

# THE WEEK:

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## TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

LORD LANSDOWNE has not followed the example of his two predecessors, both of whom were much on the stump and showed their estimate of our intelligence by perpetually plying us with the flattery of which one was a consummate and the other a less finished master. His position being assured, he has no motive for running after popularity, and such speeches as he does make have the stamp of a serious purpose. He has thought it necessary to intimate that he does not believe in the practicability of Imperial Federation. The fiscal part of the scheme, he plainly sees, would be rendered impossible by divergency and incompatibility of interests. It is natural and perhaps right that he should present in its fairest aspect the existing system as the one which it is his duty to administer. We cannot help taking exception, however, to the summary account of the history of British opinion respecting the Colonies which Lord Lansdowne borrows from Lord Derby. An era of selfishness was followed, we are told, by one of indifference, which again has given place to a desire for closer union. If it is meant that England was ever peculiarly selfish in her treatment of her Colonies, we submit that the indictment is unfounded. Protectionist theories at that time possessed the world; nor were they more thoroughly accepted by the people of the Imperial country than by the Colonists themselves, whose idol was the man who said that he would never allow the Colonies to manufacture a nail for a horseshoe. It was because the Colonists of England enjoyed a large measure of freedom that they rebelled; had they been governed despotically, like the Colonists of France and Spain, they would never have thought of taking up arms against a small duty on tea. The evidence is overwhelming that up to the moment of the quarrel, and beyond it, the connection with the Mother Country was, by the great mass of the Americans, strongly cherished and felt to be highly beneficial. Nor was the second period one of indifference to the possession of Colonies, but only of indifference, or comparative indifference, to the possession of Dependencies. Lord Beaconsfield's reason for vilipending the Colonies and calling them a stone about England's neck was that they had become in large measure, and were likely to become wholly, independent, while the only thing about which he cared was Empire. The Liberals of that day, though they promoted Colonial self-government and desired to terminate the military occupation, valued the Colonies just as highly as any Imperial Federationist does now; they valued them not as Dependencies, but as daughter nations. The fallacy of confounding Colony with Dependency appears palpable enough, and yet it is always recurring. As to the third and last of the alleged phases of national sentiment, it is really not national at all. Imperial Federation has not yet even found a voice in the House of Commons. "It is not necessary," says Mr. Martin Griffin, "for the purposes of those who favour the Federation of the Empire that there should be any undue haste." This is true; but events march, and, so far as anything practical or even definite is concerned, Imperial Federation stands still.

THE report that a Senatorship had been offered to a Grit has been positively contradicted by the *Mail*. We never thought it likely that the report was true. An impartial use of patronage of any kind is not in the soul of Sir John Macdonald. But the appointment of a single Grit would have been of no value or importance: it would have merely been one more cypher added to a row. Three-fourths of the Senators would still have been Sir John Macdonald's nominees, and the faint tinge of impartiality would only have served to mystify the public and stave off the coming reform. The nomination system is radically and inherently evil. The House of Lords, if it is irresponsible, is at least independent; its members as a rule can be candidates for no favours and are above the influence of a Minister. The Senate is legally more irresponsible than the House of Lords, which in the last extremity can be forced to bow to the national will by the creation of any needful number of Peers; but it is not independent. In the case of European Senates, wholly or partly nominative, the object has been to introduce into the legislature and into the councils of the nation some elements other than party politics, by giving a representation to the great interests, institutions and professions. It is needless to say that in the case of the Canadian Senate not a step has been taken toward the realization of any such ideal. Perhaps it is as well that Sir John Macdonald has not made a more liberal and generous use of his power. The abuse now stands in its naked deformity and challenges not only the reason but the self-respect of the nation. The very last to uphold it ought to be Conservatives, since it is a reduction to impotence of the Conservative element in the Constitution; as, if any real strain were laid upon its powers of control by the violence of the Lower House, or by popular agitation, would at once appear. We are reminded that there is no way of reforming the Senate without its own consent. This is true, to the great discredit of the knot of politicians by whom the scheme of Confederation was framed and imposed upon the people. But a vote of the House of Commons, manifestly expressing the national will, could scarcely fail to produce compliance without recourse to any more Cromwellian remedy. There would be found even in the body itself a few friends of Reform. This question of the Senate, however, with all other secondary questions, is now receding into the background. The Opposition at Ottawa is weak, and seems from the results of elections to be every day growing weaker, because its leaders, having no policy, are irresolute. But outside Parliament the great forces, economical and social, act of themselves; and the whole edifice of a sinister statecraft begins to quake and betray signs of its approaching fall.

THOUGH we did not presume to give an opinion upon the law points raised on behalf of Riel, our private conviction was that they were little better than quibbles. Little better than quibbles they prove to have been; for the Privy Council has dismissed the appeal without thinking it necessary even to hear the other side. The sentence of the law therefore stands, and the Executive has no right to interfere with it except for good reason shown. Is the judge who tried the case dissatisfied with the verdict? Has any new evidence or any extenuating circumstance come to light? We can conceive no other reason for interference with the execution of a legal sentence. But if the French have a practical veto and think fit to use it, let the Government yield, as all governments must yield, to political necessity. Only let this be frankly avowed. Let us have no subterfuges and no tampering with the general rights of society and the principles of criminal law. That the organizer and leader of the rebellion was insane in such a sense as to be irresponsible for his actions is believed by no human being, least of all by the French, whose reason for taking so much interest in his fate manifestly is that they regard him as the sane and able champion of their national cause. That the offence was political is a plea totally inconsistent with the plea of insanity, and which, if admitted, would place society and civilization at the mercy of any brigand who might choose to say that his object in filling the community with slaughter and havoc was not plunder but anarchy or usurpation. It would make the world a Mexico.

THE French Government went into the late elections confident of success, though to bystanders the signs of reaction were plainly visible; and before the last election in England Lord Beaconsfield was led by his electioneering agents throughout the country to believe that he would certainly be victorious. With regard to the coming English election, therefore, we accept the predictions of those engaged in the struggle with reserve, especially as there is an uncertain factor so large as the agricultural labourers' vote. But, so far as we can see through the dust of battle, the advantage is with the Liberal Party. At the same time, in that Party, the Radicals appear to be decidedly gaining the ascendancy. The enormous bribes which they hold out to the masses could hardly fail to tell; for the people, knowing nothing either of economy or of history, have no means of checking the extravagant promises made to them on the Socialistic platform. Lord Hartington has not seriously talked of retirement, but his language is tinged with despondency, while that of Mr. Chamberlain is jubilant and triumphant. The secession of a few Whig aristocrats to the Tory side has not much significance; the same thing has happened at every political crisis since the passing of the first Reform Bill. There would probably be a much larger secession, and one not confined to Whig aristocrats, but extending to moderate Liberals, were it not that Lord Randolph Churchill and his Tory Democracy repel all sensible and honourable men from the side which his ascendancy disgraces. The respectable organs of the Party do their best to keep him in the background, but the impertinence of his language, as well as the violence of his sentiments, takes with the Tory rowdies in the cities, and he is not to be shaken off. Liberal speakers, of course, are careful to give him all possible prominence, and to represent him as the typical Conservative. And now it is seen once more that nothing is to be gained by leaving the path of honour. Had Lord Salisbury kept that path; had he behaved in the hour of his country's peril with the magnanimous patriotism which his high rank and his great estate ought to have made as easy to him as it is difficult to an obscure and needy adventurer; had he thought of England instead of thinking only of his own pretensions and his personal feud with Mr. Gladstone; had he confined his opposition to the legislative measures of the Government and refused to embarrass the Executive in its struggle with the public enemy; had he preserved a tone of dignity and moderation instead of rivalling Mr. Bradlaugh in venomous violence and injustice to opponents, he would be morally in a most commanding position: all the Conservative and anti-revolutionary elements of the country would be gathering round him as their head, and, unless the nation were totally given up to Radicalism, he would have the fairest prospect of entering by a well-won victory into the possession of real power. But he has done the very reverse of all this. He has ended a career of reckless demagogism, of obstructionist and rowdy tactics in Parliament, and of practical complicity with Dismemberment by accepting the aid of rebels to help him into office. And the result, to all appearance, will be that he will have bought a few months not of power but of place by the moral ruin of his Party and his cause.

HAD Lord Salisbury behaved like the great chiefs of the Conservative Party before him he would now be standing before the nation as the champion of its integrity against Dismemberment. But on that question he has sold himself; and his only reasonable hope of a majority rests on the Irish vote in the English cities. To the great issue of the hour he dares allude only in ambiguous phrase and with bated breath, while his lieutenants are constrained to pass it over in guilty silence. But he must have an issue of some kind, and therefore he desperately throws his arms round the Established Church, and makes that his party cry in the election. A greater calamity could not befall the Church than to be thus used as the prop of a falling party. By every one who understands and sincerely tenders her interest, she would be earnestly counselled to stand apart, as much as possible, from the political fray. She is in no immediate danger if she will only abstain from throwing herself, and refuse to let herself be thrown, in the path of a social and political revolution with which, as a spiritual body, she has no direct concern. The people no longer hate her, as in her days of domination they did. She has of late been winning the hearts of a good many of them by her increased activity in good works; they have learned to regard as social guides and benefactors such prelates as Bishop Fraser, who will be followed to his grave by the universal respect and sorrow of a population which, fifty years ago, detested the very name of Bishop. Nor has she very great reason to fear the Disestablishment pledges given by candidates, which, though the list of them may seem formidable, are in a great many cases enforced by the pressure of a Nonconformist minority, and will, to say the least, not be eagerly fulfilled. But if she allows herself again to be used as an electioneering agency, and to be presented to the people as the great obstacle to their entrance into the

felicity the gates of which they imagine to have been opened by the Radical leaders, she will be remorselessly trampled down; of that she may rest assured. The artisan or labourer may not be without regard for his spiritual interest, but his material interest will determine his vote; and if he were a religious philosopher he might, perhaps, find a defence for the preference. The clerical vote itself is a mere drop in the bucket; nor do the clergy control many votes besides their own. Hodge, as any one familiar with rural England will say, is not likely to go to the poll with the parson. If the Church would take high ground, saying that her mission was to democracy or any other dispensation, political or social, as well as to aristocracy, and that she stood above the party fray, she might come out of this convulsion not only unscathed, but morally strengthened; and such is the line which would have been taken by the late Primate or by Bishop Fraser. But it is not given to all Bishops, and still less, perhaps, to all Rectors, to see matters in that light. Could any of the Colonial Prelates give their Anglican brethren a hint?

SURPRISE has been expressed at the manifesto of Cardinal Newman in favour of the Established Church. But it will not be shared by any one who is well acquainted with the history of the Cardinal's mind. Were he a Jesuit or an Ultramontane, the Anglican Church would be the special object of his denunciation, as it has always been of theirs: the nearer the heretics are to the true fold and the clearer is their view of it the greater is their condemnation for refusing to come in. Charles I. had approached as closely as possible to Rome, and if he could have made terms for his own ecclesiastical supremacy and for his Lambeth Papacy he would probably have been willing to reunite his Kingdom to the Church of the Reaction; yet his fall was viewed by the Catholic Monarchies with serene indifference or pointed to as an awful warning of the peril of remaining outside the pale of salvation; and when his head was cut off and his palace was rifled, Catholic kings felt no scruple in becoming the purchasers of his fine collection of paintings and *vertu*. But Cardinal Newman is not a Jesuit or an Ultramontane: in his heart he detests them, their syllabus, their Papal infallibility and all their works. He has never succeeded, at least never since the first days of his conversion, in narrowing his intellect to the conception of the Church of Rome as the only true Church outside of which there is no salvation. He looks forward, we may depend upon it, to meeting Keble and Pusey in the kingdom of heaven; perhaps he looks forward to meeting Keble and Pusey more than he does to meeting Cardinal Manning, who is a true Roman hierarch of the ambitious sort as well as a typical "Apostle of the Genteel." He, no doubt, regards the Church of England as a bulwark against Atheism, assailed by the same enemies who are assailing the Church of France, and in that respect entitled to his sympathy and support simply as a Theist and a believer in the necessity of religion. But he also regards it as his virtual ally against the Ultramontane and Jesuit party in the Church of Rome.

