

# THE WEEK:

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## The Week,

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY AND LITERATURE.

Edited by W. PHILIP ROBINSON.

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C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher.

## TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

In England compromise prevails, and the Franchise Bill is to pass. No one who considered the elements of the situation can have much doubted that such would be the result. It was evident that all the moderate Liberals in and out of the Cabinet, a large body of moderate Conservatives, the Prime Minister, and the Court were labouring together to avert the impending conflict. Their united efforts were pretty sure to prevail. It seemed for a moment as if the success of the Conservatives in the Warwickshire election was likely to turn their heads and lure them to their ruin; but the more cool-headed of their leaders discerned the accidental and illusory character of the victory. The compromise is, of course, denounced as a surrender by all those who were thirsting for the battle: by Lord Salisbury and Lord Randolph Churchill on one side, as well as by Mr. Chamberlain and the Radicals on the other. As the Redistribution Bill must be framed by Liberal hands, it is scarcely possible to doubt that the real surrender is on the part of the Lords. Such manifestly is the opinion of Lord Salisbury. It is difficult to see how the Marquis can retain his leadership after being thus a second time thrown over by his followers upon a question of first-rate importance. The country is spared a dissolution, which under the present circumstances would have been fraught with danger; for there would in all probability have been some Conservative gain, parties would have been made more nearly equal in strength, and the Parnellites, who would, most likely, also have gained seats, would thus have been enabled to hold the balance, whereas the Government party, when united, is at present strong enough to vote them down. The Lords are wise in declining the battle; but they were unwise in challenging it, and the discussion which their institution and its record have undergone will probably be found to have inflicted a mortal wound.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD'S fortieth birthday of public life is to be a cause of party rejoicing in Montreal, and of party reorganization in Toronto, where a convention of the faithful is to be held. On both occasions, it will be hard if some opportunity of showing gratitude for expected favours cannot be found. The leading spirits by whom political demonstrations are promoted generally expect to make good their claims on the recipients of the testimonials of party esteem; and it frequently happens that the men who speak loudest of the glory of the chief are thinking most intently about how the trumpeter can best exact the largest reward for his services. At Montreal Sir John will be at home; by the Bleus he will be cordially welcomed as becomes their most trusted ally in Ontario. It was long his boast that he was Cartier's double; but in an evil day the political twin-brothers quarrelled over a bauble. Cartier, the rebel of 1837, on whose head a price was set, and on whose track the political bloodhounds were

put, lived to sigh for the dubious honour of knighthood; and for once Sir John was found to have stumbled in taking the measure of his man. When knighthoods were being tossed about, none went in Cartier's direction. Sir George, to the surprise of most people, resented the omission as a slight, and a friendship which had been more than political, and had borne the force of every other strain put upon it, snapped with the weight of resentment which Cartier experienced at a neglect which could have been only fanciful. Sir John, if he had suspected what Cartier longed for, would probably have placed a dozen knightly recommendations at his disposal rather than have lost so valuable a thing as his friendship. As soon as he could in decency do it, Sir John atoned for the omission by securing for his estranged friend the higher prize of a baronetcy, in place of the coveted knighthood. But the seam in the broken glass could never wholly be effaced; and Sir George did not live long to toy with the new bauble which was balm to a heart that even Sir John did not suspect of coveting such a treasure. But Cartier dead, his old friends are still Sir John's fast political allies; and from them he may rely on a reception which expectants are always willing to accord to a man in the plenitude of power. In Toronto another scene will open on his vision. Luckily for him the U. E. Club, which did its best to shipwreck the party on which Sir John relies, is no longer in a position to do mischief. A political convention as an instrument of celebrating a political birthday is something new under the sun. The experiment is not without its dangers. A party demonstration at best, the convention makes it doubly so, and repels neutrals, much more all who profess a politic faith antagonistic to the chieftain whom it is proposed to honour. Is Conservatism effete, or what makes it necessary to form a new political association on the fortieth year of Sir John Macdonald's entrance into public life?

SOME allowance is usually made for after-dinner speeches, and a speech at a Lord Mayor's banquet should be allowed the usual indulgence. When Sir John Macdonald, by an oratorical phrase, transformed the colonies of Great Britain into so many "auxiliary kingdoms," he took the liberty of making history by anticipation in the most facile and the least reliable of ways. These suppositious kingdoms he wishes to see forming so many parts of an Imperial Federation of some undefined pattern. All Sir John ventures to outline is "some sort of an union" as shadowy as any castle in the air which imagination ever created. In the "auxiliary kingdoms" we get a glimpse of definite form, the child of creative imagination, which has not even probability to rest upon. In North America, at all events, the colonies are not so shaping themselves as to promise the birth of new kingdoms. The materials of a monarchy do not exist, and are not being developed. The elements of society are overpoweringly democratic. By no possibility can a nominated Senate permanently survive, and an aristocracy of knights, if it had any leavening power, could not leaven the whole masses and give a monarchical tinge to what is democratic. To threaten the possible enemies of England with the sword of non-existing kingdoms of which the future gives no promise of being, even if regarded as an attempt to terrorize by the use of phantoms, would not, in this unghostly age, be likely to be very effective. But this is one of the occasions on which a loose expression unwarrantably used must not be supposed to imply intentional offence. Any serious attempt to establish new kingdoms in North America would cause an inevitable appeal to the Monroe doctrine to be made: a doctrine which is quiescent only because there is nothing to provoke it into activity. Canada, besides having no marked monarchical tendencies, is not in the least inclined towards Imperial Federation, with all that such an union implies, especially a federation that would drag her into England's wars in all parts of the globe. That thousands of Canadians would readily fly to England's succour if she were in serious peril is unquestionable; but this is a very different thing from the country being placed in the position in which in any English war, in any part of the world, her people might of right be called upon to bear part. The surrender of autonomy, implied in the necessity of parting with the right to make her own tariff, is an abnegation to which Canada is not likely ever to consent. Here lies the initial difficulty in the way of every scheme of

Imperial Federation, and no one has had the courage to undertake to explain how it can be got over. Imperial Federation means, for the colonies, writing history backwards: surrendering franchises which have been won by many years of patient effort; about the last thing to which any self-governing dependency would be likely to give its consent.

THE Brown statue has arrived in the city and will shortly adorn the solitudes of Queen's Park. The installation will be the apotheosis of Party in the person of the late Senator Brown. In this young country public statues reared to commemorate the virtue of public men are but few. The monuments to Brock at Queenston, and to Wolfe and Montcalm at Quebec, at once strike the beholder as appropriate and not without meaning. The so-called "victims of 1837" at Montreal introduce us to another class of monument. The Cartier monument comes before the Party chief is merged in the national representative; and the Brown memorial opens the vista to a possible forest of Party statues. People of very diverse ways of thinking may find something to admire in the subject of the brazen eulogy. As a *mangeur des prêtres*, the anti-clericals of Belgium might join in the homage to the deceased journalist; and the Canadian priests owe absolution to the politician for having consented to graft the Separate School system on the Federal Constitution of Canada. Advocates of representation by population in Ontario may thank the journalist for his persistent advocacy of their favourite principle; the partisans of equality of representation, as between the Provinces, whose home was Quebec, may thank the politician for suppressing any strong expression of the opposite principle in the Legislature. Whether, when the Brown-Dorion ministry was formed, Mr. Brown agreed to keep numerical representation in abeyance, as some of his colleagues averred, or whether he refused to consent to the postponement, as he alleged, those who think that he did can give him credit, though it should be at the expense of his candour, for having done so. Those who think that he did not agree to postponement, and ought not to have done so, can, in charity, take the lenient view of the disputed facts. History will have to deal with the weight of evidence in favour of the contradictory allegations, and she will not allow even a bronze monument to turn the scale; but among the living generation there are people whose courage is robust enough to sustain them in their preconceptions in spite of all the adverse verdicts which may be pronounced. Reformers, taking a general view of a somewhat chequered career, may do homage to the memory of the journalist and politician; and even the Tories, in recollection of the support which he gave, at one general election, to the party led by Sir Allan McNab, ought not to be wholly insensible to gratitude for the assistance rendered to their cause by this extra-parliamentary coalition. Even the shades of men on whom the unjust criticism of the journalist fell while they were in the flesh, may forbear to seek vengeance by haunting the brazen statue in the lonely park, in consideration of the usual eulogy which death inevitably brought. All who think that Mr. Brown did right when he accepted the political embrace of Sir John Macdonald, and all who are equally certain that he performed an act of patriotism in deserting the coalition before its work was done, can together bring their meed of admiration to the foot of the molten statue. Can any one give us a reason why all these people should not assist in the inauguration of the Brown statue?

THE reasons for haste in the construction of the Pacific Railway, when haste is being objected to, ought to be fairly stated. On the admission of British Columbia into the Canadian Confederation Parliament, wisely or unwisely, agreed to build a railway to the Pacific Ocean within ten years. This was found impossible of accomplishment, and an extension of time was obtained. But the consent of British Columbia to delay was reluctantly given, and discontent in the Pacific Province was rife; among the objections were heard mutterings of possible secession. Parliament, as a matter of good faith, and on grounds of public policy, decided last Session that the construction should be pushed on at a rate that would ensure a completed railway by the end of the year 1885. It was on this express ground that it sanctioned the loan. The company accepted the condition, and set to work loyally to carry out the wishes of Parliament. It is understood that the work will be finished in the prescribed time, with perhaps a couple of months margin in favour of the company. This expectation rests on the authority of the chief engineer of the Government, Mr. Schrieber. Nothing could be more unreasonable than to blame the company for shortening the time of construction for which Parliament is responsible. That the work has been well done is the testimony of all competent judges, who are in a position to express an opinion. The motive to do good work is stronger in the case of the Canadian Pacific Company than with contractors who have no interest in the work beyond the pay

it brings, and that this motive has had its effect can easily be seen in the character of the road that has been built. The best steel rails have been used, and the bridges are good and substantial; and if there was any doubt as to the character of the road which the contract bound the Company to build there is none as to how the road that has been built is to be classed. A first-class road is undoubtedly being secured. Scamping railway work is not unknown in Canada; it would be easy to point out instances where, in consequence of bad iron being used, the rails had to be renewed long before the time had expired by which the life of good rails is measured. A company which does its work well is not fairly open to attack on the ground of haste. Celerity in construction for reasons of its own, rightly or wrongly—and it is the supreme judge of the matter—Parliament demanded. If that was a mistake, politically or economically, it is not a mistake for which the Company can be called to account. If dilatoriness had been shown, if the requisite energy for so vast an undertaking had been wanting, there would have been good ground for hostile criticism, and fierce indeed the criticism would have been. The astonishing results achieved by the company won candid commendation from the justice of Mr. Mackenzie; and we regret to see that there is a total want of similar frankness and fairness in quarters where, at one time, Mr. Mackenzie's influence would have been felt.

THE abrupt close of the Mercier Commission is producing an after-clap, the resonance of which may possibly be heard for some time. In the later sittings a set attempt was made to discredit M. Trudel who, having acted as the friend of M. Mercier in the \$5,000 business, was one of the most competent witnesses against him, as he was, the honey having turned to gall, one of the bitterest. Witnesses not a few swore that they would not believe him on oath, and others as readily swore that he was entirely trustworthy. In parrying the attack, M. Trudel swore that he had frequently purchased one of the hostile witnesses, a journalist, of which transactions he professed to have documentary proof. When asked to produce the letters he prevaricated, first saying they were at his house, and then immediately after that he did not know where they were. The next time the Commission met M. Trudel was to have an opportunity of making good his charge. The sittings ordinarily commenced at eleven or half-past eleven o'clock; this time it met at half-past ten, and M. Trudel was not present. Having some business that would detain him a short time in the court house, he telephoned thence to one of the advocates for M. Mercier, before the Commission, saying he would not be able to arrive in less than twenty minutes, and asking the Commission to give him so much grace. M. Amyot answered "all right" (*c'est correct*). Before M. Trudel arrived the Commission had closed, throwing out his entire evidence in the case on the ground that the witness refused to appear to be cross-examined. Trudel says he remained at the court-house a quarter of an hour after he telephoned M. Amyot; the Commission, it is said, waited altogether half an hour before concluding that he did not intend to come. When he did arrive, he asked to be allowed to continue his evidence, but the case was declared closed and he was not heard. But he repeats the charge in the press, and says that he is ready to prove, before any court, the truth of the statement. The incriminated journalist cannot afford to refuse to accept the challenge; but we are not aware that he has so far signified his intention of doing so. The charge against M. Mercier did not rest on the sole evidence of M. Trudel; but the whole case was so enveloped in a mist of political passion that it would have been difficult for the most passionless eye to see the exact degree of blame attaching to the hostile actors. M. Mercier himself admits that he took an excessive fee, which would not have been allowed on taxation, and that when trouble came he was willing to pay the surplus back.

AN overture was made some time ago to the Editor of this journal by an American firm which proposed to bring out a group of chromo-litho portraits of representatives of the Canadian Press. The overture was ultimately declined. But the firm has now brought out a sheet of portraits, among which is introduced that of a writer who, though a Contributor to this journal, is not its Editor, and would not have consented to appear in that character, or be in any way connected with the production. The editor of THE WEEK can only say, that if any annoyance has been caused to his contributor, he regrets it, but is in no way to blame. The sheet is a strange collection altogether, inasmuch as it contains no representative of the *Mail*, the *World*, the *London Free Press*, the *Hamilton Times*, the *Montreal Herald*, the *Quebec Chronicle*, or any Ottawa journal. The comic press is also unrepresented; while the social press is represented in a manner calculated to make some members of the group feel not very proud of their company.

"BYSTANDER" ON CURRENT EVENTS AND OPINIONS.

