

# THE WEEK:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

Third Year.  
Vol. III., No. 30.

Toronto, Thursday, June 24th, 1886.

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# THE WEEK.

Third Year.  
Vol. III., No. 30.

Toronto, Thursday, June 24th, 1886.

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## THE CRISIS IN ENGLAND.

IN my first letter I said that I was prepared for the defeat of the Irish Government Bill by a small majority. But since that time victory has been trembling in the scale, and the balance has inclined different ways from hour to hour. Though I have been in correspondence with some of those who were best qualified to judge, I have remained in the utmost uncertainty almost up to the hour of the division. After Mr. Gladstone's speech at the Foreign Office, it seemed likely that Mr. Chamberlain and his friends would abstain from voting, in which case the Government could have won. At that moment, I have reason to know, the leaders of the Unionist Liberals expected to be beaten, and contented themselves with the conviction that they could carry with them a large majority of the English and Scotch members. When it appeared that Mr. Chamberlain and his friends were, after all, determined to vote, a Unionist victory seemed pretty well assured; but even then the leaders of the Unionist Liberals were by no means confident of the result. Bright's letter produced a great effect.

The majority against the Government is larger than any one with whom I have been in communication expected. It may fairly be called decisive. Yet it is no measure of the number of members of the House of Commons who are really opposed to the Bill. I said that I did not believe that if the voting were by ballot and perfectly free, the Bill would receive twenty votes outside the Parnellite party. Mr. Bright has since said exactly the same thing. He ascribes the conduct of members in supporting the Bill against their own convictions to the personal authority of Mr. Gladstone. I suspect that even the personal authority of Mr. Gladstone, great as it is with many people, would not have been sufficient to produce the effect without the impersonal authority of the Caucus, which has been exerted without mercy and without shame. Some members, no doubt, have yielded to the screw; but in others, I am happy to say, the dogged British dislike of yielding to pressure has been aroused. If anything can beat the Caucus it is the Bulldog. The breed has its unamiable features; but I am happy to see that it is not extinct. Another influence which acted on many was the fear of breaking up the Liberal Party. With this feeling I sympathise myself, though I hold that above all parties in the country, as the organ of constitutional progress for two centuries the Liberal Party has a glorious record, and has rendered the highest services—not only to England, but to humanity. It might have continued to render similar services for some time to come, had it only been in wiser and less arbitrary hands. If it is now shattered past the possibility of reunion, the blame rests on the chief, who, instead of taking the Party and its other leaders into his confidence, chose, in order that he might engross the whole credit of settling the Irish question, to prepare a scheme of his own in secret, and by a dictatorial exercise of his authority to force it on the Party. Lord Palmerston's prediction that Mr. Gladstone's want of wisdom would wreck the great majority bequeathed to him, though its fulfilment has been long deferred, is at length fulfilled.

The threat of dissolution also had its effect on Members who had just gone through the trouble and expense of an election, especially if their seats were unsafe. I cannot help thinking that the employment of this mode of

coercion by a Minister, though now familiar, is an abuse of the prerogative of the Crown. I should have been glad if the Queen had been at liberty, and could have been advised, to announce that, in order to secure to the House perfect freedom of deliberation on a question concerning the very life of the nation, whatever the result might be, no dissolution would follow.

