

# THE WEEK:

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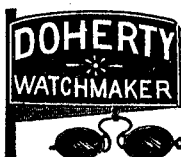
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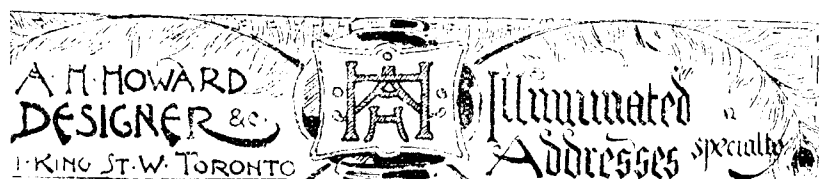
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## COWPER AND BUNYAN.

A VERY pleasant addition to literature of the quiet kind is "The Town of Cowper; or, the Literary and Historical Associations of Olney and its neighbourhood,"\* by Mr. Thomas Wright, who, as he dates from the Cowper School, Olney, is, we presume, the master of that institution. Olney, though Mr. Wright's local patriotism defends it against the charge of being unprosperous, is a stationary town. It has changed lace-making and straw-plaiting for some other little industry, but in its general character and features it is still the "Town of Cowper." Not only does the long, broad street, widening into a triangular market-place, remain the same in form; not only does the silent river still half encircle the little town as of yore, but Cowper's own house stands unaltered, saving that a stone architrave and frieze which were there in the poet's time have been removed. It is a double house, half of which only was occupied by Cowper. The parlour is still there; the window which was the poet's favourite seat can be identified, and the shutters remain which were closed when "peaceful evening was welcomed in." So does the bedroom, in which the cat was accidentally shut up in the drawer, and being rescued by the poet, was not only restored to life, but promoted to immortality. The summer house, too, is there, though now on a separate property. The quiet past of the little town has been overlaid by no busy present, and Mr. Wright has been able to give us all the topographical particulars, even to "the whipping distance" of pro-philanthropical times. The church has not escaped judicious restoration "under the direction of Sir Gilbert Scott;" but there it still is, with the

Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bells  
Just undulates upon the list'ning ear.

The bridge of twenty-four arches, however, over "the wearisome but needful length" of which the postboy came twanging his horn, is gone. The Vicarage, though mellowed by time, seems to remain much as it was when it was occupied for a few months—memorable by their fruits in the poet's life and in the annals of poetry—by Lady Austen. There can be little doubt that the rupture between her and the poet, which is one of the mysteries of literary history, was produced by expectations on her part, which, the poet having on account of his dark malady resolved not to marry, could not be fulfilled; nor is there any reason for imagining that Mrs. Unwin behaved less admirably and unselfishly on this occasion than she did on all others. The neighbourhood and Cowper's favourite walks retain their character unmarred by the growth of factories; the view from Clifton Hill is as lovely as ever; and the Yardley Oak, though it has lost a few limbs in its battle with time and the elements, is not greatly altered. Kilwick Wood still rings with the huntsman's horn and the cry of the pack, as in the days when those sounds occasioned "the needless alarm." Western Mound has been pulled down by sacrilegious hands, and the wildness is now a wilderness indeed, though the wild flowers have not ceased to blow; but Grayhurst stands in its antique beauty and with all its memories

and associations, which, as it was the mansion of Sir Everard Digby, include the dark and romantic annals of the Gunpowder Plot. Mr. Wright has given us full accounts of the chief characters in the poet's circle, especially Newton and Scott. We will not debate with him the question whether the influence exercised by Newton over Cowper was good or evil. It may be that Newton was not a strong predestinarian, or in that sense responsible for the hallucination which, in itself hideous, took a sadly beautiful form in "The Castaway"; but it surely cannot be doubted that he filled a life which needed every ray of sunshine that could be shed upon it, with religious asceticism and gloom. He was himself preaching and acting, and he may thus have preserved his geniality and cheerfulness, but Cowper was simply going through a course of monotonous and depressing observances. It seems to us impossible that Newton's influence should have been otherwise than blighting to Cowper's genius, which was kindled at once into its highest activity of production by the sunny presence of Lady Austen. About Lady Austen, by the way, Mr. Wright gives us an anecdote, which he seems himself to feel that we shall find difficult of belief. She wore, so runs the story, the towering headgear of the day, and there being but one barber at Olney, and he having become religious and refusing to dress hair on the Sunday, she was obliged to have her hair dressed on the Saturday, and sit up all night. Her ladyship would hardly have paid so painful a tribute to the fashionable world of Olney. Certain it is however that head dresses in those days were towering—we have before us a caricature of a barber standing on a ladder to dress one—and that before a court ball, ladies, owing to the paucity of barbers, sometimes had to sit up all night. So nearly does the Fakirism of fashion rival the Fakirism of the Hindoo. The book, besides its biographical value, will have a special claim for those who like to escape for a moment from progress to peace, which has no securer seat than a little old country town in England.

WHAT Mr. Wright has done for Cowper has been done for Bunyan by the Rev. J. Brown, for twenty years minister of the church of which Bunyan was minister, and thus marked out for the gracious task. Mr. Brown has given us, we believe, all that is to be known about Bunyan. The all, unfortunately, is not very much. In Bunyan's day it had not become the fashion to collect materials for biography; biography itself was hardly a department of English literature. "For lives," says Bacon, "I do find it strange that these times have so little esteemed the virtues of the times, as that the writing of lives should be no more frequent." Of this the meagreness of our knowledge about Shakespeare is a melancholy proof; and a century after Bunyan nobody thought it worth while to preserve anything that could make us personally acquainted with the author of the Analogy. Every scrap of topography and history that could throw light on Bunyan's character and composition, or upon the genesis of his genius, has been fished up by Mr. Brown from the abyss of devouring time. The county gaol in which Bunyan was confined for twelve years, and in which he saw the deathless Vision, has been pulled down, though its site can be determined. But Mr. Brown has given us some new and interesting particulars about the captivity. It appears to have been comparatively mild, the prisoner having been once, in an interval between two legal terms of confinement, liberated on parole. Nor was the gaol itself one of those noisome, overcrowded and pestilential dungeons in which so many victims of the second Stuart tyranny met their doom. Bedfordshire was Puritan, and the Nonconformists there had comparatively gentle usage. Still, twelve years of prison and of separation from all that Bunyan loved were enough to make the iron enter a man's soul; and that the actual result with its fruits was so much the reverse of what ensues when the iron has entered the soul, may be fairly claimed as one of the glories of Christianity. The insinuation that the severity was warranted by Venner's insurrection is met by Mr. Brown with the fact that Bunyan had been committed to gaol before the insurrection took place; while to the argument that Bunyan might at any time have exempted himself from molestation by giving up preaching, the simple answer is that so might Christ and the Apostles. There has been a strange controversy whether it was in the Royalist or Parliamentary army that Bunyan served a brief term of soldiership. Mr. Brown seems to have proved that it was, as all probability would have led us to assume, in the army of the Parliament, and that the scene of service was the siege of Leicester, which, perhaps, suggested the Siege of Mansoul. Whatever there is of militant in the character of the great allegory, such as the fight with Apollyon, may be

\*London Sampson Low, Marston, Searle and Rivington, 1886.

partly traceable to the same sources. But Bunyan was the very reverse of a militant Puritan: he belongs not to the group of Hampden and Cromwell, but to that of Fox and Penn. Politically he is a Quietist, and Filmer would hardly have disclaimed his doctrine of the duty of submission to the magistrate, even when the magistrate was James II. Absolutism never committed a more gratuitous act of tyranny than it did in putting this man in prison. He was about the nearest counterpart that Puritanism could produce to Francis of Assisi. Mr. Brown probably identifies the Fair which suggested Vanity Fair, and has given us all that is to be recovered of the earthly frame on which the religious imagination of the inspired Tinker wove the marvellous web of the Pilgrim's Progress. A literary and religious duty, too long deferred, has at length been as well performed as the ravages of time permit.

#### LETTER FROM ITALY.

UNFORTUNATELY, it does not suffice to see a thing with our eyes, to hear it with our ears, nay, nor even to understand it; but we must *feel*, or rather have felt, its truth many times. Thus, in most cases, perhaps little beyond what is received during the first long impressionable years, ever becomes a very vital reality. These prejudices and fancies, these loves and hatreds, form more or less, even among the greatest, their principal stock-in-trade. It is not to be expected, therefore, that from any save the enlightened inhabitants of a country we can gain an account of very great worth of it or of its people. On the other hand, however, there are what may be termed "general effects," which a stranger is most capable of judging—a "final result" best criticised dispassionately,—the cold, worldly opinion frivolous enough, with no enquiry about cause, and little thought of the end, only not by any means untrue after all.

These affectionate Italians, with their pretty, genial manners. More agreeable travelling companions, at least, it would be difficult to find. Neither does their politeness begin and end in bowing, for it is rather the spontaneous outcome of a natural goodness of heart. According to the guide book, "an Englishman's hat is his own, and he may consequently do what he likes with it," of which privilege, be assured, he is not slow to take advantage. But truly, the staid British marionette, whose august head the strings of convention in his own land cause so seldom to incline, might stop in a "little jonny-high-in-air" gait, might stop, and for a moment open his soul to the suave influences of a southern sun.

To wander through Venice in gondola only is to see it but very imperfectly. Indeed, there is no city where one's limbs may be called upon to do more work. It is in the narrow streets, or rather lanes, that one can study the people; for in reality to most of these, travelling by water is a seldom indulged-in luxury. But here the quickly beating pulse of sister northern cities seems difficult to discover. As the crumbling palaces mirror themselves in the still, dark canals, so the past is reflected in the life of to-day. Only to the guides, like hungry hyenas, is the general decay a feast and harvest. Around St. Mark's they flock in greatest numbers, and before them Mark Twain's enthusiasm for "silk manufactories" simply pale.

To some, nay to all of true and great sensibility, solitude is a necessity during moments of deepest feeling. A sad but wise law, that supremest epochs in our existence must be passed alone. After all, do you not find the poet's silent companion *vêtu de noire*, and who bears to you a brother's resemblance, the most sympathetic, the most profitable of friends? It is this constant expression of admiration and sentiment which makes us like so many sieves. Truly, the highest achievements of art, the most gorgeous aspects of nature, have that to impart to us which needs no interpreter, nay, that a third dulls, if not deadens altogether.

To find oneself suddenly before St. Mark's, resplendent under the sunlight as a mighty jewel, is indeed to face one's heart's desire. Perhaps, besides that of Milan, no other cathedral in Italy so far surpasses our brightest dreams of beauty and the ideal. Its marble-lined walls, its wondrous mosaics, its marvellous workmanship, produce an effect such as can alone the warm, voluptuous art of the East. Within the church is the light subdued and soft—a place to pray and dream. Columns of marble and jewelled altars, gilding and exquisite colour, wrought by time into a perfect whole, make it a worthy gate of paradise. The old mosaic pavement, of the twelfth century, rises and falls in an odd, aimless way—trodden by feet different enough during these hundreds of past years, yet all impelled by like emotions, all governed in the end by—fear. Here, churches are very far from being the haunts only of women. Indeed, men seem not seldom in the majority. If the masculine mind follows more readily, and perhaps oftener, the unconventional paths of thought, you may remark, when the beaten track is its choice, it marches with equal, perchance

greater, ostentation, and truly few feminine mouths could be more eager for the dusty morsels than those of the strong-headed devotees.