In the United States the danger of a disputed election, which at one time seemed impending, is at an end. But if among the public men there are any truly worthy of the name of statesmen, they will surely accept the warning which has been now a second time given, and cast about for some means of rescuing the country from a series of periodical convulsions such as if prolonged must be the ruin of any commonwealth. In the meantime Mr. Cleveland comes to the Presidency under circumstances unusually auspicious. He is the nominee of the Democratic Party; he mainly owes to it his election, and of course he can be guilty of no perfidy to his friends. His Cabinet will no doubt be formed of Democrats, nor will it be inferior on that account if it is composed of such men as Mr. Pendleton and Mr. Bayard. But he is the nominee of the purest section of the party, which avowed that it loved him because the corrupt section was his enemy. The Irish Nationalists violently opposed him, and Tammany betrayed him for the sake of Republican support in the municipal elections: he is therefore free from any obligation in those quarters. The scale was turned in his favour by the Independent Republicans, who supported him solely on the ground of his personal probity. Faction has as little hold on him as possible; he will be more at liberty than any of his predecessors since Washington to play the part of a patriot President and govern in the interest of the whole nation. By honestly giving effect to the Civil Service Act, by making at his accession to office as few removals in the public service as possible, he may commence the abolition of the spoils system and thereby earn a measure of honourable fame as great as is the infamy of those by whom the system was introduced. The long exile of his party from power will make it easier for him to break through the evil custom of a clean sweep, because there is not an ex-placeman ready for every place. An exercise of great moral firmness will no doubt be necessary to resist sinister demands; but in moral firmness Governor Cleveland seems not to be wanting. The President is an executive officer, and so long as the balance of parties, political or commercial, in the Legislature is not materially altered, and the Republicans retain their ascendancy in the Senate, no immediate changes in legislation are to be expected. That there will be a sudden reversal of policy with regard to the South is merely the nervous apprehension of the negro. Slavery is dead, and no one desires, even if it were possible, to revive it. A recognition of the Rebel Confederacy in the shape of the assumption of debts or the payment of pensions would at once re-awaken the war sentiment, heal the division in the Republican Party, and put the nation on its side. The chief issue will be the Tariff, which the reduction of the debt and the growth of the surplus will, of themselves, force upon the attention of Congress. President Cleveland, we may be sure, will not veto Tariff Reform.

Our protectionists are elated by good news from two quarters at once. In France an import duty is to be laid on cereals, and in England there is a Protectionist, or as it is there called a Fair Trade, movement among the work-people who are suffering from depression. With the good news from France comes an invidious rumour that the French Premier, though ostensibly legislating in the interest of the French farmer, is really in the hands of a "syndicate" of speculators who are "long of wheat." But supposing this to be a Free Trade calumny, would Canadian Protectionists like to see all governments paying their homage to the sound economical principle by laying an import duty on cereals? The Protectionist seldom tries to realize the consequences of Protection all round. The movement in England, so far as at present appears, is nothing more than a feeble reproduction of that which some years ago was set on foot in the suffering districts, but no sooner assumed a definite form and fairly challenged public opinion than it expired. Its chief seat was Bradford, which at that time appeared hopelessly depressed, but is now prospering again, though in a somewhat different line, entirely through the natural revival of industry and without any help from Fair Trade. The manufacturers will never allow the farmers to lay a tax on bread, nor will the farmers allow the manufacturers to lay a tax on clothes or ploughs. At present the region of the worst depression appears to be the ship-building trade on the Clyde and Wear. Jarrow is its special scene, though there the workmen seem to have made their own case worse by a suicidal strike against employers who are carrying on their business at a loss to save the town from ruin. But it would be difficult by any exercise of ingenuity to show how Free Trade had injured ship-builders. The repeal of the navigation laws, instead of being followed by the ruin of the Mercantile Marine, has been followed by a great increase of tonnage and extension of the Carrying Trade. Foreign bounties may have done it some mischief; but foreign bounties are not Free Trade. Nor is it Free Trade that has annihilated the Mercantile Marine of the United States.

People in pain are always ready to swallow quack medicines; but no swallower of a quack medicine shows more of the sick man's credulity than he who thinks that he can restore the health of a trade by making the workman's food and clothes dear. The "Bystander," for his part, has never professed to be a purist of free trade; he sees plainly that every nation must have its tariff, and adapt it to its own industrial circumstances; nor is there anything in his creed which interdicts retaliation, in case of necessity, as an instrument for forcing open foreign ports, and thus promoting, not Monopoly but Free Trade. He is willing enough to call himself a Fair Trader, provided that Protection is not allowed to slip in beneath that name. Protection is taxation, not for the purpose of revenue, but for that of giving encouragement to certain trades, which are thus pampered at the expense of the community. Practically the masters get all the profit; the men are merely shifted by this forcing process from one employment to another, and from employments which, being natural, are stable, to those which are artificial and insecure. When commercial enterprises have been called into existence, when capital has been drawn into them and labour has been made dependent on them, by the action of the State, whether wisely or unwisely, they are entitled to considerate treatment. This is the ground on which Canadian manufacturers, if they are well advised, will take their stand. Wisdom also bids them lose no time in declaring for Commercial Union. The victory of the Democratic Party is no doubt practically that of a revenue tariff, though in the platform the issue was ostensibly declared. But the influence of the vested interests is so powerful and the fear of bringing on an industrial crisis by sudden change, is so great even among those who are no friends to the system, that reduction is sure to proceed with caution, and the day of grace will be long.

THE Hon. J. B. Finch, of Nebraska, has been brought over to open a campaign in favour of the Scott Act in Toronto. Our acknowledgments are due to a distinguished foreigner who is so good as to take an active interest in our legislative affairs. But in inaugurating the agitation the Hon. J. B. Finch strikes an unhappy key-note. His speech is instinct with that uncharitable and tyrannical spirit which is the bane of the movement, as it is apt to be the bane of all crusades. No man of sense can really believe that a trade is criminal which has been expressly licensed by the State, nay, in which the State has actually been a partner, since it has taken a share of the profits in the form of license fees. You may think that the articles sold by the wine merchant, the brewer, or the dealer in cider, are unwholesome, as the vegetarian thinks the articles sold by the butcher unwholesome, as the homœopathist thinks the articles sold by the druggist unwholesome, as many people think the articles sold by the confectioner unwholesome; but you cannot, without violating reason and justice, designate the trade as criminal or deem yourself at liberty to deal with those engaged in it as felons. This, however, is what the Hon. J. B. Finch does. He puts liquor-selling on a level with horse-stealing and other things which bring the proprietors within the grasp of the police. "The State," he says, "has no business to license great lazy louts to stand behind bars and wage war against the wives and children of the land." The State, however, has done it; it has the license fees in its treasury; and it is bound, by considerations higher than the objects of any particular movement, to observe towards all classes of its citizens rules of equity which the platform orators in the transports of rhetoric are ready to give to the winds. When you propose to turn out of their calling and their livelihood a number of people guilty of no offence against the law, the least you can do is to show them some Christian compassion and, at all events, to refrain from wounding their feelings by reckless and insolent abuse. It is a matter of much less importance, but nevertheless it is a fact, that the party use of the word Temperance instead of Prohibition, by implying that prohibitionists alone are temperate, casts an unjust slur upon all those who use wine without abusing it, as did the founder of Christianity, as do the immense majority of Christians throughout the world. Canadians are perhaps better qualified than a gentleman from the States to judge whether drunkenness is so rife among the Canadian people, and moral influences so weak, that arbitrary legislation is necessary to save Canada from perdition. If it is, every good citizen will acquiesce in it. Every right-minded man will be ready to give up a trifling indulgence when it is proved to him that his fellow-men cannot otherwise be rescued from moral ruin. But we cannot afford to allow fancy additions to be made to the Decalogue for the gratification of anybody's moral vanity; still less can we afford to allow legislative philanthropy to disregard common justice.

AUSTRALIAN Confederation appears to have miscarried, and its failure, following that of South African Confederation, shows once more that

confederations are not to be made as easily as omelets. They have in fact rarely been accomplished except under the constraining pressure of some external danger such as those which threatened the members of the Achaean League, the Swiss Cantons, the Insurgent Netherlands, and the American Colonies. Our own Confederation can hardly be said to have been entirely an exception, inasmuch as the sense of peril awakened by the Trent affair was not without influence in bringing it about. Its success, greatly exaggerated by jubilant officialism, formed a delusive precedent which lured Lord Carnarvon into his project of a South African Empire, and caused the mildest of mankind to become guilty of shedding torrents of innocent blood. The Australians have fallen into the same trap; but as they have no Zulus or Boers, miscarriage in their case is attended by no serious disaster. An attempt at union among communities which have long existed separately, sets the centrifugal as well as the centripetal forces in action: it emphasizes divergences of interest and calls mutual jealousies into play. The American Colonies, before their rupture with the Mother Country, had tried a union of Councils, but with an unfavourable result. A group of dependencies such as the Australian Colonies, those of South Africa, or those of British North America, is in fact already federated through its connection with the Imperial country for the purpose of external defence, and for all important purposes, except that of a common tariff, which happens to be precisely the point on which the Australian Colonies cannot agree. In truth federation, in the case of a group of dependencies, has no meaning except as a preparation for independence.

THAT the House of Commons, as well as the House of Lords, is on its trial is the avowed opinion of some in England, and the deepening though unavowed conviction of many. We may smile at Carlyle's invocation of Lord Wolseley to play the part of Cromwell and once more take away the Bauble; but it becomes increasingly manifest to all observant and reflecting minds that a mob of six hundred and fifty men, full of faction and selfishness, cannot govern a nation. The extension of the franchise, by rendering the House more demagogic, is pretty sure to increase the evil. New rules, though Mr. Gladstone hoped that they would restore order to the chaos, have produced no more effect than new rules usually do where a change of character is needed. In the present session it has already appeared that matters instead of growing better are growing worse. Disorganization and disregard of authority increase; time is more than ever wasted in altercation; faction grows more than ever regardless alike of the claims of public business and of the decencies of debate. Such a name as deliberative assembly is rapidly becoming a mockery in its application to the House of Commons. Into the debate on the Address is interpolated a personal affray between Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Chamberlain. No such thing could have been suffered half a century ago. Canning, Peel or Russell, as a leader of Opposition, would at once have put a veto on Lord Randolph Churchill's rabid motion; but Sir Stafford Northcote, though plainly aware of its impropriety, not only was unable to forbid it, but was constrained to follow with drooping head in the train of the mutineer. Only by the personal authority of an aged chief is a similar state of anarchy averted on the Liberal side. The Parnellites are utterly beyond control; their object is to wreck the Legislature and the Government, and for social decency they have no more regard than Kaffirs. The *Graphic*, a neutral journal, describes them as "howling like wild beasts" at Mr. Trevelyan, and "hailing him with a shower of contumelious reproaches which made it difficult for him to get out three consecutive sentences." Mr. Gladstone, the author of Disestablishment and the Land Act, the enfranchiser of the Irish peasantry, reaps the fruits of his great policy of conciliation by being "frequently stopped by rowdy cries from the Irish quarter." An assembly of English gentlemen has to sit and hear Lord Spencer, one of the most kind-hearted as well as the noblest of public servants, repeatedly called "a murderer" and, together with his colleague, assailed with ribaldry which is compared by the *Graphic* to "the irresponsible ravings of lunatics." But indignation at the outrages of the Irish is swallowed up in another feeling when we learn that a set of men, calling themselves English gentlemen and headed by an English nobleman in the person of Lord Randolph Churchill, voted with the enemies of the country for the motion of censure on the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Such is Tory "loyalty" in England as well as in Canada; such it was in the days of William the Third, and such it is now.

In the elections to the German Reichstag the Socialists have gained largely; the Conservatives have also gained; the Liberals have lost heavily. Particularly notable is the great gain of Socialism, after seven years of repression. Of this the burdensomeness of the German military system is perhaps the immediate cause, as it is the cause of the constant outflow of

emigration. But there is also a great deal of indigence arising it seems partly from the subdivision of land, which is so extreme that, according to Mr. Rae, there are more than a million of proprietors, holding on the average little more than an acre, while the soil as a rule is poor. The peasant also groans under Jewish usury, against which, and the growing domination of the Jewish plutocracy, Herr Stöcker's crusade is directed, though the movement is persistently misrepresented as a religious persecution. The principal seat of Socialism, however, is said at present to be among the factory operatives, who enjoy the greatest facilities for mutual fomentation and, though the best paid of all the work-people, are the most improvident and discontented. German Socialism had powerful apostles in Lassalle and Karl Marx, whose influence has not died with them. Perhaps the Government itself, in trying a policy of vaccination by means of such semi-socialistic, or as it is the fashion to call them, Collectivist appliances as State Insurance, has rather fostered than dissipated the disease. German Socialism, however, is not of the malignant type; it does not, like Nihilism, Intransigentism and Fenianism, deal in dynamite or preach murder. Some of its leading writers, at all events, seem to see that all social change must be gradual, and that violence will never regenerate mankind. Still its growth gives the German Government occupation enough, and renders more than ever improbable any hostile action of Germany against Great Britain. The Conservative gain is no doubt due in some measure to the reaction against Socialism; but the party of reaction rests on a large and solid mass of Roman Catholicism and aristocracy, as well as the military. The Liberal Party appears to have lost rather by apathy and abstraction than by change of opinion or desertion. Its creed is necessarily of a somewhat negative kind, and neither appeals like Conservatism to strong sentiment, nor like Socialism, to ardent hopes. On the morrow of a great struggle for national unity and independence the patriotic sentiment is strong, and Liberalism is rather philosophic and cosmopolitan than patriotic. Bismarck will now have to change the Parliamentary base of his government, and make up a working majority of new materials. This he will do without hesitation or scruple. This is what he always does when elections go against him, or his following in the House fails him, and when any other Parliamentary minister would resign. It is in this way that his government is rendered stable, while all the other party governments in Europe are in a continual state of flux and the nations which they are ironically said to sway are kept in constant danger of administrative anarchy. Thus the one apparent exception to the instability of Party Government is an exception which emphatically proves the rule.