It seems that Mr. John Morley has been telling a Radical audience at Southwark that English statesmen, forty years ago, looked on with apathy or turned their eyes elsewhere while Ireland was approaching the abyss of famine. It is but justice to the Nationalists to say that the calumnies which they have uttered against the English people and the British Government, frantic as they are, scarcely exceed in recklessness those which have been uttered by British demagogues seeking to capture the Disunionist vote. It might have been thought that even Southwark Radicals would scarcely have been so ignorant of comparatively recent history as to listen with credulity to Mr. Morley's statement. No sooner was the alarm sounded by the approach of the potato disease than a Commission of Inquiry was appointed and the Government addressed itself vigorously to the work of guarding against famine. The ports, which Protection had closed, were thrown open by legislation to foreign grain. A great sum of money was voted by Parliament for the purpose of relief, and the public aid was supplemented by private charity on the largest scale. The utmost zeal was shown in collecting and dispensing funds by a number of private Englishmen, conspicuous among whom, according to the testimony of Home Rulers themselves, was William Forster, now the special mark of Nationalist calumny and of the Nationalist knife, as well as of the unceasing attacks of Mr. Morley. Nay, a British Ministry, the strongest since that of Pitt, may be said almost to have sacrificed its life in relieving Ireland; since the repeal of the Corn Laws, by which Peel fell, was a measure which he made up his mind to adopt in consequence of the Irish famine. Never, it may safely be said, was more of national feeling or energy displayed in meeting any public calamity. No such national effort has ever been made to relieve local distress in England. By way of requital, Great Britain is accused by an Irish-American Convention of having brought about the famine for the purpose of exterminating the

Irish people when the sword failed to do its work. Is the British Government a paternal despotism? Could it have prevented the Irish from turning away from the more laborious kinds of husbandry to cultivate a tuber which, though raised with little trouble, is liable to disease? Could it have prevented, or can it prevent, the Irish peasant from marrying before he is twenty and having a family which his little holding cannot possibly maintain? Is it more to blame for the redundancy of population and the consequent pressure on subsistence in the case of Ireland than the Canadian Government is in the case of Quebec, which is always overflowing, and if it were, like Ireland, an island distant from receptacles of emigration, would become the scene of similar overcrowding and distress. Both in Ireland and in Quebec the Church, for reasons of her own, encourages early and, in an economical point of view, improvident marriages, the inevitable results of which, especially on a poor soil, are over-population and dearth. Those who lay everything that is amiss in Ireland to the charge of the British Government, forget that in matters most essential to the formation not only of his character but of his industrial habits, the Irish peasant is under the government of the priest. If morality or sound policy requires Great Britain to part with Ireland, in heaven's name let the thing be done; but let not this great question, on the right decision of which depends the happiness of both nations alike, be decided by the wretched exigencies of faction or by the malignant fictions of demagogues on the stump.

"A VETERAN Orangeman" who replies to us in the *Sentinel* is a little forgetful of good manners, but he does us the service of distinctly confirming our main position. He lays it down expressly that a true Canadian Orangeman must be a Conservative. In other words Orangeism has become a donkey-engine of Toryism. It goes to the polls hand in hand with the religious power against which William of Orange fought, in order to keep a Tory Government in place. "A Veteran Orangeman" thinks it high presumption on the part of the uninitiated to write upon a subject connected with the mysteries of the Orange Constitution. But Orangeism has a history as well as a Constitution, and the readers of that history may be permitted to say that it was not in defence of Toryism that the founders of Orangeism conquered at Newton Butler and closed the gates of Derry. Their cause in those days was that of Protestantism and Liberty; and if the Order will be true to that cause it may yet have a glorious part to play. But to wear the livery of a political faction and gather up the crumbs of patronage which fall under the party table is not a glorious part. To prove that Orangeism is confined to British Territory, and that any one who settles in the United States ceases to be a worthy member of the Order, "A Veteran Orangeman" quotes from the Constitution. But what does the Constitution say? "The Association is general, not confined to any particular place, person or nation, but extends itself wherever a loyal Protestant Briton is to be found to the remotest corner of the globe, for the establishment of the Protestant faith and British liberty to the remotest ages of posterity." The writer of this may not have contemplated Lodges in the United States, but the spirit of the passage is surely in favour of extension. In the same way when it is said that the light of Orangeism is to be poured not on one part only of the ample circumference of the British Dominions, but simultaneously on every portion, we should say that the expression "British Dominions" was used inclusively, not exclusively; meaning that Orangeism was to spread over the whole of the British Dominions, not that it was to spread no further. It is very certain that the championship of Protestantism and Liberty by William of Orange knew no such geographical limitation. The dislike which "A Veteran Orangeman" evidently feels for the Whig friends of William does not appear to be qualified by any strong affection for the Deliverer himself; and it may safely be said that if William were here he would not be found marching to the polls with the French Catholics of Quebec. If an "altar" is essential as well as a throne it is difficult to see how Orangeism can find a home in Canada, where no altar is recognized since the State Church has ceased to exist. A proclamation that every Orangeman is bound by his oath to be a Conservative seems at all events not very politic, since he who avows himself a political bondsman can make no terms for his support.

A CONSTITUTIONAL King, who reigns but does not govern, is the device adopted by most European nations for the purpose of smoothing the great political transition and making the Monarchical system slide easily into the Democratic. But to play the part of a Constitutional King a special temperament is required. Any ambition or much intellect is fatal. The First Bonaparte bluntly declined to be a porker fattened on five millions of francs a year. Charles X. totally failed in the part, and Louis Philippe, in spite of all the advantages of his revolutionary training, never thoroughly succeeded.

Even William IV. of England, though finely formed by Nature for nonentity, committed an act of personal government by turning out a Whig Ministry when it had a majority in Parliament. A woman does best; all that she covets as a rule is a voice in appointments, that she may make her soldier-boy Commander-in-Chief when he is not fit to command a regiment. The King of Denmark is evidently unable to enter into the part at all: he wants not only to reign but to govern and even to levy taxes by Royal decree. The consequence is that he has come very near to losing his crown, and has been saved, it appears, only by the suicidal violence of the extreme opposition, and the act of a political maniac, who has caused a reaction by attempting to murder the Prime Minister. It is reassuring to see that murder is still somewhat at a discount. Denmark is in a constant state of political turmoil, the source of which, as well as the prevalence of crime in the kingdom, is to a great extent economical distress. The fact is that the country is the seaboard of Germany, cut off commercially as well as politically from the mainland and starved by its isolation. What it really wants is union with the Germanic league, which would give it commercial prosperity without extinguishing its self-government. To this the commercial classes are probably not averse, while by the Royal family the change, with the peace and security which it would bring them, would most likely be welcomed. But the small landowners, who form the bulk of the electors, appear to be strongly anti-German. Some day Denmark will be drawn—as she was very near being drawn in 1872—into a quarrel as the dwarf ally of France or some other great enemy of Germany, and then the end will come.

It seems that the Methodist Church both in England and Canada is determined to identify itself with Mr. Stead and the revelations of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. That which mainly gives the revelations their vogue, and makes them fruitful of capital to the social demagogue, is the class feeling to which they appeal, as alleged disclosures of the vices of the rich; and to pander to such a feeling can hardly be called Christian work. There are evil men in all classes, and wealth affords special facilities for the gratification of lust; but the notion that the courageous hand of the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* has lifted a veil which covers the boundless debaucheries of a whole section of the community, welcome as it may be to social malignity, is so far utterly unsupported by the facts. Mr. Stead has threatened disclosures involving a number of men of wealth and rank; but he has not yet ventured to make good his threat, and all that we know is that he found it necessary to bolster up his general indictment by manufacturing evidence in a way which brought him within the peril of the criminal law. The House of Lords is the special organ of wealth and rank; yet the House of Lords, instead of seeking to stifle inquiry, voluntarily instituted it, and passed a bill for the amendment of the law, the course of which, like those of a hundred other bills, was arrested in the House of Commons by the blockade of Obstruction. That there was a desire in high quarters to shield aristocratic crime is an allegation of which no sort of proof has yet been offered. The lives of the British gentry may not be very useful nor their tastes very refined; but, as a rule, the class is rather remarkably free from filthy vices. Manly sports and exercises seem to act as physical antidotes to lust; and in rural England, though the opportunities of the young squires may be supposed to be great, cases of seduction are extremely rare. We have already cited the testimony of Mrs. Jeune, who reports, as the result of a most extensive experience among fallen women, that in the vast majority of cases the seducers belong to the same class with the victims. Ministers of religion sometimes fall; and if in every case suspicion were allowed to run riot, we might become sceptical as to the genuineness even of clerical virtue. That concealment of crime is criminal we are all agreed in thinking, though some of us may doubt the wholesomeness of gross pictures of brothel life and practices as mental food for boys and girls. But we are all, it is to be hoped, equally agreed in thinking that when hideous charges are brought either against individuals or against classes common morality enjoins the most careful precision of statement and the most rigorous adherence to proved facts. Vague imputations, sinister whisperings and half-veiled libel are things which every Christian Church as well as every healthy conscience must condemn. The magistrate who committed Mr. Stead for abduction and criminal assault is denounced as a minister of iniquity because he refused to admit the plea of motive. Motives may be pleaded to Heaven: before a human tribunal men must prove the legality of their actions. No regular reader of the *Pall Mall Gazette* can have doubted that sensationalism was its game; nor can any construction but one be put upon the exultation with which the editor blazoned the immense circulation of his scandals and the translation of them into the language of countries in which, as the evil is not alleged to exist, they can serve no purpose but the gratification of a

prurient curiosity. The Arch-priestess of Free Love some years ago had recourse to similar means of stimulating the circulation of her journal in New York, and she also professed to be sounding a "tocsin" which was to break the moral slumbers of mankind. There is bitterness enough as it is between classes, and the whole of Christendom is already full enough of the volcanic elements of social war. It is hardly the part of a Christian Church to add either to the rancour or to the peril.

THE return of the season for balls has furnished a religious contemporary with an occasion for a sweeping anathema on dancing. "Girls, don't dance! You cannot do it without breaking your altar vow to renounce the world and the devil. It has ruined thousands, soul and body, and many a man and woman can trace their downfall to the day when first they indulged in the dance. Holy, consecrated Christian ministers, faithful, devoted Christian workers never dance." It is a lower style of preaching to tell a girl that, if she could only hear what the young men say of her when the dance is over, she would indignantly refuse to let their arms encircle her again. There may be such blackguards, but we do not happen ever to have met with them, and we cannot help thinking that our respected contemporary must in some previous state of its existence have strayed into a Casino. Nor is there much more force in the argument that some girls have traced their downfall to dancing: some girls have traced their downfall to night services and camp meetings; while no girl, we believe, was ever known to trace her downfall simply to her own weakness. Human life would come to an end if everything were to be relinquished which to the ill-disposed and foolish ever had been or might be an occasion of sin. That "holy, consecrated ministers" should dance, nobody will be profane enough to suggest. But the question is whether youths and maidens who dance will break any Christian vow. The pleasure of dancing is one of the things which it is easy to feel and difficult to explain; but it seems to be a part of human nature. In all climes and ages the spirits of youth have found a vent through it; and a vent of some sort the spirits of youth must be allowed to find: if they were to be pent up worse things might follow. We sincerely applaud, however, this and every attempt on the part of those who, like our contemporary, profess ascetic Christianity to make their conduct square with their professions. The glaring discrepancy between the actual and the ideal presented in the lives of Christian nominally belonging to the ascetic school, has, we suspect, done more than any scientific or critical difficulties to turn the world away from Christianity. But then we can hardly stop at dancing. All pleasures except religious pleasures, and all occupations except religious occupations, or such as are absolutely necessary to subsistence, must be renounced at the same time. We must cease to think of anything but saving ourselves out of the world and fleeing from the wrath to come. This is an ideal which has never been realized by anybody except the Trappists. The ideal of unascetic Christianity, on the other hand, is approximately realized by all who, while they engage in the lawful business of the world, and use its innocent pleasures, show in all the relations of life the Christian temper, preserve the purity of their affections, remember that the world, though it is their dwelling-place, passes away, and continue to value above its wealth or honour the graces of the soul. Those who condemn dancing altogether are of course disqualified for preaching against excess, and warning girls against the late hours and the constant dissipation which do really demoralize as well as cause the flower of youth to fade before its time.

THOSE who take the lower ground and do not profess asceticism are at liberty to say a word in favour of moderation with regard to the dinner parties of the elders as well as with regard to the dancing parties of the young. Nothing can be more conducive to good fellowship and the pleasant interchange of ideas than a dinner party well assorted. But then social intercourse ought to be the first object: the dinner party ought not to be a feed. Barbarians come together to eat: they look for a dinner of twenty courses or a fat sheep's tail. Gourmands have the same gross object; but, to do society justice, there are not many gourmands among us. The dinner ought of course to be well cooked and set out with taste; but it ought not to be heavy or expensive. Expense has the fatal effect of limiting society, of which in this country we have far too little; for while handsome houses multiply in Toronto, the inhabitants of many might, we suspect, except that the men meet in their places of business, as well be living apart on a prairie. Another consequence of expense are large parties, which enable us to get through the list of those to whom we owe dinners more cheaply and to save trouble and anxiety to the tortured hostess. But a party of twenty is not society, any more than the same number of people eating in the same room at a restaurant. There is no general conversation; there are only ten dialogues, painfully kept up for an hour and a half or

two hours, by as many couples, whose topics are perhaps exhausted in a few minutes. The length of large dinners is also wearisome in the last degree. Only one thing is worse, and that is the social battue in which a lady kills her whole visiting list at once, and which is miscalled a kettledrum. The real kettledrum was a meeting of a few people in the afternoon for tea, talk, reading and music; and was a very pleasant institution, fully as pleasant perhaps as a dinner. The hideous thing which has usurped the name is an evening crush with all its horrors physical and mental—the crowd, the heat, the want of seats, the din of unmeaning talk—transferred to the afternoon. It is not only not hospitality, but an insult to the very name. Fashion can neither be set at defiance by any one nor changed all at once: but there are in every social circle people who can exert some influence, and it is to be hoped that it will be exerted against large parties and heavy dinners.