In Italy there reigns a hero-worship very edifying. The homes of even the humblest aspirants to fame are marked with small marble tablets, on which the name and date of death of the deceased inhabitant of the house are inscribed. At the Accademia delle Belle Arti we find Canova's right hand preserved within an urn, and below it his chisel, and well may that hand be kept with sacred care, for to none other does the Italy of to-day owe so much. On every side the works of this exquisite genius meet us, embodying, as it were—giving a form to all our vague ideas, and to that grief and love which dies upon our lips. In this Academy hangs Titian's "Assumption." If you have not seen the original, still you doubtless know it well from a thousand copies, and yet not so. Every here and there in the world of art it would seem some dizzy mountain summit had been gained, and then forthwith the pathway to it shrouded in impenetrable mist, so as we mortals might but view from afar the sun-tipped peaks. The Madonna of the "Assumption," the "St. Barbara" of Palma Vecchio, an altar piece in the church of St. Maria Formosa, and the "St. Cecilia" of Raphael's exquisite work at Bologna, portray three aspects, and each in the highest degree, under which we are most wont to see the woman of our dreams. The first, a creature infinitely gentle, in whose sweet upturned face, strong, yet meek, it is not difficult to find the reason of the loving worship she inspires. The second, divinely tall and fair and proud, reflects in her regal figure and glance all we look for in a queen, and the third, the sensitive artist-soul, alive to every beauty in earth and heaven, whose fingers strike such harmonies that only the angels may echo—perhaps the dearest of all.

Over the doors of not a few Italian churches might be inscribed "Aux grands hommes la patrie reconnaissante." A pleasant thought, these great men sleep in a congenial atmosphere. S. Giovanni e Paolo and the Frari form together the Westminster Abbey of Venice. Both contain the tombs of several Doges, but of more special interest is the latter. Here is the gorgeous monument of the Doge Giovanni Pesaro (A.D. 1669), with figures of negroes as bearers; that of Titian; and, before all, the beautiful one of Canova, designed by him for the above mentioned artist, but executed by his pupils after his death, and erected to his own memory. A large pyramid rises against the wall, at the base of which is a small door, where a colossal lion keeps watch, while towards it walk a group of sorrowing figures. The whole displays in a marvellous degree all the weariness and despair of grief.

A sad loss, in truth, that caused by the burning of the lovely little Capella del Rosario, a chapel adjacent to S. Giovanni e Paolo. Founded in 1571, it was destroyed in 1867, and with it the valuable works it contained—"The Murder of St. Petrus Martyr," by Titian, and some exquisite reliefs in marble.

This is a strange land, where religion, crime, and ineffable beauty walk hand in hand. More than elsewhere, perhaps, does one remark such an incongruous alliance, in the Palace of the Doges. On a wall of the chamber of the "Great Council" is painted Tintoretto's "Paradise," the largest oil painting in the world. In the Sala della Bussola, or ante-room of the three Inquisitors of the Republic, the Doge Donato kneels before the Madonna. Here you find, also, the Bocca di Leone; for on the outside wall was once the lion's head, into the mouth of which papers containing secret information were thrown. The chamber of the terrible "Ten" is adorned with the "Adoration of the Magi," and the Stanza dei Tre Capi del Consiglio, the room of the "Three," reveals upon its ceiling an angel driving away the Vices, by Paolo Veronese. Over the throne of the senate chamber we have a "Descent from the Cross," and the "Doge Loredan imploring the aid of the Virgin," two works of G. Tintoretto. In the Sala delle Quattro Porte, or, of four doors, Titian has painted the Doge Grimain kneeling before Religion. Though these great artists have flattered such unhallowed walls with scenes rather unbefitting precincts so profane, at times a happier inspiration has depicted more appropriate subjects. Nothing, perhaps, in all the Palace is more delicious than Paolo Veronese's "Rape of Europa," where is so apparent all the warmth and voluptuous treatment of which this master is capable. Indeed, the whole of the magnificent Palace of the Doges, the gorgeous halls of which are in such perfect preservation, presents us with a very brilliant array of the works of the later Venetian artists—Tintoretto, Paolo Veronese, Palma Giovani. In truth, paintings most sympathetic, where imagination and power labour for all that is humanly grand. Here we find in the highest degree the lavish richness and colour, the exuberance of spirit which makes the beauty of mere life, and for a moment alone the joy of living seems all in all sufficient.

Nowhere, they say, is the decline of Venice more apparent than in the

arsenal. Sixteen thousand workmen were here employed in the zenith of the Republic, but in the eighteenth century two thousand only. It is rather a silent place to-day. Its museum, however, is exceedingly interesting, containing models of ships of all ages, the armour of former Doges, and weapons; and here also are preserved some scanty fragments of the "Bucintor," destroyed by the French. From this vessel was the Doge wont, on Ascension Day, to throw a ring into the Adriatic, which he thus symbolically wedded. Alas! alas! the bridegroom is dead now, and in vain must the widowed sea moan, and lave his tomb with her salt tears.

ROME, December 30th, 1886.

L. L.

### LOOKING BACK.

Down the valley creep the sunbeams, ever lengthening in their reach,  
Lighting with a crimson fire every chestnut, oak, and beech;  
Glowing, fading, slowly dying is the mist of burning light—  
Dying, dying, all the life of day to feed the breath of night.

Pause a moment from thy toilsome climbing on this wooded steep;  
Mark the shadows that in silence slowly backward crouch and creep—  
Most like lost and guilty spirits shut up in a world unknown—  
Seeking hiding in a blackness deeper, darker, than their own.  
Where at noon thy footsteps wandered by the shining river-bed,  
All its waters now are running, running sunless from their head.  
Where are now thy bounding pulses set a-throbbing at a breath?  
Dying, dying, all the light of life to feed the night of death.

Dying? Nay, not so; for, ever mounting by its strengthening light,  
Has the day not helped thee hither to the hills whence cometh might?  
Dying? Rather let the backward story give thee future hope  
That from height to height advancing, each day adds a clearer scope.  
Dying? Let a purer vision see beyond the darkness rife,—  
Living, living, all the vanished days, to feed a fuller life!

BLANCHE BISHOP.

### BERMUDA.—IV.

THE amusements of Bermuda for the tourist are boating, hunting, tennis-playing, fishing, bicycling, and photographing, according as taste and inclination may prompt. The Bermuda yachts and sailing-boats are built of cedar, and are peculiar to the islands; they are sloop-rigged, without any gaff, the mainsail being leg-of-mutton shape; the rest of the canvas used consists of a jib (in bad weather, a storm-jib), a flying jib, a spinnaker, a topsail, and occasionally a water-sail underneath the boom. The four last are only employed in light water. The peculiar rig of these crafts enables them to turn almost in their own length, and to sail close-hauled, or near the wind, to a degree unknown elsewhere. They range in size from three to twelve tons, and are handled with marvellous skill by a single black boatman, or pilot as they are called, from their necessary knowledge of the tortuous channels among the various islands. Boats can be hired for the afternoon at the modest rate of ten shillings (\$2 50), and will comfortably accommodate ten or twelve persons. There are many charming excursions by water, and a Royal Bermuda Yacht Club, which encourages and provides excellent races.

The hunting on the islands was of a mild type of the paper chase order, merely an excuse for a ride across country, with a good many jumps over loose stone walls, and a finish at some private house in the form of a social gathering, a hunt tea *versus* a breakfast, the meets being organised and arranged for the afternoon. Colonel Sandford, commanding the Royal Engineers at this date, has been most energetic in the promotion of sport in Bermuda. I see in the *New York World and Travel Gazette* for November, the following notice:—"We are in receipt of a letter from Col. B. M. Sandford, the Honorary Secretary of the Bermuda Hunt Club, speaking of the entertainments his enterprising club intends to provide for its members and guests. The B. H. C. is established for the double object of organising the race meeting at its race course at Shelly Bay, the drive to which is one of the prettiest on the island, and of arranging at least once a week a hunt which, in this case, means a country ride of about six miles, finishing as a rule at the residence of some gentleman, who is always pleased to receive the members of the club and their friends. The club has lately imported a number of beagles;—so that paper chases will be abandoned this year.

"Our correspondent adds," says the *Gazette*, "that his club will always be happy to welcome tourists as honorary members when duly proposed. The subscription asked from the members towards defraying expenses is only twelve shillings, or three dollars. To those who wish to bring their own horses, the Colonel recommends to select small active animals, as the country is very cramped." There are numerous livery stables in Hamilton where fair steeds can be hired for a day's amusement. The numerous lovely views and strong effects of light and shade, which both land and water offer, are very attractive to the photographer, while the excellent coral roads throughout the island, with their freedom from tedious elevations, their infinite variety of scenery, and their limited distances, are the dream of the enthusiastic bicyclist.

There are any number of good shops which draw their supplies from England, also an excellent circulating library. This secures all the best English and American magazines, and allows the subscriber to take

out three periodicals and two books at a time, for the trifling consideration of two shillings a month. Last but not least among the pleasures of Bermuda, is sight-seeing, to which a whole article might be devoted, so numerous are the objects of interest, and so enchanting the walks and drives throughout the island. To many people in this practical age, the largest lion would be the floating dock at Ireland Island (a pleasant sail of five or six miles from Hamilton). It is one of the wonders of the modern world, being 381 feet long, 124 feet broad, and 74 feet deep, with forty-eight water-tight compartments. It is said to be the largest in existence, and will receive the biggest ironclad ever built. It weighs over 800 tons; draws, when light, 11 feet of water; when sunk, 50 feet; and is united by 3,000,000 rivets. It took two years to build, and cost a quarter of a million. The dock was launched at Sheerness in 1868, and was towed across the Atlantic to its present position after an exciting voyage of thirty-five days. H.M.S. *Bullfrog*, which was in the dock for repairs when I visited it, looked the merest toy model of a vessel in this giant's embrace. The dockyard proper, with its fine stone buildings, is a bare, prison-like place, very suggestive of the convict labour that created it. The naval store houses which form part of the establishment are most completely furnished with every detail required by the largest ships, from sheets of brass and copper tubes of all sizes to glass globes; the list of everything contained in the building is most accurately kept, each article being numbered and registered. There is a steam factory adjoining, where every facility exists for repairing ships, and where numbers of men were busily engaged superintending various machines. All the skilled artisans are imported from England, and kept at Government expense, only a few coloured men being employed. A road through the island leads to the naval hospital, which is admirably arranged; not far from it is the cemetery, one of the prettiest spots imaginable.

Crossing Gray's Bridge at this end, Boaz Island, now a military quarter, formerly the convict station, is reached. Another object of interest is the lighthouse on Gibbs' Hill, from which the view is most comprehensive, revealing perfectly the conformation of the Bermuda group. St. George's, the ancient capital, is a delightfully quaint old town, with relics of Spanish occupation which will well repay a short visit. The approach to it along the Causeway, by Castle Harbour, is very fine. Walsingham, once the residence of Moore, with its celebrated calabash tree, is a famous lion; here, too, are some of Bermuda's caves full of stalactites and stalagmites, veiled in wreaths of green convolvulus, with blue blossoms of enormous size. Joyce's Caves are likewise in this neighbourhood, but nearer St. George's. The drive from Hamilton to St. George's, along the north shore road leading to Harrington Sound, by way of Neptune's Grotto, a fascinating walled fish-pond (popularly known as the Devil's Hole), affords a series of lovely views of which the principal feature is the exquisite colouring of the sea, a pale malachite green, shading in deep water to sapphire blue, with streaks of deep purple here and there, caused by the hidden reefs below. The beach at Tucker's Town and that at Shelly Bay near Harrington Sound are objects for a sea-side ramble in that locality; but the south shore, to my mind, concentrates the essence of Bermuda's beauties, much less bleak and barren than the northern coast, which is exposed to the coldest winds the island ever feels. The walk along the cliffs from Hungary Bay to the Grape Trees is enchanting. The rocks, though similar in character to those on the north shore, are much higher and grander in conformation; trees and shrubs grow to their very edge, and fields and woods stretch away behind them towards Hamilton. Here is the only beach of any extent in the island, half a mile in length, and composed entirely of hard white sand and tiny shells. Here, too, roar and beat the Atlantic surges with the full sweep and roll of miles upon miles of ocean, and with all the varied tints and hues of turquoise, sapphire, and indigo which southern seas alone can give. Further along this coast is Warwick Camp, the Bermudian Wimbledon. The sea-gardens of Bermuda, with their wealth of botanical curiosities, and their marine wonders revealed by the powerful water-glass, must not be omitted from my list.