PRESIDENT WILSON has a militant life; yesterday he was grappling with co-educationists; now he is repelling the attacks of clericists, though apparently they are not clericists of much mark. His obvious answer in the latter case is that if he were to introduce theological teaching he would be guilty of a breach of trust, which would not be a religious proceeding. He would be equally guilty of a breach of trust if he connived at the abuse of any lecture-room for the purpose of subverting religion. But of this he is not accused, and cannot be suspected. Science must be taught in universities. It must be taught whoever the discoverer may have been, whether Newton, Faraday, Laplace or Darwin, and whatever may have been his theological opinions. Whatever is true in it is of God; this surely none of us will deny. How many fatal discoveries, including that of the rotation of the earth, has religion already survived! Are not bishops now telling us that the doctrine of evolution leaves the argument for an intelligent Creator or governor of the world stronger than it was before? A restoration of clerical control over university teaching must be seen by every sensible clergyman to be unattainable in this generation, at least anywhere but in the Church of Rome. Oscott or Maynooth may mew up minds so that no discovery can reach them; to any Protestant college this is impossible. There is nothing for it but to let knowledge have its course, and renounce the thought of what Bacon calls offering to God the unclean sacrifice of a lie. As to official recognition of Christianity, on which some worthy people set great store, the shafts of scepticism go through such buckram as rifle bullets go through paper. That which is at once valuable and attainable is the conservation of religious life by the self-governed college in the free university. The assailants of President Wilson would be more profitably employed in strengthening the hands and confirming the resolution of Mr. Ross who, as we all hope, is trying to bring about university confederation.

No more tremendous problem was ever presented to a nation than that of the two races in the Southern States. Even the problem with which England has to deal in Ireland is less desperate. It is brought before us in its full

magnitude and complexity in "An Appeal to Caesar," the last work of Judge Tourgee, whose first work, "A Fool's Errand," threw a sudden flood of light on the situation in the South. Judge Tourgee declares the division of race to be the one dominant and all-pervading influence in Southern politics, as it is in Southern society. Instead of being obliterated by slavery it seems to have become deeper and more hopeless than ever. Inter-marriage is impossible; it is in fact more than ever banned and execrated; and without intermarriage real union can never take place. The social line has even been drawn with increased sharpness since the superiority of the dominant race has ceased and the slave has become a pretender to equality. "From the cradle to the grave, the white life and the black touch each other every hour. Yet an infinite distance separates them ever. In all this there is no equalization, no assimilation of rights, no reciprocity of affection. Children may caress each other because they are children. Betwixt adults fewer demonstrations of affection are allowed than the master bestows upon his dog." The bitter and resentful recollection of slavery, as Judge Tourgee is convinced, far from dying away, is likely to gather strength by the lapse of generations in the breast of the negro. All attempts to find a line of political cleavage other than that of race, or to divide the mixed population into any parties but those of blacks and whites, have totally failed. The whites deem themselves by the ordinance of nature still politically the masters; they are determined to keep power and the government exclusively in their hands; and this determination, being encountered by a sense of oppression equally strong on the part of the negro, cannot fail to lead to trouble in the end. "The negro has not forgotten either the rights or privileges conferred upon him by national legislation. The more completely he is debarred from their exercise, the more deep and irremovable becomes his conviction that the whole race of the South is his enemy." Meantime, instead of dying out as was expected and half hoped after emancipation, the negro race multiplies apace. According to statistics, on which Judge Tourgee relies, it multiplies far more rapidly than the white race. On this point he seems to have been misled by inaccuracies in the census owing to the confusion of the war. But the broad facts remain that the negro has learned to support himself, and to support himself well; that he is physically strong and prolific; that the climate suits him better than it suits the white, and that his life and occupation are generally healthier than those of his rival. He also clings to his home, and all hope of his emigration, as well as every idea of transporting him to other countries, is at an end. At an end, also, according to Judge Tourgee, is the hope of immigration into the South. The Southerners do not make the immigrant welcome; they cannot bring themselves to believe that he is one of them; negro labour repels white labour; and there are more Southerners going Northwards than Northerners coming South. How then is the peril to be conjured? What can avert the conflict? What, it may be added, can prevent the existence at the South of a state of society almost as alien to the Northern society as Slavery itself, and hardly less sure to be productive of political schism? Education, says Judge Tourgee, education is the only remedy. Eighty-five or ninety per cent. of the negroes at present are illiterate, and the suffrage entrusted to illiteracy is a sword in a blind man's hand. Let Congress appropriate an annual sum for education at the South, and, that there may be no malversation, pay it, not to the States, but to the teachers. It is to be hoped that the fund will escape the destiny of the Indian bureau, and be so dispensed as to prevent its being another huge addition to the mass of political corruption. Popular education is a very good thing, though we know now to our cost that it is not such a panacea as we once supposed. Applied to the South it may make the citizens of the two races more sensible of the nature of law and order, and less disposed to grasp the rifle. But will it extinguish race antipathies? Will it even diminish them? Will not the negro, when educated, become even more keenly alive to the humiliation of his social position, and learn to brood with more bitterness of soul than ever over the history of past wrongs? Mr. Tourgee himself hardly seems to contemplate the possibility of mixed schools. The group of Gulf States, in which alone negro predominance is to be apprehended, are rapidly diminishing in relative importance, and will soon be a mere fraction of the Union. That is the best feature of the case.

THIS is the Jubilee of Abolition. Let us celebrate it in our hearts. It was a grand act done in the right way; for beneficence observed the law of justice, and compensated the Slave-owner while it struck off the fetters of the Slave. Abolition is a perfectly pure gem in England's circlet of renown. It is also one of the glories of Christianity. Wilberforce and Clarkson were above all things Christians, and it was by distinctly Christian motives that they were impelled to this crusade. Let all due allowance be made for the coöperation of economical causes; still it cannot

fairly be denied that the great deliverer of the Slave has been the Gospel. Otherwise, how comes it to pass that within the pale of Christendom Slavery is everywhere condemned, while outside that pale it has nowhere been condemned, and if it has ceased to prevail, owes its extirpation to the example and influence of Christian powers. Christianity at its advent did not attack Slavery directly; it attacked nothing except sin: but in its essential import the Epistle to Philemon is fatal to the continuance of a relation incompatible with human brotherhood. Follies, no doubt, have been uttered and committed by philanthropy in dealing with the Negro question. Inferiorities of race, though indisputable, have been ignored; the traces which Slavery could not fail to leave on character have been forgotten, and the ballot has been hastily thrust into the hands of those who were totally devoid of the capacity for self-government. But this ought not to make us for a moment oblivious of the curse which Slavery brought, even more upon the master than upon the slave, or disloyal to the memory of Liberation. This was the law of South Carolina in 1834, as textually cited by Judge Tourgee: "If any person shall hereafter teach any slave to read or write, or cause or procure any slave to be taught to read or write, such person, if a free white person, shall be fined not exceeding one hundred dollars for each offence and imprisonment not less than six months; or if a free person of color shall be whipped, not exceeding fifty lashes and fined not exceeding fifty dollars; and if a slave to be whipped at the discretion of the court, not exceeding fifty lashes; the informer to be entitled to one-half the fine and to be a competent witness. And if any free person of color or slave shall keep any school or other place of instruction for teaching any slave or free person of color, he shall be liable to the same penalties prescribed by this Act on free persons of color and slaves for teaching slaves to write." The grammar of this Statute, shows, it will be observed, that the masters, if they were not so illiterate as the slaves, were hardly less barbarous. In truth, White barbarism was almost as great an evil as Negro Slavery. Let any Canadian who, from hatred of popular institutions, sympathized with the Southern Slave-owners, and tried to draw Canada to that side, behold what he was doing for humanity.

A BYSTANDER.

#### HERE AND THERE.

THE following appeared in a prominent English "society" paper: "There was a grand wedding at the Parish Church, Farnborough Park, Aldershot, on the 16th October. It was that of Colonel Charles W. Robinson, Rifle Brigade, A.Q.M.G., son of the late Sir John Beverley Robinson, Bart., Chief Justice of Upper Canada, with Miss Alison, eldest daughter of Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald Alison, Bart. The bridal dress was of white satin, with the front veiled with Brussels point flounces, festooned with sprays of orange flowers. The Brussels point veil was caught up high at the back of the head by a spray of orange flowers and a star of diamonds. The six bridesmaids carried fans of white crêpe, with their names painted in daisies—Daisy being the bride's name. The bride's travelling dress was of ruby vicuna, with mantle of ruby plush, trimmed with dark fur, and ruby plush and vicuna bonnet, with the strings fastened by a ruby and a diamond brooch." The names of Lady Alison, Hon. Mrs. Dormer, Hon. Miss Napier, Lady Lyons, Mrs. Seymour Fitzgerald, Mrs. Learmouth, Mrs. Anderson Weston, Miss Scott, Miss McMahan, and Miss Smythe also appear amongst the ladies who were present at the ceremony.

THE *Sanitary Journal* discusses the sewage and water systems of Toronto at considerable length. Our contemporary thinks that, for a "Queen City," Toronto makes very slow progress in sanitary work. A trunk sewer "is indispensable to the well-being of the city," and a deep tank at the east end of the trunk ought to be constructed in order to get the fall necessary to a free outflow—which, in turn, is necessary to a perfect system of drainage. The sewage might be pumped from this receptacle and utilized on a farm which ought to be made at the point of discharge. The *Journal* is so much impressed with the municipal indolence of Toronto, however, as to despair of the revelations of Professor Carpenter and Dr. Macadam producing any effect. "Probably even after these warnings the trunk sewer will not be built any sooner."

THOSE who think that the people are ceasing to take an interest in religious services, and that religion is on the point of departure from the world, should try, without a special ticket of admission, to get a seat in the Bond Street Congregational Church on a Sunday evening. That the peculiarities of the preacher's popular style attract is true; yet the broad fact and its significance remain. Doctor Wild has not only one style: on

the anniversary of his church, some weeks ago, he preached a sermon on the indications of immortality in our nature which was in quite a different style, and would have satisfied any taste.

MARK TWAIN has been elected a member of the Montreal Snow-Shoe Club. Referring to this announcement, the *Montreal Star* says: "Take him out, boys, and when he descends from the 'bounce' of initiation, get him to describe that sudden aerial flight! Induce him on to a bob-sled, and let him flash down Côte des Neiges Hill with your best pilot in charge! He will make as good time as any of you, if you only keep the track clear! Welcome, Mark, to Montreal when snow flies and the air tingles with the kindly electricity of a Canadian winter! We owe you many happy hours, let us make you happy for a little while in a new way, with blanket-coat, and tuque and snowshoes broad in the beam!"

FOR various reasons it has for long been difficult to get data upon which to form a reliable estimate of the North-West as a suitable settlement for Old Country immigrants. The following extract from the *Scotsman* appears to bear the impress of truth: "I recently (says a correspondent) wrote for a young Scotch friend of mine to find out the truth about the great North-West. The reply is as follows:—(Taken from letter from Mr. John Fraser, of Brandon, Manitoba, dated September 5, 1884.)—I came to Canada North-West Territories in February, 1882, from Edinburgh, with \$2,000, and took up 320 acres of black loam land, two feet deep, with clay bottom, from the Syndicate. This farm is now worth \$4,500. I have forty acres under wheat crop, yielding twenty to thirty bushels per acre; twenty under oats, and twenty under barley; all my vegetables are doing well. I have plenty of hay, and cattle come out fat with nothing but prairie hay in spring. Horses and cattle do well in winter. As to climate, I would just say that I have been very comfortable; it is very healthy; no better climate in the world; the weather is very pleasant. Provisions have been very reasonable during the last year. People should come out here in the spring. I have travelled through India and Turkey, and seen a great deal of Africa and other portions of the world, and I must say I never saw in any of my travels a country more adapted for farming purposes to the European races than the Canadian North-West. I am perfectly contented, and have good prospects ahead."

THERE were twenty-two failures in Canada reported to Bradstreet's during the past week, compared with thirty-two in the preceding week, and with eighteen, eighteen, and five, in the corresponding weeks of 1883, 1882, and 1881. The same authority reports 187 failures as having taken place in the United States last week, against 166 in the preceding week, and 205, 167, and 116, respectively, in the corresponding weeks of 1883, 1882, and 1881. About eighty-two per cent. were those of small traders whose capital was less than \$5,000.

BUFFALO robes, from being the commonest of furs, are likely to become the rarest. It is believed that the only remnants of the mighty herds that once thronged the Canadian North-West are a few thousand animals, scattered about the vicinity of Wood's mountains. Not a single herd is now to be found upon the prairies of Dakota or Minnesota, where buffaloes once wandered in thousands. Last year but 10,000 robes were handled in St. Paul, where in 1881 100,000 robes were turned over, and this year the entire trade has amounted to four robes.

"To argue for an open post-office on Sunday's, is as narrow, short-sighted, injudicious, greedy, and irreligious as anything can well be." So says the *Globe*. "To close all our post-offices on Sundays would, in my view, be not only an intolerable inconvenience, but a great evil." That is the opinion of a broad-minded statesman, a most judicious speaker, the personification of unselfishness, and a consistent member of a sect whose true devoutness has never been questioned—John Bright. The Great Tribune, whose whole life has been devoted to the service of the people, has intelligible reasons for the faith that is in him. He points out to a correspondent who advocates non-delivery on Sundays that, besides one delivery of letters on Sundays being needful for the public service in England,

The post office is our great means, not only of commercial but of family communication. There are scores of thousands of young men and women in this country who are away from their homes and parents, engaged in cities and towns in the various occupations by which they live. To these Sunday is, to a large extent, a day of rest. It is a day on which their thoughts naturally turn to the homes they have left. It is the day on which the letter from the loving but absent father and mother is most frequently received; and it is the day on which the absent son or daughter has the greatest leisure to write to the home circle. If your plan were adopted, how many thousands of letters of wise and loving counsel from parents to absent children would be received under circumstances less favourable for good than if received, and read, and re-read

during the quiet and leisure of the Sunday? In cases of sickness or of death, the closing of the post would often be a grievous inconvenience and a cause of great and prolonged distress. I have known two instances of it in my own family.

The *Globe* ventures the assertion that "the great mass of the people of London are in favour of things as they are, and wish no change." (Which formula recalls the Irishman's philosophic dictum, "If things don't alter they'll remain as they are.") Our contemporary, however, advances no facts in support of the averment; whereas the experience of one-time residents in the Metropolis inclines to a directly opposite belief. A noisy Puritanical minority, who preach that man was made for the Sabbath, make spasmodic protests against the "desecration" of that day; but as the same persons do not hesitate to avail themselves of private and public vehicles to attend church, are not conspicuous for their preference of cold mutton on Sundays, and do not object to read journals put in type on that day their Stiggins-like diatribes go for exceedingly little. "The one round of the postman in the day is not a heavy burden," wrote Mr. Bright to the Sabbatarians; and he continued truly: "There is not a word in the New Testament leaning to your views."