The "old Parliamentary hand" has exhausted all the resources of his strategy, and, considering the palpable defects, or rather the utterly impracticable character of his measure, I think it must be owned that he has proved his tact and skill by holding together so large a body of supporters. His shifting series of explanations, however, which the *Times* says became at last so complex as to defy any but algebraical expression, produced an impression of trickiness which did him mischief. His reputation for straightforwardness has unquestionably suffered from his recent conduct in the eyes of impartial men. Nothing could be more explicit than his declaration that the Purchase Bill, which was to save the land-owners from confiscation, was "inseparable" from the Home Rule Bill. Out of that pledge he has now slipped by saying that he only meant that the two Bills were to be laid together before the House, intimating at the same time pretty broadly that he is ready to leave the Purchase Bill to its fate, if by so doing he can gain any votes. One of his friends in the Press asked us indignantly the other day, whether it was possible to believe that such a man as Mr. Gladstone would do anything that his conscience did not approve. Certainly not; but the unfortunate part of it is that Mr. Gladstone's conscience seems to approve everything that conduces to the glory of Heaven and Mr. Gladstone. Sir Robert Peel, when he changed his opinion on the subject of the Corn Laws, paid a signal and noble tribute to public morality. Not only did he avow his conversion in the frankest manner, but he at once resigned office, and did not resume it till the Whigs, having had the fairest opportunity which he could give them, had failed to form a Government. Mr. Gladstone one day denounces Mr. Parnell as marching through rapine to the disintegration of the Empire, and berates a Conservative Government for forming an alliance with him: next day, without a word of explanation or apology, he flings himself into Mr. Parnell's arms, accepts office at his hands, and proceeds to give legislative effect to his designs. He appeals to the constituencies to give him a majority such as will make him independent of Mr. Parnell, and he then places himself, and all that remains to him of his party, in a position of complete dependence on Mr. Parnell's will. Nor does he say a word to reassure the consciences of his friends, or to relieve them from their equivocal position. All he thinks of is persuading them personally to follow him, and, if they hang back, coercing them through the Caucus or by threats of a dissolution. He now flings himself into the arms, not only of the Disunionist Mr. Parnell, but of the Jacobin Mr. Labouchere, whom he has chiefly employed in his attempts to bring over by negotiation the seceding Liberals. A strange close for the career of one who set out in public life as the hope of Conservatives and High Churchmen, the pre-eminently cultured and Christian statesman!

The struggle has been one of extraordinary intensity, as well it might be, considering that the stake was nothing less than the integrity of the nation. I think there is a growing conviction that disintegration will not stop at Ireland, but that, if Ireland goes, India will follow, while with India will go the Indian market. The resolute firmness with which the Unionist Liberals have withstood the screw is, as I said before, a very redeeming feature in a generally ominous situation, and leads one to hope that in that quarter a man may be found who will try to control events instead of abandoning himself with fatalistic helplessness to the current of headlong change. Unless such a man appears, depend upon it, disaster is at hand. Mr. Chamberlain has shown a very remarkable force of character. He is of course savagely baited by the Parnellites. But I believe it will turn out that he has done what was best not only for the country but for himself. For Dismemberment, when its consequences were felt, would certainly have been followed by a strong recoil. The spirit of the British nation, though it has been brought low, is not yet dead.

Fears are naturally felt as to the effect which the rejection of the Bill may produce in Ireland. But Canada has seen something of the Nationalists under their former name of Fenians, and she can tell England that while they are never appeased by concession they are sometimes appeased by defeat. Riots are unfortunately going on in Belfast, their frequent scene. They give us an inkling of what an Irish Parliament will be. The

attitude of the Ulster men has, however, had a most salutary influence on the course of events. Evidently they are not going to allow Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley to drown them like a litter of puppies. Those whose prevailing motive in conceding Home Rule is to escape trouble have to look out for trouble on both sides.

As I write, the Ministers are deliberating whether they shall resign or dissolve. What some of their partisans apparently would like them to do is to pass a Registration Bill doctoring the constituencies in their own interest and then go to the country. But this will hardly be allowed. A Government which has been defeated on a vital question is not entitled to proceed with important legislation. Had the majority against the Bill been very small, Mr. Gladstone would certainly have dissolved: as it is, he may hesitate, though he is understood to be advised by his agents that he is sure of success in the election. There is no use in writing about the chances of an election till the decision of the Cabinet is known.

Oxford, June 8.