L. C.

### CANADIAN NOTES AND QUERIES.

Queries on all points of Canadian History and kindred subjects are invited, and will be answered as fully and accurately as possible. Address Editor, "Notes and Queries," THE WEEK.

"F. F. D." asks: "To what regiment of Provincials belonged the colours given up by the French after the capitulation of Montreal, as stated in 'Canadian Notes and Queries,' January 13? and what Provincial troops had taken part in the war?"

The garrison which surrendered at Oswego on the 14th of August, 1756, consisted of Shirley's and Pepperell's regiments of regulars (the old 50th and 51st foot), and Schuyler's regiment of Provincials, and the colours of all three were taken by the French. However, in *Knox's Journal* the colours mentioned as having been restored to the English after the capitulation of Montreal are those which had been taken from "the late regiments of Pepperell and Shirley."

The Provincial regiments which took part in the Wars of the Conquest were the following:—From Connecticut, 1st, or Lyman's, 2nd, or Whiting's, Fitch's, and Worster's; from Maine, Woldo's; from Massachusetts, 1st, or Ruggles', 2nd, or Titcomb's, 3rd, or Williams', Bagley's, Gridley's, Partridge's, Preble's, Whitcomb's, and Willard's; from New Hampshire, Blanchard's and Goffe's; from New Jersey, Johnston's, Parker's, and Schuyler's; from New York, DeLancey's, Douty's, 3rd, or Woodhull's, and Johnson's; from Rhode Island, Babcock's and Harris's; from Pennsylvania, Clapham's. There were also several corps of Rangers, such as

Goreham's, McCurdie's, Rogers' and Stephen's, and at Fort Duquesne, in November, 1758; there were also troops from Carolina, Maryland and Virginia.

APROPOS of regimental colours, there is a curious incident in the mutiny of the British troops at Quebec shortly after the conquest. The circumstances of this well-nigh forgotten episode have come down to us in a letter written at the time by an officer of the garrison. He relates that on the 18th of September, 1763, in consequence of orders received from the Commander-in-Chief in America, General Murray gave out orders to stop fourpence sterling for each ration of provisions to be issued to the troops under his command, the 15th and 27th Regiments, and the 2nd Battalion of the 60th. This order being made known to the soldiers, that very evening, immediately after roll-call, they assembled to a man, but without arms, and paraded before the General's house. Before they saw him, some of the English merchants having the boldness to reproach them for this behaviour, they began to pelt them with stones. Some officers interfered and drew their swords, on which the soldiers ran in a tumultuous manner to their barracks, took their arms, and marched in good order, with drums beating, towards St. John's gate. They were met by the General, but refused to listen to him, and loudly declared their resolve to march to New York, with two pieces of cannon, and lay their arms at General Amherst's feet; professing at the same time that they loved and esteemed their officers, but that it was impossible for them to live without their provisions. General Murray, who came from visiting the guards, was attended only by a few officers and sergeants, with whose assistance he opposed their going any further, the gates having been meantime closed by the town-major. Enraged at this opposition, some of the mutineers fired their guns, and several officers were struck; but happily no serious mischief was done. By the urgent solicitations of the officers the soldiers were at last prevailed on to march to the grand parade, where they were addressed by Murray, and they then returned to their barracks and were quiet during the remainder of the night. The garrison being the strongest in America, it was feared that should these mutineers obtain their desire, their example would be followed by all the troops throughout America. The next three days were spent in incessant endeavours to induce the soldiers to submit to the order, but with small success. Murray then ordered the garrison to be under arms next day, the 21st, at ten o'clock, on the grand parade. When they were assembled, he himself read the articles of war, and declared his fixed resolution, with the assistance of the officers, to oblige them to submit, or perish in the attempt. He commanded them, in sign of compliance, to march between two royal colours planted for that purpose. They did so, and returned with cheerfulness to their duty, expressing sorrow for their behaviour. General Murray then declared they had recovered their character as good soldiers, and restored the battalions to their colours.

THE title of the 60th Regiment, the 2nd Battalion of which took part in the mutiny, was at that time "The 60th, or the Royal American Regiment of Foot." It had been raised in 1755 for service in America only, and was distinguished for its bravery at the siege of Quebec, in 1759. There is a tradition, preserved in the records of the 1st Battalion, that in consequence of "the alertness and intrepidity" of the 2nd and 3rd Battalions before Quebec, the present regimental motto of *Celer et Audax* was conferred upon them by General Wolfe. The exact date is not given; but it is said that it was probably on the 31st July, on the occasion of the engagement at Beauport Flats. For some unknown cause this motto was either forgotten or disused, and was resumed only in 1824. The chronicler of the 60th notes the following curious coincidence in the history of the regiment: The 2nd and 3rd Battalions of the 60th, as part of the first English garrison of Quebec, were present in September, 1759, when the English Ensign was hoisted over the Citadel by an officer of the Royal Artillery; and, in November, 1871, one hundred and twelve years afterwards, a detachment of the 1st Battalion of the 60th, the remnant of the last English garrison of Quebec, consigned the Imperial Flag to the keeping of another artillery officer, whilst the flag of the Dominion was hoisted in its stead.

### TOTO-SAN AND KAKA-SAN.

[By Pierre Loti. Translated for THE WEEK from the Christmas Number of *Figaro*.]

THEY were old, old; everybody knew them; those who had lived longest in Nagasaki never remembered them as ever having been young. They were beggars. Toto-San, who was blind, drew a little box on wheels in which sat Kaka-San, who was paralytic. Once they used to be called Hato-San and Oumé-San (Monsieur Pigeon and Madame Prune), but that was so long ago every one had forgotten it. In the Japanese language Toto and Kaka are the pretty, soft words which on the lips of childhood signify papa and mamma. No doubt it was on account of their great age they were called thus, and in this politest of countries they honoured these familiar names by adding San, which means either monsieur or madame (Monsieur Papa and Madame Mamma), and the youngest Japanese child never neglected to use this form of etiquette.

Their manner of begging was essentially discreet and *comme il faut*; they never annoyed the passers-by with supplications, but silently held out their hands—their poor wrinkled hands, so wrinkled and yellow that they looked more like those of mummies. The people gave them rice, the heads of fish, sometimes the remains of yesterday's soup.

Very small, like all the Japanese, Kaka-San looked almost doll-like when seated in her box on wheels, which, alas! was badly hung—so badly,

indeed, that she was often terribly shaken during their long ramblings—not that her husband walked too quickly; poor little man, he was so good, so careful! She guided him by the sound of her voice, and he, with ear ever strained to catch the lowest tone of that weak voice, followed its prompting—a wandering Jew in eternal obscurity—the leather band across his shoulders, and feeling his steps with a long bamboo staff.

The grave moments in his life were those in which he must mount the steps of some steep street, or cross a brook or crevasse. How did Toto-San manage this? Look! Ah, poor old Kaka-San, what agitation! That anxious face, those eyes shining with quivering suspense even through the dust which innumerable years had blown over their brightness—very evidently the fear of being upset was now the keenest sensation in her broken existence.

What thoughts passed through the minds of these two old people, who adored each other! What tales did they tell each other in the evening quiet? What souvenirs of their youthful years were exhumed, as they lay in their hammocks hung side by side, Kaka-San with her head tied up in a blue cotton kerchief? Did they discuss future lines of march—to-day's like yesterday's and to-morrow's like to-day's—the same battle for bread, the same decrepitude, the same misery? Could they boast of any joys, little rests of hope? *Enfin*, did they think at all; and if so, why did they persist in dragging out the remainder of such a life when the earth was there, so ready to receive them, ready to throw over them its last clod—a little more dust, and suffering were at an end? They never missed any of the religious *fêtes* celebrated in the temples. At an early hour, long before the arrival of the first worshippers, they installed themselves under one of the huge cedars that shadow the sacred places of prayer; and while the pilgrimage lasted, many of the passers-by stopped to speak to them—young girls, with doll-like figures and tiny, cat-like eyes, dragging their high wooden shoes; long lines of Japanese children, holding each other by the hand, and looking most droll in their voluminous robes; pretty, coquettish women, with wonderful chignons, coming to the pagoda to pray and to laugh; peasants, with their long hair; merchants, all the marionettes imaginable of this merry people, passed before Kaka-San, who could see them, and before Toto-San, who could not. Every one smiled upon them, and every now and then some one would leave a group to come and give them alms; many even bowed, as they passed, as to very proper people, so well were they known, and so polite is every one in this country—and on these occasions they, too, smiled. When the sun shone, and the breeze was mild, the pain of age slept in their tired limbs; Kaka-San, exhilarated by the murmur of the light and laughing voices around her, tremblingly returned her ancient coquetries, played with her shabby little paper fan, and gave herself the air of being quite as much interested in the amusing things of this world as other people. But when night came, bringing darkness and cold under the cedars—when suddenly a horror, mysterious, religious, floated about the temples, through the avenues lined with huge monsters—the two little old people were as one weakness leaning upon another. The fatigues of the day seemed to have found in them a resting-place; their wrinkles were more wrinkled, and their figures were eloquent of misery and of the fear of death. A thousand lanterns gleamed in the dusky branches and illumined the faithful worshippers still kneeling on the steps of the temple. The sounds of mirth, strange to foreign ears, came from the hosts of people, filled the avenues and sacred pathways—an odd contrast to the rigidity of the huge stone monsters guarding the idols, to their unknown and awe-inspiring symbols, to the vague fear-shadows of night-time. The *fête* lived as long as the lights; and if to heaven it may have seemed more of an irony than an adoration, surely it was an innocent, childish one; nay, mixed with great charity, and certainly of unmitigated enjoyment. All the same, the sun once set, nothing of all this warmed to new life our two human débris—positively, it made one shudder to look at them, propped up against their little box, ill, livid, like two old monkeys, exhausted, dying, eating in a corner the crumbs of their alms. At such moments were they troubled with profound thoughts of eternity, that such an expression of utter anguish should creep over these death-like masks? Who knows what was passing in the souls of this little Japanese man and woman? Perhaps they were a blank, after all! Perhaps they fought the good fight merely to prolong for a little longer their terrestrial existence; they each, with the aid of tiny chop-sticks, helping the other with tender care; they covered their old bones carefully from the night dews; they nursed each other as best they could, that they might live to-morrow and commence again, one guiding the other, their meagre, uncertain wanderings.

In their little box on wheels there was, beside Kaka-San, all the objects of their *ménage*: two small dishes, notched in many places, of blue porcelain, for their rice, miniature tea-cups, and red paper lanterns, which they lit every evening.

Once a week Kaka-San's hair was carefully dressed by her blind husband. She could no longer raise her arms high enough to arrange it in proper Japanese fashion, but Toto-San had learnt the art. With tender touches, with trembling fingers he caressed the poor old head that lent itself with such childish abandon to the operation, of which nothing reminded one more vividly and more pathetically than the mutual toilet of two old monkeys. Her locks were not abundant, and Toto-San found nothing much to arrange on this bit of yellow parchment, as full of wrinkles as a winter apple. He succeeded, however, in forming two puffs in true Japanese style—which his little wife, deeply interested, inspected in a piece of cracked mirror: "A trifle higher, Toto-San! . . . A little more to the right, ever so little to the left." When it was finished, and two long horn pins had been fastened in, which gave a certain genre to the coiffure, Kaka-San adopted an air of a *grand-mère comme il faut*, borrowed something from the silhouette of a *vieille bonne femme*. Alas! when they had accomplished this toilsome tribute to civilisation which the approach of death rendered

every day more ungrateful, did pain and care leave them for a little space—a little space in which to feel that the world was good? Oh, lamentable misery! Each morning to rise more infirm, more dazed, more tottering, and yet, in spite of all, to cling obstinately to life, to spread out one's decrepitude in the sunlight, to begin anew the daily, weary wanderings—always the same slowness, the same creakings, the same cries, the same weariness, to go on ever, through the streets, the suburbs, the villages,—often, when a *fête* was announced at some distant temple, far into the country.