AN American paper has the following: "What's the reason so many Englishwomen come over here to join the Mormons?" said a Castle Garden official in response to an inquiry. "Because they don't have half a chance to get husbands in England; that's the reason. Why, one of them was telling me only the other day that out of a hundred women folks in her native villages between the ages of twenty and thirty-five, there were husbands for only fifty-six of them; fourteen of the other forty-four had owned husbands once, but they had died; the remaining thirty never had any, and had no hopes of getting one. She seemed to have made a study of the question, for she told me that there were less than 4,000,000 women between twenty and forty years in all England and Wales, and of them nearly 2,000,000 were unmarried. So when the Englishwomen learned about Utah, and the glorious opportunities it afforded them in a marital way, they became impressed with the place at once; and that's why they keep coming over with the Mormon missionaries."

THE New York *Nation* speaks of Professor Fawcett as having been in the Cabinet. He was not in the Cabinet. Even if in political eminence he had been up to the cabinet mark, which he hardly was, his blindness would have been a fatal objection. He could not have read the confidential papers and despatches, while his reader could not have been allowed to know the secrets of the Government. It could hardly have been safe to entrust even the papers themselves to his hands.

#### THE VEILED PROPHET OF CHELSEA.

Rap't into mystic ecstasy the Prophet veiled we viewed.  
Alas, the veil is lifted now: Shea! so much for Froude.

THOUGH the courts, in accordance with the dictates alike of law and of social decency, have restrained the publication of Lord Lytton's love-letters, it seems that Lady Lytton's literary executive, Miss Devey, hopes still to find a way of vindicating the memory of her departed friend—in other words, of unloading upon the public mind and taste the rich deposit of matrimonial scandal of which she appears to be the well-chosen trustee. She will do the very opposite of what she intends and her friend intended. It will be the memory of Lord Lytton, not that of Lady Lytton, which will be vindicated by the exposure, so far as it is capable of vindication. Lord Lytton's memory bore the stain of misconduct and even of brutality as a husband; and his only excuses were supposed to be the unhappy irritability of genius and the revulsion consequent on the dissipation of a poet's dream. But it is now apparent that he was miserably married, and that the wrong can hardly have been all upon his side. For the woman who, under any circumstances and however provoked, could leave such letters for publication, if she was not insane, must have been vile. Between Mr. Froude and Miss Devey it seems doubtful whether such things as right feeling and social decency will much longer be found on earth. The pretexts in both cases are fine, and the motive in both cases is the same.

THE long-expected "Correspondence and Diaries of the late Right Hon. John Wilson Croker" are dividing the honours of scandal-loving readers with Mr. Froude's unhealthy exposure of Carlyle, the revolting and probably exaggerated revelations of the Lytton family, and the sometimes inconvenient Malmesbury confessions. Few men of his time have been so soundly abused as Mr. Croker—probably no *Quarterly* editor ever earned so unenviable a notoriety. Macaulay detested him, and said so. Beaconsfield vented his hatred by lampooning Croker as "Rigby" in "Coningsby." Thackeray's dislike for him was shown in "Vanity Fair,"

where Croker was personified as "Mr. Wenham"; Miss Martineau had a strong aversion for him, and Lady Morgan, Leigh Hunt, and Hazlitt equally disliked the trenchant writer. The editor of the "Correspondence"—Louis J. Jennings, whilom editor of the *New York Times*—however, presents Croker as a cheery, sympathetic, kind-hearted man, eminently upright and incorruptible: a place-man, but no jobber. He was, we are told, the trusted friend of George IV., of Canning, of the Duke of Wellington, of the second Sir Robert Peel (with whom he afterwards broke for political reasons), of Sir Walter Scott, of Wilberforce and the King of Hanover. He is credited with doing various kind deeds to Theodore Hook, Thomas Moore, Mrs. Somerville and Dr. Maguire; but in the words of Mr. Sala, "he was savagely, vindictively, and shamefully unjust to Napoleon the Great, whom he vituperated while living and traduced when dead." Nor is the interest of the book purely political. Social gossip, especially of that fascinating if not edifying kind which forms the great attraction of the Greville memoirs, is not wanting, while Croker's literary connections supply an additional source of diversion. Scott, who was much interested in his edition of Boswell, supplied Croker with a fund of Johnsonian experiences in Scotland. The following specimen is characteristic:

Old Lord Auchinleck was very contemptuous of his son James's intimacy with Johnson: "There's nae hope for Jamie, man," he said to a friend; "Jamie is gaen clean gyte. What do you think, man? He's done wi' Paoli; he's off wi' the land-louping scoundrel of a Corsican; and whose tail do you think he has pinned himself to now, man?"—here the old judge summoned up a sneer of most sovereign contempt—"a dominie, man; an old dominie. He keeps a schule and caa'd in an acaadamy."

Croker had a habit of noting any good stories he happened to pick up in society. Among others he tells us:

We are wondering at Lord Stafford's giving up the county as he did, and still more how a canvass of a few days could cost him twenty thousand pounds, which it was said to have done. "Why," said somebody, "in the first place he secured all the carriages in the country"—"including miscarriage," added Jekyll.

The Duke of Gloucester is a great asker of questions. He asked the Duke of Grafton who, though sixty-six, does not look above fifty, "how old he was," before a large company in a country house. The Duke of Grafton did not like the enquiry, but answered. Some time after the Dukes met again, and the Duke of Gloucester repeated this question, to which the Duke of Grafton dryly replied, "Sir, I am exactly three weeks and two days older than when your Royal Highness last asked me that disagreeable question."

Count Staramberg, when he was in England, used to play at the Union. His English was not quite so good as his luck. Playing one night at *trente et un*, the late Lord Barrymore was at the table, and not much delighted with the success of the Count. His Excellency was not very nice in his person, and it was ludicrous to hear him proclaim the state of his hand by saying, "I am dirty! I am dirty!" At last, when he had achieved the best possible hand, he was so elate, that he almost embraced Barrymore, exclaiming, "I am dirty, I am dirty-one, I am dirty-one." Barrymore, who lost by the Count's success, and had no liking for the nasty embrace, said, "Damn it, sir, so you are; but that's no reason why I should be dirty too."

The following letter from Peel to Croker, with whom he was on intimate terms, shows that Peel's experience as Irish Secretary was no more a bed of roses than it has been to many others:

"To all the latter part of your letter," he writes to Croker in 1818, just before resigning that post (Croker had been impressing upon Peel his opportunities of high office in England) "I answer in the emphatic term of a reverend pastor in 'The Vicar of Wakefield'—Fudge. . . . I am thinking of anything but office, and am just as anxious to be emancipated from office as the Papists are to be emancipated into it. . . . A fortnight hence I shall be as free as air—free from ten thousand engagements which I cannot fulfil; free from the anxiety of having more to do than it is possible to do well; free from the acknowledgments of that gratitude which consists of a lively sense of future favours; free from the necessity of abstaining from private intimacy that will certainly interfere with public duty; free from Orangemen; free from Ribbonmen; free from Dennis Browne; free from the Lord Mayors and sheriffs; free from men who pretend to be Protestants on principle and sell Dundalk to—, the Papist of Cork; free from Catholics who become Protestants to get into Parliament, after the manner of—, and of Protestants who become Catholics after the manner of old—; free from perpetual converse about the harbour of Howth, and Dublin Bay haddock; and lastly, free from the Company of Carvers and Gilders, which I became this day, in reward of my public services.—Ever most affectionately yours, ROBERT PEELE."

THE effect of Lord Malmesbury's "Memoirs" has been to provoke Cardinal Newman into public controversy. Lord Malmesbury said of the austere and dignified prelate that he was so docile a Don that his students played practical jokes with him, even to the extent of pushing his rostrum backwards so as to hem him uncomfortably in between the table and the wall. Not less inaccurate as a Foreign Secretary than his more distinguished successor Lord Salisbury—a blunderer throughout his political life, a laughing-stock, or next door to it, in his brief command of the seals of the Foreign Office in 1858-59—Lord Malmesbury's lapses of memory were notorious long ago. The last is a characteristic blunder. The incident, as Cardinal Newman reminds us in an explanation in the *Daily News*, occurred sixty years ago. Cardinal Newman admits that he was a stern disciplinarian. Discipline was in a lax state at Oriel, and as a new broom he began sweeping very vigorously. There follows an unconscious revelation of the essential Radicalism of the man in his allusion to the "high and mighty youths" who relied on their "claims of family and fortune" to oppose the new teacher. "I don't consider," he says, "that I got the worst of it in the conflict." If the conflict were one of words, it may be admitted that few men would get the better of Dr. Newman. As to the

practical joking, which was carried on by only a minority of the men, as the Cardinal tells us, we feel glad to know on his unquestionable authority that it was not practised at the expense of the old tutor of Oriel—the brilliant writer, who commands our admiration for his great parts though he does sometimes puzzle us.

TEN years' imprisonment, though it has considerably lowered his avoirdupois, does not appear to have raised "The Claimant's" estimate of public credulity. The would-be Tichborne's cogitations in Portland and other Government retreats have apparently confirmed his faith in the expressive if not elegantly framed creed—confessed in an unguarded moment—"Some men has brains and no money; some has money and no brains; them as has money and no brains must keep them as has brains and no money." It is stated that the just-released mountain of flesh and fraud could lease himself for exhibition at between \$500 and \$1,000 per week for the next five years; but the threatened campaign in support of his "rights" demonstrate that the Wapping butcher and his associates anticipate making even more money by appealing to the gullibility of the British public. That he has the remotest notion of repeating his legal claim to the Tichborne title and estates is most improbable, though it is remarkable what a large proportion of the English lower classes still believe in the ticket-of-leave nondescript. This feeling grows out of a strong if unfounded belief entertained amongst them as to the great difficulty of getting justice in the higher English courts unless he who seeks it is in a position to bias the judge and purchase the jury. An absurd conviction to intelligent and well-informed men; but unfortunately the schoolmaster has not been long enough abroad in England for the adult working classes to be very intelligent—and there the conviction is. If he were eligible, "this man of mystery and many aliases" could get himself returned to Parliament, but happily he is not eligible. Nor can he drive a cab, conduct an omnibus, or—sweet refuge of body-servants, soldiers, and sporting men!—keep a public-house.

It is said that the *Great Eastern* has been chartered to take two thousand guests from England to the New Orleans centennial. The last time that this vast misapplication of energy in ships was in the Gulf of Mexico she had a cargo of Texan cattle. In this, as in the ocean-cable laying, and other lines, she had been an unprofitable speculation; but as an oceanic excursion vessel she may be a success. The present plan is to fit up the ship as nearly like a hotel in the way of accommodations as possible, to provide a concert troupe and theatrical company, and to make the ship so attractive that the guests taking passage in it for the cotton exhibition will not care to seek the comfort that the New Orleans hotel grants. The *Great Eastern* will leave England in about three weeks.

IMPORTANCE is attached by the *Sanitary Journal* to the announcement that the manufacture of liquor beef peptonoids will be undertaken in Canada by a New York firm at an early date. Partly-digested foods are undoubtedly of great value for persons with weak digestive powers and for the convalescent. But it is open to considerable question whether they ought to be recommended to "men engaged in active employment, especially during the middle of the day, who hardly take time to eat and who are not in a condition to properly digest ordinary foods." It would appear the better plan to advise those who court dyspepsia by bolting their food wholesale to eat more deliberately. The habit of swallowing food without sufficiently masticating it not only ruins the internal economy but destroys the teeth—by the direct action of an outraged stomach, and by discouraging the growth of teeth in succeeding generations. For it is well known that Nature is so anxious to adapt herself to circumstances that she ceases to produce what is not used. Our contemporary proceeds: "It may be that the time is not far distant when man will subsist largely or wholly on foods which have been partly or completely digested, when the large amount of force now expended in the digestive process may be utilized in some other way—in mental or physical labour." Precisely—and, it might be added, when natural teeth would be things of the past. One would think the argument might be used with much better grace by a dentist.

IN these days of high-pressure living, with dyspepsia rampant and tortured livers making their complaints known by innumerable diseases, it is well to constantly iterate the fact that patent medicines and drugs of all kinds are powerless for more than temporary relief, and that many of the ills humanity is said to be heir to may be avoided by the free but judicious use of fruits. Most people know the benefit, says a contemporary, of lemonade before breakfast, but few know that it is more than doubled by tak-

ing another at night also. The way to get the better of the bilious system without blue pills or quinine is to take the juice of one, two, or three lemons, as appetite craves, in as much ice-water as makes it pleasant to drink without sugar, before going to bed. In the morning, on rising, at least half an hour before breakfast, take the juice of one lemon in a goblet of water. This will clear the system of humour and bile with efficiency, without any of the weakening effects of calomel or congress water. People should not irritate the stomach by eating lemons clear, the powerful acid of the juice, which is always most corrosive, invariably produces inflammation after a while; but properly diluted, so that it does not burn or draw the throat, it does its medical work without harm; and when the stomach is clear of food, has abundant opportunity to work over the system thoroughly.