THE second instalment of the "Greville Memoirs" was expected in England with an interest inferior only to that with which the world has long been expecting the Memoirs of Talleyrand. Suddenly it has come. It comprehends the period from 1837 to 1852; that is, from the decline of the Whig Government of Lord Melbourne to the formation of the Coalition Government of Lord Aberdeen. Those who looked for great revelations, political or personal, will be disappointed. In the case of a despotic government, the councils of which are secret, and where a great part is played by personal influence and court intrigue, there is a good deal to be revealed by those who are behind the scenes, and we learn from St. Simon what we could not have learned from any archives or gazettes. But a parliamentary government has no backstairs; all that is most important takes place in public; and, though the Cabinet sits in private, the result of its deliberations is soon known. The gossip of society about the interior of the Government is soon superseded or belied by actual events. There can be no great unveiling where hardly anything is veiled. Comparatively little therefore is recorded by Greville which is not recorded in the "Annual Register." But as the events and characters already familiar pass once more before us, we listen to the running commentary of a well-informed, independent, shrewd and generally just observer. Perhaps there can hardly be a better criticism on the volume than that which the Diarist has himself bequeathed. "You will find the greater part political, not often narrative; mostly allusions and comments on passing events, the details of which were not notorious and accessible; some miscellanies of a different description; personal, social, official; you will find public characters freely, flippantly perhaps, and frequently very severely dealt with; in some cases you will be surprised to see my opinion of certain men, some of whom, in many respects, I may perhaps think differently of now. Gibbon said of certain Pagan philosophers that their lives were spent in the pursuit of truth and the practice of virtue. I cannot boast of having passed my life in the practice of virtue; but I may venture to say that I have always pursued truth; and you will see evidence of the efforts I have made to get at it, and to sum up conflicting statements of facts with a sort of judicial impartiality." Greville was a thorough man of the world, of the turf, and apparently, like his class generally, loose on some points of morality; but he was a man of sense and honour; his curiosity, which he styles the search for truth, was strong, and he had very good means of gratifying it, especially with regard to the doings and councils of the Whigs, with whom he was personally intimate, while he was not so intimate with the Tories, a circumstance which does not disturb his impartiality. To spare the feelings of the living, certain passages, the editor tells us, have been withheld; yet some of the sons will wince. Lord Derby, for example, will scarcely be pleased by finding his father depicted as roistering and rollicking at Newmarket among blacklegs, betting-men and loose characters of every description, with a plain and, as we believe, well-founded intimation that the Earl's own character on the turf was far from meriting the epithets "high-minded" and "chivalrous." Perhaps the most novel disclosures are those which have reference to the Court, particularly in its relations with the Ministers. The picture of the Queen's early intercourse with Lord Melbourne, which we give in another column, could hardly have come from any other pen.

WHEN Leti, the historian, was one day attending a levee of Charles the Second the King said to him, "Leti, I hear that you are writing the History of the Court of England." "Sir, I have for some time been preparing materials for such a history." "Take care that your work gives no offence," said the Prince. Leti replied: "Sir, I will do what I can, but if a man were as wise as Solomon he would scarcely be able to avoid giving offence." "Why, then," rejoined the King, "be as wise as Solomon: write proverbs, not historic."

## NOTES FROM QUEBEC.

FOR a fortnight past the inhabitants of "the ancient capital" have been in a state of serious alarm about the possible introduction of the Montreal epidemic, and not, we are sorry to say, without sufficient cause. Several cases have been imported from the sister city, but, so far as we have been able to learn, without any fatal results. Individuals and the employers of labour have acted in the most commendable way, and there is a general disposition on the part of the citizens themselves to help forward the work of vaccination; indeed, it is safe to say that, if it had not been for our old curse of municipal incapacity, Quebec might have been to-day absolutely proof against the terrible disease. There is deep indignation against Mayor Langelier for his conduct in the matter; it is publicly charged against him that at the railroad depots and steamboat landings he advised passengers to refuse vaccination, and generally not to submit to any restrictions on the part of the Central Board of Health. What measure of truth there is in this report I am not able to say; but when the matter came up in the City Council there was no misunderstanding the Mayor's position as being that of a gentleman decidedly hostile to those precautionary measures which most people deemed it necessary should be taken. A convenient pretext for opposition was found in the unfortunate and ill-informed judgment delivered by Judge Dugas in Montreal, who held that Chapter 38 of the Consolidated Statutes was not in force; and in the face of such a "learned" decision it was manifestly better to sacrifice the lives of the citizens of Quebec than to sacrifice the opinion of a gentleman so profoundly versed in the law as Judge Dugas unquestionably appears to be. This was practically the position assumed by Mayor Langelier, and for which he has been severely taken to task by the *Star* of Montreal and, somewhat less vigorously, by the *Chronicle* of Quebec. The Mayor has now felt it necessary in a public letter to explain away his former conduct, and in an arranged "interview" with a *Telegraph* reporter he hints that "the attack" upon him is the work of his political enemies, and that the *Chronicle's* articles are inspired and written by politicians and for political purposes. The truth is that Mayor Langelier is not doing his better instincts justice; and consciously feeling that the criticism by which his municipal conduct has, for the last year or so, been assailed is not by any means undeserved, he has grown suspicious and impatient of adverse criticism, even when dictated by feelings far from unfriendly. However, he is evidently too much of a politician to believe that anybody can speak or write from a sense of public duty pure and simple. The net result of the Mayor's ill-advised course is that up to the present we have really had no quarantine against Montreal; and this state of things would have continued for an indefinite length of time had not the Provincial Government stepped in and taken the matter entirely out of the Mayor's hands. An extra of the *Official Gazette* was issued on Friday, the 16th inst., in which His Honour the Lieutenant Governor appointed a Local Board of Health for the city of Quebec, consisting of the following gentlemen: The Honourable Alexandre Chauveau, Judge of the Sessions of the Peace, and Messrs. Owen Murphy, P. Vallieres, H. J. J. B. Chouinard, James Carrel, *Daily Telegraph*, Edward T. D. Chambers, Chas. A. Verge, M.D., Henry Russell, M.D.E., A. Vallee, M.D., M. J. Ahern, M.D.L., and Delphis Brochu, M.D. This Board is sufficiently representative to command public confidence, and it is expected that they will do their work in a thorough and business-like manner.

THE Allan mail service this year has not been in any sense an improvement on the past, and if it were not for the New York steamships we would probably have the privilege of enjoying about the slowest mail service in the world. Why it should be permitted so long is a mystery of non-political life which we are not able to solve. There is a great deal of nonsense talked and written about the danger of increasing the rate of speed between Quebec and Liverpool; but the truth is that, so far as the Allan line is concerned, it is more a question of coals than of anything else. The *Parisian*, for example, could make a fairly good passage if permitted to do so, but the consumption of coal to attain a high rate of speed makes a material difference in the already heavy running expenses of the ship. In the interests of the Dominion at large it is desirable that the question of an accelerated mail and passenger service between Quebec and Liverpool should receive more immediate attention than the Allan Company are likely to give it, and for this reason, if for no other, that the first-class passenger traffic of the country is finding an outlet chiefly by way of New York. Business men cannot afford, in these days of rapid communication, to embark at Liverpool on Thursday and not reach Quebec for twelve or fourteen days after; however, this state of things will continue just as long as the Government of the Dominion permits the mail service of the country to be performed by such an ocean-greyhound as the *Caspian*, which, we think, made the passage across this season in the marvellously short time of eighteen days! In the face of all this it appears little less than a misuse of public money to continue a subsidy to the Allan Line, and particularly so when its rival, the Dominion Company, has shown itself willing and able to render a much more efficient service. At all events there will be culpable negligence on the part of our parliamentary representatives if the next Session is permitted to pass without a remedy being applied in some shape. It is very foolish to be talking about our proximity to Liverpool when, as a matter of fact, you may save from three to four days by going the longer route *via* New York. We want the best return for our money, and this the Allan Line does not give. Another point which ought not be overlooked is the one involving sanitary considerations. Frequently this season the vessel coming into port on Sunday or Monday has gone to Montreal, reaching there, say, on Tuesday, discharged and took in her cargo rapidly, and sailed from Quebec on the following Saturday morning. This is entirely too short a period to secure a thorough cleans-

ing and ventilation of the ship, and is a practice that ought to be peremptorily stopped in the interests of public health.

"THANKSGIVING DAY" is a curious institution in the Province of Quebec. In the first place it is ordered by a French Lieutenant-Governor, and yet neither the Governor nor the Governor's French Roman Catholic co-religionists pay the least attention to it, and hitherto the only formal religious recognition given to it has been by the Protestant churches in the Province. All told, these are not very numerous; still, their respect for Her Majesty's representative and for constituted authority rendered their action significant, and contrasted in a very marked manner with the way in which the French people ignored it. The force of the Protestant line of action is greatly weakened by the fact that, this year, Bishop Williams of the Anglican Church, for some reason or other, appointed his own day of "Thanksgiving," and, as might have been expected, the experiment, even in his Lordship's cathedral, has proved a very decided failure. The Bishop's action, however, makes the want of harmony among the Protestant minority in the Province as painful as it is conspicuous. The Methodists, Presbyterians and Baptists will have the day to themselves, and the outcome of the whole will be that "Thanksgiving Day" will cease to be observed even nominally in the Province of Quebec.

THE deteriorating influences which Quebec exerts upon an otherwise fine intellect is admirably illustrated by the editor of the *Chronicle*. That gentleman has worked the strange fancy into his head that Quebec is the biggest and most progressive city on this continent. Comparing Quebec and Toronto, he says: "The battle is not always to the swift. Toronto is all well enough in its way, but, for downright enterprise and push and perseverance, there is no place on the continent that can equal Quebec. We shall have our electric railway very soon, and may, before next year passes away, think about building an extension as far as Toronto."

NEMO.

## PRESIDENT JOHNSON AND GENERAL GRANT.

WASHINGTON, October 26, 1885.

THE old saying, that a man's best friends are too often his worst enemies, is likely to receive fresh illustration at the hands of General Grant's eldest son, who is also his literary executor. Mr. Depew, the president of the New York Central Railroad Company, a gentleman with one of those dangerous reputations as an after-dinner speaker that so often betray a man into offering bright fancies for solid facts, recently intimated, upon a public occasion, that apart from the long array of services and merits gratefully credited by the American people to the account of General Grant, he had, shortly after the close of the war, thwarted some revolutionary purpose of the late President Johnson that, if effected, would have lost to the nation the substantial benefits of the arduous and successful contest with rebellion. Thereupon Colonel Grant called upon Mr. Depew to oblige him with a full and public statement of when and where and how his late father had communicated to Mr. Depew the particulars of treason meditated by President Johnson, and how his approaches to General Grant to participate in it had been met by the latter. Thus invited, Mr. Depew stated that at a dinner-party a few years ago he found himself neighbour to General Grant, and that in the course of a somewhat desultory conversation the latter had told him that immediately after the close of the war Mr. Johnson, who had succeeded Mr. Lincoln in the Presidency, was so intent upon proceeding against General Lee and other high Confederate officers, by grand juries and courts-martial, on charges of treason, notwithstanding their protection by parole, that he, General Grant, was compelled to threaten the newly-installed President with an appeal to the soldiers of the Union against the contemplated violation of the public faith; whereupon Mr. Johnson sullenly abandoned his purpose. Shortly afterwards, to General Grant's surprise, the assurances of Southern gentlemen of position to Mr. Johnson that his elevation to the Presidency had removed the barrier which had hitherto excluded him, as a "poor white," from social fellowship with the late slave-holding aristocracy, had so affected Mr. Johnson's feelings towards the rebel leaders that he had now become devoted to their wishes and interests. In this new mood and purpose he spoke to General Grant of his fear that the radical leaders in Congress would seek to exclude the States regained from rebellion from their proper representation in the Senate and House of Representatives, until the governments of those States could be reconstructed conformably to the radical idea, and he expressed his apprehension that this unpatriotic and (as he believed) illegal course would plunge the country into new disasters. There were, he said, enough members of Congress of his own way of thinking to constitute, with the delegations from the States, a majority of both Houses, and this majority he proposed to place in the Capitol, leaving to the radicals the alternative of convening the minority in some private hall. He appealed to General Grant to aid him with his personal influence and the military power in executing this plan. General Grant, in reply, dissented both from the propriety and the legality of the President's proposal, and threatened to use the army to expel such a legislature as Mr. Johnson described from the Capitol, and to instal therein what he should regard as the true and lawful Congress. The President's next movement was to endeavour to induce General Grant to proceed to Mexico on a special mission, in order that he might have an opportunity to appoint another commander of the army upon the plea of absence of the General-in-Chief from the United States; but General Grant declined to leave the United States, and the scheme necessarily fell to the ground.

No reader of this letter is likely to miss noticing the inadequacy of the motive assigned by General Grant (upon the authority of Mr. Depew) for

so surprising a change of front on the part of Mr. Johnson, nor the improbability of the alleged ground for admitting him to the charmed circle of the Southern aristocracy. Before the war, in the polling days of Slavocracy, Mr. Johnson had been a Senator from Tennessee, elected by the legislature of that State, and had always been treated with scrupulous consideration, by Southern Whigs and Democrats alike, in Congress and the Executive offices. The absence of intimate social relations between himself and them was due entirely to his personal austerity and his own desire to continue, in his fulness of years and honours, to pose as the "poor boy" that is so fascinating a character in American politics.

But the story of Mr. Depew lacks other elements of probability. It puts the time of the proposal, by plain inference, as not later than the advanced autumn season of 1865, a time whereat President Johnson was still on excellent terms with the thoroughly loyal cabinet of Mr. Lincoln which he had retained *en bloc*, and whereat there was not a single sharply defined or serious issue between himself and any considerable or representative number of Republican Congressmen. It was a full year after the time thus fixed that President Johnson requested General Grant to accompany the United States Minister to Mexico, in order to give impressment to the renewal of relations with the Republican Government of Mexico. Although the managers of the impeachment proceedings against President Johnston were sorely pressed for material of accusation, they utterly failed to get the slightest inkling of an occurrence which would have solved at one stroke all their doubts and difficulties. General Grant has made no mention of it in his voluminous memoirs; Colonel Grant, contrary to his first statement, admits that he has no papers to produce on the subject, and at this moment it seems as if no evidence of a better kind than the mere assertion of Mr. Depew as to what General Grant told him is capable of being produced. Mr. Depew, varying from his original statement, now says that it is many years ago since General Grant first divulged the matter to him, which makes it harder to understand why the latter should blunder so seriously in the important matter of time.