Early one morning, in the fields, near the crossing of two mikado-roads, death overtook old Kaka-San.

It was a lovely April morning, all things were flooded in golden sunshine. In this isle of Kiu-Siu the springtime is warmer than with us, comes earlier, and already nature was in full bloom. The roads crossed the rice-fields which showed every hue of green as the high grass bent beneath the passing wind. The air was full of the singing of the grasshoppers, which in Japan are especially noisy.

At this cross-road there was a small graveyard containing not more than a dozen graves under a group of isolated cedars, marked with square blocks, or antique boudhdhas, carved in granite, seated in the chalice of a lotus. Beyond the rice-fields came the woods, very like our own oak woods, except that here and there was a clustering growth of white or pink camelia blossoms, also a tall, slender plant-bamboo; beyond these again rose the mountain peaks against the blue sky, in form like small cupolas, slightly monotonous yet withal graceful.

It was in the midst of this calm verdure that the little box on wheels had suddenly halted, at a supreme word of command. The neighbouring peasants, some twenty good little Japanese souls, in long blue cotton gowns, pressed round the dying woman, whom Toto-San was drawing to a pilgrimage to the Temple of the Goddess Kwanon. The kind little souls gathered around her as much out of compassion as from curiosity, and did their utmost to aid the sufferer. Most of them were on their way to this *fête* of Kwanon, Goddess of Grace. Poor Kaka-San! They tried to revive her with rice brandy; they rubbed her with aromatic herbs, and poured fresh water, from a brook, on the nape of her neck. Toto-San came close up beside the little cart and touched her gently, caressingly, not knowing what to do, questioning the others rapidly in his dumb gestures, and trembling more than ever with this new anguish.

As a last resource they made her swallow, rolled into little hard bullets, pieces of paper on which, written by a priest, were prayers for the sick, and which a woman standing near drew out of the lining of her cuff. Fruitless effort, for the hour had struck, and already Death was amongst them, and had clasped poor old Kaka-San in his arms. One last contortment, one supreme agony, and the old beggar-woman was gone—open-mouthed, the body twisted and leaning half out of its box, and the arms hanging straight over the side like a marionette doll in repose—now the play was over.

The little shady graveyard, in whose presence the last scene had taken place, seemed now to have been invoked by the invisible spirits, and almost as if chosen by the dead woman herself. So they set to work, and pressing as the coolies into the service, they soon made a grave, and taking Kaka-San by the shoulders they lifted her to the ground. Toto-San tried to do everything himself, but no longer quite master of his senses he only impeded the coolies who pushed him somewhat roughly to one side; he sobbed like a child and the tears ran down his cheeks unheedingly. He put his hands on her head to feel if her hair were well dressed before appearing in the celestial mansions, if the puffs were quite straight, and the pins were in their place. A gentle rustle passed over the tree-tops; the spirits of Kaka-San's ancestors had come to receive her at the entrance to the Land of Shadows.

Toto-San took up the journey of life alone. Behind him the tiny cart was empty. Separated from her who had been his friend, his counsel, his mind, and his eyes, he groped his way at hazard, to be irrevocably alone in the world till his end, without aim as without hope, in an ever deepening night.

And still the grasshoppers sang their loudest in the growing darkness of the meadows beneath the starlight, and as the world's night descended around the blind man he again heard the murmurs that had swayed the branches in the morning at the burial; they came again, the spirits, to say to him, "Console thyself, Toto-San, she sleeps in that lovely valley Nil where we are and where you will soon be also. She is no longer old or tottering, for she is dead; nor ugly, for she is well hidden under many mounds of grass; her body unfolds in beauty beneath the earth, and Kaka-San will bloom in the flowers you love best—in the cedar-palm, in camelias, in the sweet bamboo blossoms." REN.

#### OXFORD MEMORIES.\*

DR. NEWMAN'S name, as fellow of Magdalen, happened to have the same initials as that of the present Cardinal, sometime fellow of Oriel. Naturally there were occasional mistakes in the delivery of letters, and one day our friend received, missent, a letter from a lady, requesting first a subscription for her pet charity, and at the same time some lines for her album. Fancy her surprise in receiving, as she supposed, from her reverend friend the following reply:

My name is J. H. Newman,  
And very grieved I am  
That, like an orphaned lambkin,  
I haven't got a *dam*.

\* From "Oxford Memories: A Retrospect After Fifty Years." By the Rev. A. Pycroft, B.A., Trinity College, Oxford. Vol. I. London: R. Bentley and Son.

OLD MR. BERESFORD, of Thibworth, the author of a strange book, once with a large circulation, but now rarely seen, "The Miseries of Human Life," held that living of Merton College till nearly eighty years of age. Once he saw some of the junior fellows prospecting, and said, "Walk in, gentlemen, walk in, and take stock not only of the parsonage, but of the present incumbent. Most happy at all times to do anything to oblige you except—die." It is a sad life, waiting for dead men's shoes. My venerable old neighbour, Mr. Wickens, of Blank Church, bought a next presentation of a rector of eighty, who lived till ninety-five. All his calculations of the probabilities of human life proved delusive, and, as to the doctors, they knew no more of a man's constitution than so many idiots; and in these fifteen years he became completely soured, and talked like one of the many much-injured men. At last the old rector died, and was buried, and almost the first week a couple, who came to be married, complained to the new rector that he had kept them ten minutes waiting! "Ten minutes, indeed!" he replied; "why, look at that tomb; there lies a man who kept me waiting fifteen years."

As to the so-called Saints, this set consisted of two or three who held together, and were chiefly distinguished by their absurdly preaching to every one else, and sometimes having the worst of the argument. Certain truths and promises divine they would enunciate in too wide a sense, and most erroneously in a temporal sense; on such occasions to hear the peculiarly temporal replies of those they called "worldly men," was amusing. Round once maintained, "Whatsoever you ask in prayer believing you shall receive." "Yes," said Briggs; "but 'believing' is all the difficulty. Now, I am backing the favourite for the Derby. If I could believe he'd win, you'd say it would be all right, but I can't." "The doctrine is carried too far," said Charlie; "it's no use praying for money, for I tried it first thing after a sermon I once heard. And it's no good when out fishing; I tried that, too, and never had a bite."

Dogs and horses formed the very furniture of Tom's [Tom Winch's] mind; there seemed hardly room for anything else, save slang, *ad libitum*. One day he was showing the pictures in his college hall to a party of visitors, and pointed out the figures in the grand picture of The Nativity, as follows: "This is reckoned one of the finest pictures in Oxford. There you see the Magi; there Mary and Joseph; there, in the little manger, is the little Jesus; and there's the bull-terrier."

Most of the fellows of the New College eventually succeeded to livings, though sometimes so late that their college habits proved too stiff and rigid for parish work. Oxford is a sphere of its own, and the worst place for studying rustic nature. When some young man spoke of studying "The Fathers," an old-fashioned rector said rather bluntly: "You had much better study 'The Mothers,' or how to take care of the old women and children in a parish."

JOHN GREEN, who took care of the new college horses, and let out tandems, was a very handy man for the wilder class of gownsmen. One day Billy Mills had arranged an elopement with the pretty daughter of an organist in Holywell, but was checkmated in the very first move, the lady's *trousseau*, done up in a towel, having been thrown out of her window and caught by her offended papa's hands as he was standing on the watch—instead of by those of some traitorous maid-of-all-work. "That's all because Mr. Mills didn't come to me," said John Green. "If gentlemen will do those silly things it isn't my particular line of business to edicate them better. All I say is, 'First of all keep straight, but if you must go crooked, don't get found out.' That 'ere servant girl, with only ten pounds a year wages, and use of the parlour teapot, was to be paid only two bob for her trouble! 'Twasn't likely, when she could get five bob and more for telling. In them sort of jobs you must always bid higher than anyone else is likely to."

THE last time I saw Short he said he was seventy-five, and in talking of his college experience he said, "A man's fate all depends on the nursery—on the mother, not on the father; the father commonly has to do little with the boy till the bent is given, and the foundation of character is laid; all depends on the mother. Of course, I am myself too old to marry, but to my young friends I give this solemn caution: 'Be sure you never marry a fool; I have long observed that women who are fools swarm with children and, of course, spoil them all.'" This advice struck me as quite original, though I had once heard an old lady, a noted character, and an authoress, say, in speaking of the evangelical clergy, "The lower the church, the larger the family;" but that Short's study and observation in natural history should have resulted in a discovery of the law that the greater the fool (feminine), the larger the family, this was quite a new piece of mento-physical information.

ABOUT the same time a little book made its appearance, called "The Art of Pluck," being a parody on our Aristotelian studies, giving also instances of pluck answers. One very good one I remember was "The herald of Darius came to ask for—not earth and water (a token of submission, earth being *geen* in Greek) but—*gin* and water."

LORD SHERBROKE was pronounced by his tutors certain of a first in mathematics, and not certain in classics; he came out first in the latter, and second in the former. What was said of him at first of course as a joke, has been repeated since as a fact—that being so near-sighted he rubbed out with his nose the figures made by his pen, and thereby lost his chance in mathematics.

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### THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

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ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS

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*POEM on the QUEEN'S JUBILEE,*

To be competed for by Canadian writers, under the following conditions:

- (1) The poem not to exceed one hundred lines.
- (2) To be delivered at THE WEEK office not later than May 1st next.

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Will be given for the best

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To be competed for similarly by Canadian writers, under the following conditions:

- (1) The oration not to exceed three thousand words.
- (2) To be delivered at THE WEEK office not later than May 1st next.

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THE WEEK will award the prizes and will be judge of the fulfilment of the conditions.

As the faction fight advances, its moral fruits, as might have been expected, do not improve. To protest against letter-stealing has become hopeless, though surely a community cannot inflict a deeper stain on its own honour than by proclaiming that it sanctions such a practice, nor does the standard of character rise. Messrs. Boulton and Rykert are accepted by the Conservatives if "The Boy" is not; while the hero of the Silver Islet affair, having turned his coat for the tenth time, finds a Liberal constituency morally accommodating to embrace any enemy of Sir John Macdonald.

In Ontario, and in the Old Provinces generally, the nominations are still being made by the Machines, though Independence is in the air, and men are heard saying that they find it difficult to choose between Sir John Macdonald's corruption and Mr. Blake's alliance with the Rielites. But in Winnipeg there is a "straight Independent candidate" in the person of Mr. Duncan Macarthur. The two great obstacles to the prosperous development of the North-West have been party Government from Ottawa and monopoly in the hands of the C. P. R. Party Government from Ottawa has made the North-West its back-yard and treated it much as Ireland was treated in the days before the Union, when a place on the Irish pension-list was the provision for hangers-on of the Ministry, who could not, with decency, be quartered on the pension-list of England. It has regarded the last addition to the Confederacy rather as an outlying estate of the Dominion than as a group of Provinces with rights and interests of their own. In this it has been aided by the disloyalty of the Manitoban representation. In a new settlement there are few men of the right sort who can afford to leave their farms or their business, and the constituencies are apt to be compelled to take up with mere casuals, and even with adventurers who are little better than political tramps. Manitoba, in fact, has hitherto been a low element in the politics of Ottawa. However, in Mr. Macarthur, the head of the Bank of Commerce at Winnipeg, a resident, who will at the same time be a powerful and trustworthy champion of North-Western right, seems to have been found. He will, no doubt, if he goes to Ottawa make the voice of his Province heard on the subject of the Tariff, with regard to which her interest has hitherto been entirely set at naught.