The Government, as was expected, has resolved on dissolution, and a contest now impends in which all loyal citizens will have to strain every nerve in defence of the integrity of the nation, and the result of which, when every nerve is strained, will still be terribly doubtful. If the intelligence of the country were to decide, there would be no doubt whatever, for Mr. Gladstone has himself virtually confessed that intelligence is unanimous against his plan, and though his selfishness may lead him to represent all who differ from him as biassed by class feeling, no man of sense will concur with him in that view. But the decision rests with masses not only ignorant of the Irish question, but almost indifferent to it, and led by Mr. Gladstone's name, by vague phrases such as "conciliation" and "autonomy," or by inducements totally irrelevant, such as the promise of "three acres and a cow." I was so impressed with the tremendous nature of the risk which a general election would involve, and with the impossibility of foreseeing the result, that when Mr. Gladstone had virtually withdrawn his Bill for the Session, I besought my political friends to consider the expediency of treating the Bill as dead, and declining to divide or to prolong the discussion. I ought to say that at that time the result of the division itself was very doubtful, the balance in fact inclined in favour of the Government. It was thought, however, after anxious deliberation, that the moral effect of declining a division would be bad; so perhaps it would have been, and it is not for me to presume to criticise the judgment of those who were actually engaged in the struggle, and on whom the responsibility rested. But looking at the matter from a strictly practical point of view, and with reference to the nation's chance of ultimate escape from the danger, I cannot help still wishing that the less adventurous course had been pursued. It would have had, as I urged at the time, this, among other advantages, that a number of Ministerialists who were known to be in their hearts against the Bill would have remained uncommitted, whereas they are now committed and must go to their constituents pledged in favour of Dismemberment. The revival of the Bill was hardly to be feared, since it was certain that the partial admission of the Irish members to Westminster was just as impracticable as their total exclusion, so that the second and revised edition of the measure could hardly have fared better than the first.

As to the probable result of the election, I can only give you the most general impression. Calculation is out of the question, and is hardly attempted even by those who are best informed. The Irish vote will of course be cast solid for Mr. Gladstone, and by its aid he will gain some seats in the cities, especially in those of the North, where the Irish vote is strong. He will probably lose as many by the Liberal Unionist Secession. What the agricultural labourers will do in the counties is at present a mystery. An eminent Conservative of my acquaintance tells me that he expects a Gladstonite gain; but he is rather a pessimist, and he assigns no definite ground for his expectation. The feeling of antagonism to the squire and the parson is said by good judges to be strong in the mind of Hodge, but there seems to be no reason why it should be stronger on this than on the last occasion. Unless some occult change has come over Hodge, the balance of parties on the whole seems likely to remain much as it is.

The Liberal Secession carries with it, to an extent out of proportion to its numbers, the local influence and the sinews of war. I have reason to believe that the Gladstonites are at a loss for candidates, and, if they are forced in many cases to take weak men, and men unconnected with the constituency, they will be at a disadvantage even in such a contest as the present.

On the other hand, Coalitions are difficult to work; and the present is a Coalition of three parties, the Chamberlainians being a distinct party

from the Hartingtonians. The leaders and central managers are, I have no doubt, firmly resolved to keep the pact and to enforce its observance as far as they can. I have a remarkable instance of Conservative good faith and forbearance before my eyes in this county. But local zeal and animosity may sometimes defy control, and unless they can be restrained, there will be reprisals, and disaster to Coalition will ensue. Still it is something to see Englishmen of different parties laying faction aside and combining for the salvation of the country.

One thing which operates with the people, I believe, is the hope that Mr. Gladstone's Bill will rid them of the Irish. I need not say that the idea is preposterous. Instead of ridding them of the Irish, the measure will, by frightening away capital from Ireland and disturbing commerce, aggravate Irish distress and send more Irish than ever over to England.

But at present, I repeat, all is darkness, and one can only hope that there is something in the country which may save it yet.

For some weeks to come I shall probably be pretty well occupied in fulfilling to the utmost of my limited power the commission given me, when I was leaving Toronto, by the members of our Loyal and Patriotic Union, to represent their sympathy with the Unionists here in the hour of the national peril.

Oxford, June 10, 1886.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

### OUR PARIS LETTER.

"THE rain, it raineth every day!" Rain for the *Bataille des Fleurs*, a repetition in miniature of the *Bataille* at Nice, which closed the fêtes in the gardens of the Tuileries, and rain for the *Grand Prix*. This latter crowns the Parisian season. In a week or two, the gay crowds of the Champs Elysées will have sensibly diminished, and the fair capital be left to the mercies of those Vandal hordes, in the guise of Provencials and Britishers.

