catholics have been sent to Parliament than at any general election since the Papal James II. lost the throne of England. Five Romanists are now members—two being Conservatives and three Gladstonites. The fact that of nine Jewish candidates who solicited the suffrages of the electors, seven have been returned, in each case with a decisive majority, does not seem to have caused uneasiness to the *Churchman*, who, however, can surely not believe that a money lender is any better a citizen than a member of an ancient Catholic family.

AFTER wondering whether Sir Adolphe Caron represented the soldiers or the sailors when he responded to the toast of the "Army and Navy" at the Lord Mayor's banquet, one next wonders what reference he could have made to the Canadian assistance sent to Egypt that elicited loud cheers. Probably the company were not disposed to be critical; but surely they must have remembered while he was speaking that whereas New South Wales sent troops to the Soudan at the colony's sole cost, all the assistance sent from Canada, at the cost of the British Government, were a few raftsmen and *voyageurs*, to whom the Government had besides to pay higher wages than they could earn in Canada.

THE extinction of "starlight" in the day light is not due to the vapours of the atmosphere; but to the "stronger" vibrations of sunlight, which prevent our eyes perceiving the weaker vibrations of starlight, exactly as a stronger sound, say a cannon-shot, prevents us from hearing a smaller noise, say a mouse piping, or, as is well-known, a larger disturbance in water extinguishes a smaller one. The smaller noise, the smaller sound waves, and the smaller light vibrations are not perceived by our senses when the greater impressions or disturbances occupy them. There is not the slightest necessity of elaborate theories on "ether," when the limit of the susceptibility of our senses offers a sufficient explanation why we cannot see the light of all and every star in the universe.

THE London correspondent of the *Manchester Courier* writes:—"The Duke of Norfolk, whose life-long intimacy with Cardinal Newman is still closely maintained, endeavoured, when Cardinal Manning issued his deliverance on Home Rule, to obtain from Cardinal Newman a counterblast against disruption. Cardinal Newman is more of the English and less of the Roman Catholic than his fellow-pervert, Cardinal Manning. He has declined, however, to follow Cardinal Manning's example, although in sympathy with the Duke of Norfolk in condemning Cardinal Manning's interference. Cardinal Newman's health is now most uncertain, and his condition altogether precarious. Symptoms of paralysis, attended with aphasia, indicate the break-up of a fine, if not a broad and robust, nature.

THE Paris newspapers, writes the *Times* correspondent there, are not very successful in their attempts to give Mr. Gladstone's title in the original English. Some give it as "Great Old Man," others as "Old Great Man." They deserve credit, however, for no longer speaking of "Lord Gladstone," which appellation a few years ago was not unfrequent. If the better-informed journalists twitted their contemporaries with the blunder, the triumphant retort was that he was First Lord of the Treasury, and consequently must be a lord; but Mr. Gladstone's loss of the Premiership twice in thirteen months seems to have shaken the French belief in his nobility. Even second-rate journalists have an inkling of the absurdity of supposing him to be a lord when in office, and a simple "Mr." when in Opposition.

THE prospects of the Women Suffragists are looking brighter of late. The English Women's Suffrage Society had its annual meeting in London the other day, and everybody was in high spirits. Since the last great extension of the suffrage in England, it is argued, the ground has been cut away from under the feet of their opponents: it is absurd to talk about the "unfitness" of women for political privileges when an Act of Parliament has made a capable citizen of practically every adult male person. That women understand politics, and are a good deal interested in them, they have shown very convincingly at the last and the present general election. And, best of all, a majority of the Conservatives and Gladstonian Liberals elected to the new House are said to be in favour of the suffrage for women.

APROPPOS of the fisheries question, the London *Spectator* says of the new Foreign Secretary: "With a fisheries dispute on hand with the United States, there is at least some comfort in the prospect of having so reasonable a Foreign Secretary, and one so well acquainted with the policy and attitude of the American Republic, as Lord Iddesleigh. As Sir Stafford Northcote, he took part in one of the best acts of Mr. Gladstone's first Administration, the Alabama Treaty,—a part for which he did not escape the censure of his own friends. With him at the head of our foreign affairs, we shall at least have no reason to apprehend either impudence or boastfulness, and we may hope that he will show a wise firmness and tenacity. He is above all things rational, and though rationality does not always carry its due weight with Powers like Russia, with such States as the American Union, already friendly in disposition, and full of practical common-sense, Lord Iddesleigh is just the man to negotiate successfully."

JUST as M. de Freycinet had succeeded in putting quite an innocent face on the New Hebrides business comes news from New Caledonia blurring out the whole truth of the affair. The expedition was secretly organised, secretly despatched, and was unquestionably meant to be a surprise. The idea was to confront the English Foreign Office with a *fait accompli*. Thanks to the energy with which the Australian Governments have spoken, there is an end of doubt. On no terms will they consent to the acquisition by the French of authority over the New Hebrides, and so almost the last business Lord Rosebery had to do was to inform M. de Freycinet that the existing treaty must be observed. So far, well. But the awkward fact remains that, though the act of annexation has been disavowed or explained away, a French force is still on one of the islands. The pretext for sending it there is of the thinnest; but there it is, and the Australians will decline to be satisfied till arrangements have been made for its withdrawal.

NOTICING a short address delivered by Lady Goldsmid on the occasion of unveiling a drinking fountain erected on the Thames Embankment by women in gratitude to the late Mr. Fawcett for his services in the cause of women, the London *Spectator* in answer to an ironical reference made by Lady Goldsmid to the "masculine conviction that women neither could nor should trouble themselves about public or political affairs. They had their households, their husbands, and their children to look after and attend to,"—observes that "the very fact that women have their husbands and children to attend to should be a reason for their taking a deep interest in public affairs and political matters, and exerting a great influence over them, not for neglecting them. But it is quite another question what the nature of that influence should be, and how it can be best exerted. For our own part, we do not think it would be increased, but diminished, by forcing women into those positions which must be and must remain eminently combative and militant."