THAT the C. P. R. does not interfere with politics may, in a certain sense, be true; its chiefs, no doubt, are scrupulous. But its vast influence cannot fail to be felt and its fortunes are bound up with those of the Government. Its support is given, in the elections, to men who will serve the turn of both. With regard to its utility as a national enterprise we have always claimed the right of exercising our own judgment, while we pay unstinted homage to the ability and energy with which it has been constructed. But it is at all events, in its main object, political and military, not commercial. It is the offspring of a political treaty. That fact is only emphasized when such strenuous efforts are made to give the road a commercial character, one day by telling us that it is to carry torpedoes for the Russian war, and another day by telling us that it is to carry tea from China to England. It was still more distinctly emphasized by the Disallowance Clauses which a road, constructed on the best commercial line, could not have required. A commercial road would never, we conceive, have been carried round the North Shore of Lake Superior. It is not by that route that the harvests of the North-West will ultimately find their way to market. To the North-West in general, and Manitoba in particular, the road has economically been a questionable boon. What is desirable in a new country is close settlement, with the advantages of neighbourhood, and of proximity to markets and to centres of distribution. Instead of this, the Government road has strung out the population along a line of eight hundred miles, leaving an empty space round Winnipeg itself. A line to British Columbia, where, as yet, there is no commerce of any consequence was, economically, not needed; what was needed, was a system of commercial railways advancing from the East and opening up the country just in advance of immigration. The North-West will gain nothing by having cars of tea whisked through it on their way to Europe. We pay once more the full meed of praise to the constructors of the road, who, as contractors are in no way responsible for the policy of a public work. But we refuse to let our judgment be overawed by such phrases as "great national enterprise," which have already lost some of their effect by their application to the Intercolonial. Whether the C. P. R. is a glorious achievement or an enormous waste of public money, experience, not declamation, must determine. What is certain is, that Disallowance would strangle the North-West, and that the North-West must get its neck out of that noose, though, of course, without breach of national faith to the C. P. R., to which, as all admit, the Disallowance clauses were a concession necessitated by the uncommercial direction given for political purposes to the Government line. The election of Mr. Macarthur for Winnipeg would be the death warrant of Disallowance and the proclamation of Provincial Rights for the North-West.

THE final triumph of the Liberals in Quebec cannot fail to be a serious blow to Sir John Macdonald. Not only does it throw all the patronage and influence into the hands of his opponents, but it presents him as beaten where he had hitherto commanded success, and where to be believed to command success is everything. A defeated party in the French Province is not like the Old Guard on the evening of Waterloo. It seems also as if the ship of Dominion Conservatism is likely to suffer more than was supposed from the wash of the storm in which the barque of Ontario Conservatism was wrecked. The Roman Catholic hierarchy has nimbly transferred its support from the winning side in the Province to what it deems to be the winning side in the Dominion; but the notice, it appears, is too short for some of the laity, who are likely to vote now as they voted six weeks ago. A sense of increased peril has certainly been creeping over the Conservatives within the last few days, and the admission that the contest will be close is now heard from Conservative lips. Sir John appeals to his phalanx of protected manufacturers, and in them probably he may confide. True, the Liberals have accepted the N. P.; but it is with a wry face, and on the somewhat hollow pretext that the increased expenditure has rendered the tariff necessary for revenue purposes, whereas Protection is a sacrifice of revenue. The manufacturers, and all whom they may influence, will prefer to adhere to the author of their tariff, unless it should appear to them that victory has left his standard, in which case they may think it wisest to conciliate the coming powers. Protectionism has its political as well as its economical consequences. It calls into existence a powerful and compact body of capitalists, dependent on state support, and ready to maintain in power any Government which will continue that support without reference to other questions or to the general welfare of the nation. There can be no shadow of doubt that political purity, at all events, is on the side of a revenue tariff.

THERE is a paragraph in Mr. George's paper which confirms us in the belief that his wild and rancorous speculations about the origin of private



property in land, which he always ascribes to some mysterious horde of robbers, are simply the offspring of his historical ignorance. No political economist is worth much who has not checked his abstract science by the study of history, and this Mr. George evidently has not done. The paragraph is this :—

There is another thing worth noting. Ireland was never conquered by the Romans, as were England and the Scottish lowlands, and the idea that land could be made private property so as to shut out any class of the people from all legal rights to the use of the earth, opposed as it is to ancient Irish law and custom, was only forced upon Ireland in comparatively modern times, by the force of English arms and the treachery of Irish chiefs, bought, as were the Scottish chieftains, to betray their countrymen by the promise of a change of the tribal tenure of land into an individual tenure which would make it absolutely their own; and it is only where the English tongue has supplanted the Irish tongue that Irishmen have forgotten their ancient traditions, and become accustomed to regard private property in land as a matter of course.

In Ireland, down to the time of the conquest, tribalism continued to prevail, with all its incidents, political, social, and economical, including the "patriarchal" rule of coshering chiefs, who were considerably more oppressive than any modern landlord. Agriculture hardly existed; the tribes were still in their pastoral state. Traces of nomadism remained even in the time of Charles I. The English lawyers were, of course, like all other lawyers in the days before scientific jurisprudence, hide-bound by their own system, but they were right in thinking that any regular land-law was better for agriculture than none. Tribalism, Mr. George will observe, is not nationalism; and had one tribe intruded on the pastures of another tribe it would at once have been evicted with a vengeance. His theory, if it is worth anything, makes the land the property not of a tribe any more than of an individual, not even of a nation, but of mankind. But what shows his ignorance most plainly is his notion that the Roman Conquest was the influence which determined the difference between the Anglo-Saxon and the Celtic tenure of land. All traces of Roman civilisation in England were absolutely effaced by Saxon invasion, and the Saxon, like the Scandinavian, freehold was a native institution of the race. This gang of brigands, which ousted the people from the land, appears to have been not less universal than mysterious. Its rapine was not confined to feudal countries, or even to Aryan populations, but extended to Semitic and Turanian populations also. Does Mr. George fancy that Naboth's vineyard was not his own, or that when Abraham bought the field of Machpelah of Ephron for four hundred shekels of silver, current money with the merchant, this was not a sale and purchase of property in land? Mr. George was coolly received by the Irish, who would have nothing of his nationalisation except the general sentiment of plunder. This, he says, was the case only where the English language has supplanted the Irish, that is over nineteen-twentieths of Ireland.

THE Commissioner of the Bureau of Labour Statistics for the State of New York presents a table of 1,900 strikes in that State alone for the year ending October 31st, against 222 in 1885. His statistics of losses appear to be imperfect, but he sets down the loss in wages at \$2,858,191, and that of the fifty-eight firms which made definite statements at \$3,000,000. We may safely say, that the proportions are wrong, since the amount paid in wages always greatly exceeds the amount received in profits. However, there can be no doubt what 1,900 strikes in a single State, and in one year, denote. As in the complex machine of commerce the stoppage of one wheel stops another, the number of persons in the whole of the United States, whose industry has been affected, directly or indirectly, must have amounted to hundreds of thousands. Then Labour Reformers point to the multitudes of men out of employment, and impute their enforced idleness to the tyranny of Capital and the vices of society. The Commissioner, who is partial to strikes, says that out of 1,238, in reference to which the facts were ascertained, 733 were successful, and he assumes that this is so much clear gain for labour. If it were, justice would have been done, and there would be reason for rejoicing. But, to be assured of the fact, we must know not only the immediate rise of wages but the ultimate consequences to the trade. We must know whether the employers could really afford the increased wages, which, under the duress of the strike, they were constrained to give. If they could not, the end would be the ruin or deprivation of the trade. Such has been the effect on trades in England of what were scored at the time as successful strikes. To say that the interests of non-unionists were consulted as well as those of unionists is flummery. The object of these organisations is to confine the right of labour to their own members to fare as they may. Some day Labour Reformers will arise who will reassert the universal right.

*Public Opinion* is an invaluable mirror of political life in the United States, and there is one thing by which, looking into it at present, we are particularly struck. The Presidential election is still two years off, yet the thoughts of the nation are already absorbed by it; speculation about it is the one universal topic; the actions of all prominent public men are evidently warped by it; legislation in Congress is little more than a series of manœuvres by which each of the two parties is trying to get the weather-gage of the other for the battle of two years hence. It is manifest what an effect this must have in narrowing the political vision and degrading the political character of the nation. In fact, it is hardly possible to get American statesmen or the American people to look outside the arena in which this all-absorbing prize-fight is to come off. External relations receive no attention except when some politician thinks that by vilifying and bullying England he can gain some Irish votes. The Americans have a great advantage over the English and the French in possessing a real Executive, vested with authority of its own, and comparatively stable, inasmuch as its existence is not dependent from hour to hour on the fluctuating moods or the shifting combinations and cabals of the Legislative Assembly. This feature of their constitution England and other countries will have to borrow, if they mean to have stable government at all. But the mode of electing the American Executive is as far from being worthy of general adoption as it is from answering to the intention of the founders of the Constitution. It is alleged that by these struggles the interest of the people in public questions is kept up. It may be so; but if the questions are regarded not as national problems but as cards in the hands of two sets of players in the great national game of euchre, the interest, it is to be feared, is not worth much.

A SHOUT of jubilation is raised over the promise of the British Government to send a squadron to these waters, and support Canada in the Fisheries question. That the British Government desires to do for Canada all that in honour it is bound to do has never been doubtful. But let us not live in a fool's paradise. If the British constituencies believed that the Government was going to draw them into a war with the United States in defence of Canadian fisheries, the Government would fall. The very mention of our tariff, laying protective duties on British goods, would be an irresistible weapon in the hands of the Opposition. If the British democracy is ready to surrender Ireland, will it fight for that in which it has no interest whatever? The question will in the end be amicably settled, because, in spite of Mr. Ingalls and the other Pograms, the American people are good-tempered, and have no desire to do Canada any wrong.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER has told the English as much of the truth as could be expected from any one in his position respecting the prospects of Imperial Federation in Canada. Due allowance being made for his politeness and loyalty, the Federationists in England can hardly fail to see that he regards their case in Canada as hopeless; and if it is hopeless in Canada, it is hopeless altogether; for how could there be a federation of the Empire with Canada left out? At Halifax, it seems, a Federationist organisation has been set on foot, but we are told that the chief promoters are British officers. We have the heartiest respect possible for the red-coat, and we feel a pensive interest in the reduced garrison of Halifax, as the last remnant on this continent of the military power of Britain. But the sentiments of the Canadian Democracy are not faithfully reflected by British soldiers. If the English Federationists are Conservatives, as they mostly are, they hardly know what they are doing when they entreat Old England to press more closely to her bosom the democratic communities of the New World.

THE Separatists in England have not yet, it seems, given up citing Canada as an auspicious precedent for their Irish policy. Whether they mean the relation of the Dominion to Great Britain or that of the Provinces to the Dominion does not clearly appear; sometimes their language is applicable to one, sometimes to the other, though there is as little resemblance between the two as there is between either of them and the project of a Statutory Parliament for Ireland. Mr. Gladstone himself cannot help seeing the irrelevancy of the parallel, but to let the fallacy down easily he says that beneath the superficial difference between the two cases there is a fundamental similarity, inasmuch as the Canadian Tories are the enemies of liberty. Some reparation, or at least some acknowledgment, is surely due to the Tories both in Canada and in England for the misleading example which was set them and the false teachings to which they were exposed during all those years in which Mr. Gladstone, having gone into Parliament as the nominee of the ultra-Tory Duke of Newcastle,

continued to preach Toryism, and to be regarded as the hope of that party. If the Canadian Tories resisted the secularisation of the Clergy Reserves, they only acted on the principle which is eloquently enforced in "The Church in Its Relations to the State," and which, though now laid aside as inconvenient, has, we believe, never been disowned. Sir Robert Peel having been brought up in the narrowest Toryism changed as his mind opened, and as the tendencies of the age revealed themselves to him, though he changed only from Toryism to Conservatism, and carried with him in that necessary concession to progress all the ablest and wisest men of his original party. But Peel always frankly avowed his change, and by so doing preserved the morality of public life. Mr. Gladstone has passed from extreme Toryism, a Toryism which defended not only religious privilege but Slavery, to extreme Radicalism; yet he is entirely free from misgiving as to the perfect consistency of his career, and treats his old party as though it had always been in his eyes the party of darkness and evil, and he had spent his whole life in nobly struggling against its follies and iniquities. In truth, "The History of an Idea," discloses a method by which perfect consistency might be imparted to the career of the Vicar of Bray. If this liberty of retrospective self-interpretation on the cryptic principle were to be recognised, the Pope could have no difficulty in proving that he had always been a Protestant, or Mr. Spurgeon in proving that he had always been a Roman Catholic.