On Sunday last, instead of the usual brilliant throngs upon all the routes leading from the city to the race-course, there was an unfortunate mass of water-proofed, umbrellaed individuals trying to make the best of a very melancholy situation. No toilette is too extravagant or too gorgeous for the *Grand Prix*, so that it is quite pathetic to think that the result of so much planning was all hidden under a matter of fact *impermeable*. Last year the winning of *Paradox* was almost an understood thing beforehand, but over *Minting's* success, opinions were more divided. He belongs to Mr. R. C. Tyner, this hero of the hour, and was mounted by F. Archer. Three minutes and eighty-nine seconds of suspense, a sudden burst of imprecations on the one hand, a volley of hurrahs on the other, and the "great event *de la* season," as a French Journal calls it, is over. The English have won—*tant pis*. So much the worse!

This international race has been run for the twenty-third time, the first having taken place in 1863. Eleven times the French have been successful, ten times the English, once the Hungarians, and once the Americans, with Foxhall in '81.

Though some not insignificant sums are betted nowadays, we are certainly less extravagant than in the time of Louis XVI., when Mme. de Genlis tells us, in order to give a necessary example of economy to his courtiers the King staked a modest *petit écu*, while about him 7,000 and 6,000 louis were being lost and gained. If we are to learn from those above, our present "ruler" might be followed with profit.

In the political world, naturally the all important subject is the *question des Princes*. We have a little playful plotting, etc. Sudden posing *en ingénu* on the one hand, and so-called unbiassed opinions and patriotism on the other. "To be consistent, the Republic should regard all as citizens merely, and treat them as such."—"But the Princes are not citizens, and never will be!" In the meantime the *Chambre* is working in very Penelope-like fashion.

An illustrated review of Bretagne and Angou has been recently founded with the aim of grouping together Breton and Angevin writers and artists. To celebrate its success a dinner was given the other evening, at which M. Renan and Jules Simon presided. Not a little interesting were their speeches, the former giving several little sketches of his life—of his first taking up arms in the cause of free thought in '48, of his obtaining his present position in the Collège de France in '70, through the illustrious confrère at his side; the latter tracing in an amusing manner the changes the last forty years had operated in Bretagne. Very different is the reception the author of *La Vie de Jésus* receives to-day in his native province when he resorts thither, to that which would have greeted him fifty years ago. M. Simon closed his remarks with the following anecdote:

"Being in Tréguier, I visited the room in which Renan was born. I asked the old woman who conducted me over the house, if strangers often

came to see it. "Yes," she replied. "Englishmen?"—"Oui Monsieur."—"Sell them the pen with which the *Vie de Jésus* was written, you would gain a small fortune."—"But I have it not." The old Bretons spoke with this woman, the modern ones would have exclaimed, "I shall buy a gross to-morrow." L.L.

Paris, June 9th, 1886.

#### AT THE FARM OF PHRASIDAMUS.

WHERE elm and poplar branch to branch have grown,  
In cool, deep shade the shepherds take their rest  
On beds of fragrant vine-leaves newly strown,  
Till the great sun declineth in the west.  
From thorny thickets round, as if opprest  
By secret care, the ring dove maketh moan ;  
With sudden cry from some remoter nest,  
The nooning owlet hunts in dreams alone ;  
A merry noise the burnt cicadas make,  
While honeyed horns are droning everywhere ;  
The fruit-trees bend as though foredoomed to break  
With burden heavier than their strength can bear,  
And if the faintest zephyr seem to shake,  
Drop down an apple now, and now a pear.

E. C. LEFROY.—*Echoes of Theocritus.*

#### LITERARY NOTES FROM PARIS.

THE Austrian Foreign Office has commenced the publication of a selection of the despatches of Baron Stürmer, who had been delegated to St. Helena, to report on the attitude and situation of Napoleon. These reports were addressed to Prince de Metternich. In December, 1816, the ex-Emperor was menaced with fever and dropsy. A mixture of Eau de Cologne and fresh water was employed to relieve his headache. The servant, in bathing the head let the wash run into Napoleon's eyes, who immediately exclaimed, "Murder! Assassin!" A vigorous indulgence in cursing and swearing at all within his reach secured the necessary calm.

In 1817 Napoleon took an aversion towards all his French *entourage*. Even Las-Casas was so displeasing that Madame de Montholon replaced him in secretarial duties; the prisoner dictated his life to her, and in the third person—in imitation of Cæsar's Commentaries. Bonaparte had an illegitimate son, by one of the ladies of his suite; he objected to its being baptized by the Protestant clergyman, but it was, none the less, and was named, "Charles Henri-Helena Napoleon." Bonaparte had a marked friendship for Admiral Malcolm; he complained of being too strictly confined on a rock, from which only a bird could escape. He demanded to receive the honours of a sovereign, "if only for amusement's sake;" then he added after reflection, "it is impossible, as I abdicated."