A WRITER in a French newspaper gives particulars of an interview he had last winter, in Chicago, with one Harry Colcord, now scene-painter to a

theatre in that city, who accompanied Jean François Gravelet, better known as Blondin, in one of his famous passages over the Niagara Falls. Colcord crossed upon Blondin's back on the 19th of August, 1859; and his account of the performance is graphic. Blondin directed him to lean all his weight upon his (Blondin's) shoulders, and to clasp his body tightly with his knees, so as to leave his bearer the free use of his legs. "My position," he says, "was far from comfortable, and three times I asked Blondin to stop to let me rest myself, when I put one foot upon the rope and he supported me. Blondin was so sure of himself that I gathered confidence from him, and I neither heard nor saw the waters which roared below." When they were half way across, the cord began to sway violently, and it was with the greatest difficulty that Blondin retained his footing; indeed, it was only by getting over the last few yards at a run that the acrobat succeeded in saving their two lives. Mr. Colcord states that he would not repeat his mad exploit "for all the gold in the world."

THE Crofters of Tیره have taken affairs into their own hands, and have for the time defeated the police there. It has, indeed, been necessary to send a force of Marines to the island to re-establish order. On this state of affairs, "One of the Mass" (not one of the classes),—writes in ironic indignation to the *Times* of July 29, to point out that "the vast majority of the inhabitants of this island, brooding over the wrongs inflicted upon them and their ancestors since the days of King Edward I., oppressed by the recollections of Flodden, Glencoe, and Culloden, are determined to insist upon having the management of their own affairs, especially in such purely local matters as the ownership of land and the payment (or non-payment) of rent." "Can it be possible?" he asks, "that to such a reasonable demand civilization has no other reply than a recourse to the old brutality of coercion?" The writer declines to believe that the gunboat and the Marines can be intended to oppose the islanders. The proper course, at all events, is clear [according to the Gladstonian system of government]. The Sheriff should arrange at once with these brave islanders for the complete surrender to them of all their demands, and, if it should be insisted upon, "for the immediate execution of the Duke of Argyll" (to whom Tیره belongs).

THOSE who look for the emancipation of the unenfranchised sex will read with peculiar interest the article on "The Status of Primitive Woman," printed elsewhere in this journal. It will be clear to them that man now occupies a usurped position: to woman, not man, belongs by original institution the headship of the family. The steps by which this usurpation has succeeded are clearly indicated in the paper: the step that proved fatal to woman seems to have been taken when she weakly allowed her numerous husbands to go out and fight for her. Of course they got beaten, and she was made prize of war in consequence. If she had gone herself, and left her husbands at home, this might never have happened, especially if she had systematically raided the hostile tribes, carried off all the young men (as the men did afterwards with the young women), and reduced them to slavery. But perhaps this is what primitive woman did do!—and got too many husbands; and Rebellion and a grant of Home Rule was what upset the balance. However, the family ship is righting itself again, fast; that of the "headship" of the family has, we suppose, never been anything but an illusion indulged in by unmarried men; and thanks to the woman suffragists, not much longer will the married ones be able to keep up even the Bagnettian pretence of "maintaining discipline."

ARRANGEMENTS of colour is the principal item of success in a bouquet. The best known primary colours are red, blue, and yellow, and amongst the compounds are orange, green, and violet. To combine all these well we must turn to the artist, and he will tell us the good contrasts are orange and blue, yellow and green, yellow and purple, red and blue, red and violet, red and green, etc. White may be termed a dead colour, and can come in almost anywhere, except between a very dark and bright colour, where grey is better. Black does well to divide conspicuous colours like red and orange, for it does not produce such a violent contrast as white would do. If the bouquet is to be entirely shades of one colour, red is valuable, commencing with deep scarlet in the centre, and putting round it rings of brick-red, deep carmine, pink, pale red, rose, and a boundary of white or green. Care has to be taken to choose flowers that will keep their petals, and for this, flowers in bud or just opened are the best. It is bad to see a bouquet of flowers like full-blown geraniums or primulas, for in a very short time the bouquet will be a mass of vacancies. In putting the flowers together, it is better to start with a substantial central flower, like a rose or camelia, and bind the others round it, keeping the size, shape and arrangement well in view. If the stalks are short, lengthen them with wire, and never put on a fresh flower till the last is well secured, or often, just as the bouquet is finished, the centre will fall out.

JACK TARTAR.

JACK TARTAR was a British salt, deserter from his ship. Before him frown'd the jungle's gloom, behind—the bosun's whip! Was Jack dishearten'd? Not a bit of it, though twelve rupees And a roll of Limerick twist comprised his earthly wealth; yet these, Combined with native impudence, brought him, at last, before The scimitars and tulwars of Baroda's Guicowar. And just in time to hear the Gèkwar's proclamation read, Offering one quarter lak for a decapitated head Whose blood-stained fangs and tongue had torn and lapp'd the crimson tide Of life from human veins.

"Wy blow my heyes! I'll 'ave 'is 'ide," Quoth Jack; "if I goes back I gets five score, or wuss, trust 'em for that; I'd better *face* them tiger claws than *back* the bosun's cat." No sooner said than done. His dwindling wealth secured a gun, Knife, ammunition, and a shikaree. Ere set of sun, Bold Jack, accompanied by his guide, had sought the jungle's gloom For weal or woe—Wealth—or a tiger's stomach for his tomb. Rare luck was his—sailor's proverbial luck—on the next day They stood beside a running stream, and the Bengal stood at bay. Flash! Bang! A hideous roar—and Jack—oh, where was he? Weep not! That nimble strategist had scaled a friendly tree In the liveliest style; in time, and only just in time to see The stricken beast make collops of his shikaree. But who may e'er resist his fate? Kismet! another roar!— Clawing, and tearing at the earth, and the striped one was no more. Jack clambered down, sliced off his dead foe's head, scooped out a hole For his dead guide, and made a bee line for the Gèkwar's dole. Baroda reached, a native wine shop met his thirsting view; To see it was to enter.

Amid the motley crew Assembled there, was one—a Parsee bheestie-wallah, in whose eyes The baleful spark of envy gleamed at sight of Jack's rich prize. "By Zarathustra's source of light" (thus thought that low Parsee), "And shall such dazzling wealth enrich a hateful Feringhee? Nay! by the sacred Zend Avesta, it must, it shall not be, But one shall have this great reward, and that same one is—me." Accosting Jack, this trickster ask'd him if he didn't think His "innards" would be none the worse for the matter of a drink; Nor was Jack loth, glass after glass of arrack Tartar quaff'd, And when the fiery draught had done its work, his tempter laugh'd, Snatched up the tiger's head unseen, nor was it long before His form was cringing in the presence of the Guicowar. A craven cur, the Gèkwar thought, and then, aloud he said, "You killed this beast?"—"Iss, Sahib!"—"And you cut off his head?" Salaam! "Iss, Sahib!" Yet still the Gèkwar was possessed with doubt. "Approach! Dost see this gray hair in my beard?—well—pluck it out." The craven moved, with trembling hand, to snatch it from its mates, When, snap! the rajah made a bite at him. As if the Fates Were fronting him, the Parsee backward leapt, in wild affright. "A jackal-cur," the Gèkwar cried, "Bah! put him out of sight!" A motion of his hand. Guards! Scimitars!—one slashing blow And—out o' window fired—a head rolled in the square below.