Nothing could be more unfortunate for the present reputation of General Grant than the controversy which his son and his confident have awakened over the graves of himself and of President Johnson. The passions of the war and of reconstruction have passed away, and the public judgment on Johnson is that, however rough a one, he was still a diamond: honest, sincere, courageous, and of an intense patriotism. This sudden and, so far, unsupported attack upon what has been regarded as the strongest and clearest side of his character will raise up an army of sympathisers, who are as likely as not to seek to protect his memory by assailing that of the man who, after his own death, is made responsible for the befouling of Johnson's reputation. What the American people would wish to think of General Grant, and what they ultimately will think of him, and what will stand as the final judgment upon his whole career, their acts and utterances during the past few months abundantly evidence. But time is required for the effacement of small blemishes, and this, though needing it as much as the memories of most men, the memory of General Grant has not yet had. At the present moment it looks as though nothing but irrefragable proof of the truth of Mr. Depew's story, or a complete abandonment of it, would suffice to avert a crop of little scandals in respect of General Grant which, added to the facts of his dreary and ignominious tomb and the public indifference towards monumental recognition of his place and services, could not fail to distress every sound American heart.

B.

### CHICAGO LETTER.

Within this hour it will be dinner time;  
Till that I'll view the manners of the town,  
Peruse the traders; gaze upon the buildings;  
And then return and sleep within mine inn.

—Comedy of Errors.

THE general and always increasing interest manifested by the people of Ontario in the "Garden City" ceases to excite comment when it is remembered that there are about sixty thousand Canadians in the Western American Metropolis. Much has been said and written regarding this cosmopolitan "burgh," but the subject possesses ever new and inexhaustible attractions, whether we consider the city as a modern rival to the marvellous productions of Aladdin's genii, or simply, being engaged more or less in the pursuit of that will o' the wisp, Fortune, ourselves, we view with wonder this vast aggregation of mercantile interests which a third of a century has here witnessed.

Like nearly all great cities, Chicago has certain features altogether peculiar to herself: features that mark her out from her sisters the world over. The peculiarity that seems to a keen observer the most prominent here is the utter indifference to the dictates of what is euphoniously called "Fashion." This indifference is not merely characteristic of one class or section of the community, but pervades all alike: the wealthy merchant or the dusky drayman. You can tell a New Yorker or a Bostonian or a Cockney swell by the cut of his clothes; but no such distinctive features can be discovered about a Chicagoan. You cannot say, meeting one of her citizens at a distance, "That man or woman is from the shores of Lake Michigan." Another point that strikes the observant Eastern man is the universal pallor of the countenance of the people. Various and conflicting are the causes assigned for this characteristic. Miasma, worry, dry atmosphere, dampness of the air, sleeplessness, and finally *pie*, have all been championed as the cause. Let which will be the correct hypothesis, the hard fact remains that a rosy cheek on man or woman, boy or girl, is a rarity in Chicago.

Chicago is the most maligned city in the world to-day. In every

hamlet in the land the frightful wickedness of this modern combination of Sodom and Gomorrah is held up before the guileless villagers by the local *quidnuncs*, who are sustained in their puerile ignorance by the newspapers of this city themselves. The editors of these great dailies are so given to drawing the long bow in the interest of "racy" journalism, and do it so deftly and with such an air of truth, that they should not be surprised and annoyed when their hyperbole is taken for simple fact. The truth is, however, that Chicago is little better or little worse than any other great city. When it is borne in mind that she has within her borders representatives of every nation under the sun, from Japs to English lords, the percentage of crime is really surprisingly small.

The one quality for which the enthusiastic Westerner always lays claim to preëminence is enterprise. In this city the claim is fully substantiated. The marvellous energy and determination of her citizens may be well exemplified by a reference to the boulevard system inaugurated during the last few years. This circuit of thirty-six miles of lovely parks and boulevards extending right around the city is unexcelled anywhere. The scene on Michigan Avenue on a bright Sunday afternoon "beggars description." For hours on hours an unending stream of vehicles of every description, from the plebeian cart drawn by a single jocose mule to the elegant turn-out with footmen in aristocratic liveries, pours along the level and splendidly kept roadways. In the parks themselves, too, are seen further evidences of this same spirit of defiance to the behests of nature. Artificial lakes, whose limpid waters are ever fresh and clear, reflect in their surface the foliage of trees, brought from the forests of Michigan—not as saplings or tender young trees, requiring long years of care and attention before they would throw their grateful shade over the school children of Chicago, but transported in their full growth and forest pride, and planted in immense holes prepared for their reception and then held in position by wire ropes until they strike firm root. In this way in several instances the Park Commissioners have transformed a bare, swampy, miserable piece of ground into a thing of beauty and a joy forever, the naked prairie into a waving grove of elms.

To Canadians the early hour at which all business operations commence is a surprise. By eight o'clock every branch is in full swing. This place is essentially not the place for idle men. Hard work and good wages is the guiding rule. In no place that the writer has ever been in is the art of despatching a lunch in the shortest possible space of time brought to such perfection as here. To a man accustomed to the Parisian style of hour-and-a-half meals eaten with serenity and decorum, the Chicago methods must indeed be a revelation. All engaged: the man who takes the order, the cook who prepares it, the waiter who brings it, the cashier who takes the quarter, and the man who eats it, conspire to demolish more food in less time than to the uninitiated would seem possible. If dyspeptics are not plentiful, it is because cast-iron stomachs are.

In this city the democratic principle is perhaps more thoroughly followed than in any other on the globe. In business all are apparently equal, so far as respect is concerned, from the cheeky office-boy to the head of a firm. Of course ready obedience to the mandates of authority is always insisted upon; but there is a total absence of that dictatorial and overbearing air that marks so many employers of the Eastern cities. We might dilate upon many other noteworthy features: the constables, mostly Germans and Irish; the saloons, ever gorgeous and ever present; the intricacies of justice administered in democratic courts, and the best methods of crossing the hand of the blind goddess; the religious sentiment, or the absence of it: but these must be left for another occasion. CARL.

### SLANG IN AMERICA.

SLANG, profoundly considered, is the lawless germinal element, below all words and sentences, and behind all poetry, and proves a certain freedom and perennial rankness and protestantism in speech. As the United States inherit by far their most precious possession—the language they talk and write—from the Old World, under and out of its feudal institutes, I will allow myself to borrow a simile even of those forms farthest removed from American Democracy. Considering Language then as some mighty potentate, into the majestic audience-hall of the monarch ever enters a personage like one of Shakspeare's clowns, and takes possession there, and plays a part even in the stateliest ceremonies. Such is Slang, or indirection, an attempt of common humanity to escape from bald literalism, and express itself illimitably, which in highest walks produces poets and poems, and doubtless in pre-historic time gave the start to, and perfected, the whole immense tangle of the old mythologies. For, curious as it may appear, it is strictly the same impulse-source, the same thing. Slang, too, is the wholesome fermentation or eructation of those processes eternally active in language, by which froth and specks are thrown up, mostly to pass away; though occasionally to settle and permanently crystallize.

To make it plainer, it is certain that many of the oldest and solidest words we use were originally generated from the daring and license of slang. In the processes of word-formation myriads die, but here and there the attempt attracts superior meanings, becomes valuable and indispensable, and lives forever. Thus the term *right* means literally only straight. *Wrong* primarily meant twisted, distorted. *Integrity* meant oneness. *Spirit* meant breath, or flame. A *supercilious* person was one who raised his eyebrows. To *insult* was to leap against. If you *influenced* a man, you but flowed into him. The Hebrew word which is translated prophesy meant to bubble up and pour forth as a fountain. The enthusiast bubbles up with the Spirit of God within him, and it pours forth from him like a fountain. The word prophesy is misunderstood. Many suppose that it is limited to mere prediction; that is but the lesser portion

of prophecy. The greater work is to reveal God. Every true religious enthusiast is a prophet.

Daring as it is to say so, in the growth of Language it is certain that the retrospect of slang from the start would be the recalling from their nebulous conditions of all that is poetical in the stores of human utterance. Moreover, the honest delving, as of late years, by the German and British workers in comparative philology has pierced and dispersed many of the falsest bubbles of centuries; and will disperse many more. It was long recorded that in Scandinavian mythology the heroes in the Norse Paradise drank out of the skulls of their slain enemies. Later investigation proves the word taken for skulls to mean *horns* of beasts slain in the hunt. And what reader had not been exercised over the traces of that feudal custom by which *seigneurs* warmed their feet in the bowels of serfs, the abdomen being opened for the purpose? It now is made to appear that the serf was only required to submit his unharmed abdomen as a foot cushion while his lord supped, and was required to chafe the legs of the seigneur with his hands.

It is in embryos and childhood, and among the illiterate, we always find the groundwork and start of this great science and its noblest products. What a relief most people have in speaking of a man not by his true and formal name, with a "Mister" to it, but by some odd or homely appellative. The propensity to approach a meaning not directly and squarely, but by circuitous styles of expression, seems indeed a born quality of the common people everywhere, evidenced by nicknames and the inveterate determination of the masses to bestow sub-titles, sometimes ridiculous, sometimes very apt. Always among the soldiers during the Secession War one heard of "Little Mac" (Gen. McClellan), or of "Uncle Billy" (Gen. Sherman). "The old man" was, of course, very common. Among the rank and file, both armies, it was very general to speak of the different States they came from by their slang names. Those from Maine were called Foxes; New Hampshire, Granite Boys; Massachusetts, Bay Staters; Vermont, Green Mountain Boys; Rhode Island, Gun Flints; Connecticut, Wooden Nutmegs; New York, Knickerbockers; New Jersey, Clam Catchers; Pennsylvania, Logher Heads; Delaware, Muskrats; Maryland, Claw Thumpers; Virginia, Beagles; North Carolina, Tar Boilers; South Carolina, Weasels; Georgia, Buzzards; Louisiana, Creoles; Alabama, Lizzards; Kentucky, Corn Crackers; Ohio, Buckeyes; Michigan, Wolverines; Indiana, Hoosiers; Illinois, Suckers; Missouri, Pukes; Mississippi, Tad Poles; Florida, Fly up the Creeks; Wisconsin, Badgers; Iowa, Hawkeyes; Oregon, Hard Cases. Indeed I am not sure but slang names have more than once made Presidents. "Old Hickory" (General Jackson) is one case in point. "Tippecanoe, and Tyler too," another.

I find the same rule in the people's conversations everywhere. I heard this among the men of the city horse-cars, where the conductor is often called a "snatcher" (*i. e.*, because his characteristic duty is to constantly pull or snatch the bell-strap to stop or go on). Two young fellows are having a friendly talk, amid which says 1st Conductor, "What did you do before you was a snatcher?" Answer of 2nd Conductor, "Nailed." (Translation of answer: "I worked as carpenter.") What is a "boom"? says one editor to another. "Esteemed contemporary," says the other, "a boom is a bulge." "Barefoot whiskey" is the Tennessee name for the undiluted stimulant. In the slang of the New York common restaurant waiters a plate of ham and beans is known as "stars and stripes," codfish-balls as "sleeve-buttons," and hash as "mystery."

The Western States of the Union are, however, as may be supposed, the special areas of slang, not only in conversation, but in names of localities, towns, rivers, etc. A late Oregon traveller says:

"On your way to Olympia by rail you cross a river called the Shookum-Chuck; your train stops at places named Newaukum, Tumwater, and Toutle; and if you seek further you will hear of whole counties labelled Wahkiakum, or Snohomish, or Kitsar, or Klikatat; and Cowlitz, Hookium, and Nenolelops greet and offend you. They complain in Olympia that Washington Territory gets but little immigration; but what wonder? What man, having the whole American continent to choose from, would willingly date his letters from the county of Snohomish or bring up his children in date his letters from the county of Snohomish or bring up his children in date his letters from the county of Snohomish? The village of Tumwater is, as I am ready to bear witness, very pretty indeed; but surely an emigrant would think twice before he established himself either there or at Toutle. Seattle is sufficiently barbarous; Stelicoom is no better; and I suspect that the Northern Pacific Railroad terminus has been fixed at Tacoma because it is one of the few places on Puget Sound whose name does not inspire horror."

Then a Nevada paper chronicles the departure of a mining party from Reno: "The toughest set of roosters that ever shook the dust of any town left Reno yesterday for the new mining district of Cornucopia. They came here from Virginia. Among the crowd were four New York cock-fighters, two Chicago murderers, three Baltimore bruisers, one Philadelphia prize-fighter, four San Francisco hoodlums, three Virginia beats, two Union Pacific roughs, and two check guerillas."