Respecting his invasion of England from Boulogne-sur-Mer, he explained that his plan was to delude the English navy: to simulate an embarking of his troops for America, and when the British fleet was in pursuit, to double back, and cover, during fifteen days, the landing of the entire army of invasion. Armadas, experience shows, cannot be handled like clock-work. Napoleon had a noted dislike for the Prussians, but he admired the Muscovites. "Take care," said he, "Russia only needs a grand man to dictate to Europe." The Cossack cavalry, he often repeated, alone could desolate the Continent; they ravage and desolate a country. "They cannot be caught. I have never taken any of them prisoners."

Russia, he observed, can never be a great maritime power; her expenditure under this head is so much money thrown into the sea. All she requires is a fleet to look after the Turks and a lesser one in the Baltic. When informed that Ney had been shot, he merely remarked: "I am astonished he was not beheaded; he was brave, but he betrayed me at Fontainebleau." Ney was nevertheless executed for deserting Louis XVIII. after swearing he would bring the "Ogre of Corsica" in an iron cage to His Majesty. Instead, he went over to Napoleon on his escape from Elba. Respecting the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, Bonaparte said: "I did not judge him, I had him shot, as he conspired against me."

THE making of a Maritime Canal, connecting the Bay of Biscay with the Mediterranean, has ever been an ideal water-way with the French. It would avoid the dangerous and perilous passage by Gibraltar. Ex-Prime Minister Duclerc gave much attention to the project, and other politicians have taken up the subject. With the popular mind, the canal means independence of England at Gibraltar. As a general remark, the value of any canal, in time of war, will depend on the Power that can command the entrance or the exit.

M. de Lesseps has never associated himself directly with the work; he prefers to devote his spare moments to the creation of an Inland Sea from

Tunisia to flood the Sahara. He is also a platonic sustainer of connecting Paris with the sea, and converting the Plain St. Denis into a Liverpool Docks. Deputy Wickersheimer is so full of the Maritime Canal that he sees the day near when Gibraltar would be knocked down to the highest bidder, and the chain-belt which girdles England and her vast Colonies cut. Then, he adds, the Mediterranean would become a "French Lake," and Italy be compelled to sue for alliance with New France.

The Maritime Canal, it appears, would save vessels an economy, in point of route, of 940 miles. In time of peace, no objection would be offered to English ships, because as in the case of the Suez Canal, they might bring four-fifths of the traffic. In time of war, circulation through the canal might be blocked out. The writer is not so chauvinistic as he seems, since he states all the wheat for England would be carried *via* the canal, from Marseilles. He does not afford an estimate of the cost of the canal; but he believes it would be love's labour lost to look to the Government for aid. M. de Lesseps is engaged on that Sisyphean task in order to complete the Panama Canal. The moral consequences etc., of the project are dilated upon, but financiers would prefer a demonstration that the thing would pay.

The late Duc de Broglie's *Souvenirs* are full of interesting details; they are in course of publication by the present duke. The *Souvenirs* cover the most stirring events of the reign of Napoleon I., and the Restoration. They were completed in 1857, when the author was seventy-two years of age; but only deal with events down to 1831, when Casimir Perier entered on the political scene. In the portraits of historical personages, the touches are always original, sober and vigorous. The father of the author of the *Souvenirs*, was, at thirty years of age, colonel and chief of the staff of the army of the Rhine. Desaix, then only a simple lieutenant, was his aide-de-camp. The colonel having protested against the decrees of the Assembly, was cashiered; later he was arrested, guillotined, and his estates confiscated.

When the widowed duchess and her children were allowed to return to France, they found the castle at Broglie a wreck. Even the sashes of the windows had been sold off. The bronze cannon, that their martial ancestors had taken from the enemy, and which ornamented the grounds, had been melted to make copper money. The Duc viewed the Coup d'Etat of the eighteen Brumaire as a deliverance: it had all which "excused such an act—genius, wisdom, glory." The following four years, along with the ten Henri IV. ruled, he asserts, formed the best and noblest part of the history of France.