Anon the dwaling mists of drunken stupor rolled away, And Jack arose.

And then there was the very deuce to pay. In five short minutes after he had miss'd that tiger's head, He'd cleared the whole shebang, and left the landlord there for dead. Then, bull-dog like, renew'd the fight outside, and many felt The qualmishness of lusty thumps delivered 'neath the belt. A punkah-wallah *famn'd* his ire, and felt the sad surprise Occasioned by a British fist, applied between the eyes; A passing Brahmin, who had interfered to quell the row, Fell gasping, with the brand of *self-defence* upon his brow; And when a pious Mussul hinted at the drunkard's doom, Jack swept the pavement in a jiff, and that Mussul was his broom, And the atmosphere was blue with oaths, and Asiatic d—ns That rose from the proprietors of shatter'd diaphragms. Ah me! it was a battered up procession, when, at last, By force of numbers only, they had bound Jack Tartar fast, And led him to the Presence.

"Loosen his bonds," the Gèkwar cried, "And what dost here?"—"I wants my pay," undaunted Jack replied, "For killing that ere cat wot's eated up so many men." "You killed the man-eater?"—"In course I did, my buck, and wen I snickers horf 'is 'ed, I steers for 'ere to get my pay, But, blow me tight! some swab has cribb'd the tom-cat's nob away." "His looks are honest, though his speech is free," the Gèkwar said, "We'll try his courage as we did the other's." But instead Of testing Tartar's nerve himself, the wily Guicowar Made much-detested Ramsetjee, Jack's interlocutor. Now Rahmatoola Ramsetjee was pompous to a T And stout, so stout, his fatness was a sight for saints to see. "Approach me! child of Frangistan!" in haughtiest tones, he cried, And in a second (rather less) the *child* was at his side, "Dost see this gray hair in my beard?"—"I does."—"Well! pluck it out." "In course I will, my hearty," and a most unusual shout Of laughter rose, when Rahmatoola, with an elephantine roar,

Snapp'd at Jack's hand, in imitation of the Guicowar ;
 But ere he could repeat the dose, Jack had him in a trice,
 Yea! had his head in chancery, as though 'twere in a vice.
 And how the rajah yell'd and laugh'd on that eventful day,
 And burst his collar button when he heard Jack Tartar say,
 As he smote poor Rammy's left jaw, and bang'd him on the right,—
 "Ha! would yer? would yer bite? Aha! yer fat thief, would yer bite?"

For years, on the Vindayhan hills, fear check'd each childish game
 When bandit sires but whisper'd of Jack Tartar's dreaded name,
 And the terrors of invasion vex'd the Gekwar's heart no more
 When Tartar ruled the province as his Minister of War.

Toronto.

H. K. COCKIN.

SOME OF LORD LYTTON'S NOVELS.—I.

IN an article published by me not long ago upon "The Novels of George Eliot," I gave as my reason for writing upon that subject the pleasure which we feel in giving our impressions of those literary productions which interest us most, and the benefit to be derived from an interchange of opinions, amongst even the humblest class of readers. In the present instance I have but the same excuse to offer. This article upon Lord Lytton's novels has been written, not because I supposed myself to be possessed of a power to criticize his works adequately, but because an additional intellectual pleasure is afforded me in attempting to analyse and criticize stories in the reading of which I spent so many enjoyable hours. Matthew Arnold says that "to be worth anything, literary and scientific criticism require, both of them, the finest heads and the most sure tact; and they require besides, that the world and the world's experience shall have come some considerable way." If I thought that this was absolutely true I should not have entered into the domain of criticism at all, but should have contented myself with remaining a silent member of the great body of literary sybarites—spending some of my pleasantest hours in reading good novels, and rejoicing to think that there are so many fine writers of them in our language.

With this preamble let me pass on. As well as making some general comments upon these novels I shall try to take up some of them separately but it will be easily understood that my treatment of them, as a whole and individually, must necessarily be brief and inadequate.

Lytton is probably the greatest of the aristocratic, or, as he would call it himself, the "patrician" school of novelists. Benjamin Disraeli, who was the other great aristocratic writer of the time, can hardly be set up as a rival, though in some respects he surpassed his contemporary. "In all that belongs to political life," says Justin McCarthy, "Mr. Disraeli's novels are far superior to those of Lord Lytton. We have nothing in our literature to compare with some of the best of Mr. Disraeli's novels for light political satire, and for easy, accurate characterization of political cliques and personages. But all else in Disraeli's novels is sham. The sentiment, the poetry, the philosophy—all these are sham. They have not half the reality about them that Lytton has contrived to give to his efforts of the same kind. In one at least of Disraeli's latest novels the political sketches and satirizing became sham also."

It is not my attention to enter into an elaborate comparison of these two authors. I may say, however, that while Lytton's novels are decidedly political, this seems to me a necessary consequence of their being aristocratic. On the other hand, Disraeli wrote political novels pure and simple. That there is a great difference, therefore, between the political novels of Disraeli and the political parts in the novels of Lytton is not unnatural. The latter's references to political affairs are general and casual, while with Disraeli, in most cases, the practical politics form the essence and staple of the book, and the art of the novelist is employed in making the subject interesting. Lytton, on the contrary, employs the references to politics as part of his art. In *What Will He Do With It?* he gives his own ideas on this point. "Since this survey of our modern world," says he, addressing the reader, "requires a large and crowded canvas, and would be incomplete did it not intimate those points of contact in which the private touches the public life of Social Man, so it is well that the reader should fully understand that all reference to such grand events, as political 'crises' and changes of Government, were written many months ago, and have no reference whatever to the actual occurrences of the passing day. Holding it, indeed, a golden maxim that practical politics and ideal art should be kept wholly distinct from each other, and seeking in this narrative to write that which may be read with unembittered and impartial pleasure by all classes and all parties—nay, perchance, in years to come, by the children of those whom he now addresses—the author deems it indispensable to such ambition to preserve the neutral ground of imaginative creation not only free from those personal portraiture which are fatal to comprehensive and typical delineations of character, but from all intentional appeal to an interest which can be but momentary, if given to subjects that best befit the leading articles of political journals." May it not in great measure be due to the causes here disclosed that for every one person who now reads Disraeli's novels, there are twenty who read Lytton's?