MR. LABOUCHERE, of *Truth*, has been pouring on the character of Mr. Goschen a stream of libel which is reproduced by our Separatist Press. He forgets that Mr. Goschen was Mr. Gladstone's most trusted colleague, and that even after their separation by a difference of opinion, the honourable nature of which nobody can doubt, on the subject of the rural franchise, Mr. Gladstone employed Mr. Goschen on an important mission. Mr. Gladstone himself is, perhaps, equally oblivious of these facts. Mr. Labouchere is now pushing for Radical leadership, and his "social journal" will become the organ of his political ambition, as well as of his financial policy and of his personal antipathies. The reader of the paper, who finds its leading columns filled with the most flunkeyish gossip about the doings of the aristocracy, and sees how the writer evidently plumes himself on the connection, naturally asks which is the real man, the Jacobin or the Flunkey. Probably the social character is the more genuine, while the other is part of a game.

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY contributes a lump of dirt to the general pelting of Mr. Goschen, by assailing his nationality and accusing him of being a German Jew. A German by extraction he is, but we have some reason to doubt his being a Jew, and to believe that the idea has arisen from the darkness of his complexion, and from the association of Hebrew history awakened by the sound of his name. But suppose he was a Jew by extraction, there is nothing about him of the anti-social and unpatriotic character of the Jew; he is as thorough an English patriot as ever breathed. Mr. McCarthy might as well say that a descendant of the Huguenots was not an Englishman, but a Frenchman, when there are no men more loyal to England, or who, in proportion to their number, have done more for her glory than the descendants of the Huguenots.

MR. GOSCHEN, at Liverpool, attacked a Gladstonite seat and reduced the Gladstonite's majority from a substantial to a nominal one. He suffered probably from the influence of Lord Randolph Churchill's defection on the "Tory Democrats," who are numerous in Liverpool, and also from the stubborn reluctance of some old-fashioned Conservatives to vote for anyone who calls himself a Liberal. Yet the defeat of the Chancellor of the Exchequer is a most serious blow to the Government, and the session opens for them under gloomy auspices. Still if men feel that their feet are on the path of duty, and if they can trust their own hearts, they may confront the angry skies; and it is possible that this Government, weak as it undoubtedly is, may yet struggle through its difficulties, rally round it the loyalty of the nation, and come out victorious after all. This is possible, at least if the nation is not rotten at the core. If it is, a Chatham could not save it. The Opposition is, at the same time, disorganized. Rivalry appears to have broken out among some of the second-rate men who now act as the lieutenants of Mr. Gladstone; and the excited vanity of Mr. Labouchere, by thrusting itself to the front and opposing a reconciliation which would be its eclipse, may render no small service to the Government.

So long as there is a half-mad Czar with his finger on the trigger of universal combustion, and with a strong temptation to pull it, in order to divert the thoughts of his people from revolution to war, Europe must be

in a dangerous condition. Barring this, and notwithstanding the preparations and counter-preparations for war, the chances appear to us to incline to the side of peace. It seems that the council of the Powers has not yet been broken up. They are still acting in concert, though it may be an uneasy kind of concert, on the Eastern Question; and, however loudly the military party everywhere may bluster, the statesmen and diplomatists have the decision in their hands, and are sure, as a rule, to be averse to war, which shakes their Governments, ruins their finances, and brings them, personally, no glory. The British Government seems to have behaved with firmness and prudence. It has been assailed by Lord Randolph Churchill, in his ignoble and impudent explanation, for not embracing the principle of non-intervention and peace-at-any-price. Not two years ago, Lord Randolph was himself denouncing Russian aggression in his usual unmeasured terms, and inveighing against those who denied that England had any concern in the matter, whereas, he said, to protect the liberties of struggling States like Bulgaria is the great principle of her diplomacy. That a politician who poses as the heir of Lord Beaconsfield, and the wearer of Elijah's mantle, should proclaim himself the champion of peace and non-intervention would be surprising and revolting, if anything done by Lord Randolph could any longer surprise or revolt. His lordship is probably on his way, through some Tory-Democratic cabal, to an ultimate junction with Radicalism, to which, if to anything, he belongs.

IN speaking hopefully of the prospect of peace, we refer to the Eastern Question. The special quarrel between France and Germany need not, like an attack of Russia upon Austria, draw England into its vortex. How far Boulanger's Chauvinism extends beyond himself and his military circle is a question which only observers on the spot can answer. We feel pretty sure that it does not extend to the peasantry. The politicians may affect to share it, but they have more to keep them sober than General Boulanger and his guard-room partisans, inasmuch as they must be keenly sensible of the fact that defeat would be the certain and immediate ruin of the Republic. The language held by France about her indefeasible right to the ceded provinces is preposterous. French territory, it seems, is sacred, and while France may take as much as she pleases of the territory of other nations, to take any of hers is sacrilege. Was not Alsace-Lorraine stolen by her from Germany in former days? Was it not recovered by Germany in a war made by France, without the slightest provocation and with the manifest purpose of robbing Germany of the Rhine provinces?

IN spite of French vapouring, Germany would probably be safe from attack if she was thoroughly true to herself. In her case, as in that of Great Britain, it is the selfish and unpatriotic virulence of domestic party that constitutes the real danger. Ultramontanists, Socialists, Particularists, Progressists, and other anti-national factions and cabals without number, are conspiring, at a moment of national peril, to tear down the Government, and wreck, if they can, the great work which has cost the nation a sea of its best blood. However, there is still a good deal of simple, honest patriotism in Germany, and Bismarck, who has plenty of resource, and is not fastidious in using it, may prove able once more to quell the hydra, and keep the nation in the path of unity and greatness.

Now there is a strike in New York which it is reckoned will cost four millions. The consequence, of course, will be widespread misery, which the community at large will be called upon to relieve, while the Labour journals will continue to preach that all poverty is caused by the tyranny of Capital, and Mr. George will continue to preach that all poverty is caused by private ownership of land.

SENSATIONALISM has about reached its climax in "She." Wilder nonsense surely never was penned. The tale is, in its leading idea, obviously a reproduction of "King Solomon's Mines," and "The Phantom City." The father of the whole series is Edgar Poe, who, however, had a genius for making extravagant fiction appear real by plausible circumstantiality which he has not bequeathed to any of his imitators.

EVERYBODY is deploring the poverty of the nominations for Toronto, and their inadequacy as a representation of this great commercial city. So it has almost always been and so it will be till Commerce sets the wire-pullers aside, and takes the representation into her own hands; in other words, till the senseless Shibboleths of Tory and Grit shall have been discarded by our commercial men, and the great economical and commercial questions shall have been installed in their room.

## SUNSHINE.

MERRILY dancing over the wave,—  
Through the wee rift—into the cave,  
Sporting with ocean centuries old,—  
Rises the Sun decked in purple and gold.

Bursting through clouds with the purest of light,  
Tinging the edges with crimson and white,  
Bathed in their blushes where blend they together,  
Rises the glorious Sun of Fair Weather.

Over the mountain with soft tender glow,  
Kissing the white tops all crested with snow ;  
Breaking through lattice of hamlet beneath,  
Yellowing maize in its delicate sheath.

Over the desert, parching for rain,  
Sultry it rises to scorch it again—  
Ball of dull red in a flame-coloured sky,  
Welcome you find not in traveller's eye.

Touching with silver the fin of the trout,  
Glancing through trees overhead, in and out ;  
Weaving the richest designs on the ground,  
With mosses and daisies and ferns interwound.

Drawing the dew from the heather bell's cyst,  
Rolling it up on the hillside in mist ;  
Shining o'er spires of village and town,  
Proudly the Sun in its course looketh down.

Painting new pictures on Nature's great page ;  
Mellowing some with the beauties of age,  
In colours so rare, that no artist may vie  
With the tints and the shades which the Sun's rays supply.

Stretching fair beams to the far-lying west,  
Sinking in splendour into its rest—  
Shadows grow long where the Sun held full sway,  
As darkness envelops the close of the day.

Kingston.

KATE EVA FRASER.

## AFTERNOON TEA.

AN item that will be quite a *bonne bouche* to everybody interested in Canadian literature reaches us anent Mr. William Kirby's "Le Chien d'Or." One must leave home to get information upon domestic matters, and it is not surprising that this bit of news comes from our agreeable friend, *The Critic*, of New York. Lord Tennyson has written to Mr. Kirby, says "The Lounger," "to say that few novels have given him more pleasure than the one in question, and that he would like to write a poem on the subject the author has treated in prose. The romance is published in English in Lovell's Library, and has been well translated into French by the French-Canadian poet, Pamphile Le May, with whose compatriots it is very popular." With Lord Tennyson's endorsement on the back, as it were, of Canadian literature, it should not be discounted.

Mr. W. H. BISHOP, whose "House of a Merchant Prince" you may remember, in a lecture at Columbia College, upon "Character and Dialect in Fiction," has been saying that he thinks it strange that American novelists write so largely of the foreign element in American life, or of American life under peculiar conditions. "Their books," he says, "are about Californians, Creoles, Acadians, Mexicans, mountaineers in Georgia and Tennessee, miners in Colorado, Shakers, Moravians, europeanised Americans—any people except those among whom they live, and about whom they ought to know most." Bret Harte, Cable, Craddock, Mary Halleck Foote, and Henry James are revealed to the casual glance as the authors most directly concerned in this indictment, and a little reflection makes one wonder at its phrasing. For surely Bret Harte lived among and knew his Spanish-Americans, Cable his Creoles, Miss Murfree her Tennesseans, and Miss Foote her Colorado miners, while Henry James, having been educated in Europe, and spent most of his bachelor existence in England, if he writes of Americans at all, might be reasonably expected to write of "europeanised Americans." Mr. Bishop makes one exception to his somewhat sweeping charge—Mr. Howells ; and he should not have made it, because, although that novelist has lately turned his attention to the strictly domestic phases of American nationality—he achieved his earliest, and some of his most notable successes, in giving it Venetian atmosphere and setting. There are plenty of brilliant writers, moreover, whom Mr. Bishop could have found, without going beyond the literary movement in New York itself, who write much more exclusively of the common

phases of American social life than Mr. Howells has done. What of Julian Hawthorne, Edgar Fawcett, Brander Matthews? The authors Mr. Bishop cites, being people of genius in the depiction of human nature, would have done work the civilised world would find acceptable and admirable in almost any quarter of it ; and it is not really strange that in giving their books the advantage of novel accessories of situation and character they have enhanced the value of them.