### TRADE NOTES.

COMPLAINTS of the dullness of trade in most branches have been common for some weeks past. The mild weather has checked sales of dry goods and furs, but the slackness of demand has extended much further. When the winter's business in any line commences badly the deficiency is seldom made up at a later period. The abundant harvest fully compensates for the low prices which prevail; and for the farmers this is not a bad year. Such of them as are heavily loaded with mortgage debts on which interest must be paid, or have other obligations which will not permit of delay, are obliged to market their produce; others who are in more favourable circumstances are inclined to wait in the hope that prices will rise. But the slowness in bringing forward farm produce cannot be so great as is sometimes represented; the expansion of the bank note circulation during the month of October of \$2,542,000 means that a great deal of money has been employed in what is technically described as "moving the crop." The price of wheat is low almost if not altogether beyond precedent, and this is causing new and unforeseen inroads to be made on the world's stock of this grain. In England, for the first time perhaps, inferior kinds of wheat are being fed to cattle, and the same thing is being done in some other countries. And the export of this cereal has greatly fallen off in India this year, owing as the India Government believes to the lowness of the price. The best authorities are of opinion that wheat cannot be grown in England at present prices. We have then, contemporaneously with a demand for wheat for a new purpose, a check on production in the lowness of price. Wheat will be fed to cattle only while the price remains very low; this will cease at once on any considerable rise in price; and while low prices prevail the check on production will continue. These influences must before long break the fall in prices, though it would not be safe to predict anything with regard to prices during the present year, when the only way of reducing the surplus stock will be in feeding inferior grades of wheat to animals; and even when wheat is so used its use will be at the expense of Indian corn and other grains, the stocks of which must tend to become excessive. It is a common, but quite useless, practice to advise farmers to market their crops early; of the wisdom of doing so the farmer will, in spite of all gratuitous counsel, form and act upon his own opinion. Commercial reasons for haste there always are; debts are paid and purchases made with the proceeds of the crop, and when the farmer holds on to his grain, in the spirit of speculation, the store-keeper often has to wait for his pay; this want of promptitude reacts on the wholesale merchants, and is recorded in the bank ledger in the shape of renewals and overdue paper secured or unsecured. So far as the call for an early marketing of the crop is a call for promptitude and punctuality, it rests on a solid basis, and the right to which it gives voice should, if properly used, be strong enough to enforce the demand. The only effectual reform lies in a curtailing of the duration of credit and the creation of a habit of punctuality in payment among farmers which does not now exist. If the farmer buys less than the average for unproductive consumption, he will be enabled to capitalize the faster; and the very slackness of trade which Commerce deplors may produce new accretions of agricultural capital. What is lost, and more than what is lost, in one direction is saved in another, and the stock of national wealth is rather augmented than diminished. But the equilibrium of commerce is overthrown; stocks are in excess of demand and stagnation brings some of the wheels of trade to a stand. Should the slackness of the last few weeks continue, the commercial atrophy would before long be inconveniently felt in many directions.

THE *Revue des Deux Mondes* in an article on Mrs. Carlyle, entitled "A Great Man's Wife," says: "This is not the first time that genius has appeared in the guise of a minotaur devouring, by right of its exceptional nature, the peace and happiness of those with whom it is brought into contact; but the victim of genius has rarely been so interesting."

### THE CHURCHES.

THE Congregationalists in Canada are as uncompromising in their Voluntaryism as are their Nonconformist brethren in England. At a recent meeting Congregational representatives pronounced without compromise on the vexed question of religious education in the public schools. They hold the principle that it is not the province of the State to teach religion. Many besides the Congregationalists are of the same opinion.

THE effort to plant the Reformed Episcopal Church in Canada has been beset with difficulties and disappointments. It has not met with the practical sympathy which its friends expected. A short time since Rev. R. A. Bilkey, pastor of Christ Church in this city, resigned and was ordained by the Bishop of Toronto. He has since been preaching with acceptance in the Church of the Ascension. A similar state of affairs exists in Hamilton. The Rev. C. Graham Adams has left the communion of the Reformed Episcopal Church and has been ordained by the Bishop of Niagara, and at present ministers in Christ Church in the ambitious city. It is also stated that the Reformed Episcopal minister at Barrie has tendered his resignation.

WHEN a person renounces the Church of Rome he generally becomes an uncompromising if not a relentless opponent of the entire Papal system. He has to lay his account with the bitterest resentment. There is no pretence of treating seceders from her communion with toleration; there is not even the affectation of charity that they may be sincere in their action. Difference of opinion on the dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church is not recognized. Ecclesiastics, at whatever cost to their intellectual or moral nature, must say they believe the doctrines authoritatively propounded by the Holy See. Its dictum is, believe or be excommunicated. The names of Galileo and Kepler, Strossmeyer and Döllinger, Père Hyacinthe and Father Curci, Gavazzi and De Sanctis will readily recur to the reader's memory. The unbending intolerance of Rome is not, however, the worst of it. Unthinking mobs are incited to regard all who renounce Popery, and who publicly state their reasons for doing so, as apostates and objects of execration generally. Father Chiniquy is widely known as a typical French Canadian of consummate ability and a powerful speaker. Whenever he preaches or lectures in a Roman Catholic community he is sure to be assailed by disorderly crowds, who are very tenderly dealt with by civic authorities in the Province of Quebec. Mr. Chiniquy last week did not receive a cordial greeting from the hundreds of roughs who congregated round the churches in which he preached in Montreal. It is the general impression throughout the Dominion of Canada that religious liberty prevails. Perhaps the exception proves the rule.

THE versatile Principal of Queen's College, Kingston, has had a large share of public attention directed to his utterances of late. In opening the customary series of sermons in Convocation Hall, Dr. Grant preached on Divine Power and Human Agency. Bishop Cleary regards the Principal's utterances as rankly heretical. He has felt it incumbent upon him to preach a series of sermons in refutation of the erroneous teaching emanating from Queen's University. The incident inspired a number of local controversialists, one of whom has produced a curiosity in its way, though it can scarcely be described as possessing the proverbial *curiosa felicitas*.

PREPARATIONS for over a year have been made for holding the third Plenary Council of Roman Catholic dignitaries in the city of Baltimore. The Council met on the 9th inst., and is still in session. At the opening ceremonies in the Cathedral an immense crowd gathered. It is estimated that the procession was witnessed by 25,000 people. The Council is composed of archbishops, bishops and their chaplains, numbering about 250. The Council has been summoned by the Pope to consider educational and social questions as they affect the interests of the Church, doctrinal matters not coming within the scope of the assembled theologians. In contrast with the proceedings of all other ecclesiastical bodies the principal business is transacted in secret. There are open meetings and imposing public ceremonials at which, it is stated, the Latin language is spoken, while English is used at the secret sessions. The result of these deliberations will not be made known to the public until the Pope has seen the report of the proceedings and accorded them his sanction. Several Canadian prelates are in attendance at the Plenary Council.

THE centenary of the consecration of Bishop Seabury, the first Protestant bishop in the United States, has been celebrated with imposing ceremonies at Aberdeen, where he was consecrated, at St. Paul's Cathedral, London, the Archbishop of Canterbury preaching an eloquent sermon on the occasion, and at various places in the United States. In an editorial on the subject the *Times* shows that arguing from the success of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America, disestablishment would in nowise weaken the Church's vitality.

ASTERISK.

SOMEONE has been looking up the various "Stimulants of Genius," with the following results: Bonaparte used snuff; Byron's favourite drink was gin and water; Pope's, strong coffee; Mrs. Siddon's, porter; Edmund Keen's, beef tea, cold brandy; W. E. Gladstone's, an egg beaten up in sherry; Miss Catley's, linseed tea and maderia. Disraeli was found of champagne jelly. Schiller used to sit over a table deeply impregnated with the smell of decaying apples. He stimulated his brain with coffee and champagne. Lord Erskine and John Kemble used opium. Wedderburne, the first Lord Ashburton, used to place a blister on his chest when he had to make a great speech.



## FRENCH CANADIANS IN QUEBEC.

MONTREAL.

WHAT chiefly strikes a sojourner in the Province of Quebec is the extraordinary power of the Roman Catholic Church. Perhaps nowhere else in the modern world is that power so impressive, and so worthy of respect. At the cession to Great Britain the rights of the Church were amply guaranteed, and to so generous an extent that in this Province the Church of Rome is the established religion. It would seem that England, having driven off her most promising child by harsh treatment, had awakened to the necessity for domestic indulgence toward other members of her family in America. Hence we find that the Church of the French colonists can invoke the civil arm in the collection of tithes; and as some investors can testify with sorrow, has a priority of claim which may be unpleasantly put forward on occasion. If a country *curé* becomes dissatisfied with his church-building, perhaps after a visit to the broad and glittering fanes of Montreal, he has but to obtain his bishop's consent and levy an assessment for a new edifice on his parishioners. The tax at once becomes a lien on their real estate, taking precedence of every other claim. So that if a liberal loan on a farm has been advanced on mortgage security, the *curé's* levy may imperil the payment of the debt. Many cases of loss in this way have become imprinted on the memories of our local capitalists. The injustice of the matter arises in there being no seeking of the consent of the lenders, whose money may be jeopardized by the cost of a splendid new church; and in the fact that there is no publicity of the assessment at registry offices or elsewhere. This contributes among other causes to the usuriousness of interest charged for country loans and real estate.

Travellers through Quebec during summer must think from the extent of the grass fields that our soil is peculiarly adapted to hay. Nature has doubtless favoured us in that direction, but the chief stimulus to the growing of hay is the exemption from tithes which it enjoys. Thus does Jean Baptiste boycott the priest. Whatever may be the reason, French Canadians are not good farmers; their stock is lean, their butter and cheese poor, and their yield of grain is much below that of Ontario, acre for acre. Their content with little, their gregariousness, and their patience under monotonous toil, all fit them remarkably for factory-work. Montreal and Quebec must for many years lead the Dominion in manufactures from their ample supply of cheap French Canadian labour. For all the swarming into New England mills, the Province is still provided with thousands of willing work-people, for whom the home factories are too few.

The Church looks on emigration to the United States with no friendly eye, and consequently favours the Government's Protection policy as far as it can. Residence in the Republic is very apt to relax the adhesion to clerical direction, and a perception of this it is which has impelled farsighted priests like Archbishop Taché and Father Labelle to plant colonies of their people on virgin soil within Canadian boundaries.

The astonishing fecundity of the French Canadians is to some extent clearly traceable to priestly influence. As an aid to good morals, as a means of conferring and extending the influence of their Church and race, the priests recommended early marriages to their flocks. At a house where I am a visitor, a French Canadian girl was for some years employed as a servant. Despite her plainness of feature, a lover recently presented himself, and for fear of not having a successor in case of rejection, Marie, without much ado, became a wife at the first request—the whole, as her mother declared, at her confessor's direction. Fecundity certainly decides voting predominance, and is a quality which statesmen have perhaps neglected in their desire to foster everything which makes for political power; still it has its burdens and penalties. A poor French Canadian family is usually too large to be well fed, clothed and housed. At the recent Canadian Medical Association here, it was shown that in deaths from preventable disease Quebec suffers more than twice as much as Ontario in proportion to population. Unfortunately, too, the vaccine lymph used in Montreal by the first public vaccinators was impure, and the maladies which resulted have implanted an unconquered prejudice against the only preventive of small-pox known to science. Hence the commonness of pitted faces in our streets, and the shocking mortality which occurs during small-pox epidemics.

The vast impertinence of such visitors from abroad as come to America for three or four months, and then publish "impressions" and "opinions," becomes manifest by residence here. British Canadians born in Montreal have grown grey without any but superficial and scanty knowledge of their French-speaking fellow-citizens. The two elements of our population occupy different halves of the city; they mix very little socially and intermarry scarcely at all. Yet there is no antagonism—only difference without bridge, or the desire for bridge. Distinctions of race and creed instead of yielding toward fusion seem to become exalted and intensified by one another's presence. In Mr. Herbert Spencer's phrase, when he came to Montreal two years ago and the facts were stated to him, the two diverse elements of our people are like opposite magnetic poles, which become heightened in quality by approach. Only in the north of Ireland or Quebec do the grimness of Puritanism and the absolutism of a circum-spect priesthood rise to their full manifestation. Notre Dame Street in this city contains more shops of images, altar ornaments and other "religious" articles than are to be found within the entire United States. A few weeks ago a leading French Canadian printer moved into new premises, which were formally dedicated by Bishop Fabre, with appropriate ceremonies. At opposite ends of Notre Dame Street are two shops, each inscribed to Our Lady of Lourdes, their business varying as widely as blacksmithing and millinery. For a startling presentation of mediævalism no visitor to Montreal should omit a walk or drive through the Roman

Catholic Cemetery. There he will find a series of structures depicting the Stations of the Cross, culminating in a calvary whereon *al fresco* in life size the crucifixion is represented. Near the spot, the entombment is portrayed with every ghastly accessory of realism. These Stations are shrines for prayer, and are usually surrounded by groups of kneeling devotees.

In education the influence of the Church has been exerted to foster the literary and not the scientific spirit. Good writers and speakers abound in Quebec, but as their representation in the Royal Society of Canada shows, the Province has added but little to knowledge. In country districts the illiteracy is deplorable, and few newspapers and scarcely any books find their way into the villages and hamlets remote from the cities. One debt we certainly owe to our French Canadian Friends—an improvement in manners, which, distinct in Montreal, grows more marked in the City of Quebec, and in the country districts has all the charm of the art of expressing good will by kindness, in which France has perhaps made its best gift to civilization. French Canadians have not the talents which make men rich, they are not accounted "enterprising" by their Anglo-Saxon neighbours, yet after living many years among them I can cheerfully testify to virtues peculiarly their own. Life to them is a thing to be enjoyed, and poor is the farmer in the country, or clerk in the city who does not attend the frequent dances and parties where a surrender to gaiety may be seen unknown to the self-conscious and anxious Briton. Their homes are usually happy, and the selfishness and lack of sympathy which scatters throughout the rest of our country men of brutal hardness of heart are not traits of the French Canadian. Perhaps the restraint of disagreeable feelings which begins in mere politeness, at last reaches the heart and makes the desire to please rise to the dignity of morals. I have often thought so in conversing with *habitants* of little knowledge and no wealth, but with the refinement of fibre of true gentlemen.

That French Canada has little sympathy with Republican France is evident to the most casual visitor to this Province. Mr. Matthew Arnold, who merely passed through Montreal, discerned it; yet for saying so he incurred the ire of our laureate. A few literary men and radicals look to Paris for inspiration and recognition; but the average French Canadian dislikes a Frenchman, who is apt to be skeptical, revolutionary, and otherwise than rigid in his morals. None of the vaunted schemes for the investment of French Capital in Canada have proved substantially successful. The Loan Company which was to have relieved the farmers from excessively high interest, is winding up its business; the beet-root industries have failed miserably; and none of the colonization schemes have been carried out.