In relation to the other great schools of novelists, Lytton seems to largely combine their characteristics. His stories are never heavy; great attention is paid to the plot; but, at the same time, they are, in most cases, philosophical. He is, in fact, an eclectic. He tried his hand at every sort of story. At one time he is cynically light, at another he is realistic; the realistic period is succeeded by the historical, and this again by the philosophical and melodramatic. To quote McCarthy again—"He

began by writing of fops and *roués* of a time now almost forgotten; then he made heroes of highwaymen and murderers; afterwards he tried the philosophic and mildly didactic style; then he turned to mysticism and spiritualism; later still he wrote of the French Second Empire. Whatever he tried to do he did well."

The amount of erudition displayed in these novels is simply amazing. It even strikes one at times that the author goes to the verge of pedantry. The quotations and illustrative references bristling through his pages are the source of greater wonder when we remember that he was a very rapid writer. I have heard his writings spoken of as artificial, and no doubt they are, but so polished that the effect is not harsh. He must have been a prodigiously well-read man, or else he must have done an enormous amount of work in a very short time. We may suppose that of his literary scraps not many went to loss with him, but the admission does not explain away the wonder.

The style of the writing, as I have just remarked, is often artificial; nor are the sentences by any means always lucid. Long and exacting parentheses, such as in the following sentence, which I have selected at random, are not infrequent:

"We swear! we swear!" exclaimed every voice: and, crowding toward cross and weapon, the tapers were obscured by the intervening throng, and Montreal could not perceive the ceremony, nor hear the muttered formula of the oath; but he could guess that the rite then common to conspiracies—and which required each conspirator to shed some drops of his own blood, in token that life itself was devoted to the enterprise—had not been omitted, when, the group again receding, the same figure as before had again addressed the meeting, holding on high the bowl with both hands,—while from the left arm, which was bared, the blood weltered slowly, and trickled drop by drop upon the ground—said in a solemn voice and upturned eyes: etc." (Rienzi, Book i, Chap. xii.)

The caricature of his own writing, as far as involved sentences are concerned, may be seen in Squire Brandon's parenthetical speeches in *Paul Clifford*.

It must certainly be remarked of Lytton that his expressions of sentiment are extremely highly coloured—he represents his characters as experiencing feelings which are, I shall not say impossible or absurd, but, at the least, far too intense for the mass of mankind to feel, appreciate, believe in, or even imagine. But then he does not pretend that these passions or feelings are experienced by the world at large; he is only giving you the supposed history of certain individuals who are by no means typical of the mass. How far this is consistent with edification, morality, or even the true principles of art, I shall not attempt to discuss. Take Devereux's account of his honeymoon:

"Oh the intoxication of that sweet Elysium, that Tadmor in life's desert—the possession of the one whom we have first loved! It is as if poetry, and music, and light, and the fresh breath of flowers, were all blent into one being, and from that being rose our existence! It is content made rapture—nothing to wish for, yet everything to feel! Was that air—the air which I had breathed hitherto? that earth—the earth which I had hitherto beheld? No, my heart dwelt in a new world, and all these motley and restless senses were melted into one sense—deep, silent, fathomless delight. Well," he breaks off, "too much of this species of love is not fit for a worldly tale, and I will turn, for the reader's relief, to worldly affections."

We must agree with him, I think, that too much of this rhapsodical raving would be apt to call forth a slightly cynical smile upon the countenance of his worldly reader.

The *Story of Devereux* is in the form of a biography supposed to have been written in the time of Queen Anne. The style is open, simple, and sparkling—such as I wish to think the writings of a hundred years ago. Many of the great men of the Augustan period are introduced to the reader, Bolingbroke, Louis XIV., Pope, Swift, Peter the Great, and many others. The insights into Bolingbroke's life, and into Peter the Great's, are especially interesting. Parts of the story are highly sensational, as the murder scene and the death of Aubrey. The jealousy of the latter would have been too great, but for the element of insanity, adroitly introduced. The author in the preface says, "So minute an attention has been paid to accuracy, that even in petty details, and in relation to historical characters, but slightly known to the ordinary reader, a critic deeply acquainted with the memoirs of the age will allow that the novelist is always merged in the narrator." Here is indicated one of Lytton's chief sources of strength—his accurate and wide historical knowledge. I may mention that in his prefaces he generally exposes the aim which he had in view in the book, and criticizes his own work. This is, of course, a help to the reader.

I do not think that Lytton can be called hard names on account of his theological opinions, as far as they are hinted at in his novels. From a literary standpoint this remark may seem to bring us without the scope of this paper, but to my mind a literary criticism to at all approach completeness, must be largely philosophical; and if we admit that, I have my excuse. I shall not dwell upon the point, but shall only ask the reader to look for a moment at such expressions as these, which he put in the mouths of his heroes:—

"At this moment I am, in the strictest acceptance of the words, a believer and a Christian. I have neither anxiety nor doubt upon the noblest and the most comforting of all creeds, and I am grateful, among the other blessings which faith has brought me—I am grateful that it has brought me CHARITY! . . . My reason tells me that God will not punish the reluctant and involuntary error of one to whom all God's creatures were so dear; my religion bids me hope that I shall meet Him in that world where no error is, and where the Great Spirit, to whom all

human passions are unknown, avenges the momentary doubt of this justice by a proof of the infinity of His mercy." *

Again—

"Here have I found a virtue that, coming at once from God and nature, has been wiser than all my false philosophy, and firmer than all my pride." †

Again—

"O, beneficent Creator! thou who inspirest all the tribes of earth with the desire to pray, hast thou not, in that divinest instinct, bestowed on us the happiest of thy gifts." ‡

Then there is that chapter in which Devereux describes his victory over his doubts, which, if not very convincing as argument, is yet remarkable for the same tone. Not much finer religious sentiment, indeed, than that scattered here and there though his pages do I remember to have met with in any novel. These passages may not prove anything with regard to the author himself, and they certainly do not show him to have been strictly orthodox; they are adduced merely to exhibit one phase of his novels which happened to strike me. Others, no doubt, have been differently impressed.