MR. L. R. O'BRIEN'S Saturday afternoon receptions continue to give an agreeable fillip to the Sunday dinners of those who attend them. One is almost disposed to reverse, at least for his own benefit, the popular verdict that Torontonians are not in the mass an art-loving people, upon seeing how few of the simple, direct, yet exceedingly *chic*, little brown paper invitations have been disregarded, and how thoroughly those who have accepted them seem to appreciate the privilege, Mr. O'Brien is giving us during the present succession of Saturdays the results of his last summer's trip to the Far West. They are embodied in six or seven pictures from the Selkirk Range of the Rockies, chiefly done in the vicinity of Syndicate Peak, which the artist makes a favourite subject. The plan of the pictures does not vary greatly, although each has its subtle individuality of mood. High and cold and gray in the background, the silently forbidding peaks and ridges, the stern beauty of their uncompromising curves outlining well the far purity of their creviced sides, and striking against a sky full of clear cold light. In the foreground the summer of that region, with warm patches of light upon the grass, and tall, mysterious branching cedars, and desultory streams and winding roads—all of the uplands still ; the contrast is not of valley and mountain, but of mountains gracious and susceptible to the beguilement of earth, and those nobler heights whose eternal passion flames constant to the moods of heaven alone. Any one familiar with Mr. O'Brien's work might guess what the adaptation of his manner to the treatment of such a subject as this would be. It affords marked scope for several distinguished virtues of his brush, which is markedly availed of. The tones of the picture—I am thinking especially of "the Glacier of the Selkirks"—are singularly pure and clear, the drawing trenchant and the management of light skilful, even for Mr. O'Brien ; and there is the great depth and tenderness in the painting of the dreamy middle distance, half in purple shadow, that the President of the Canadian Academy has taught us to expect from him. These mountain pictures are above all things pleasing. Mr. O'Brien has not painted among them a single angry or lowering or tempestuously unbeautiful phase of the varying sentiment of the Rockies. One half wishes that the combined possibilities of nature and of Mr. O'Brien's brush had resulted in something more stimulating than the serene loveliness he has portrayed. It is the ungrateful lot of human nature never to be satisfied.

Admitting all grand and inspiring qualities to these mountain-scenes, I must confess to having found a supreme attraction in the single lowland piece the studio contained, a picture Mr. O'Brien called his "Last Look at the Prairie"—an evening sky, softly luminous in rare and indescribable blendings of rose and gold, a sky that deepens and changes as one looks into it—a dark line of tree, farmhouse, marsh, etc., against it ; more marsh in the foreground, and water, and the glow of the sky shining in it—the idea common enough, but painted with wonderful delicacy and sympathetic interpretation.

THE HON. MR. INGALLS, whose fusillade against Canada's comportment of herself in the matter of the fisheries still amuses our politicians, and irritates the diplomatists of his own country, is not at all a gentleman who might be expected to compromise his own and his country's dignity in any such fashion. He is a most potential person in the American Senate, hated by his enemies, admired by his friends, and feared hardly less by one than the other. His logic is keen and his irony merciless, and he is an orator in the single American body which still produces orators. When Mr. Ingalls makes a query or a comment during debate, people ask each other what he said ; when he rises to speak the stragglers come in from the lobbies ; when a speech of his is announced the galleries are full. He is eloquent, forcible, scholarly, brilliant, and his discernment in the matter of his adversary's weak spots is almost second-sight. Personally, being extremely tall and slender, with a somewhat peculiarly shaped head, Mr. Ingalls is a good deal of an opportunity to the caricaturists, but he does not help them out by anything he says. Socially he is not easily met, the cares of state and society being incompatible in his eyes ; but his deportment in the "vortex," as Washingtonians are fond of calling their social festivities, is quite Chesterfieldian with a hint of ice in it. This is not at all the gentleman whom an unsophisticated colonial regard for the binding conditions of a treaty should cause to lose his head and his vocabulary, and adopt instead

those of a New York demagogue angling for the Irish vote. Perhaps the piscatorial connection makes Billingsgate appropriate, but one is surprised nevertheless, to find Mr. Ingalls using it. Moreover, the gentleman represents Kansas' interests in the Senate, which makes his ardent championship of the Massachusetts fisherman more astonishing still, unless, indeed, Mr. Ingalls has in view the sympathy of the nation and the chair of the Chief Executive.

In spite of the comparative "inclemency of the weather," as our clerical friends would say, Mrs. Robinson's "At Home" on Monday was a success upon the elaborate scale which usually characterises Government House gatherings. Fashionable Toronto was very well represented indeed, and while the rooms were comfortably filled, there was no crowding, except in the dressing-rooms, where, in the confusion of departure, some fair feminine strife is reported. Mrs. Robinson received in the charming and inimitable fashion that has won her so many golden opinions as hostess of Government House, assisted by Mrs. Grant and Miss Robinson. The splendid drawing-rooms, which have assumed quite a modern and æsthetic air under Mrs. Robinson's tasteful direction, looked their very best, and the bright faces and elegant dresses that filled them made the scene a particularly brilliant one. The band discoursed, as usual, in the conservatory, but there was very little dancing. For once youthful Toronto was conversationally rather than terpsichoreally inclined, and from the changing groups came the sound of laughter and repartee. A general anticipation prevailed of seeing, possibly hearing, the talented young Signora Arturi, which was not, however, for some sad reason, realised.

On dit that the Hon. Edward Blake has said that in case he becomes Canada's premier after the 22nd he will offer the present Lieutenant-Governor a third term of office. The rumour, whether there be any truth in it or not, certainly serves to illustrate His Honor's extreme popularity, and the high appreciation in which his services are held by both parties. The Lieutenant-Governor's successor will, without doubt, be obliged to bestir himself if he would suffer from no disadvantageous comparison; and the same may be said, with emphasis, of Mrs. Robinson's.

GARTH GRAFTON.

#### RECENT FICTION.

"THE CHAMBER OVER THE GATE," is a well bound and printed volume, published in Indianapolis by Charles A. Bates. This, however, is unhappily the only thing that the most industrious search could find to say in its favour. It is a vulgar and sensational story, drawn out to the extreme limit of tediousness. Its characters would be wholly commonplace but for the capacity for evil which most of them possess: its dialogue is either revoltingly coarse or hopelessly inane, and the only purpose it can possibly have is to exploit the possibilities of wickedness that lie in human nature. Its few redeeming features are the impression it gives of truthful local colour, which, however, we are at a loss to localise—here and there some graphic descriptive writing, and much clever presentation of negro life. Its merits, however, will not sustain the book in the opinion of the reading public, and we would strongly advise the author, Margaret Holmes, to pay some attention to the more presentable phases of humanity before she takes up her really forcible pen again to depict it in fiction.

"A STEP ASIDE," by Charlotte Dunning (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company), is one of those rare novels that interest us from the first page to the last without recourse to any subtleties of plot, or fascinations of stirring situations. It is a simple story of Monsieur Valrey and his daughter Pauline, who are poor with the poverty that lives in third-rate boarding-houses in New York, and teach painting and French for such living as this and of Hugh Langmuir, a young book-keeper, in the same financial standing and the same boarding-house. He and Pauline fall in love, as might reasonably be expected; *le bon papa* approves, and they are all very happy, and contented to wait the promise of a rather indefinite future propitious enough for matrimony. Meanwhile, Prosper, Hugh's employer, meets Pauline, introduces her to his spinster sister, who is a rich, rather vulgar, and very fanciful Fifth Avenue person, and takes Miss Valrey into her affections, gradually alienating her from her lover's. The "step aside" is Hugh's, when, mad to claim his bride, before she becomes wholly wedded to the pomps and vanities, and possibly Prosper, he speculates with his employer's money, and disastrously. This brings the wavering Pauline back to her allegiance, and, making good the lost thousand dollars from her own little capital, she forgives Hugh, Hugh forgives her, and they are happily married on the last page. The story is extremely slight, but the characters are so thoroughly well thought out, the influence of the tender passion on the varying temperaments so

faithfully shown, and so much art enters into the presentation of every little scene and incident, that it assumes a greater importance than many more pretentious mythical histories.

Of very especial interest to Canadian book-buyers will be a certain small, paper-covered volume recently from the press of the *Evening Journal* office, Ottawa. "Crowded Out" is written boldly across one cover, the title of the first of the series of sketches we read before we come to the other. Its author is "Seranus," a lady already well-known to the readers of THE WEEK, through the poems, reviews, and other articles which she has contributed to their pleasure. "Crowded Out," however, is the first of her literary efforts that has attained the dignity of book form.

Few Canadians will read Mrs. Harrison's little volume without being obliged to struggle against the temptation to say too much about it. It is only, we must tell ourselves again and again, a volume of sketches, and can by no means be set up as the measure of our general possibilities as a people, or our particular possibilities as the author. Yet it is so full of a spirit that is strange to Canadian literature that we may easily pardon ourselves if in our pleasure in apprehending it we rejoice more than beseemeth us. It is the true spirit of art that we find informing these pages of Mrs. Harrison's. They are fraught with poetic instinct, and they have an aim beyond the mere presentation of certain more or less picturesque facts. And they are conventional only in so far as conventionality forms the most effective method of expression.

The sketches are very Canadian in tone and atmosphere, very French-Canadian in local colour. French-Canadian, too, one fancies, in a certain poise and piquancy that they have, in their *bonhomie*, and in their occasional shrug. Their individuality is very marked, and there is not a dull line among them. But their construction is, for the most part, too slender. The author has erected in some of them charming unsubstantial fabrics upon foundations hardly sufficiently well considered. This gives an unequal value to her work, which is to be deprecated. One speculates, for instance, upon the *raison d'être* of "The Bishop of Saskabasquia," and does not quite find in it the graphic little pastel it presents of a colonial Church dignitary's life in the North-West. This vivid quality in the stories, however, is very admirable, and none the less so because it lights up even their faults. We predict that the book will be read from beginning to end with a keen, fresh sensation of pleasure, and closed in the very general hope that the fruit of its promise will not fail.

In "Næra, a Tale of Ancient Rome" (London: Macmillan and Co.; Toronto: Williamson and Company), Mr. John H. Graham has given us a thoroughly enjoyable novel. He has written with passion, grace, and, in the main, with accuracy. His characters are admirable studies, and but that they lack a certain rugged sternness that we have learned to look for in the Roman, would reflect almost every trait familiar to us through his legacy of letters. The plot unfolds not too many complexities, and is brought with no ordinary skill to a capital climax. The book is singularly free from the sins of affectation and strained dialogue, that do so easily beset the classical romance. There is no false colour in its descriptive chapters, no insincere ranting in its dialogue. The language flows softly and pleasantly, yet with a dignity and a reserved force that makes itself agreeably felt on every page. Here and there, in the comportment of his people, we feel that Mr. Graham has taken somewhat of a liberty with Roman verities in his desire to entertain us in our own way—we suspect his translation of being a little too free. And this, for the pleasure it gives us, we find easier to forgive, perhaps, than we should.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

HEATHER BELLES. A Modern Highland Story. By Sigma. (Edinburgh: Nimmo, Hay, and Mitchell.)

William Black has popularised the West Highlands of Scotland in several of his works. The author of this book has presented another phase of the Highland life of to-day, giving prominence to its religious side. The character of the people and the rugged and grand scenery of the Scottish Highlands are faithfully and graphically portrayed.

THE STORY OF MANON LESCAUT AND OF THE CHEVALIER DES GRIEUX. Translated from the French of l'Abbé Prévost, by Arthur W. Gundry, of Ottawa. 4to Illustrated. New York: F. T. Jones and Company.

We cannot commend the morality of this fictional masterpiece of French literature, though it is doubtless a true picture of Parisian social life in the early part of the last century, and in some degree it no doubt remains a true picture of the Paris of to-day. It has its counterpart in English contemporary fiction, though we doubt if the novels of Richardson.