Perhaps indeed no place or term gives more luxuriant illustrations of the fermentation processes I have mentioned and their froth and specks than our Mississippi and Pacific Coast regions at the present day. Hasty and grotesque as are some of the names, others are of an appropriateness and originality unsurpassable. This applies to the Indian words, which are often perfect. Oklahoma is proposed in Congress for the name of one of our new Territories. Hog-eye, Lick-skillet, Rake-pocket and Steal-easy are the names of some Texan towns. Miss Bremer found among the aborigines the following names: *Men's*, Horn-point; Round-Wind; Stand-and-look-out; The-Cloud-that-goes-aside; Iron-toe; Seek-the-sun; Iron-flash; Red-bottle; White-spindle; Black-dog; Two-feathers-of-honour; Gray-grass; Bushy-tail; Thunder-face; Go-on-the-burning-sod;

Spirits-of-the-dead. *Women's*, Keep-the-fire; Spiritual-woman; Second-daughter-of-the-house; Blue-bird.

Certainly philologists have not given enough attention to this element and its results, which, I repeat, can probably be found working everywhere to-day amid modern conditions, with as much life and activity as in far-back Greece or India, under pre-historic ones. Then the wit—the rich flashes of humour and genius and poetry—darting out often from a gang of labourers, railroad-men, miners, drivers or boatmen! How often have I hovered at the edge of a crowd of them, to hear their repartees and impromptus! You get more real fun from half an hour with them than from the books of all "the American humourists."—*Walt Whitman, in the North American Review.*

### HERE AND THERE.

IN according so hearty a welcome to the officers and men of C Company on their return from the North-West, the citizens of Toronto did not less honour to themselves than to the little weather-beaten force they greeted. The Queen City has developed into so busy a centre, and many of its sons and daughters have recently passed through a period of commercial depression so widespread, that to not a few of the thousands who lined the streets for hours on Monday the time devoted to the reception was an absolute sacrifice. This remembered, Colonel Otter and his men may with reason be proud of their welcome home—of its spontaneity as evidenced both in the ringing cheers which marked time to their triumphal march through the streets and in the magical reappearance of bunting which had already done similar duty on the return of their companions in arms of the Queen's Own and the Grenadiers.

CANADIAN correspondents of American journals might make a point of impressing upon their readers the fact that Montreal is not Canada. The ignorance of the average denizen of the United States about this country is only paralleled by the lack of knowledge constantly displayed by Englishmen at home when writing or speaking of the Dominion. Already trade between Canada and the States has been nearly paralyzed, our neighbours having been accustomed to think of Toronto as a suburb of the pest-ridden Montreal and Ottawa an adjacent village. In return perhaps the American health authorities will relax the absurd regulation which prohibits all Torontonians who have not been recently vaccinated from crossing the line.

THERE is pertinence in the suggestion that travellers from certain American cities coming into Canada should submit to be vaccinated or otherwise produce evidence of having undergone the operation within a short period. It was from the States that Montreal's epidemic was imported, and in Chicago, Buffalo, St. Louis and other cities small-pox, like the poor, they have always.

OUR contiguity to the great Republic has its penalties as well as its advantages. The invisible line fortunately does not exclude the industrial productions of our ingenious neighbours—provided always that the N. P. impost, added to their actual cost, does not render them prohibitive. Neither does the same intangible line of demarcation serve as a barrier to the immigration of defaulting bank managers *et hoc genus*. Now we are threatened with an inundation of the lottery fiend, who has been made most uncomfortable by the post-office regulations of the States. New Brunswick, we are informed, has been selected as a centre from which to work these nefarious schemes, several well-known swindlers having located themselves in St. Stephen. From that retreat they send flaming lottery circulars by the million, all over the United States, but are careful to mail none to the citizens of the country wherein they are located; thus they violate no law of New Brunswick or the Dominion of Canada, and for their stealings from citizens of the United States cannot be extradited and punished. "These protected thieves," adds a contemporary, "are millionaires, and live in the greatest luxury."

WHO runs may read the moral conveyed by the collapse of a new building in course of erection on Kingston Road, Toronto. A hideous danger lurks in the mushroom growth of shoddy buildings so characteristic of the day. On every hand flimsy tenements or rickety stores are being flung together by unscrupulous speculators who subordinate every consideration of sanitary fitness or structural stability to the accumulation of dollars and cents. There is much useful work for the City Engineer in this direction, and our City Fathers ought to see that it is done.

A TIMELY note of warning was that sounded by the *Mail* the other day when attention was called to the dangers attending promiscuous dancing between the sexes at public resorts, at so-called private "assemblies," or at "schools." In too many cases the latter terms are the merest blinds for *reunions* where there is a commingling of young men and women which is pregnant with danger. In the excitement of the pastime girls are apt to overlook the fact that their partners or escorts are perhaps heated with liquor, and as an introduction is considered unnecessary before asking a female to dance it is not difficult to see what must occasionally be the outcome of such indiscriminate acquaintanceships. It is a lamentable comment upon the decay of parental control to be told that mothers who have been appealed to in the matter have bewailed the lurking danger, but have declared themselves powerless to prevent the attendance of their daughters at these traps for the unwary, so infatuated do some of them become with the recreation.

THOSE Reform malcontents—if, indeed, the existence of such is not an invention of the enemy—who are clamouring for a change of leadership should remember Lincoln's sententious comment on "swapping horses." If a change is to be made it should be made at once; otherwise it should be deferred until the next Parliament is in council. There should be no divided allegiance on the eve of an election or during the actual contest.

HANLAN appears to have become rapidly more shameless in his methods. No person who was not blinded by prejudice was deceived by the Australian fiasco; his subsequent proceedings have savoured more of the gambler than of the sculler; and the culminating "grand water act" (*vide Toronto World*) at Albany, where he fouled the turning-buoy, must have undeceived or disgusted all lovers of honest sport. All of which goes to confirm an opinion before expressed in these columns: that in sport when gambling goes in at the door honour and honesty fly out at the window.

THERE can be no question that the Toronto tailors have acted quite within their rights in following the lead of Parisian milliners, and in opening a debtors' "black-book." The credit system has been carried to absurd and ruinous limits in most callings, though an impression has certainly prevailed that by a judicious arrangement of accounts and a graduated scale of charges shopkeepers contrived to make a good thing on the whole out of their credit customers. Otherwise, how is it that so many of them are anxious to "open a family account"? It must be confessed, however, that from time immemorial the tailor has been a specially-selected victim with the genus dead-beat. That this is an evidence of base ingratitude on the part of that section of a civilized community is not to be contested, since outward semblance is their chief claim to recognition. Responsibility for the rotten business which has called forth this action on the part of Toronto tailors must not be misapplied, however. If it be true, as alleged, that the proportion of dead-beats in this city is exceedingly great, that state of affairs is largely the result of extremely keen competition. It has become too common for both wholesale and retail merchants to push trade without due consideration—to "do business" whether it be safe or not. Three-fourths of the trade of Toronto is done on such a basis, and there is grim humour in the thought that storekeepers are finding out that what is sauce for the goose is *not* sauce for the gander—that though they buy on credit they cannot afford to sell except for cash.

Few English-speaking Canadians are conscious of the change which the Hon. Mr. Mercier has been making in the Province of Quebec by the sole force of his own personality. Whereas a few years ago Liberalism seemed doomed to remain a hopeless cause for perhaps at least a generation, its principles have now become current topics of free and moderate discussion and inquiry, and its representatives are met everywhere with respect. We are assured that the people of the counties everywhere receive Mercier himself with the most marked movement of curiosity and approval, and the great gain in the County of Joliette as the outcome of a campaign merely extemporized by him in a few days is but one indication of the success of his plans and the strength of his influence. A number of priests even vote for him. He is a man whose Napoleonic frame, looked at closely, bears the evidences of vast physical energy, and this he is putting to all sorts of work. He studiously attends every public gathering, and work in the session of the Legislature was simply astonishing. The Ministers, though backed by a tremendous majority, were helplessly forced patronizes every institution that will attain him favour. To-day he is busy organizing his friends as they were never organized before. His energy moreover is second to his marvellous eloquence in his native tongue. Chapleau alone in his best days had the energy, talent and favouring conditions to stand against him, and Chapleau has lost forever the first and the last of these.

A SPECIAL Commissioner who was recently sent out by the proprietors of a well-known morning paper on a voyage of discovery round the world has been electrifying the British public with his descriptions on the Antipodes. One of his letters concludes with the information that a baked sheep's head is a very nice dish. Very likely it is, but it seems hardly worth making the circuit of the globe for the purpose of disclosing this great fact. No doubt the sheep's head is all the more palatable when the stove which cooks it is heated by G. A. S.

APROPOS, the versatile veteran correspondent writes that he is making a "pot of money" at the Antipodes—a result which will be by no means unacceptable even to the *insouciant* Bohemian who racily chats with his admirers through the media of "the greatest circulation in the world" and in the columns of the *Illustrated*.

It is recalled by the *Pall Mall Gazette* that, though not himself a wit, Lord Shaftesbury has one small claim to remembrance, among many infinitely greater, as the occasion of one of the most famous epigrams of our time. Mr. Matthew Arnold has deleted from the last edition of "Literature and Dogma" his comparison of the central mystery of orthodox Christianity to a triune Lord Shaftesbury "infinitely magnified and improved." The great philanthropist, not at all flattered by the allusion, had qualified it as "abominable"; and, this coming to Mr. Arnold's ears, he wrote in the preface to the cheap edition: "The illustration has given pain in a quarter where my deference, and the deference of all who can appreciate one of the purest careers and noblest characters of our time, is indeed due; and finding that in that quarter pain has been given by the illustration, I do not hesitate to expunge it." Mr. Arnold acted wisely and

gracefully; but a barbed arrow of speech is not so easily withdrawn. Even to readers of the expurgated "Literature and Dogma" the "three Lord Shaftesburys" will always be present in the spirit, and it may not be altogether rash to predict that if Mr. Arnold's essay is remembered at all a hundred years hence it will be by reason of the "abominable illustration."

A CURIOUS instance of how conscience slumbers when the stomach is empty and revives when it is filled is reported by the *New York Tribune* from California. G. Lavonie, a young carpenter, found himself in San Francisco, desperately hungry and penniless. He snatched a purse containing \$2.65 from a lady, hunted up a restaurant, and stowed away enough for three ordinary men. He gorged himself again in the evening, and then obtained a bed. When he awoke his conscience awoke too, and pitched into him so mercilessly that he could obtain no peace until he had given himself up and confessed his crime. His story awakened public sympathy, and his chances, according to latest advices, were good for getting off scot-free and having a helping hand extended to him. It is a pity that a cynic should spoil such a pretty story by suggesting that he waited until he had spent all the money anyhow, and would have done the same had he stolen a much larger sum.

IF the teller of a French bank has doubts as to the honesty of an unknown customer he does not trust to his memory to recall the features of the person he suspects, but calls on science to protect the bank. He gives a private signal to the cashier, and that responsible officer, while the teller is in the act of making payment, brings the photographic camera (conveniently placed beside him, but invisible to the customer) to bear upon the unsuspecting party, and on leaving the bank he leaves a proof of his identity after him without in any degree being conscious of the fact. As this experiment has only been at work for a short time it would be premature to pass a hasty judgment upon its merits.

HERE is a story in which one of the greatest belles that has ever figured in New York society, and who is at present one of its leaders, plays an interesting part. It was told to a writer in *Town Topics*, of New York, by the lady herself. A few days ago she received a letter from an unknown correspondent in Kansas City. He began by saying that he was unknown to her but a gentleman, although she might question that assertion by his writing to her anonymously. He had read in the newspapers of her talents, her wit and her cleverness, and had fallen in love with her. Would she please look upon him favourably, he pleaded, and send him a small piece of blue ribbon by return mail, as an evidence that his letter had been received and that she would allow him to pay his addresses to her after a proper presentation. The letter continued in this way and concluded with a peroration of a most pronounced description. A rich wife with money he did not want, as he had all the wealth necessary to make a man satisfied with what it could procure. The name he signed to the letter he acknowledged was fictitious. The young lady did not send the ribbon and paid no further attention to the correspondence until the other day, when she received a second letter from him, dated Boston, which was in much the same strain as the first. He wrote that she might expect to meet him the coming winter at a Delmonico ball and under any name.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### IRISH GRIEVANCES AND THEIR REMEDY.

To the Editor of *The Week* :

DEAR SIR,—A firebrand named Sutton has recently been making speeches in various parts of the Province on the subject of Irish grievances. One would have said that while in Toronto he was as violent and inflammatory as it was possible for him to be; but in a speech at Ottawa a few days ago he surpassed himself. I have believed that the true Irishman—warm-hearted, impulsive, generous, brave—was a gentleman, and while battling for his rights, or for what he held to be such, he would do so honourably and fairly. It is a shock to any such ideas to hear this spokesman of the Irish cause say of the position now occupied by the people of that country that "Irishmen stood ready to stab England in the back at the first opportunity, and it was folly and worse than folly to say that the Irish were loyal to the Empire as at present constituted." Again, "No one could tell how soon England would be engaged in a European war, and in such case if she did not grant every iota of the demands made by Ireland she would have to double her troops in that country." Is this the language of an honourable man, or the attitude of a chivalrous party? "Stab your opponent in the back!" The phrase is ominously suggestive of agrarian outrages, of midnight assassinations. There is, after all, not much difference in guilt between "stabbing" a nation or a party "in the back" and knifing a private foe, and the man who would counsel the one would scarcely hesitate to advise the other. "Wait until England is locked in a death-grapple with her enemies," says Mr. Demagogue Sutton to Irishmen, "and then you may with ease and safety plunge your dagger into her heart." Unhappy Ireland! The counsel of her friends is death.