Montreal.

J. RALPH MURRAY.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE MASSES AND THE CLASSES.

THE multitude who already possess force, and even, according to the Republican view, right, have always been persuaded by the Cleons of the day that enlightenment, wisdom, thought, and reason are also theirs. The game of these conjurors and quacks of universal suffrage has always been to flatter the crowd in order to make an instrument of it. They pretend to adore the puppet of which they pull the threads. The theory of Radicalism is a piece of juggling, for it supposes premises of which it knows the falsity; it manufactures the oracle whose revelations it pretends to adore; it proclaims that the multitude creates a brain for itself, while all the time it is the clever man who is the brain of the multitude, and suggests to it what it is supposed to invent.

To reign by flattery has been the common practice of the courtiers of all despotisms, the favourites of all tyrants; it is an old and trite method, but none the less odious for that. The honest politician should worship nothing but reason and justice, and it is his business to preach them to the masses, who represent, on an average, the age of childhood and not that of maturity. We corrupt childhood if we tell it that it cannot be mistaken, and that it knows more than its elders. We corrupt the masses when we tell them that they are wise and far-seeing, and possess the gift of infallibility. It is one of Montesquieu's subtle remarks, that the more wise men you heap together the less wisdom you will obtain. Radicalism pretends that the greater number of illiterate, passionate, thoughtless—above all, young people—you heap together, the greater will be the enlightenment resulting.

The second thesis is no doubt the repartee to the first, but the joke is a bad one. All that can be got from a crowd is instinct or passion; the instinct may be good, but the passion may be bad; and neither is the instinct capable of producing a clear idea, nor the passion of leading to a just resolution.

A crowd is a material force, and the support of numbers gives a proposition the force of law; but that wise and ripened temper of mind which takes everything into account, and therefore tends to truth, is never engendered by the impetuosity of the masses. The masses are the material of democracy, but its form—that is to say, the laws which express the general reason, justice, and utility—can only be rightly shaped by wisdom, which is by no means a universal property. The fundamental error of the radical theory is the right to do good with good itself, and universal suffrage with universal wisdom. It rests upon a legal fiction, which assumes a real equality of enlightenment and merit among those whom it declares electors. It is quite possible, however, that these electors may not desire the public good, and that even if they do, they may be deceived as to the manner of realizing it. Universal suffrage is not a dogma—it is an instrument; and according to the population in whose hands it is placed the instrument is serviceable or deadly to the proprietor.

—Amiel's Journal.

A TROPICAL SUNSET.

WHILE he [the sun] is still some fifteen or twenty degrees above the horizon, we are premonished by a few red flakes, like scales of a fish rubbed off by the finger, and golden *scintillæ* in the west, and by the general disposition of the clouds, and the silver edges of some, to expect a glorious sunset. The whole eastern half of the sky, from the horizon upwards, is wrapped in a thick woolly mantle of dark-gray; but at perhaps thirty degrees beyond the zenith its continuity is broken by an interval of clear sky, and it forms roughly an arch or proscenium, already "with sun-fire garlanded," for the arena from which we are soon to witness the exit of the sun. From this break westwards, the clouds are dispersed in all the infinite variety of form and texture which painters never paint, and words can only slightly indicate. Long, fleecy scrolls, tier behind tier, their borders and volutes here and there frayed into fringes and tassels, lie across the sky at a great height, and extend "far, deep, and motionless," in diminishing bulk with distance, towards the westering sun. Towards the horizon, the clouds are spread in broad bands and thin strips, with

small, rounded masses floating above and in front. In all directions, and at many different levels, are a multitude of clouds of wonderful diversity and delicacy of form. The sun is beginning to issue from the cloudy pavilion in which he has spent the day. Dark, impervious banks are piled up from the horizon on each side, like curved mountain-ridges crowned with gigantic towers and battlements of a Titanic fortification. Already pennons and streamers of gold and vermilion are displayed above them, and from cloudy crag and turret beacon-fires are blazing to summon out the hosts of airy pensioners refulgent, clad in the shining liveries of their regent and progenitor. Every moment the splendour grows, we cannot tell how. The light diaphanous clouds soon become wholly dyed in effluent streams of light. Far above all other clouds in the azure depths of sky between them, nets of dappled gauze and lace-like veils of lawn, before too fine for sight, now first reveal themselves in spangles of bright gold. The rose hues tinging the prominences of the darker clouds become intenser and more diffused. Flakes, streaming like leaves upon the autumn wind, change as we look, as if by the process of the season, from pale gold to mellow crimson; while beaded strips of grey mist are transmuted into carcanets of burning carbuncle. The sun pours forth an ever-widening flood of light. About the confines of the clear blue spaces marvellous shades of green and lilac expand themselves, and faster than we mark them, new hues blush out, and fresh regions of the sky "blossom in purple" and gold. The transparency of most of the clouds wherever the fire touches them is almost as remarkable as the colour. As they become illuminated, the distinctness of their markings also is greatly enhanced. Mottled clouds become thickly covered with golden scales; long trains, crossed with ribs of light and shade like a zebra's side, become barred with alternate stripes of ruby and light flame-colour; some tracts remind us of draughts of mackerel dying in the sun, *maculis auro squalentibus ardens*, while other downy expanses, lying in spreading wavelets and ripples, like rounded overlapping feathers on a sea-bird's breast, are flecked with ruddy streaks and drops, like the torn bosom of a pelican in her piety. Nebulous fronds and plumes, stray filaments of gossamer and webs of misty lawn, twining wisps and flossy curling wreaths, angular patches that gleam like the gorget of a humming-bird, streaming flocks and tresses "like the bright hair uplifted from the head of some fierce Mænad," tapering sword-like spikes turning every way like the cherub's flaming brand,—these, and clouds of countless other forms are soon but almost imperceptibly imbued, not, as it seems from without, but as if by fire kindling within themselves, with flaming colour, gold and violet, scarlet, carnation, and crimson. Whilst we speak, the hues of every part alter continually with ravishing changes. Ever as the mighty orb goes down, they are "growing and glowing" until their intensity passes description or conception. All the west has become a vast screen of crimson, with tossing waves of golden fire, before and above which the nearer clouds, now mostly themselves all red, permeated and made transparent by "the inmost purple spirit of light," lie like the crowded islands of an aerial archipelago. Ere long, everything is steeped in colours of a hundred or a thousand tints, all ineffably beautiful. Where the sun pierces the clouds and throws his level rays along the waves, there is little but white light, relieved by a few rosy blushes on the water; to the north and south, the sea still remains deep-blue; from the horizon half-way up toward the zenith, and spreading on either side almost into a semi-circle, is the broad sheet of blood-red flame; elsewhere, every imaginable gradation of pure colour is represented, from the most delicate primrose and saffron, shading imperceptibly through all colours of the rainbow to the dark purple of the pansy and the deep black-red of the damask-rose,—and all is *living fire*.—*The Spectator*.