Differences between the French and the French Canadians crop out in minor but significant ways. Neither Montreal or Quebec has a French theatre, or restaurant, or hairdresser's shop after the style one finds throughout France. In the artistic genius which makes Paris the chief school of painting in the world, French Canada has done scarcely anything. Her artists for the most part confine themselves to church decorations, and even in this narrow field attain but mediocre results. In some other respects, however, kinship is clear. In the love of office which largely springs from a kindly vanity, French Canadians show the Gaulish trait which makes France swarm with officials, and lifts the silk button as the goal of so many ambitions. Compacted by powerful feelings of race and religion, marshalled by the leaders of high talent for organization, Quebec is fast assuming predominance in Federal politics. In the lights and shadows of her social life, the simplicity, the tender home affections, the almost omnipotence of the Church, and the lingering patriotism for France—balked by the evil modern tendencies of that troubled Republic—there is ample scope for a writer to do here what Mr. Cable has done in Louisiana, for other children of France influenced by the strange authority of American institutions.

Z.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B., Lexington, did not enclose his card.

To the Editor of the Week.

SIR.—In the *Evening Telegram* of Thursday last there appeared a letter signed by "An Englishwoman," complaining that the writer had been brought over, under false pretences to teach at a College for Ladies in Toronto, which, after six weeks' experience, she left in disgust. She described the College in language of hysterical violence, as a den of savagery and iniquity. Her pretext for appealing to the public was that she could not get her mail, as if anybody but the officials at the Post-Office could help her in that matter. Her letter was most unfair to all the Educational Institutions for ladies in Toronto, as, without naming any one of them, it casts suspicion upon all. The case has, I believe, been identified; and, if I am right, an investigation of the facts would, as I feel confident, prove that the charges against the character of the College were the offspring of personal resentment, and thus remove the slur which has been cast on the character of our Educational Institutions. AN ENGLISHMAN.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR.—I was glad to see agriculture have a place in your article on "Science in Canada." The farmers of Canada are apt to look upon farming as a mechanical art rather than a science. But in the commercial transactions of the farm is where the most ignorance is shown, even among commercial men. The actual cost of crops grown on the farm is very rarely taken into account. The average tenant farmer charges only his rent and hired labour, and calls the balance profit—forgets his own labour, or, what amounts to the same thing, the sustenance of his family, the expense of horse keep, wear and tear upon implements, buildings, etc. It is a common saying met in commercial paragraphs in all our papers this year, that the extra yield in wheat makes up for the great decline in prices. The fact is wheat cannot in Ontario be made under any conditions to yield any adequate profit under \$1 per bushel. E. W. Whitevale, Ontario.

### THE GOSPEL OF HOPE.

WHEN the heart is weary as well as the feet ;  
When clouds are lowering and Time is not fleet,  
And one's darling lies under the sod ;  
Then despair stalks along and fills the heart's halls,  
And our nature rebels and an ill-spirit calls  
"It is nothing to be owned of God !"

When the heart is weary as well as the brain ;  
When of sorrow's cup one has drunk the last drain,  
And the sunshine's gone out of our life ;  
Then doubt, mocking, whispers, "There's no God above—  
That life's not worth living ; there's no rule of love—  
It were better to end the rude strife."

Thus reasons the soul that has nigh lost its hope,  
And scarce has the power with distrust to cope,  
Nor can see the sun alway shining ;  
Who looks at the shadows and forgets the light  
Of a heaven beyond and the clouds ever bright—  
The gleam of His love for a lining ;

Who sees not in work the glad cheer that would come,  
And the stay to the heart in duty well done,  
And the smile of the Father in heaven ;  
Nor has faith to see the links re-united  
Death severed on earth ; the love now re-plighted ;  
And the robes white as snow well-driven.

Ah ! heart, despair not, for God surely is Love,  
And howe'er doubt tempt us, He's enthroned above,  
And in heav'n He will give us the crown,  
When the work is done, and our faith's borne us home  
To that land of rest, whence we ne'er more shall roam—  
Where there's neither a tear nor a frown.

Toronto, Oct. 12th.

G. MERCER ADAM.

### THE SCRAP BOOK.

#### MODERN WAYS OF FEEDING.

THE great majority of Englishmen, as a matter of fact, make one heavy meal and two light ones every day, says the *London World*. Whether the former is eaten after midday and is called luncheon, or is a supper called dinner, depends solely upon constitution and custom. Now, compare with this the daily régime of a representative Gaul. Many scrupulously sober Frenchmen pour down their throats a *liqueur* glass of cognac every morning as a preliminary to the *café au lait*, "to kill the worm." Our lively neighbour then goes about his business or his pleasure. At noon he sits down to a *déjeuner*, which is, to all intents and purposes, a dinner, and at which he thinks nothing of a bottle of light, or, if he can get it, remarkably sound, Bordeaux. Then follow coffee and *liqueur*. Before dinner he—and this description includes both sexes—will have refreshed himself with more coffee and *liqueur*, at least one glass of absinthe, or a tumblerful of the beverage which playfully calls itself Madeira, or, if they happen to be somewhat austere in their tastes, a little vermouth. The early luncheon necessitates an early dinner, and at seven o'clock the volatile Parisian, who is popularly supposed to feed upon air, sits down to play a game of knife and fork with the ferocity of a famished savage. Those who have watched the diners, or, for that matter, the lunchers, at a French *café* "feed"—there is really no other word for it—can testify to the truth of these remarks. The napkin compelled to do the duty of a convivial breastplate, the tucked-up sleeve, the lupine eagerness with which each dish is scanned, the lightning-like speed with which it is gobbled-up—these show that the eaters mean business in a way that Englishmen, as a rule, do not ; and when the *plats* have been despatched, the sight of a pretty French-woman picking her teeth or rinsing her mouth, is one to disgust the sensitive Briton with beauty itself.

The Germans are coarse feeders, as also are the Spanish ; but though the latter consume their food more after the fashion of the caged animals of Regent's Park than of human beings, and the former bolt huge portions of meat in a way suggestive of the Cyclops as described by Ulysses at his breakfast, both of them lack a certain grossness which is the distinguishing characteristic of the Gaul at table. The French, with their ridiculous affectations of politeness, are nearly the rudest people in the world, and, with their assumptions of spirituality, are absolutely the only people who bring out into vulgar and aggressive relief the purely sensual aspect of conveying food from the plate to the mouth. Englishmen are sometimes accused of taking superfluous pegs and nipping more sherry than is good for them, but the London clubman is a Rechabite in comparison with the *boulevardier* of Paris. No one will deny that many men and women of all ages, on this side of the silver streak, eat and drink far more than is good for them. It would be equally absurd to contradict the statement that there are not hundreds and tens of hundreds of Frenchmen who adopt as their rule of conduct a system of plain living and high thinking. But, on the whole, England is the one country in which there is a distinct feeling in favour of eating, not as the beasts of the field, but as intelligent creatures. It is, moreover, the only country in which the physician can

exercise a wide and peremptory influence over the whole region of daily diet. There are no such benevolent despots in Paris as Sir Andrew Clark in London. There is no fashionable quarter on the face of the earth in which so many water-drinkers are to be found as Mayfield, St. James's, or Belgravia. The valetudinarian, who is always racking his soul with the problem what to eat, drink, and avoid, is to be discovered within the four seas alone ; and finally, the English, and the English only, have, thanks to the doctors, come to invest the word alcohol with terrors unknown elsewhere.—*The Queen*.

#### COLONIAL DEFENCES.

THE correspondence among three or four Government departments on Colonial defences will be read with interest, not unmixed with amusement, by foreigners who may possibly be our enemies hereafter. In any other country in the world the matter would have been discussed in the strictest secrecy, by authorities who, if they differed among themselves, would nevertheless ostensibly act as a unit. Neither France nor Germany would publish an opinion that the defence of a commercial post was not an indispensable duty of the Government ; or a statement that a fortress was in urgent need of additional works, but that the Treasury was at present not ready to provide funds for the purpose. The opposite practice of England has been so long established that it ceases to excite surprise at home or abroad ; and some astute politicians think that a simplicity so ostentatious must conceal some profound design. It is, after much doubt and controversy, now agreed that the most powerful naval artillery fails to make ships a match for masonry and earthworks ; and it is cheaper to construct impregnable fortifications than to run the risk of equal conflicts among ironclads.—*Saturday Review*.

#### WINTER EVENINGS.

Now is the time for social evening gatherings, sometimes so enjoyable, but alas ! not unfrequently only wearisome, dull, and stupid. Yet, if people will take a little trouble, it is not difficult to find something entertaining, and amateurs can never complain that their friends are not easily amused. The preparation of an easy comedy or farce may afford a good deal of enjoyment during may long evenings, or, if you prefer it, you can choose an operetta or tableaux. With any sort of theatrical entertainment, a suitable room, with plenty of space, is a great desideratum ; but even where this is wanting, much may be accomplished with a little ingenuity. Many years ago some friends of mine in the country used to amuse themselves and entertain their visitors with impromptu tableaux, arranged under an archway at the end of a long passage, which led to the servants' offices. The kitchen table formed a stage, on which was placed a genuine gilt frame, covered with course black linen ; this and the length of the hall supplied the "distance" which always lends "enchantment." The tableaux were quickly prepared, and generally came as a delightful surprise to the assembled guests. Children make capital pictures, and nursery rhymes offer endless subjects, both tragical and comical. "The Children in the Wood," properly arranged, is a charming tableau. In a different style, but equally good, is "Psyche seeking Love," and "My Treasures"—a little girl going up-stairs to bed with toys, dog, etc. But nothing, after all, really pleases the juveniles like a Christmas Tree, and, if everyone is to receive a gift, a good deal of time and thought may be expended on it, to say nothing of hard cash. Anyway, there may be plenty of lights and tinsel, and if some one will dress up as Father Christmas, and distribute the gifts with seasonable and appropriate jokes, so much the better. Wax-works are capital entertainment, and well repay any trouble they involve in the preparation of dresses. Much of the success will, however, depend upon the performer who undertakes the rôle of Mrs. Jarley. A fluent tongue, and some comic power, are absolute essentials. Children will by no means despise a home-made "Punch and Judy," and a "Wizard's Chamber" may be found to yield a good deal of amusement to older people, and really requires very little preparation. For complete success, the wizard should be effectually disguised, so as to be unrecognizable by those who seek his counsel.—*Queen*.

#### ON CHESS.

EVERYTHING which encourages a beginner to acquire the commonest formulas of chess at an early stage in his progress tends to make the succeeding stages more easy and delightful to him. In one way or another the many thousands of young people who now take up chess as a pastime contrive to learn and remember these formulas ; and from that time onward their interest in the game is assured. Mr. Ruskin, who has touched and adorned this subject also, cannot understand the pleasure which some players seem to take in following prescribed lines of attack and defence, or in skulking after stray pawns when nearly all the pieces have been changed off. There are many who go a great deal further than Mr. Ruskin, and question the interest and value of chess under any circumstances. This sceptical frame of mind is perhaps less open to objection than that of the enthusiasts who have listened too eagerly to the song of the charmer, and have given up to chess what was meant for mankind, or at all events for the earning of their livelihood in a commonplace trade or profession. It is a danger to which all players are exposed, and which is fatal to not a few. Chess would thrive well enough even if it were regarded as exclusively a game for amateurs ; and, as a matter of fact, some of the finest performers have been men to whom it always remained a pastime, and never became a crutch. This being said, it is advisable to say one thing more—namely, that the professional element in English chess is not obtrusive, and has no cause to blush for its record in any shape or form. Our

professional chess masters of the first rank may be counted on the fingers; they have proved themselves superior in skill to the masters of other countries; but they do not, as distinctly as in cricket and boating, constitute a separate class, nor do they, any more than in the sports just mentioned, overshadow the men who play for simple recreation. The number of these could not be readily computed, but it has certainly increased at a very rapid rate.—*Saturday Review*.

## ALMSGIVING.

TAKING the average of mankind, the sight of suffering and want is disagreeable to everyone, and, if it be not too great an exertion, most people wish to relieve sorrow. But, as in everything else, there are two ways of doing this—a good and a bad way. Can one find a bad way of doing a good deed? you ask. Most certainly; and in nothing is the bad way so mischievous as in almsgiving. In the first place, thanks to this wrong way of doing right things, we have all, more or less, come to consider "charity," as we call it, as solely a matter of £ s. d., and measure people's liberality by the total actual coin spent. Yet money is surely not the only thing needed? The Apostle said, "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee." Now, though we cannot work miracles, giving strength to the cripple or sight to the blind, actually and really, still, if the good will be there, one is sure to find the way of doing many little kindnesses that will make pain and want easier to bear, even supposing we have no money to give; though as a matter of fact, none is so poor that he or she cannot, at one time or another, find a few spare coins, if the will to give be there.

A few words kindly spoken, a few minutes' patient listening to some prosy, seldom-attended-to complaint, and many other little acts of kindness of the same sort, may in the end prove truer almsdeeds than most of the pounds that swell subscription lists. Too often our question is not "what can we give," but "what can we spare and not feel the loss of," and so we give a small sum of money to quiet our consciences, but never think as an old writer phrases it, of "giving ourselves with the gift," in other words, giving our personal service as well as our money.—*Queen*.

## BOOK NOTICES.

SOME LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS. By James Payn. New York: Harper and Brothers.

A delightful book—as indeed the recollections of the author of "A Confidential Agent" was sure to be—the substance of which passed through *Cornhill* before it was touched up for volume form. Mr. Payn is one of the men who help us to retain faith in humanity: in his own goodness he can see no evil in others. His "Recollections" is a book which once taken up must be read from title to finish before it is left.

THE ANCIENT EMPIRES OF THE EAST. By A. H. Sayce. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Toronto: William Briggs.

A concise history of Egypt, Babylonia and Assyria based upon the testimony of the monuments, by the first of living authorities—Professor Sayce. A very valuable contribution to oriental research.