Now, I believe—and there are many like me—that Ireland should have some form of self-government which will give her control of her own affairs, and remove the battleground of Irish grievances from Westminster to Dublin; but it is such utterances as I have quoted which tend to alienate one's sympathies from the Irish side of the struggle. England, with all her faults, has ever stood in the van of liberty and progress, and any proposal to "stab her in the back" stirs the feelings of many even who do not claim her as the land of their birth, and brings the blood of resentment to their cheeks. I do not believe Mr. Sutton and others of his kidney speak for the majority of Irishmen, but it is the tendency of the violent wing of any party to push its way to the front and give a colouring to the whole, especially if, as is the case, its utterances and actions are not repudiated. At any rate, one result of a crusade such as that which has been begun in Canada will be the driving off from the Irish cause of many who at present are inclined to wish it well.

Yours, etc.,

T. W. G.

20th October, 1886.



## A REQUIEM.

SOFTLY the golden sunshine broods  
Like kiss of peace o'er land and sea,  
Touching to gold the yellowing woods  
With subtle skill of alchemy.

Too soon, alas! that gold shall pass  
Into the brown of dull decay;  
Too soon, upon the yellowing grass,  
The frost its withering touch must lay.

Too soon, too soon, that glory fades,  
Glowing upon the woodland there,  
Till rugged rocks and forest glades  
A more than royal splendour wear.

The oak in deepest crimson fine,  
The birch with fleece of living gold,  
The sumach dyed in blood-red wine,  
The maple's tinting manifold,

All go, and swiftly leave behind  
A shadowy mass of gray and black,  
In which the sun can scarcely find  
A spot to give his brightness back.

Nature must rest, that she may keep  
Tryst with the first flowers' blossoming,  
So, like a tired child, let her sleep,  
The while we wake and watch for Spring!

## IN OCTOBER.

THE wind comes rushing o'er the plain:  
Not soft and gentle like a maiden's kiss,  
But boisterous glad and free is this,  
The herald of the wintry rain.

It rushes thro' the poplar trees  
Whose quivering leaves no longer dance in green,  
But blotched like parchment old, are seen  
To flutter sad and yellow in the breeze.

Beneath the trees in crimson brown  
The glowing shrubbery hints of Autumn's brush—  
We hear the lessening brooklet's rush,  
Or see the dead leaves floating down.

Not such its freight in Spring-time days—  
The bushes bowing down along the shore  
Remember well the rush, the roar,  
As murky waters forced new ways;

While on their foaming breast was borne  
Some grassy island from the cut bank's edge,  
Or tree with tangled roots and sedge  
That from the shore it clutched was torn.

The water swirls are crystal clear  
Beneath the steep and crumbling gravel bank,  
Whose top with tufted grass grows rank  
While red vine up gray side creeps near.

The horsetails nod beside the stream  
And toss their shrivelled yellow arms about:  
The ripples fleck the lazy trout  
That gather in the pool to dream.

The wind comes rushing o'er the hill;  
No mourner he among the pine that sighs,  
But free with broad wing, swift he flies  
With whirring sound of distant mill.

O'er broad brown hills the wind-waves pass  
Bowing on tall brown stems the seed-filled head,  
Shaking the rose-bush burning red  
That flames amid the faded grass.

And when there comes a breath of cold  
Our eyes are lifted to the glitter bright  
Of snow-clad mountains, where last night  
The ruby sun was set in gold.

How quiet, how pure, how strong! They stand  
Like guardian angels clad in white, and send  
This warning wind, that man, their friend,  
May bide from storms to sweep the land.

And so cold-laden is the wind;  
O'er faded grass, 'mid yellow leaves he flies,  
A snowy glitter in his eyes,  
To warn of storms that come behind.

## THE QUEEN'S LIFE IN HER EARLIER DAYS.

THE Court is certainly not gay; but it is perhaps impossible that any Court should be gay where there is no social equality; where some ceremony, and a continual air of deference and respect must be observed, there can be no ease, and without ease there can be no pleasure. The Queen is naturally good-humoured and cheerful; but still she is Queen, and by her must the social habits and the tone of conversation be regulated, and for this she is too young and inexperienced. She sits at a large round table, her guests around it, and Melbourne always in a chair beside her, where two mortal hours are consumed in such conversation as can be found, which appears to be, and really is, very uphill work. This, however, is the only bad part of the whole; the rest of the day is passed without the slightest constraint, trouble, or annoyance to anybody; each person is at liberty to employ himself or herself as best pleases them, though very little is done in common, and in this respect Windsor is totally unlike any other place. There is none of the sociability which makes the agreeableness of an English country house; there is no room in which the guests assemble, sit, lounge and talk as they please, and when they please; there is a billiard table, but in such a remote corner of the Castle that it might as well be in the town of Windsor; and there is a library well stocked with books, but hardly accessible, imperfectly warmed, and only tenanted by the librarian; it is a mere library, too, unfurnished, and offering none of the comforts and luxuries of a habitable room. There are two breakfast rooms, one for the ladies and the guests, and the other for the equerries, and when the meal is over everybody disperses, and nothing but another meal reunites the company, so that, in fact, there is no society whatever, little trouble, little etiquette, but very little resource or amusement.

The life which the Queen leads is this: she gets up soon after eight o'clock, breakfasts in her own room, and is employed the whole morning in transacting business; she reads all the despatches, and has every matter of interest and importance in every department laid before her. At eleven or twelve Melbourne comes to her and stays an hour, more or less, according to the business he may have to transact. At two she rides with a large *suite* (and she likes to have it numerous); Melbourne always rides on her left hand, and the equerry-in-waiting generally on her right; she rides for two hours along the road, and the greater part of the time at a full gallop; after riding she amuses herself for the rest of the afternoon with music and singing, playing and romping with children, if there are any in the Castle (and she is so fond of them that she generally contrives to have some there), or in any other way she fancies. The hour of dinner is nominally half-past seven o'clock, soon after which time the guests assemble, but she seldom appears till near eight. The lord-in-waiting comes into the drawing-room and instructs each gentleman which lady he is to take into dinner. When the guests are all assembled the Queen comes in, preceded by the gentlemen of her household, and followed by the Duchess of Kent and all her ladies; she speaks to each lady, bows to the men, and goes immediately into the dining-room. She generally takes the arm of the man of highest rank, but on this occasion she went with Mr. Stephenson, the American Minister (though he has no rank), which was very wisely done. Melbourne invariably sits on her left, no matter who may be there; she remains at the table the usual time, but does not suffer the men to sit long after her, and we were summoned to coffee in less than a quarter of an hour. In the drawing-room she never sits down till the men make their appearance. Coffee is served to them in the adjoining room, and then they go into the drawing-room, when she goes round and says a few words to each, of the most trivial nature, all, however, very civil and cordial in manner and expression. When this little ceremony is over the Duchess of Kent's whist table is arranged, and then the round table is marshalled, Melbourne invariably sitting on the left hand of the Queen and remaining there without moving till the evening is at an end. At about half-past eleven she goes to bed, or whenever the Duchess has played her usual number of rubbers, and the band have performed all the pieces on their list for the night. This is the whole history of her day; she orders and regulates every detail herself, she knows where everybody is lodged in the Castle, settles about the riding or the driving, and enters into every particular with minute attention. But while she personally gives her orders to her various attendants, and does everything that is civil to all the inmates of the Castle, she really has nothing to do with anybody but Melbourne, and with him she passes (if not in *tête-à-tête* yet in intimate communication) more hours than any two people, in any relation of life, perhaps ever do pass together besides. He is at her side for at least six hours every day, an hour in the morning, two hours on horseback, one at dinner, and two in the evening. This monopoly is certainly not judicious; it is not altogether consistent with social usage, and it leads to an infraction of those rules of etiquette which it is better to observe with regularity at Court. But it is more peculiarly inexpedient with reference to her own future enjoyment, for if Melbourne should be compelled to resign, her privation will be the more bitter on account of the exclusiveness of her intimacy with him. Accordingly, her terror when any danger menaces the Government, her nervous apprehension at any appearance of change, affects her health, and upon one occasion during the last session she actually fretted herself into an illness at the notion of their going out. It must be owned that her feelings are not unnatural, any more than those which Melbourne entertains toward her. His manner to her is perfect, always respectful, and never presuming upon the extraordinary distinction he enjoys; hers to him is simple and natural, indicative of the confidence she reposes in him and her lively taste for his society but not marked by any unbecoming familiarity. Interesting as his position is, and flattered, gratified and touched as he must be by the

FIDELIS.

W. P. M.

confiding devotion with which she places herself in his hands, it is still marvellous that he should be able to overcome the force of habit so completely as to endure the life he leads. Month after month he remains at the Castle, submitting to this daily routine. Of all men he appeared the last to be broken into the trammels of a Court, and never was such a revolution seen in anybody's occupations and habits. Instead of indolently sprawling in all the attitudes of luxurious ease, he is always sitting bolt upright; his free and easy language, interlarded with "damns," is carefully guarded and regulated with the strictest propriety, and he has exchanged the good talk of Holland House for the trivial, laboured and wearisome inanities of the Royal circle.—*The Greville Memoirs*.

### THE SCRAP BOOK.

#### WILBERFORCE.

"It was in June, 1833," writes Mr. Garrison, "that we visited Mr. Wilberforce at his residence in Bath, accompanied by Mr. Thompson. It is seldom that men of renown meet the high expectations of the curious and enthusiastic as to their bodily proportions; for imagination is ever busy in advance in fashioning each distinguished object so as outwardly, as well as inwardly, 'to give the world the assurance of a man.' Of all the truly great men whom we have seen, we think the physical conformation of Daniel Webster best agrees with the fame of his colossal mind. His body is compact, and of Atlantean massiveness, without being gross; his head is of magnificent proportions—the perfection of vast capaciousness; his glance is a mingling of the sunshine and the lightning of heaven; his features are full of intellectual greatness. De Witt Clinton was another rare specimen of the noble adaptation of the outward to the inward man. Washington, perhaps, was a third. When we were introduced to Mr. Wilberforce, his pygmean dimensions would have excited feelings almost bordering on the ludicrous, if we had not instantly been struck with admiration to think that so small a body could contain so large a mind. We realized the truth of Watts' spiritual phrenology, if we may so term it (and Watts, like the Apostle Paul, was weak and contemptible in his bodily appearance), as set forth in the following verse:

Were I so tall to reach the pole,  
Or grasp the ocean with my span,  
I must be measured by my soul:  
The mind's the standard of the man.

Wilberforce was frail and slender in his figure, as was Dr. Channing, and lower in stature than even Benjamin Lundy, the Clarkson of our country. His head hung droopingly upon his breast, so as to require an effort of the body to raise it when he spoke, and his back had an appearance of crookedness; hence, in walking he looked exceedingly diminutive. In his earlier years he was probably erect and agile, but feeble health, long continued, had thus marred his person in the vale of time.

"At his kind invitation we took breakfast with him and his interesting family, and afterwards spent four or five hours in interchanging sentiments respecting American Slavery and the American Colonization Society.

"His mind seemed to be wholly unaffected by his bodily depression; it was a transparent firmament, studded with starry thoughts in beautiful and opulent profusion. His voice had a silvery cadence, his face a benevolently pleasing smile, and his eye a fine intellectual expression. In his conversation he was fluent, yet modest; remarkably exact and elegant in his diction, cautious in forming conclusions; searching in his interrogations; and skilful in weighing testimony. In his manners he combined dignity with simplicity, and childlike affability with becoming gracefulness. How perfectly do those great elements of character harmonize in the same person, to wit: dove-like gentleness and amazing energy, deep humility and adventurous daring. How incomparably bland, yet mighty—humble, yet bold, was the wondrous Immanuel. These were traits that also eminently characterized the Apostles Paul and John. These were mingled in the soul of Wilberforce.

"We were particularly struck with the strong and deferential affection which he seemed to cherish for Mrs. Wilberforce, a woman worthy of such a man, of singular dignity of carriage, approaching to the majestic in size, and all-absorbed in her attentions to him—and he not less attentive to her. She could not drop her thimble or her cotton on the carpet but he would stoop down to find it, in spite of her entreaties. What greatness of amiability. Another thing which we remarked with surprise and delight was the youthful freshness and almost romantic admiration which he cherished for natural scenery. During our interview with him he took a recumbent position upon the sofa, but as we were about bidding him farewell he called for his shoes and, infirm as he was, proposed walking up and down the 'South Parade' with us, in order to point out some of the beauties of the landscape in view of his residence; but we begged him not to make the effort, and satisfied him by going to a front window, from which he showed us with considerable pleasure the house which Pope, the poet, occasionally occupied, and other interesting and beautiful objects.

"In the keepsake he is represented sitting in his favourite position, cross-legged, his head pendent and lateral, and his hands retaining the eyeglass with which he was accustomed to read."—*Life of William Lloyd Garrison*.

THE news comes from England to a deeply uninterested public that Miss Tennie C. Clafin has espoused a wealthy draper, who is a Viscount in Portugal. 'Tis well. And now if it is possible for Miss Clafin and her sister, Mrs. Woodhull, to subside into silence, let them do so, and earn the thanks of a nation which for years has been worried by the ceaseless cackle of these two tough old hens.—*Philadelphia Record*.

#### PICKINGS FROM THE ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE.

A TENNIS-PLAYER has had a curious experience. He has had a sore elbow-joint. What is the meaning of it? What should he do about it? Who will tell him how to cure it? Tennis-elbow is a common complaint. With him it came on quite suddenly, and he has tried embrocations and warm fomentations without avail. This week he played two sets, but had to give up, the pain was so intense. He is very unhappy. Friends have told him that tennis-elbow sometimes remains for a year or even longer.