MEMORY.

O CAMP of flowers, with poplars girdled round,
The guardians of life's soft and purple bud!
O silver spring, beside whose brimming flood
My dreaming childhood its Elysium found!
O happy hours with love and fancy crowned,
Whose horn of plenty flatteringly subdued
My heart into a trance, whence, with a rude
And horrid blast, fate came my soul to hound:
Who was the goddess who empowered you all
Thus to bewitch me? Out of wasting snow
And lily-leaves her head-dress should be made!
Weep, my poor lute! nor on Astræ call
She will not smile, nor I, who mourn below,
Till I, a shade in heaven, clasp her, a shade.

—From the Swedish of Erick Johan Stagnelius, by Edmund Gosse.

FLAUBERT'S SALAMMO.

THE distinction made between books of different classes by a recently deceased humorist, to the effect that many are worth reading but few are worth buying, applies admirably in the case of this brilliant work, *Salammbô*. Sharing the popular attention with "King Solomon's Mines" a recent English publication of genuine merit, it has not yet appeared in popular form—that is to say in a cheap edition. Therefore, if any one wishes to read "Salammbô" he must read it in an elegant and expensive dress. The question arises, Is it worth reading? The critic will immediately answer, Yes—because the critic reads everything himself, is, of course, the Prince of

* Devereux, Bk. V. C. 6. † Alice. ‡ Night and Morning, p. 116.

skimmers, and can get through a dozen volumes a day. Read it by all means, says the critic. But, buy it?—that is another thing. He is not sure that it is sufficiently important to buy—as yet. And the critic is right, as he usually is.

Salammbô, in its excellent translation by Mr. French Sheldon, is another of those vividly-coloured, crowded, and realistic books similar to those of George Ebers's—notably, the "Egyptian Princess"—and Kingsley's "Hypatia." For those attributes of crowd and colour, movement both grotesque and picturesque, the seizure of a moment's effect, whether it be the light from a pagan altar on the face of a dying soldier, or the gleam of an African moon on the bare shoulders and shining tresses of a maiden praying under the stars to Ashtaroth; the absolute photographic clearness of outward signs and impressions, whether they be the beads of sweat, the blood-stained cuirass, the sparks of light evolved from the lynx-skins pressed in the dark, the "stalactites" of coagulated blood collected at the base of a crucified lion's tail; the "superb" laughter of the young Hannibal as he presses an eagle in its death agony to his breast, the rays from the candelabrum behind the Saffete Hamilcar throwing up streaks between his fingers like golden javelins, or the mental conditions of such different beings as Hanno, the leper—monstrous, disgusting and cruel, the poor enfeebled priest-tutor eunuch in constant attendance upon Salammbô; Salammbô herself, the incarnation of pure virginity—mystic, beautiful, haughty; Mätho the perfect type for all ages of the martial lover, whose kisses are as consuming as fire, and whose embrace is as the lifting up of a storm,—for all this lavish and minute description and analysis the book is certainly unrivalled.

But the impetuous yet increasing torrent of realism which is its chief charm is also its worst fault. Criticism describes a complete circle when on looking back to the first French reviews of the work, we find that it was therein accused of being wanting in contrast. This is perfectly true, notwithstanding the panegyrics composed in honour of it, mostly by American critics. Each chapter resembled a canvas sketched by a Makart, and filled in by a Meissonier. Each chapter too contains a separate scene or event, an episode or *tableau* of almost equal force and interest. Therefore the natural climax of the story suffers, and in the theatrical and inartistic "tag" at the end of many chapters, resembling the famous rhymed distich that is to be found throughout Shakespeare's tragedies, is an element of compulsion likely to be distasteful to thoughtful readers. It would seem that the author's mind was constantly framing new pictures, arrangements, combinations, and *tableaux*, not one of which could he spare—all had to be given to the public.

With such vivid and intense treatment as this we need not expect to find the principle of human interest reigning in the work. Nor does it. It is quite possible to lay it down at the close of a most terrible chapter and rest awhile before one takes it up again. The mental strain is not so much of a moral and sentimental nature—it is the facts that tire—the statistics that enervate. So many ivory steps, so many ebony benches, so many mother-of-pearl lozenges, elephants, idols, jewels, coloured powders, gold bracelets, ostrich plumes, pomegranates, plaques, and palm trees, ointments, dyes, tar-daubed dromedaries, vermilion-painted barbarians, so many details of warfare, camp-life and pillage, so many new utensils, dishes, foods, articles of apparel, furniture, and worship, so many startling unguessed-at horrors and curiosities of national custom and individual caprice, occur in the course of the narrative that the narrative suffers. There are "properties" enough to furnish a series of Carthaginian romances, and yet the genius of Flaubert compressed them all into one. There are pages where the mere outward aspect of the letter-press is full of colour, names strange, fascinating or horrible objects, and one turns involuntarily to a quieter page, only to find in the dialogue the same arch-brutality, magnificence, and lurid colour.

To return to the question of human interest; there can be little doubt that there is a marked deficiency here compared with certain other great historical novels. The scarcity of dialogue is one reason of this short-coming; another is, the peculiarities of time and place. Yet so great is the genius of this Frenchman that the situations themselves interest, while the people concerned in them exist more by reason of their extraordinary endowments, such as leprosy, the power of communion with serpents, than from any marked vitality in themselves. In other words, the characters in Salammbô exist for the reader as creations of a second-rate order; they are because they do such things, and not because they are. However, it is easy to be patient with a real enthusiasm, and that Flaubert's work was the result of a genius dictated by an unclouded and genuine enthusiasm, who can doubt? He had lived in Carthage, he had dug and tunnelled and ransacked in Carthage, he knew its present as minutely as he had explored its past, and in this work was the consecration of his life

and labours. It is curious that no translation of Salammbô has reached us before. The production by which Gustav Flaubert was best known for many years was a novel of doubtful situations entitled *Madame Bovary*, the publication of which drew upon its author the wrath of the Imperial Government. Prosecution for immorality only brought him, however, into the full light of Parisian society, and he became the friend of Théophile Gautier, Georges Sand, and Tourgueneff. Salammbô is not an immoral book, although its realism is not surpassed by that of Zola with regard to the brutal, the ugly, the diseased, and the merely horrible.