Fielding, or Smollett—and we don't profess to be very familiar with any of them—enshrine a character of such mingled inconstancy and devotion as Prévost has so pathetically sketched in the heroine of his story. The work is understood to be in a large measure autobiographical, dealing with the life "of adventure and intrigue, of gallantry and gaming, of sentiment and sin," which Prévost lived in his riotous youth before entering the Church. The moral of the story, if it can be said after the delineation of such a career of vice to have a moral, is that such lifelong devotion as the Chevalier des Grieux has for the lovely but erring Manon, would have saved him much tribulation, and probably inclined the frail one to a purer life, if his consuming love for her had first been sanctified by the Church. Aside from the morality, we may commend the charm and beauty of this *édition de luxe* of Prévost's romantic story, which now appears for the first time in an Anglo-French dress. The many delicately-drawn figure-pieces throughout the volume, and Leloir's artistic full-page drawings, will win admiration wherever the book finds its way. A word, and indeed more than a word, of praise should be given to the translation, the work of a young Ottawa barrister of high culture and fine literary taste, who will be remembered, before taking to his adopted profession, as a contributor to the Canadian periodical press. We have read few translations more delightful than this one of Mr. Gundry's, preserving, as it does, the spirit and beauty of the original, with a flexibility and choiceness of diction that betray the scholar and the accomplished *littérateur*.

WE have also received the following publications:

ST. NICHOLAS. February. New York: Century Company.  
 ATLANTIC MONTHLY. February. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company.  
 SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. February. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.  
 THE SWISS CROSS. February. New York: 47 Lafayette Place.  
 LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. February. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

### MUSIC.

It was almost a pity that the Philharmonic Society's choice of a Cantata for their first concert last Tuesday should have resulted in the "Spectre Bride." Notwithstanding its immense success at Birmingham in 1885, it is a work which will succeed rather in spite of its faults than by right of its merits, and its popularity at the "Festival" was chiefly owing to the fact that it was by the Bohemian composer whose setting of the "Stabat Mater" had won the interest and enthusiasm of the whole musical world and proved him a genius of the highest rank. The "Spectre Bride," notwithstanding its magnificent instrumentation, masterly use of *leit motif*, unquestioned daring and originality, and the most vivid dramatic effects—will yet fail to rank with other immortal works of the same nature.

One drawback is the poverty and lugubriousness of the libretto. Another is the exacting nature of the solo parts, which, without special and adequate soloists, are likely to be wholly misinterpreted, and to constitute a fresh stumbling-block in the path of those who are willing enough to concede to Dvorak as to other followers of Richard Wagner, the power of writing melodious and intelligible music. With regard to soloists, the difficulty is this: simply the best singer or the finest voice will not do; one must have artists who have been trained in a special school, who declaim more than they sing, and yet who must be fully equal to sudden sustained bursts and flights of melody, calling for almost phenomenal attributes of compass and quality. It is very difficult to say what system of training will best turn out such singers. Materna, the famous soprano after Wagner's own heart, takes her high notes with a painful and obvious effort, and an imperfect intonation which go far to detract from the grand directness of her middle register. On the other hand, Adelina Patti, who, of course, can sing anything, can hardly be thought of in connection with certain modern parts, such as the Wagnerian heroines and others. It is easy then to conclude that, in the matter of solos alone, the conductor of the Philharmonic had his work pretty well cut out for him in the case of the "Spectre Bride."

The tenor music, being most melodious, and therefore most satisfactory to sing, was beautifully given by Mr. Whitney Mockridge, his somewhat frigid and passionless manner being admirably suited to the calm and seductive simplicity of Dvorak's *Spectre*—a *Spectre* in evening dress, who has nothing diabolical about him whatever, except the quality of perseverance and a habit of regarding all sacred emblems with good old traditional horror. Mr. Mockridge's method is faultless, and enables him to produce a perfectly even, smooth, and pure tenor as delightful as it is rare. Mr. Prehn was the usual conscientious near-sighted Teuton who kept his eyes alternately on his score and on the conductor, gifted, however, with a deep and sonorous baritone of good quality. Of Miss Arthurs as the *Bride*, it may be said that this young lady did her best to give a conscientious rendering of her most difficult part, but—her method is Italian, her traditions are Italian, and it is in Italian selections that she will alone rise to that rank which as an undeniably gifted artist she deserves to occupy. In fact, she was so over-weighted in the Dvorak music that the constant use of a most pronounced *tremolo* conveyed the impression that she was forcing her voice to its utmost capacity. The "Traviata" scene, however, gave complete satisfaction, and provoked a storm of applause. Miss Arthurs' strongest gifts are undoubtedly great flexibility of voice, much natural

dramatic fire, and a stage-presence which older and greater singers might well envy.

As to Mr. Torrington's Chorus, it sang well as it was sure to sing. Such brisk, sharp, incisive effects could only come from such a brisk, sharp, attentive, and careful conductor, full of that animation which he is fortunate enough to be able to transmit to his choir. The orchestra though full loud for the chorus was well in tune and up in practice, and perhaps to many present its execution of "Phédre," an overture by Massenet, the modern French composer, who, when he chooses, writes so much after Gluck, was the gem of the programme.

It is to be hoped that before long Dvorak's masterpiece, the "Stabat Mater," with new arrangements and new effects, will be heard in this city competently rendered by an efficient chorus and orchestra and suitable soloists. SERANUS.

A MOST pleasing and successful entertainment was given on the 25th ult., in the Bond Street Church, by Miss Couthou, elocutionist, of Chicago; Mrs. Corlett-Thomson, of Toronto; and Mr. C. Kelly, of Brampton. Miss Couthou proved to be an excellent elocutionist, and was encored in every piece; while Mrs. Thomson's and Mr. Kelly's vocal performance were as warmly appreciated. Mr. J. G. Lawson (the organist of the church) officiated at the organ, and Mrs. D. L. Van Black merited praise for her performance as accompanist on the occasion. The committee of Bond Street Progress Society are to be congratulated on their success, both artistically and financially; the proceeds are for the enlargement of the Sunday school.

### LITERARY GOSSIP.

"IN a book-binding factory," says *Harper's Weekly*, "some elderly women were busily folding printed sheets, making eight pages of one sheet. 'Have they been with you long?' asked a visitor of the superintendent. 'Twenty years,' was the reply. 'And doing nothing but folding sheets?' 'Nothing but that for twenty years.'"

"EDNA LYALL" (Ada Ellen Bayly), with whose novels the American public have recently been made familiar, resides in a comfortable home at Eastbourne, England. The authoress is at present correcting the proof-sheets of a new novel, which is to be brought out in February in America by Messrs. D. Appleton and Company. The title is to be "Knight Errant," and the scene is laid partly in Italy and partly in England. The story is of the present day, and deals with theatrical life.

MESSRS. FUNK AND WAGNALLS are about removing their New York store from Dey Street to their new and more commodious quarters in Astor Place, corner of Lafayette Place. This change will make that quarter of New York lying between Seventeenth Street and Bond Street even more of a literary centre than it already is. The firm will hereafter devote more attention to their two periodicals, the *Voice* and the *Homiletic Review*, which have proved the most successful of their publications during the past year.

"I HEAR," says a London letter-writer, "that the advertisements in the Christmas number of *Truth* amounted to no less a sum than £1,100. It is the good fortune of Mr. Labouchere to turn everything he touches into gold. *Truth* paid from the second number, and it now brings him in the princely income of £12,000. He was for ten years a theatrical manager, and yet lost no money. The other day Henry Irving was recalling those days when he was one of Mr. Labouchere's stock company at the Queen's Theatre, in Long Acre, and, with half a sigh, related the fact that he was only receiving £7 a week. 'Three pounds, my friend,' interposed the heartless Labby.

BELIEVING that the history and objects of the White Cross temperance movement are but little known to the general public, Miss Frances E. Willard, President of the Women's National Temperance Union, is preparing a manual that will be adopted by the society as their standard work. The author's recent work, "How to Win," passed last week into its second edition, and gives promise of easily reaching its third. It is said that Miss Willard has the largest correspondence of any woman engaged in literary work, the number of letters reaching her during the past year being over 30,000. She employs several secretaries, and by their assistance answers every letter which comes to her.

THE manuscript of Miss Winnie Davis's first literary effort is in the hands of the editor of the *North American Review*, and will be published probably in the February number of that periodical. The article will not treat of "The Lost Cause," as widely announced in certain newspapers, but will discuss "Irish Patriotism," and give a woman's views of the Irish question. Miss Davis's father was at first desirous that the article should be signed only with his daughter's initials, but the ex-Confederate leader has been persuaded to withdraw this wish, and the paper will bear Miss Davis's name in full. Jefferson Davis has taken considerable interest in the article by his daughter, although it is authoritatively denied that any part of the paper was written by him.

THE news that Mr. Lowell has once more taken up the pen and written a poem of considerable length interests Boston's literati at present more than any other event in the world of letters. Mr. Lowell's expressed determination to refrain from literary work of any character filled the souls of his admirers with disappointment. The announcement, therefore, of the completion of a poem which would occupy nearly six pages of the February *Atlantic Monthly* was a matter of some surprise and considerable pleasure. The title of Mr. Lowell's forthcoming poem is "Credidimus Jovem Regnare," and it is a production to which the poet has given much time and care.

THAT one may achieve almost world-renowned fame as an author, and still remain poor in pocket, was forcibly illustrated in a letter which a friend received a few days ago from Mrs. Rose Hartwick Thorpe, author of the famous poem, "Curfew Must Not Ring To-Night." This friend applied to Mrs. Thorpe for an autograph copy of the poem, a request to which the author acceded. In return for the favour my friend forwarded to Mrs. Thorpe a cheque for a modest sum, of which he asked her acceptance. A few days brought the following acknowledgment: "Many thanks indeed for the cheque, which is a most delightful surprise, since it is the first money, of any consideration I have ever received for the poem that has given me so wide a reputation. Although 'Curfew' has put hundreds of dollars into the pockets of elocutionists and publishers and translators, it has brought to its author only a harvest of fame. I do not lack in appreciation of this, for through it I have perhaps been enabled to do other acceptable work for the public who seem to admire my one poem so much."

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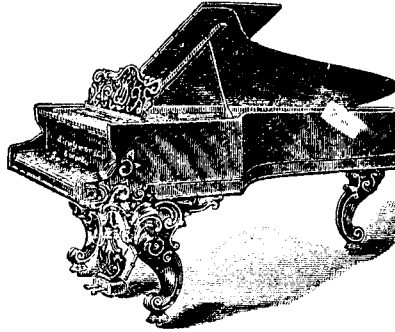
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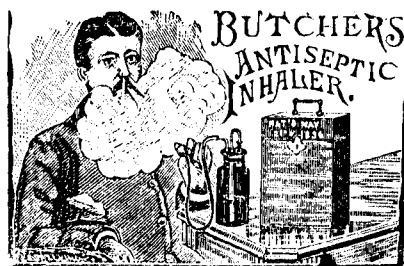
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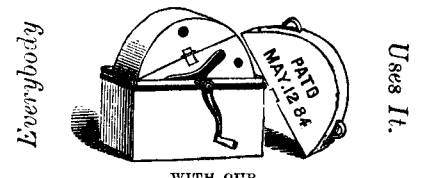
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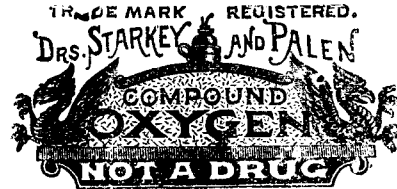
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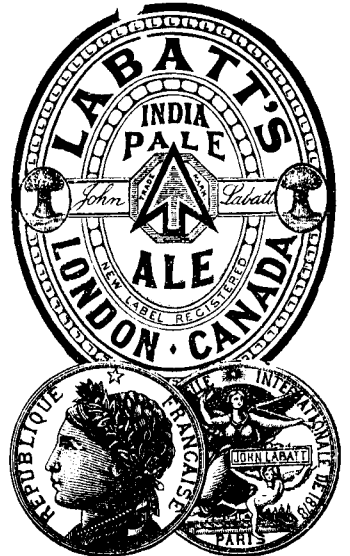
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