SIXTY thousand francs is not a sum to offer for every violoncello. Herr von Mendelssohn, of Berlin, has offered it; but he will never get the violoncello he wants for that money. It is the famous Stradivarius which was the property of the two Servais, and M<sup>de</sup>. Servais says that she cannot think of parting with it for less than 100,000 fr. Yet, even for a Stradivarius, this is pretty well. Dr. Johnson said that he had once meditated learning the fiddle, but gave it up on hearing that to fiddle well you must fiddle all your life. Johnson was not far wrong. It certainly appears doubtful whether any one should buy a Stradivarius who did not mean to fiddle all his life.

ALL over the United Kingdom the remark will be received with favour that punishment with his lagging footstep overtakes the criminal in the end. The comments offered and accepted will be to the effect that your sins always find you out. The papers tell of two cases in which a criminal has been apparently found out after the lapse of twenty years, and in the one case it is as good as a sensational novel. It tells how a strange-looking man died the other day in America, and on his death-bed confessed to having committed a terrible murder near West Drayton, in England, in 1865. More wonderful still is the arrest of a collier on the charge of having assaulted a constable twenty-two years ago.

A SPECTATOR of a German students' duel sends to the *Times* an account of the proceedings. A number of students knew what was to happen, and these were told off to guard the scene of the fray from prying eyes. The duel was fought in a wood. Two barrels of beer, some lint, plasters, much tobacco, and numerous bandages, besides twenty-four students, were on the ground. Having shaken hands, the combatants "went for" each other, the seconds always interfering if they showed any signs of temper. In one encounter a lad of seventeen was pitted against a burly man. He did not give in until his sword dropped from his hands. His face was running with blood. Having been led off he asked for a pipe and sat down on the grass. It was predicted that he would be in a fever by night. Many of the students brought dogs with them, and these were chained to trees. When loose they were given to carrying off pieces of noses, lips, etc., which the surgeons were sometimes able to restore to their proper places. There was no wounded honour to redress. The duels were for glory and the fun of the thing.

THE Turin papers mention the death of Père Giacomo, the priest who confessed Cavour on his death-bed. It was to him that the dying statesman uttered the memorable words, "*Frate, libera chiesa in libero Stato.*" Père Giacomo was for many years the dispenser of Cavour's charities, and his relations with his distinguished parishioner were always of the most cordial character. After the suppression of the Convents in 1855 Cavour sent for the priest, and, after setting forth at length the circumstances which necessitated the measure, he assured him of the sincerity of his own religious sentiments, and concluded by saying, "Remember, father, I count upon your ministrations in my last illness." Père Giacomo did not hesitate to administer the last sacraments to the dying man when appealed to, though Cavour was under sentence of excommunication. He was at once summoned to Rome *ad audiendum verbum*, and he had the courage to tell the Pope that it was his daily prayer that every one whom he attended at the hour of death should die in the same Christian sentiments as Cavour had done. Père Giacomo was stripped of his living, and, had not Victor Emmanuel brought the strongest pressure to bear in his favour, he would probably have fared much worse.

ALL hope of securing uniformity of pitch between English orchestras and the orchestras of the Continent has now been abandoned; the military authorities having declared that "owing to financial and other difficulties," the *diapason normal* of Paris, and of nearly all Continental cities, cannot be adopted. The change would, of course, involve the alteration or complete renewal of almost every musical instrument used in the British army. If, meanwhile, the regimental bands maintain the high pitch which, since Sir Michael Costa's time, has been kept to everywhere except at the Royal Italian Opera (where, some years ago, to meet the views of M<sup>de</sup>. Patti, it was lowered) it will be impossible to change the pitch in orchestras with which military bands from time to time cooperate. The greatest opponents of the elevated pitch have been M<sup>de</sup>. Adelina Patti and Mr. Sims Reeves, who for many years past has persistently refused to sacrifice his voice for the sake of a little extra brilliancy in wind instruments. It is said, however, that contraltos and basses are quite satisfied with the high pitch now general in England, and that they would for personal reasons object to see it lowered. It is difficult in this as in so many other matters to please every one: meanwhile the diapason of England is to be maintained at its proud height, without reference to the standard diapason of the rest of Europe.

THERE are all sorts of queer occupations connected with literature. For instance, it is said that there is now in London a woman who earns a livelihood by skilfully filling up worm-holes in old books, each leaf being separately and patiently dealt with, the material being chewed, or "pulped," and pressed into the hole. The charge is sixpence a hole.

MUSIC.

THE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE first Monday Popular Concert in Toronto has taken place, and it has been a great success. The magnificent singing of Miss Emma Juch, the artistic playing of Mr. W. H. Sherwood, and the excellent performance of the string quartette, were all genuine surprises to the subscribers, many of whom had taken season tickets under the impression that they were exercising a kind of musical benevolence, but had not expected to find the concerts could claim support on their own intrinsic merits. The selection of the numbers for the string quartette had been made with great judgment, the pieces played, while of the highest merit as compositions, being of a light and tuneful character well calculated to please a mixed audience while satisfying the critical appreciation of the musician. The new member of the quartette, Herr Ludwig Corell, proved to be a most valuable acquisition, and his playing made a marked improvement in their ensemble. He has a strong, firm tone, a well developed technique and an excellent method. His stay among us will naturally be a benefit to all our musical societies. The only fault which could be found with the programme was that there was a little too much piano music, and that Mr. Sherwood's selections were not of a character suited to the average taste. Mr. Sherwood, moreover, great as he is as an artist, often misses the general effect of a composition as a whole in his too minute elaboration and finish of details. The programme had been timed to bring the concert to a close at ten o'clock, but owing to late arrivals and numerous encores the audience did not get away till half-past ten o'clock. The second concert of the series will take place next Monday evening, when the principal instrumental number will be Mozart's beautiful quartette for clarinet and strings. The services of Herr Carl Kegel, who has the reputation of being the best soloist on his instrument in New York, has been secured for the occasion. The performance of the quartette will be a genuine musical treat which should not be missed, as this will be the only opportunity given of hearing this great work during the season. The vocalist will be Miss Rose Braniff, a young Canadian artiste from the Boston Conservatoire, who will make her debut at this concert. She is said to possess a powerful soprano voice of considerable flexibility and well trained. At the third concert, November 16th, Miss Emma Thursby will be the singer.—*Clef.*

MR. THOMAS MARTIN, Musical Director at Hellmuth Ladies' College, made his first appearance before a London (Ont.) audience at Victoria Hall, on Thursday last, in a piano recital. The programme contained works by Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Schumann, Heuselt, Raff, Reinecke and Liszt. Mr. Martin possesses a remarkably bold technique, combined with a delicacy and musical feeling seldom heard. His performance of Schumann's "A Minor Concerto" was masterly, the orchestral accompaniment, arranged for second piano, being admirably played by Miss Elwell. Equally good was the Chopin "Revolution Study" and "Grand Polonaise in A flat." Chopin's "Berceuse" and Heuselt's "Cradle Song" were rendered with exquisite finish, while vigour and brilliancy characterized the "Etude" by Mendelssohn and a "Novellette" by Schumann. Miss V. Watkins sang Schumann's "Two Grenadiers" and Schumbert's "Hark! Hark! the Lark" (encored). Miss Elwell sang "Sunshine and Rain," by Blumenthal (encored). Dr. C. A. Sippi, always a favourite, sang Tosti's "Good Bye," and (as an encore) "Across the Far Blue Hills, Marie." Mr. Thomas Martin is a graduate of Leipzig Conservatoire, and gold medallist of Dublin R. A. M.—*Marcia.*

AMONG the new songs of recent publication is one entitled "An Old-Fashioned Love Song," the music by "Seranus," the *nom de plume* of a Canadian lady, well-known in musical circles as a talented pianist. The words, of anonymous production, are very felicitously wedded to the music by "Seranus," not the least merit of the song being that the melody is very pleasing and tuneful. The compass of the notes is from D to F. It would not be surprising to find this "old-fashioned love song" become very popular here in a short time. In England it is being sung with great success at concerts of miscellaneous music.

It was a happy coincidence which impelled the Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association to undertake the production of artistic sheet scores at a moment when a great impetus was being given to the study and performance of high-class music. So generous has been the stream of vocal and instrumental pieces poured forth by this firm that it is somewhat difficult to keep pace with it. Of later productions are "Give Me Thy Love," words by Urban Grey, music by Milton Wellings; "Many a Mile Away," words by Mary Mark Lemon, music by Ciro Pinsuti; "The Golden Path," words by Nella, music by Henry Parker; "My Pet Waltz," by P. Bacalossi; and "Beatrice Gavotte," by Celian Kottaun. All are pretty, and "The Golden Path" has a separate score for harmonium accompaniment.

THIS is evidently to be the next step in our civilization. Here is the last story from the kindergarten. A gentleman was lately inspecting a class of some sixty babies in a London board school. In the course of the lesson the little ones had some small sticks in their hands, and he asked the children where they came from. They replied: "Trees." He asked: "Who had prepared them?" They answered: "The carpenter;" and on further asking: "Who cut down the trees for the carpenter?" he was astonished to hear, instead of the reply he expected—"A wood-cutter"—a general shout of "Mr. Gladstone!"

TEMPERANCE vs. PROHIBITION.

MANIFESTO OF THE LIBERAL TEMPERANCE UNION.

To the Citizens of Toronto:

It is announced that an attempt will soon be made, with all the resources and influences of a powerful organization, which is now assuming the aspect of a political party, to impose the Scott Act on Toronto.

The members of the Liberal Temperance Union desire to call the attention of their fellow-citizens to the vital character of the impending issue, and to solicit support and pecuniary aid in defending what they believe to be the true interest of Temperance, as well of the commercial interests of this city.

The franchise, of which it is proposed to deprive the city, is one of immense value. The depreciation of property and securities of various kinds would be very heavy. Toronto being a great centre of all industries, the number of persons directly or indirectly dependent on the threatened trade, and their families, can hardly be less than ten thousand. Besides, Prohibition in Toronto would entail a heavy loss on the revenue which would have to be made up in some other way. Moral objects must take precedence of commercial considerations; but moral evil attends the distress caused by the sudden destruction of a great industry, and before the commercial loss is incurred the city has a right to be assured that the moral object will be secured.

Experience decisively points the other way. In Massachusetts Prohibition has been tried, has failed, and has been abandoned. In Maine and Vermont it has been tried for more than thirty years and has failed. In Iowa it is being tried with apparently the same results.

The licensed trade is destroyed only to give place to an illicit trade carried on by worse agents, in worse places, with worse liquor. Whiskey being easily smuggled becomes the popular drink, to the exclusion of beer, cider and native wine. Drinking becomes clandestine; the clandestine drinker is a heavy drinker; and drunkenness, instead of being diminished by prohibition, appears to increase.

A party, even though it may be a minority, furnished with a strong organization, and freely using political intimidation as well as social and ecclesiastical pressure, may force a prohibitive law upon a constituency as the Scott Act has been forced on many constituencies in Ontario. But the law when passed is not generally supported by the conscience of the people, who cannot be persuaded that to sell or drink a glass of beer is a crime. Thus communities are familiarized with violation and evasion of the laws, while for the same reason liquor cases, as high judicial authority informs us, are above all others prolific of perjury. These, with the social bitterness engendered by coercion and by the increased use of espionage, are moral evils as well as intemperance.

The Scott Act is being tried in many counties with results which its advocates will hardly venture to pronounce decidedly and uniformly successful. Toronto may surely await the issue of these experiments before she destroys one of her great industries and the licensed trade.

That the citizens of Toronto are intemperate, and that intemperance is on the increase among them, so that extreme remedies are necessary, is assumed; but has not been proved. On the contrary, there is reason to believe that here, as in the country generally, a great improvement is being worked by the moral and religious influences which it is the tendency of coercive legislation to supplant. Of the persons brought up for drunkenness before the police-court a large proportion are understood to be immigrants. It is not just that the whole of a population, generally temperate and respectable, should be deprived of its natural liberty on account of the vicious habits of a few.

It is proposed, in the next session of Parliament, to promote legislation on the principle, now evidently growing in favour among the reasonable friends of temperance in the United States, of discriminating between distilled and fermented liquors, so as to favour the use of beer, cider and native wines, in preference to the stronger drink. To this it is proposed to add other safeguards, especially an effective law of inspection for the prevention of adulteration.

The Liberal Temperance Union is an organization wholly unconnected with the liquor trade, as well as entirely non-political. Its members have nothing in view but the deliverance of the city from what they, looking to the results of experience, believe would be a great moral evil as well as a heavy commercial loss.

In a campaign which is sure to be arduous funds are urgently required for necessary expenses, such as printing, committee-rooms, the employment of qualified persons to attend to organization, and a great many other expenses inseparable from a keen electoral contest in a large constituency like Toronto; and no step can be taken till they are supplied. The contest has hitherto been kept up by the efforts and resources of a small number of persons. An earnest appeal is now made to all who desire that the issue shall be fairly presented to the people. Donations will be received by the Treasurer of the Union, Mr. Philip H. Drayton, Barrister, York Chambers, Toronto Street.

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## THE PERIODICALS.