Ottawa.

SERANUS.

THE MAGAZINES.

THE *North American Review* opens with an interesting biographical sketch of "Bismarck, Man and Minister," by John A. Kasson, which will hardly fail to soften existing aversions to the character of the great Prussian, in its private phases at all events. Its strongest number, however, is from the pen of that champion of the masses, Henry George, upon "Labour in Pennsylvania." As might be expected, the mining statistics of that arch-protectionist State make a *bonne bouche* for Mr. George, and the gusto with which he rolls it under his tongue is very great indeed. Making all allowance for the prejudicial influences of Mr. George's politico-economical opinions upon his view of the situation, the condition of the Pennsylvanian miner, as revealed by this article, is one to be paralleled only by that of the peasantry in feudal days. It is even more pitiable in some respects, since military duty was all the vassal owed his lord, while the serf of the pick and barrow must account to his sovereign "Company" for the meanest mundane privilege he may be paradoxically said to enjoy. In his own quiet and sarcastic fashion Mr. George has clearly shown once more, in this first instalment of what promises to be a most enlightening discussion of the labour problem as it is in Pennsylvania, that whatever and whoever "Protection for Labour" protects in that State, it is not labour or the labourer.

The *Century's* frontispiece is a portrait of the man whose delicate sympathetic insight has revealed so many charming moods of nature through its pages—John Burroughs. The engraving is made after a charcoal drawing by J. W. Alexander, which, while it has the slap-dash virtue of a clever sketch, somehow misses the calm, gentle benignity of Mr. Burroughs' face, and gives us instead the soporific repose of the features of him whom "fate cannot harm" for he has "dined to-day." Mr. Burroughs is fair, of medium height, with reddish hair and whiskers and blue eyes. "Burroughs should be loved wherever home and homely life are loved," says Edith Thomas in the affectionately admiring little article that accompanies, and most of the warm-hearted naturalist's readers are of her opinion. Frank Stockton's new story, "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine," begins deliciously; and Mr. Howell's study of the action of democratic social forces upon the young and progressive product of the democracy takes its unerring course through a labyrinth of homely detail.

The *Overland Monthly* is as usual devoted chiefly to the descriptive and practical. John T. Doyle contributes a purely literary exception to the rule which seems to govern the contents of the magazine, in an interesting article upon "Shakespeare's Law—The Case of Shylock." The *Overland's* critical chapter upon "Recent Fiction" is this month even more enjoyable than usual.

The late-coming *Macmillan's* for July opens with Mr. Goldwin Smith's article upon "The Capital of the United States," with which the public is already tolerably familiar. John Burroughs again, in the third number, with a delightfully suggestive article upon "The Literary Value of Science," and "A Layman," takes a lance in the culinary combat, and discusses, with much zest, "The Philosophy of Diet."

The *English Illustrated* for July is chiefly notable for a descriptive paper upon Charles Kingsley and Eversley, by the Rev. William Harrison, profusely illustrated. *St. Nicholas* abounds rather more than usual in nonsense rhymes and funny pictures, but pretty little *Wide Awake*, with its artistic cover, has a poem by Margaret Preston that is better than anything in *St. Nicholas*.

CHARLES, EARL STANHOPE, a very worthy man and a good chemist, concerned himself usually so little with public life, that on his going down on one occasion in his workaday clothes to the House of Lords, the door-keeper refused him admission: "Honest man, you have no business here." "I am sorry," replied the gentle Earl, "that honest men have no business here."

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

OBLIVION. By M. G. McClelland. Leisure Season Series. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

The advent in fiction of the lady who wrote "Oblivion"—for a lady it is despite the masculine-looking signature—is a circumstance worthy of no little speculation as to its promise for the novel-reading public. So perfect of its kind is the work, so carefully and delicately wrought out, so pervaded is it with a most pleasing art, that it seems rather the crowning result of long and arduous effort than the achievement of an untried hand. "Oblivion" has been likened to Hugh Conway's "Called Back." The comparison is only justifiable as to the central idea—the loss of memory by an accident, and its subsequent return—which is of the order in which Mr. Fergus delighted. Otherwise Miss McClelland's work differs from that author's about as completely as could be imagined. She lacks his powerful introspectiveness, his dramatic force, the impelling character of his narration. There is no morbid quality in her book; it is all pure and sweet and fine as open air and sunshine could make it. And, although the last two characteristics, as they are in "Called Back," are absent in "Oblivion," they are represented by a very vivid and vigorous style of story-telling, which lags at no time and under no circumstances whatever. The similarity to Miss Murfree's writing (Charles Egbert Craddock) is rather more than skin deep. We should fancy that Miss McClelland had taken at least a cue from the more famous writer in her treatment of the Tennessee mountaineers. Not that we find in her work a particle of spurious imitation, however; it is all pure gold and honest profit.

There is much rare and delicate insight in Miss McClelland's tender treatment of her mountain men, and a firm hand, too, which fails her somewhat in her heroine. "Lady" is rather a visionary conception to the end, but "Dick Corbyn" will stay with us for a long time, faithful dog! The story is far better in the mountains, where it throbs and glows with reality, than in Washington, where it loses much of its vital quality and bears evidence of haste. "Oblivion" is, however, unless we are greatly mistaken, the first nugget from a store that will not be easily exhausted. Further mining operations on Miss McClelland's part will be watched with interest.

CATHOLIC VERSUS ROMAN. By Rev. J. Langtry, M.A. Toronto: Hunter, Rose, and Company.

The ten very vigorous lectures of which this volume is composed have already attained a certain celebrity through their delivery in St. Luke's Church, and their publication in the columns of the *Toronto Mail*, the *Orange Sentinel*, and the *Dominion Churchman*. To this we believe there are two exceptions in the extremely graphic chapter upon the Inquisition, and that unsparingly devoted to the "Further Departures of the Roman Church," which have only just been wrought out of the reverend author's inner consciousness for the edification of the elect who acknowledge neither Pope nor Priest.