The author saw Napoleon in 1806, at Poitiers, when he was travelling to seize the Spanish king, Ferdinand VII., in the trap laid for him at Bayonne. Napoleon was no longer the slim, olive-coloured young man with the "wild-beast look," when First Consul. He was now short, thick, bandy-legged; with leaden features, and bald forehead. The Empress Josephine was all paint and patches; but her escort of ladies of honour was splendid—"an ambulatory harem, led by a plastered old Sultana." Napoleon, when asked if a crowd of small residences ought to be demolished to make way for military works, replied, "an engineer ought to be pitiless." Asked about his retreat from Moscow, the Emperor observed: "After all, what has it cost me? Only 300,000 men, in which there was a satisfactory sprinkling of Germans."

The Duc, being an hereditary peer, sat in judgment on Marshal Ney. He did not participate in the "White Terror;" he considered the bravest of the brave was dominated by Napoleon, fascinated into high treason, and so worthy of extenuating circumstances. The author was no believer in the divine-right ideas of the restored Bourbons. He accepted the revolution *in globo*, as an inevitable, salutary crisis; politically, he regarded the government of the United States as the future of civilized nations, and that of England but adapted for the time being.

The Duc de Broglie married the daughter of Madame de Staël, at Pisa, in 1816; only his mother consented to the union. The bride being a Protestant, an Irish Episcopal clergyman performed the second religious ceremony. All the Duc gave in the way of presents to his bride, was an English Bible, which he said, "I will treasure all my life as the most precious relic of her memory." Madame de Staël's existence was a very agitated one. She was all storm, followed by pitiable stress. She went right to the heart, or bottom, of things, and while piercing sophisms, hypocrisies, and intrigues, struck brusquely. Her temperament made not only her private home unhappy, but prematurely terminated her life in 1817 by bringing on an attack of paralysis. She was interred at Coppet, in Switzerland, with her father and mother—the Neckers. All three had a dread of precipitate burial, and requested by will that their remains should be immersed in a black marble vase, filled with spirits of wine. Which was done, and so remains to this day. ZERO.

## IN THE CLOISTERS, WINCHESTER COLLEGE,

[Suggested by the sight of a boy's gravestone.]

How broad the gulf which delving Time hath made  
Between those happy living and these dead.

Two things are ever with us, youth and death—  
The Faun that pipes, and Pluto unbeguiled ;  
From age to age still plays the eternal child,  
Nor heeds the eternal doom that followeth.  
Ah, precious days of unreflecting breath !  
There lay (so might we fancy) one who smiled  
Through all life's paradox unreconciled,  
Enjoying years the grown man squandereth.  
And if his latest hour was touched with pain,  
And some dim trouble crossed his childish brain,  
He knew no fear,—in death more blest than we.  
And now from God's clear light he smiles again,  
Not ill-content his mortal part to see  
In such a spot, amid such company.

E. C. LEFROY.—*Sonnets.*

## GOETHE'S "FAUST."\*

In the First Part, Mephistopheles appears among the hosts of Heaven to criticise the creation they so greatly applaud. His attention is particularly attracted to man, the most questionable, it must be confessed, of all the productions of the creative power. To Mephistopheles it does not seem questionable at all, but only laughable. Man—we quote from Sir Theodore Martin's translation of the evil spirit's speech—

had been better off hadst thou not some  
Faint gleam of heavenly light into him put ;  
Reason he calls it, and doth yet become  
More brutish through it than the veriest brute.

This gleam of heavenly light, which leads Faust to scorn all that is within his reach, and to strive for ever for an unattainable good, is at once the distinguishing characteristic of all that is best in humanity, and the butt at which the sharpest arrows of the scoffing fiend are aimed. The Lord names him as a representative of mankind ; Mephistopheles accepts and ridicules him as such. To him the Lord replies :—

Though now he serve me stumblingly, the hour  
Is nigh when I shall lead him into light.  
When the tree buds the gardener knows that flower  
And fruit will make the coming seasons bright.  
*Mephistopheles.* What will you wager? If you only let  
Me lead him without hindrance my own way,  
I'll answer for it you shall lose him yet !  
*The Lord.* So long as on this earth he lives, you may  
Your snares for him and fascinations set ;  
Man, while the struggle lasts, is prone to stray.