AMONG the many interesting articles in the *Atlantic Monthly* for November, "Some Testimony in the Case," a contribution to the literature of "the negro problem" will especially appeal to the reader. The impressment of sailors is entertainingly written about under the title of "An Old Time Grievance." Two thoughtful and scholarly articles, one on "The Idea of God," the other on "Principles of Criticism," form the more solid papers of the number. "Thackeray as an Art Critic" contains some account of the great novelist's early notes on pictures. An old Algonquin legend is the *motif* of "How Glooskap brought the Summer."

THE unusually handsome November *Magazine of American History* is as entertaining as it is valuable and informing. It would be difficult to point out the part of it that would entice and interest the larger audience. It is all good from the first page to the last. "The Wadsworth House at Geneseo" is superbly illustrated. It will surprise the public to read of "Witchcraft in Illinois," but the paper of John H. Gunn speaks for itself. "The Burning of Washington in 1814" is by Hon. Horatio King. The Civil War Studies comprise the second of General W. F. Smith's series of papers on "The Campaign of 1861-1862 in Kentucky—as Developed through the Correspondence of its Leaders." "A Ride with Sheridan" is exceedingly readable, and presents aspects of the war from a hitherto unwritten point of view. The several minor departments are all up to their usual standard of excellence.

AMONG the articles in *Lippincott's Magazine* for November, the one which is likely to receive most attention has for its subject "Queen Anne or Free Classic Architecture," this being the fashionable style of the day, especially for suburban residences. Another article full of solid information is on "The Peabody Museum of American Archaeology." "A North River Ferry," "Nos Pensions," and "The Art of Reading," are lighter but suggestive sketches; while "Van," by Captain Charles King, U.S.A., is an admirably painted study of animal life. There is the usual variety of fiction, poems, short papers and editorial matter.

THE *Nineteenth Century* for October (Leonard Scott Reprint) is well up to the standard that this great review long ago set for itself. The Rt. Hon. G. Shaw Lefevre opens the number with "The Question of the Land." The Bishop of Carlisle contributes a thoughtful essay on "The Uniformity of Nature." Disestablishment is ably discussed by William C. Borlase; H. D. Traill compares some old and modern novels; F. W. Cornish presents some of the more glaring evils of the great English public schools. The Rev. Henry Kendall shows that all mankind are more or less closely akin to each other. Prof. Max Muller writes on "The Lesson of 'Jupiter.'" Jeannie Lockett opens a bright prospect for female labour in Australia, and the number closes with a paper on "Ironclads and Torpedo Flotillas," and an article on the "New Star in the Andromeda Nebula."

THOSE who have read the *New York Century's* paper on Wall Street Stock Exchange will be interested to know that the London Stock Exchange, is described by Henry May in the *Fortnightly Review* for October (Philadelphia Reprint). The same issue also contains a symposium of articles on the pending elections in England. Other political articles include a criticism of Mr. Gladstone's Foreign Policy and a paper on "Cant in Politics." An interesting study of the lower classes of London is entitled "Our Future Masters." Other articles include a timely study of "Men and Manners in Constantinople"; a criticism of the new system of "Cheap Telegrams"; a thoughtful essay on "Carlyle as a Political Teacher"; and a paper by Hawley Smart on the "Present State of the Turf."

ALL of the nineteen articles which, first having appeared in the English reviews or magazines, are now reprinted in the November *Eclectic* will commend themselves to those who read the higher ephemeral literature. The editorial and literary departments and the "miscellany" are also entertaining and valuable.

It is not possible to congratulate the publishers of *St. Nicholas* upon the new cover given to their popular magazine. In execution the design is admirable, in production the tint adopted spoils the whole. There was not, indeed, a very apparent *raison d'être* for the change. The old wrapper was attractive and—more important—pleasantly familiar. The contents of the current number are marked by the usual excellence.

## BOOK NOTICES.

THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY. Edited by Leslie Stephen. Vol. IV. New York: Macmillan and Company.

Each succeeding volume of this stupendous work serves to confirm the favourable impression conveyed by the first. The fourth traverses the alphabet from "Beal" to "Biber," but it is yet too soon to judge of the ultimate dimensions of the work, though the editor estimates that forty volumes will complete it. The critics are almost unanimous in praise of the excellence of the writing and of the plan of the work. The "Dictionary" has already become a necessary part of every library, and no student's outfit can be considered complete which does not include a copy.

MONTCALM AND WOLFE. By Francis Parkman. In Two Volumes. Sixth Edition. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. Toronto: Hart and Company.

It would be difficult to speak or write of the history of Canada without some reference to the brilliant writings of Mr. Parkman, so thoroughly has he allied his name with all that is trustworthy regarding that story. There has been enough said critically of the seven narratives which have culminated in "Montcalm and Wolfe"; the honest endeavour, apparent on every page of his laboriously-prepared yet smoothly-reading volumes, the graceful diction, the constructive skill, have received their due meed of praise. It remains but to add that this historical El Dorado is now available for the most straitened circumstances, and that Messrs. Little have published a handsome popular edition, a sample of which "Montcalm and Wolfe" now appears before us, through the courtesy of Messrs. Hart, the Toronto publishers.

THE WORKS OF JOHN RUSKIN. Vol. II. Containing A Joy Forever, Munera Pulveris, Two Paths, Unto the Last, Storm-Cloud of the Nineteenth Century. New York: John B. Alden.

In pursuance of a promise made some time ago, the indefatigable and indomitable New York publisher, Mr. Alden, has now prepared a second volume of Ruskin's works at a price which brings it well within the reach of all. It is unnecessary to add a word to the information conveyed on the title-page, except it be to say that the print, paper and binding are worthy of the noble thought and polished language so embalmed. Mr. Alden announces that further volumes will be issued at short intervals.

ZIG-ZAG JOURNEYS IN THE LEVANT WITH A TALMUDIST STORY-TELLER. By Hezekiah Butterworth. Fully Illustrated. Boston: Estes and Lauriat. Toronto: W. Briggs.

THREE VASSAR GIRLS IN ITALY. By Lizzie W. Champney. Illustrated by "Champ." Same publishers.

CHATTERBOX. Edited by J. Erskine Clarke, M.A. Same publishers.

CUPID'S CALENDAR, 1886. Same publishers.

Messrs. Estes and Lauriat have taken time by the forelock. Their list of holiday and presentation books, calendars, etc., for Christmas and New Year is already before the public, and in point of variety and excellence of workmanship will satisfy the most fastidious, as a glance at the above-mentioned young folk's books will show. Mr. Butterworth's "Zig-Zag Series," seven in number, are well known amongst our neighbours. The last of them is an account of a spring trip of the Zig-Zag Club through Egypt and the Holy Land, lavishly illustrated, bound in artistic illuminated covers. The author's aim is to interest young people in history, and his method is well calculated for the purpose.—"Three Vassar Girls in Italy" is an account of a holiday excursion of three college girls through the classic lands. It would be difficult to conceive of a method better adapted for the conveying of amusement and instruction than that of Mrs. Champney, as exemplified in this handsome volume, both the eye and the understanding being constantly appealed to. Like its companion volume, this charming presentation book is enclosed in illuminated boards.—What need is there to say more of the popular child's friend than that "Chatterbox" is as attractive as ever, and that it is always a safe book to give the little ones?—"Cupid's Calendar" is the very thing for a lady's boudoir. Suspended from a dart which it may be imagined the mischievous god has just launched are fifty-two heart-shaped folios each containing a separate motto for the seven days inscribed thereon.

KANSAS. The Prelude to the War for the Union. By Leverett W. Spring. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

Professor Spring has here told the history of Kansas with ability and judgment. Young as that State is, the story of its growth and the bearing its polity had on the great civil struggle is full of intense interest. A central figure is naturally that of John Brown, to whom praise or blame is judicially awarded—his virtues receiving ample acknowledgment, the Pottawomies massacre as fearlessly being assigned its proper place in history. The volume is published in the "American Commonwealth" series.

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

It is said that Mr. Robert Browning will contribute a poem to the new work which Messrs. Cassell and Company are about to publish, entitled "Why I am a Liberal."

HERE is another piece of Tennyson gossip. The November number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, the first that appears under the new editor, will contain a poem by the Laureate.

THE Rev. Dr. Talmage defines his attitude toward evolution as standing with one foot on Darwin's "Origin of Species" and the other on Spencer's "Biology," and holding in one hand the Pentateuch and in the other the Apocalypse.

IN our next issue (October 31st) we shall print a brief paper on the effects of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, prepared by Mr. Parkman, the historian, in view of the two-hundredth anniversary of that event—the twenty-second of this month.—*Critic*.

THE current number of the *University* contains a second timely and original paper on Elective Studies and National Culture, by Prof. George H. Howieson, of the University of California. The Professor institutes a full comparison between the American and the German educational systems.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR'S "Success in Life," prefaced by a biographical sketch of the author, has been issued by Cupples, Upham and Co. in a dainty little parchment-paper bound volume. The essay was originally written for the *Youth's Companion*, and is now reprinted with the editor's permission.

MR. ANDREW LANG'S "Books and Bookmen" will be published about the 1st of December. It will be illustrated, and will include papers on the Elzevirs, on Book-binding, and on Literary Forgeries. It is to be the first of a series of "Books for the Bibliophile," which Mr. George J. Coombes proposes to publish at intervals.

CANON FARRAR has consented to write an article for the November number of the *Brooklyn Magazine* giving his views upon the question "Has America need of a Westminster Abbey?" in continuance of the notable discussion of this topic printed in the October number of the same periodical to which twenty distinguished Americans contributed their views.

THE labour problem will be discussed in the *Century* during the coming year by several writers of prominence. The first article in the series is by the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott. It will appear in the November number, with a full-page engraving of a picture by a young American artist, Robert Koehler, called "The Socialist." This picture will be remembered as attracting attention in the last annual exhibition of the National Academy.

IN an eminently readable article on the "Novel of Manners," in the *Nineteenth Century* for October [Philadelphia Reprint], H. D. Traill emphasizes the distinction between the two great schools of novelists, the students of nature and the students of manners. He recalls many long-forgotten stories, and pays a high tribute to the minute delicacy with which Howells and James describe the subtlest shades of the feelings of their characters.

THE new volume which Messrs. Macmillan and Company will publish for Lord Tennyson early in December will consist, contrary to what has been reported, almost entirely of new poems, several of them of considerable length. The most important are "Tiresias," with a dedicatory epistle to the late Mr. Edward Fitzgerald; "The Ancient Mystic"; "The Wreck"; "To-morrow," a poem in Irish brogue; "The Spinster's Sweet-arts," in Lincolnshire dialect; and "Balin and Balan," a new "Idyl of the King."

WE hear that a box of MSS. of some historical value has been discovered in the stables of Belvoir Castle, the seat of the Duke of Rutland. The box containing these treasures seems to have been placed in the stables about sixty years ago, and to have been entirely overlooked. Among the letters are some from Warwick the Kingmaker, and it is reported that the collection contains a letter from Henry II. The papers have, unfortunately, suffered from damp and neglect, and are in bad condition. An expert is engaged in deciphering them, and we shall probably in due course hear something more of this interesting find.—*Athenaeum*.

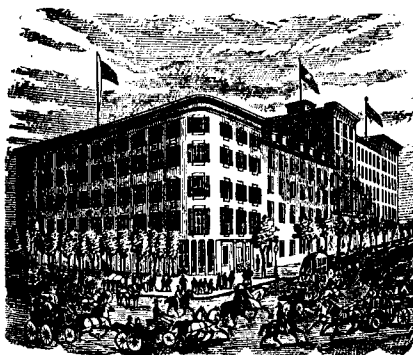
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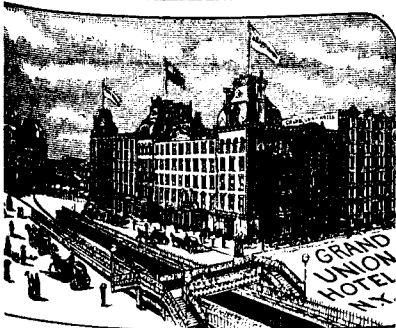
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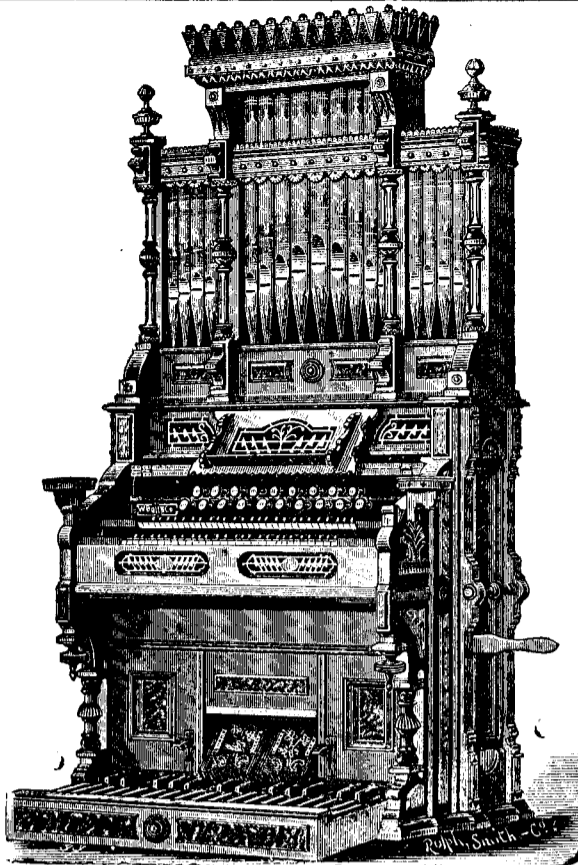
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