The Rev. Mr. Langtry's interpretation of the duties of the Church Militant is evidently a most comprehensive one. All Protestants of a theologico-belligerent turn of mind are strongly advised to buy and read this book, for they will find in it all the triumphant charge and denunciation that is so comforting to their special type of spirituality; Roman Catholics also, for it will doubtless be unto their warlike propensities as a red rag unto a bull.

People of either faith, to whom the noise of theological battle is distasteful and disturbing, will deprecate both the cause and the animus of Mr. Langtry's book, however convincing its arguments and powerful its arraignments. There are such people, even in conservative Canada—people who are of the opinion that such combats belong to a less enlightened age than ours, that the old issues were fought out long ago, and that little but rancour and vindictiveness can result from a renewal of the conflict. These people, whether the majority or minority of the reading public of Canada, will find the contents of the reverend gentleman's book neither agreeable nor especially instructive.

MISFITS AND REMNANTS. By L. D. Ventura and S. Schevitch. Boston: Ticknor and Company.

Ten haphazard sketches of lower Italian life in New York, written professedly and not improbably by a couple of newspaper men, on the "foreign staff" of one of the great dailies. They are quite the product of the journalistic instinct in construction, and consist of precisely the sort of thing that would naturally fall in the way of a reporter with an eye for the picturesque. The work is so light that one wonders at its compressibility between the covers of a book, yet it betrays some delicacy of perception, and inclines to be graphic and illuminative of the life it describes.

It is essentially weak, but it has a fineness of texture that is very pleasing. A series, we should call the sketches, of gentle, refined, pretty pictures of scenes that doubtless have their idyllic side, if one looks for it long enough. Their weakness is their lack of truthfulness; even the tragedy and sin they describe is sweetly and agreeably pictured. An amusing blunder occurs in the first "Peppino," where the author describes himself as arriving in America with five hundred francs and "not a word of English," yet within three weeks disposing of an article to the *New York World* for forty dollars, and continuing from that time forth to support himself by contributions to the American press. We are left in doubt as to whether the *World* employs a translator for the benefit of impecunious foreigners or prints their articles in the original Italian, German, French, or as it may be. Neither of these alternatives presenting themselves very credibly, we are compelled to the conclusion that in his anxiety to narrate vividly, the Signor Ventura has in this case somewhat overshot the mark.

BIETIGHEIM: Its Causes, Cost, and Consequences. New York: Funk and Wagnalls.

"Bietigheim" is in the nature of a prophecy. It consists of three lectures, delivered before the intelligent public of the city of Denver, Col., in the year 1932, by one John W. Minor, upon the causes, cost, and consequences of the battle of Bietigheim, in which the allied forces of the English, French, and Americans utterly rout German arrogance, aggression, and tyranny in the year 1890—the immediate cause of the war being the shooting of a naturalised German-American upon his native soil, for causes that aroused the indignation of the world. The book is probably of much less value as a prediction of German humiliation under Frederick than as an interesting and plausible representation of the possibilities of cognate questions within a time that we may all hope to see. These questions are universal in their significance, and a very obvious criticism of the unknown author's work is that he has attempted far too much for even the robust intelligence of a Denver audience in 1932, in a narrative, with critical and explanatory notes, of almost half a century's European and American progress, in three lectures. One of its frequent blunders is a French-Canadian rebellion, in 1887, "growing out of the execution of the half-breed Riel two years before," which helped to "keep England's army busy." Our American friend should be assured that we should hardly require the assistance of "England's army" in suppressing a French-Canadian rebellion, in the very unlikely event of its occurrence. The book, nevertheless, has a living interest, and will sell, in spite of its sensational cover.

THE SKETCH BOOK. By Washington Irving. New York: John B. Alden.

Irving's works, and this above all of them, are so firmly entrenched in our affection, that any notice, even of a new edition, seems absurdly superfluous. The excellent taste and extreme cheapness of the Alden Sketch Book make it worthy of more than passing attention, however. It is bound in a fashion of which no library shelf need be ashamed, well printed in large and legible type, on very fair paper, and all for forty cents! Even in these days of the literary millenium this achievement of Mr. Alden's is remarkable.

WE have received also the following publications:

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. September. New York: 55 and 57 Park Place.

CHURCH REVIEW. August. New York and Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company.

MUSICAL HERALD. August. Boston: Franklin Square.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. August 14th. Boston: Littell and Company.

MUSIC.

THE BERLIN SAENGERFEST.

THE Saengerfest held by the German residents of Berlin and its vicinity on the 11th, 12th and 13th current proved a great success. It attracted thousands of strangers to the town, and demonstrated that there is an amount of musical talent and appreciation in the vicinity, which, but for the festival, would not have been suspected. The principal features of the "fest" were the creditable performance of the "Creation," and the excellent playing of the Waterloo and Berlin Musical Societies' bands. Under the careful direction of Herr Zoellner the oratorio was produced in a manner that approached the standard of Toronto performances, and the result is the more surprising when it is remembered that no opportunities could be had for mass rehearsals prior to the opening of the festival. There was a competition for a prize between the male choruses of the visiting singing societies on the afternoon of the second day; but the contest was practically between the Montreal Germania and the Rochester Orpheus, and the judges awarded the honours to the latter. The receipts from the concerts amounted to about \$3,000.—*Clef.*

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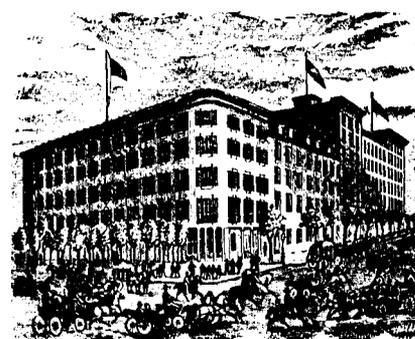
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Convention of New York, 1788. A. W. Clason.
Cedar Mountain. II. Alfred E. Lee, late Consul-Gen. U. S. A.
Negro Slaves during the Civil War. Col. Charles Jones, Jr., LL.D.
At the Death Angle. Charles A. Patch.
A Canadian View of Annexation. J. L. Payne.
Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. Illustrated. Mrs. Martha J. Lamb.
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- FACULTY OF ARTS. Opening September 16th, 1886.
DONALDA SPECIAL COURSE FOR WOMEN. September 16th.
FACULTY OF APPLIED SCIENCE. Civil Engineering, Mechanical Engineering, Mining Engineering and Practical Chemistry. September 16th.
FACULTY OF MEDICINE. 4/4 October 1st.
FACULTY OF LAW. October 1st.
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