THE ALGONQUIN LEGENDS OF NEW ENGLAND. By Charles G. Leland. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

An able description by a facile pen of the myths and folk-lore of the Micmac, Passamaquoddy and Penobscot tribes, quaintly illustrated from designs scraped upon birch-bark by an Indian. Much of this folk-lore, Mr. Leland thinks, was in existence before the time of Columbus. The book forms an excellent companion volume to Miss Russell's "Indian Myths."

TALES OF THREE CITIES. By Henry James. Boston: James R. Osgood and Company.

Three novels in one volume—"Impressions of a Cousin," "Lady Barbara," and "A New England Winter." The plot of the first is laid in New York, the second in London, and the last in Boston. The complaint is common on "the other side" that Mr. James is "played out." Be that as it may, the trio of tales under notice are racy, exciting and instructive—albeit "A New England Winter" is very outspoken, and in it Mr. James handles some hitherto sacred subjects without gloves.

A YANKEE SCHOOL TEACHER IN VIRGINIA. By Lydia Wood Baldwin. New York: Funk and Wagnalls.

Though the sub-title of this book is "A tale of the Old Dominion in the Transition State," it is really more like a series of studies of negro life in Virginia, but is very fascinating at that, once the reader gets familiarized with the dialects used. Mr. Wm. Briggs, of Toronto, is the Canadian agent for this work—as of all others published by Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls.

ROUND ABOUT RIO. By Frank D. G. Carpenter. Chicago: Jansen McClury and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company.

The author, a Cornell graduate, and one-time geographer of the Geological Survey of Brazil, gives a charming study of Brazilian life and manners, and presents much useful information in excellent literary style. The book is pleasant in tone as it is eminently presentable in appearance.

CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY. A Book for Young Americans. By James Parton. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company; Toronto: W. J. Gage and Company.

The sub-title of this volume is "Or Men of Business who did Something Besides Making Money." This is as unhappy as Mr. Parton's preface-description of the scope of his book; but when once he gets settled down to his work the author gets off some very interesting and useful biographical writing, of equal interest to "children of a larger growth" and of other countries than America.

THE CONFESSIONS OF HERMES, AND OTHER POEMS. By Paul Hermes. Philadelphia: David McKay.

The author of this collection of poems almost spoils the good impression his smaller efforts produce by the hackneyed character of his more pretentious poem, "The Spiritual Development of One Modern Man"—Paul Hermes to wit. Still there is much earnest thought conveyed in unaffected language here and there.

CONTEMPORARY SOCIALISM. By John Rae, M.A. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Toronto: William Briggs.

A well-timed book, cleverly and clearly written. Mr. Rae has evidently approached his subject with a thorough understanding, and gives to the world an historical analysis of the theories and progress of Socialism which is quite invaluable. In the 445 pp. which are included in this well-gotten-up book is collated a sufficiency of information to enable all readers to form an intelligent opinion of the contributing causes of the turbulence and discontent which are unfortunately latent on both continents.

THE REIGN OF LAW. By the Duke of Argyll. New York: John B. Alden.

An attractive and cheap reprint of the Duke's now celebrated book on the conflict, real or supposed, between theology and science.

GREAT THOUGHTS FROM GREEK AUTHORS. By Craufurd Tait Ramage, LL.D. New York: John B. Alden.

Another reprint, in Mr. Alden's neat "Elzevir Edition," of a book invaluable to those who have not been privileged to peruse the Greek classics in the original. The enterprising publisher announces reprints of the same translator's books on French, Italian, German and Spanish writers.

SELECT POEMS OF ALFRED LORD TENNYSON. Edited by William J. Rolfe, M.A. Boston: James R. Osgood and Company.

A neat reprint, with illustrations and valuable notes by Mr. Rolfe.

ART IN OUTLINE. Sketches of Life and Character. Philadelphia: Wanamaker and Brown.

A series of clever outline pictures intended for the use of advertisers, but of such artistic ability as to merit a place in every drawing-class.

THE NATIVE RELIGIONS OF MEXICO AND PERU. By Albert Réville. Translated by Philip H. Wicksteed. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Toronto: William Briggs.

## MUSIC.

THE English Musical Festivals at Worcester and Norwich have this year been notable for the production of new and interesting works. The Norwich Festival commenced Tuesday, 14th October, and extended to Friday. The "Messiah," "Elijah," and "Redemption," were performed; also Villiers Stanford's "Elegiac Ode," and A. C. Mackenzie's dramatic oratorio, "The Rose of Sharon," both composed for the festival. The former is a work of great merit and is highly praised, but suffers by reason of its dreary subject, the words being taken from Walt. Whitman's ode on the death of Lincoln. The "Rose of Sharon" is an exceedingly interesting composition on account of its being the most ambitious sacred work, as to its scope and subject, attempted by an English composer for some time past. It is a setting of the "Song of Solomon," and deals rather with the poetic and dramatic than the devotional aspect of the poem.

It is now no longer possible, truthfully, to repeat the oft-made accusation against England, of being an unmusical nation, for, probably in no country in the world can more frequent or more perfect choral performances be heard than in London and the provinces. English composers, too, are now taking a place in the musical world, and occupy a higher position in the eyes of their European brethren than at any time since the days of Humphries and Purcell, when there was such a thing as an English school of music. Times are indeed changed since the days when English opera of the type of "Maritana," "The Bohemian Girl," and "Robin Hood," represented the highest aim of musicians. It is easy now for a young composer to obtain a thorough course of instruction without leaving London, and with this improved training come higher aims and a desire to work in the same direction as the greatest masters have done, and produce works worthy to stand beside theirs. Unfortunately there is also a class, more numerous than ever before, of music writers who, seeking nothing beyond popularity and pecuniary success, flood the world with songs and pieces of the lowest grade, and who would drag English music down hopelessly but

for the earnest work of men like A. C. Mackenzie, Villers Stanford, Zoring Thomas, A. Gaul, Oliver King, and a few others who truly work for their art. On the other hand, there is now on the part of the British public a general disposition to recognize and encourage native talent whenever it appears. As an example of this, "The Rose of Sharon" was announced for performance immediately after the Norwich festival by the Sacred Harmonic Society, the Highbury Philharmonic, the Tufnell Park Chorus Society, the Clapton Philharmonic, and several other Societies in London and the provinces. The work will thus, during its first year, be thoroughly criticized and tested, and become, as a classic, one of the repertoire of all musical societies, or, if found wanting, be relegated to oblivion. Mr. Joseph Bennett, the well-known critic, recently said in an article that the future supremacy in the creative department of music will be between the two races who have hitherto held but a subordinate position, namely, the Slavonic and British. Works by prominent composers of these two races have recently been performed in England: "The Rose of Sharon" and the "Stabat Mater," of Dvorák; whether the Scotch or Bohemian composer will soonest achieve fame remains to be seen.

At the Worcester Festival, besides the "Stabat Mater" just mentioned, two interesting novelties were produced, a "Hymn to the Creator," by Dr. Bridge, in form of a motet for solo, soprano, chorus and orchestra, and a cantata by Mr. C. H. Lloyd, "Hero and Leander," which has aroused as much enthusiasm amongst the musical public as "The Rose of Sharon." One of the most important features in this Festival is the performance of oratorios in the Cathedral. In the past there have been attempts on the part of narrow-minded persons to prevent these Cathedral performances; but now it is in England a generally accepted principle that a sacred building is the most suitable place in which to hear sacred words wedded to the highest music. The most important service of this kind is that known as a "Service of Praise," which consists of a shortened Evensong and sermon, and as an anthem some fine sacred cantata, performed with full orchestral accompaniment. In this country we sometimes have performances of fine works in churches, notably at the Metropolitan in Toronto, where many of the English Church festivals are commemorated by music which, for appropriateness and sufficient execution, puts to shame the Episcopal churches, which should be the headquarters of such music. Instruments, too, have been recently introduced at the Church of St. James the Apostle, Montreal, as a regular feature of the Sunday afternoon service: an innovation which has given great satisfaction; but, the "Service of Praise" as performed in England has not yet been naturalized here. At first some prejudice might have to be overcome, but it is quite time this were done, and the attempt fairly made to introduce this beautiful service. Let alarmed Evangelicals be assured that this musical service is not "Ritualistic"—that it does not even require, although it is improved by, intoned prayers. Many religious people have made grave objection to the oratorio as a form of art on the ground that persons go to it dressed as for a ball, much as they would attend an opera, never thinking of the sacred character of the words sung. The remedy for this is to make the oratorio an act of worship, an integral portion of the Church's services. Some clergymen even meet suggestions for musical services by the remark, "I cannot allow my church to be turned into an opera house," which sounds unanswerable but means very little. If such a performance were a mere amusement the objection would hold good, but the time is gone by when music could be looked at in that light. For many in our churches a fine anthem or voluntary is more effectual in rousing devotional feeling than a sermon, and it is this large and ever-increasing class that will be benefited by the "Service of Praise."

THE thirteenth annual concert of the Toronto Irish Benevolent Society, given in the Pavilion on Monday night, was no exception to its predecessors in that it was a gratifying success in point of attendance and general arrangements. It may be added, however, in no ungracious spirit, that the programme was much too long; more especially in view of some of the names set opposite the various items—names almost invariably associated with encores. The result was unmistakable signs of weariness soon after the first part was concluded, and not a little discontent amongst those who wished to hear the charming quartette which formed the last number. The hall, moreover, was insufferably hot—so hot as to cause at least one faint, and as to make it extremely probable that many colds were contracted on encountering the biting air outside. One more growl, and pleasanter topics may be approached. The besetting sin of Toronto entertainments was manifest in its worst form on Monday night: for twenty minutes after the hour announced for commencing the programme the audience was left to gaze at a none too artistic empty platform. Punctuality in starting and the discouragement of encores would go far to make the popularity of the concert conductors who dare insist on these desiderata. The programme, which was judiciously selected, and into which a *souperonne* of comedy was wisely introduced, was performed by Mrs. Caldwell, Mrs. Petley, Mr. Richards, Mr. Warrington, Mr. Darby, as vocalists, and Mrs. Blight as accompanist. Mrs. Caldwell received and deserved several encores. She was in excellent voice, and sang with more expression than on some other occasions. Her principal selections were Tom Moore's "Oft in the Silly Night," and her now famous "Cuckoo Song,"—the latter being in response to an enthusiastic encore. Mrs. Petley was also warmly received in solo, and took part in one of the gems of the evening, Meudelssohn's duet "I would that my Love," Mr. Richards being associated with her. That gentleman also delighted the audience by the artistic manner in which he sung both the solos and concerted pieces set down to him. He is possessed of an exceedingly sweet voice which he uses with great feeling. Mr. Warrington was as usual well received, and for one encore sung "The Foine Ould Oirish Jintleman,"

which of course brought down the house. Mr. Darby contributed some humorous songs, and all the artists were indebted to Mrs. Blight for the careful manner in which she performed the duties of accompanist—on an excellent-toned "Steinway." Her solo on selected Irish airs was unanimously encored.

Those present at the Band Concert the other evening, when the 13th of Hamilton and 7th of London performed in company, were very much pleased, and the question has been asked: Why cannot such entertainments be given more frequently? It is seldom in the winter months that our citizens are privileged to sit through a regular programme of such music as that referred to. In the summer season nothing is more popular. The band nights in the Park are looked forward to as a season of mental and moral refreshment. Is there any special reason why the music should be suspended with the close of summer? Why not keep up the concerts at suitable intervals all the year round?—*London Free Press*. Yes, indeed: why not?

To the Editor of *The Week*:

DEAR SIR,—In your issue of this week I noticed, in the very excellent article on music, reference to the fact that nothing had been as yet attempted to celebrate, on a large scale, the bi-centenary of Handel's birth. I beg to enclose a copy of the prospectus which was issued by the Choral Society to its honorary members at the beginning of the present season, in which you will observe that our coming "Samson" concert is to be given *especially in honour* of Handel's birth. I regret with you that we cannot have on this occasion "Israel in Egypt," but the production of that work is not practical under the present condition of things in Toronto. EDWARD FISHER.

Toronto, Nov. 8th, 1884.

"The year 1835 being the bi-centennial anniversary of the birth of Handel, will doubtless be generally observed throughout the musical world as a *Handel Jubilee Year*, and the committee have decided that the society shall celebrate the occasion in Toronto by producing one of that master's greatest works, the sublime oratorio, "Samson" (probably February 24th, 1885), which they believe has never before been performed in Canada, and which they hope to present with such solo talent, orchestral effects, and strength of chorus as will worthily honour the event. The other works, which will be announced in greater detail hereafter, will probably include Gade's new cantata, "Psyche," as well as a number of high-class part songs and miscellaneous selections."

We have received a long letter from Mr. C. H. Daniel, Secretary of the Metropolitan Church Choir, Toronto, in reference to a paragraph which appeared in *THE WEEK* questioning Mr. Torrington's judgment in selecting some numbers from "Samson" after that oratorio had been announced for performance by the Toronto Choral Society. The following abstract appears to contain the most important portion of the communication:—"In arranging for the forthcoming concert of the Metropolitan Church Choir. Mr. Torrington, together with the Musical Committee of the Church, drew up a programme without for a moment thinking they were going to tread on the toes or arouse the morbid sensitiveness of anyone. Their object was simply to make the selection as comprehensive and effective as possible; and worthy not only of the choir, but also the public who will patronize them. However innocent they were, someone appears to have been hurt. Let me, however, assure your paragrapher that, rich and comprehensive as the programme will be, only one chorus has been taken from Handel's oratorio of 'Samson.'"

#### LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE *Critic* reports that Professor Charles F. Richardson, of Dartmouth College, is at work on a history of American literature, on a philosophical and critical plan.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLD'S edition of "Boswell's Johnson," edited by Professor Morley, will shortly be published in five volumes by George Routledge and Son.

AN attempt is being made in Nashville, Tenn., to establish a literary journal of the highest order. Contributors, but not funds, have been secured. This is not a phenomenal predicament.

IDLE rumour at New York has it that Ben Butler, too, will write a book. A chapter which related the truthful inside history of the Presidential campaign of 1884 would be interesting.

THE December *Atlantic* will contain an article entitled "Poe's Legendary Years," in which some of the more obscure passages in that writer's life are for the first time satisfactorily explained.