The rendering of the last line is correct enough, but inadequate, and as this is one of the turning-points of the poem, we should hardly have been ready to forgive the translator but for other passages in which he has surpassed our expectations. The "while his struggle lasts," suggests the idea of a Christian "state of probation," which was entirely absent from the poet's mind when he wrote the Prologue in Heaven ; nay, which he in many cases carefully avoids every reference to, in this, the First Part of "Faust." The words that Goethe puts into the mouth of the Lord are, baldly translated, "Man errs as long as he actively aspires." The only refuge from error therefore would be quiescence, that is, according to the teaching of the poem, spiritual death. The doctrine may be true or false ; in either case it is the central idea of the drama. Carlyle perceived this. He adopted and restated the teachings of the poet, though in a strange way, and with modifications that Goethe would hardly have accepted. "Man's unhappiness," he says, "as I construe, comes of his greatness ; it is because there is an infinite in him, which with all his cunning he cannot quite bury under the finite," and this, it may be remarked in passing, is the very conviction that Schopenhauer has stated in a more scientific way.

But to return to the poem. It is clear from the Prologue in Heaven that the hero's soul cannot finally be lost ; for, if it were, the evil spirit would triumph not only over his human prey but over the Lord himself ; and so Faust does not sell his soul, as in the old legend Dr. Faustus did, but the wager in heaven is balanced by a wager on earth. From the very first the hero shows a contempt of his tempter, and it is in scorn that he makes his offer :—

*Faust.* If e'er in peace on sluggard's couch I lie,  
Then may my life upon the instant cease !  
Cheat thou me ever by thy glozing wile,

\* "Faust," a dramatic poem by Goethe. Part II. Translated by Sir Theodore Martin.

So that I cease to scorn myself, or e'er  
My senses with a perfect joy beguile,  
Then be that day my last ! I offer fair,  
How say'st thou ?

*Mephistopheles.* Done !*Faust.*

My hand upon it ! There !  
If to the passing moment e'er I say,  
"Oh linger yet ! thou art so fair !"  
Then cast me into chains you may,  
Then will I die without a care !  
Then may the death-bell sound its call,  
Then art thou from thy service free,  
The clock may stand, the index fall,  
And time and tide may cease for me.

In the original the character of the pact is even more distinctly marked. The words "*Die Wette biet' ich,*" here translated, "I offer fair," literally mean "This wager I offer."

This then is the condition imposed by Faust on the devil, to which Goethe referred in his conversation with Sulpiz Boisserée ;\* and it will at once be seen that to win his two wagers Mephistopheles must not only lead his victim away from the source of his being, and make him eat dust like the snake, but he must also render him contented with the condition to which he has been reduced. It is the old question that is here reproduced in a new form : Can all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them satisfy the hunger of a single human soul ?

The Second Part contains the answer, which, however, we must turn to the end of it to find. When Care alone of the four Gray Sisters can enter the rich man's abode, the aged hero repels her with the statement of what his life has really been—

I've galloped merely through the world, I own.  
Each pleasure by the hair I'd seize,  
Cast off whatever failed to please,  
What 'scaped me let unheeded go.  
First craving, then achieving, then  
Longing for something new again ;  
And stoutly on through life went storming so,  
Grandly at first, and foremost in the race,  
But sagely now, and at a sober pace.  
Of man and earth I know enough ; what lies  
Beyond is barricaded 'gainst our eyes.  
Fool, who with blinking gaze out yonder peers,  
And dreams of kindred souls in upper spheres.  
Let him stand firm and look around him here.  
Not dumb this world to him that bears a brain :  
Why through eternity should he career ?  
What things he knows will in his grasp remain.  
So let him roam on through his earthly day ;  
Though spirits gibber, calmly hold his way ;  
And longing still, and still unsatisfied,  
Accept his fate, let joy or grief betide.