SUNDAY theatrical performances are tolerated by law in five of the principal cities in the United States: San Francisco, Cincinnati, St. Louis, New Orleans, and Chicago. Chicago has eleven regular theatres open Sunday night.

"Under the Stars and Stripes" is the title of a chapter in Edmund Yates' "Memories of a Man of the World" in which the editor of the *London World* gives an account of his lecture tour in this country in 1872. Harper and Bros. will publish the book.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND Co. are now the publishers of no less than seven periodicals: the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Andover Review*, the *Boston Medical Journal*, the *Law Reporter*, the *U. S. Postal Guide*, and American editions of the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh Reviews*.

MRS. LYNN LINTON and Mrs. Caldecott are to be the mainstay of a periodical which is to be issued in London early in the season next year. It is to be as nearly like the *Century* as possible without illustrations, but is to have all the gossip of London, Paris, Berlin, and Russia, and last though not least, the price is to be 6d. Well done, ladies. Verily the women are coming to the front. Society will be sorry, nevertheless, to lose Mrs. Caldecott from the hunting field, where she gladdened all hearts by her fine riding and charming amiability.

THE November *Century* is again out of print, and a third edition will be at once fixed on the press to be ready about November 30th. The demand for this number has been a surprise to the publishers, the continued sale so long after issue being wholly without precedent. The edition of the December *Century* will be 160,000.

WITH the last issue of *The Art Interchange* is given a beautiful coloured design for plaque, the subject being "Playing at Punch and Judy." There is also a full-page cut of a charming landscape—"Midsummer Diversion," and a supplement containing designs for nut plates, mantel-facing, etc. Designs for hand-mirror frame and back are also included in this issue of our enterprising contemporary.

MESSRS. IVISON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR AND Co., of New York, have published a reprint of a beautiful "Old Style Calender for this present yeere of Grace, 1885," originally "compiled and imprinted by Master George Falkner and his Sons, of Manchester, England." This exquisite piece of typography is printed upon toned hand-made paper, and the information is framed in page borders each of which is a romance in itself, no two being alike.

REARING a memorial to a creation of fiction seems a little out of the ordinary. They have come pretty near it at Wicksworth, Eng., however, where a Bede memorial hall is to be built. George Eliot's preaching woman in Adam Bede is Dinah Morris, the original of whom was Elizabeth Evans, the author's own aunt. For many years she preached in the town of Wicksworth, and the necessity of a new chapel suggested the notion of a memorial building.

THE admirers of the *Art Union* who missed and bewailed the loss of the October number have not only an explanation in the November issue, but, in addition to an increased list of reading contents, five excellent full-page plates—a landscape by J. W. Casilear, "A Daughter of Eve," by T. W. Wood, a page of seaside sketches by J. Wells Champney, yet another landscape by Kruseman Van Elten, and a pretty anonymous conceit entitled "Artist on the Bruin."

IN the November number of the *Overland Monthly* begins a serial novel by Ada Longworthy Collier, the scene of which is laid in the pioneer settlement of Iowa. Many pioneer characters and historic incidents enter into the story, and it will doubtless prove a somewhat notable literary incident, as the field is new, and will be especially interesting to people of the central West. Mrs. Collier is well known as a writer in her own section, and is known to readers of the *Overland* by several poems that have been widely copied. She is said to be a daughter of the first settler on Iowa soil, and to have drawn largely on facts thus known to her for the material of her story.

MACMILLAN AND Co., of London and New York, intend to issue towards the end of this month a double Christmas number of the *English Illustrated Magazine*. It will contain seventy-two illustrations, eight of them full-page plates. The frontispiece will be after a study of a child's head by Mr. Burne Jones, and among the contents will be "Gainsborough," by Mr. J. Comyns Carr, with illustrations; "The Squire at Vauxhall," by Mr. Austin Dobson, with illustrations by Hugh Thomson; "Christmas in the Kyber Pass," by Mr. Archibald Forbes; "Clovelly," by Mr. Fred. Pollock with illustrations; "Our Mission to Abyssinia," by Mr. F. Villiers; "St. Guido," a poem by Mr. Richard Jefferies; an article on "Calvados," illustrated by Mr. W. J. Hennessey; "Naworth Castle," by Canon Creighton, with illustration by Mr. George Howard; and a short story by Mr. Henry James.

THE *New York Nation* has been established twenty years, and assumes a prominent position among American literary and political journals. In its issue of the 13th instant our contemporary announces, "The edition of the *Nation* this week is 8,400 copies"—not an astounding circulation, truly, for a journal appealing to a constituency of fifty million souls. The *Nation's* prophecy that THE WEEK could not succeed was possibly founded upon the ungrateful reception accorded to our contemporary, and upon the fact that THE WEEK is published in a country with less than four million English speaking inhabitants. A comparison, however, of THE WEEK's progress in twelve months with that of the *Nation* in twenty years would appear to entitle the projectors of this journal to "thank God and take courage." The influence and commercial success attained by THE WEEK during a period of trade stagnation and in face of other serious drawbacks are such as the most sanguine expectations of the proprietors had not led them to hope for.

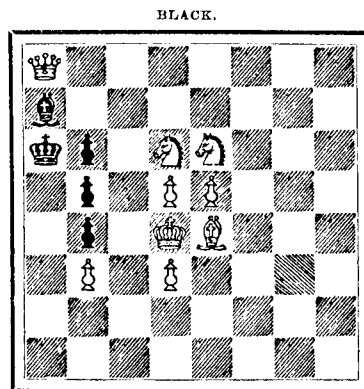
THE *Chicago Current* will shortly begin the publication of a series of articles on "The American Type," contributed by some of the most eminent American writers of the day, each having written without the knowledge of the other. In view of the discussion relative to the possibility of the production of a novel which should be distinctly and broadly American in character, these articles will be appreciated as being the first attempt to obtain the actual and positively enunciated views of representative American literateurs as to the traits which should be found in the typical American—not the American of New England or of the South or of the West, but the American best representative of the national character. These articles have been purposely assigned to the respective writers, residing at points remote from each other, with a view of obtaining all shades of opinion. The *Current* has secured for its Christmas issue from Edwin Arnold, chief among English poets of the time, a splendid poem, upon which he has long been engaged, and the completion of which he has just announced by cable to the *Current*. It will be appropriate to the season, and will be marked by that grace of expression and that superb poetic power which, once manifested in "The Light of Asia," have won for Mr. Arnold so conspicuous a place in contemporary literature as a laborious student, as a scholar of the highest authority, and a poet of rare genius.

CHESS.

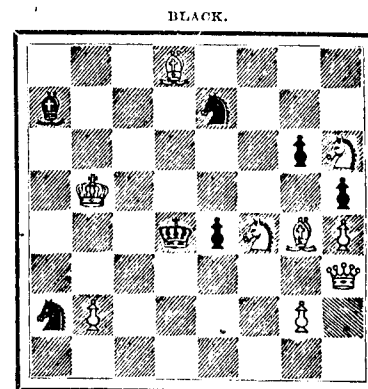
All communications intended for this department should be addressed "Chess Editor," office of THE WEEK, Toronto.

PROBLEM No. 59.  
Composed for THE WEEK by Chas. W. Phillips, Toronto Chess Club.

PROBLEM No. 60.  
TOURNEY PROBLEM No. 12.  
Motto:—"Transitus."



White to play and sul-mate in three moves.



White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS.

Next week we hope to give all solutions down to present time.

GAME No. 31.

SOUTH-WESTERN GERMAN CHESS TOURNAMENT.

We are indebted to the Frankfort *Schachzeitung* for the score and notes of the following highly interesting game, played July 17, 1884, in the principal tourney of the third congress of the South-western German Chess Association, between Mr. Bauer, of Frankfort, and Mr. Schwan, of Düsseldorf:

Queen's Pawn's Opening.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
Mr. Bauer.	Mr. Schwan.	Mr. Bauer.	Mr. Schwan.
1. P to Q 4	P to Q 4	19. Kt to B 3 (d)	Kt to B 2
2. K Kt to B 3	K Kt to B 3	20. R to Kt 3	K to Kt 2
3. P to K 3	P to K 3	21. Q to B 4	P to K R 3
4. R to Q 3	P to B 4	22. P to K 4	B to Q 2
5. P to Q Kt 3	P x P	23. P to B 4 (e)	B to B 3
6. P x P	B to Kt 5 ch (a)	24. R to R 3 (f)	P to K Kt 4
7. P to Q B 3	B to Q 3	25. R P x P	R P x P
8. Castles	Castles	26. R to Kt 3	P to Kt 5 (g)
9. Kt to K 5	K Kt to Q 2	27. R x P ch!!	P x R
10. P to K B 4	P to B 4	28. Q x P ch	Kt to Kt 4
11. R to B 3	Kt to K B 3	29. Kt x Kt	R x R ch
12. R to R 3	Kt to B 3	30. K x R	K to B (h)
13. B to K 3	B x Kt	31. Q to R 5	Q to K (i)
14. B P x B	Kt to K Kt 5	32. B to Kt 6	Q to B
15. Q to Q 2 (b)	Kt x B	33. Q to R 7 (j)	B to K 2
16. Q to Kt	P to K Kt 3 (c)	34. Q to R 8 ch	K to K 2
17. Kt to Q 2	Q to K 2	35. Q to B 6 ch.	And Black resigns.
18. R to K B	Kt to Q		

NOTES.

(By Mr. Bauer.)

- (a) Lost time, because the adverse Q Kt should come out not at Q B 3, but via Q 2.
- (b) 15. B to Q 2, with the intention of subsequently playing R to Kt 3, followed by P to K R 3, was not feasible because of Black's counter attack by Q to R 5.
- (c) Necessary to prevent 17. P to K Kt 4.
- (d) Also played to stop the advance of the adverse K Kt's Pawn.
- (e) White seeks to dislodge the adverse Q B, with the object of sacrificing his own Bishop for the K B P.
- (f) Menacing P to K Kt 4.
- (g) The only move! Had he played the K to Kt 3, the following pretty variation would have occurred: 29. K to Kt 3; 27. Kt to R 4 ch, K to R 3; 28. K to B 2!!; P x Q; 29. Kt x P ch, R x Kt; 30. R to K R ch, and mate next move.
- (h) If 30. R to K B ch; 31. Kt to B 7 dis. ch, K x Kt; 32. Q to Kt 6 mate. If 30. R to R; 31. Kt to R 7 dis. ch, mating in a few moves. Finally, if 30. R to K Kt; 31. Kt x P dbl. ch, K to B 2; 32. Q to R 5 ch, K x Kt; 33. B to B 5 mate.
- (i) The only move to avoid immediate mate or the loss of the Queen.
- (j) Prettily gaining time, and forcing mate in five moves.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

THE LESSONS IN CHESS.

Oh, the ancient game of the Persian race what a mystical curious thing—  
The Queen with her glorious, matchless strength, the feeble, protected king,  
The Castles, and knights and bishops, the array of devoted pawns;  
The rapt and silent sages who play till the morning dawns;  
The bold and brilliant gambit, the skilful and strong defence  
On the miniature field of battle, the hours of deep suspense!  
But not with such zeal we played it, but only when evening came  
We bent o'er the board together and I taught you the grand old game.

The moves were learned but slowly, and too often were wrongly made,  
And we whispered over the chess board, half forgetting the game we played;  
Then with a blush quick starting, you turned to the board once more,  
And checked my king with a bishop that was not on that line before!  
You broke my host for the scholars mate, through the simple foil I knew.  
But it often brought me a quick defeat when the moves were made by you;  
And many a game was lost by me that I might with ease have won,  
To watch the innocent pride my love in your eyes when the play was done.

Do you think you could play the game, as the shadows of twilight die  
Instead of my king would you check your own as you did in the days gone by?  
You may have forgotten the moves indeed, but I know I have cause to bless  
The love lit hours of long ago when I taught you the game of chess.  
Oh, little it mattered who won or lost, so long as your eyes in mine  
With the sweet, shy look that I knew so well, while a smile on your face would shine  
And whether in victory or defeat, my heart a fond hope held fast,  
And fortune smiled on the game I played, for I captured my Queen at last.

—From the *Chicago Mirror*.

NEWS ITEMS.

- A MATCH, Grits vs. Tories, will be played in Toronto Chess Club Rooms Thursday evening next.
- THE Annual Championship Tournament of the Toronto Chess Club will open December 4th, 1884. It is likely to be a hot fight.
- THE annual match, Yorkshire vs. Lancashire, was to take place November 8th, 1884. Each player to wear a red or white rose, according to his county. After the match, both sides were to take tea together.

# THE WEEK.

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## WHAT IS CATARRH?

*From the Mail (Can.) Dec. 15.*

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

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

So eminent a well-known physician of forty years' standing, after much experimentation, succeeded in discovering the necessary combination of ingredients which never fail in absolutely and permanently eradicating this terrible disease, whether standing for one year or forty years. Those who may be suffering from the above disease, should, without delay, communicate with the business managers,

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What the Rev. E. B. Stevenson, B.A., a Clergyman of the London Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada, has to say in regard to A. H. Dixon & Son's New Treatment for Catarrh.

Oakland, Ont., Canada, March 17, '83.

Messrs. A. H. Dixon & Son:

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I consider that mine was a very bad case; it was aggravated and chronic, involving the throat as well as the nasal passages, and I thought I would require the three treatments, but I feel fully cured by the two sent me, and I am thankful that I was ever induced to send to you.

You are at liberty to use this letter stating that I have been cured at two treatments, and I shall gladly recommend your remedy to some of my friends who are sufferers.

Yours, with many thanks,

REV. E. B. STEVENSON.

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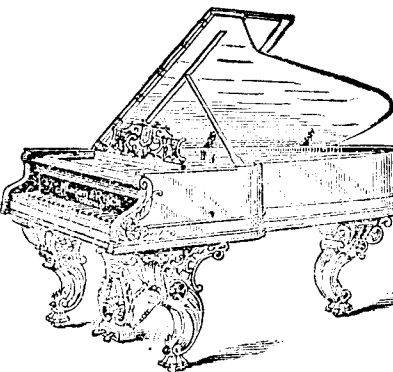
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