The grand ring of the old hero's defiance is somewhat lost in the rendering, but it is clear enough, even from the English translation, that Mephistopheles has not yet won his wager with Faust. The eager mind does not yet repose on the sluggard's couch ; it has not ceased, in the best and highest way, to scorn itself. Faust's senses have not yet been beguiled by a perfect joy. It is true that in the next scene he does say to the passing moment—"Oh linger yet, thou art so fair." But it is only in anticipation of a success that seems at hand, not in its actual possession. Mephistopheles and his chorus of Lemurs of course seize upon the words, and declare that the clock stands still and the index falls, but no fair umpire would decide that the evil spirit had won the match.

The moral of 'Faust' is, therefore, that the dissatisfaction of the human soul with all that is, or can be, given it, is a sign of its higher origin ; its discontent is its passport to larger spheres. All through the poem weight is laid on the effort rather than the result, the aspiration rather than the achievement. It is because Sir Theodore Martin has not clearly grasped this fact that it becomes necessary to insist upon it so strongly. Goethe was no utilitarian. In his opinion, as in that of the earlier Christians, man was not placed in this world merely to perform acts of beneficence, but to work out his own salvation. If any authority for this explanation of the plan of the poem be demanded, we have the highest, the poet's own. In recording a conversation that took place on the 6th of June, 1831, Eckermann writes :—

We spoke about the conclusion of "Faust," and Goethe called my attention to the passage, "The noble member of the spirit world is delivered from evil ; the power is given us to save him who constantly and actively aspires, and if love from above, too, has sympathised with him, the hosts of the blessed meet him with a hearty welcome." "These verses," he said, "contain the key to Faust's salvation. In Faust himself, an

\* I inquired about the conclusion. *Goethe.* "That I will not—I must not tell, but it, too, is finished ; I have succeeded in it well, even greatly ; it belongs to my best period." "I fancy the devil will lose in the end." *Goethe.* "Faust from the first makes a condition with the devil, out of which the rest follows."

effort that becomes higher and purer till the end; and the eternal love that brings help to him from above. This is entirely in harmony with the conceptions of our religion, according to which we are not saved by our own power alone, but by the divine grace which assists it. By the way, you must also confess that it was a difficult thing to write the conclusion, where the redeemed soul hovers upwards; and that in treating such supernatural things, of which it is hardly possible even to dream there would have been a danger of my losing myself in vague abstractions if I had not given my poetical idea a pleasingly limited form and stability, by employing the sharply-defined outlines of the figures and conceptions of the Christian Church."

Thus Mephistopheles has, in every higher sense, lost his wager with Faust. The man whom he undertook to lead step by step down the road to perdition has risen from every sin and error to a nobler enterprise, stronger in himself and greater in his aims. This is an essential part of the leading idea of the poem. Faust does not sink from his love of Gretchen into the base debaucheries of the first Walpurgis Night; he rises above it to the conception of the highest intellectual beauty in Helen of Troy. There is no retrogression in his life's history; his aims may vary, but he is never satisfied with a poorer joy or a smaller purpose than the last. Without any conscious determination of his own he is drawn upwards and onwards by the mere force of his own development. And as he grows, Mephistopheles shinks before him, until at last he compels the very spirit of denial and destruction to create a new realm, where millions may live, not in safety, it is true, but free by their own exertion.

Yes! This one thought absorbs me wholly—rife  
With wisdom's final lesson, and most true:  
He only merits freedom, merits life,  
Who daily has to conquer them anew.  
So, girt by danger, shall youth, manhood, age,  
Pass kindly here their busy pilgrimage.

Such are almost the last words of the man whom the Lord from the first declared to be his servant, though Mephistopheles thought his service of the strangest kind; and, in spite of all his sins, it is clear that he who can speak thus has not denied his Master; nay, that by the unconscious instrumentality of his tempter he has been led from darkness into light.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

#### AN ODE OF HORACE.—BOOK II., ODE 14.

DONE INTO ENGLISH ALCAICS.

FAST fleet the seasons, Postumus, Postumus,  
Nor can affection's tender anxiety  
Unfold sad age's wrinkles, charming  
Death the Unwearied to stay his footsteps.

'Twere vain to hope by numberless hecatombs,  
Fond friend, to soothe the grim Dis the Unsoothable,  
Whose stream tremendous shades emprisons—  
Tityus and Geryon miscreated.

Ah! dismal wave, and once to be sailed upon  
By every mortal nursed by the fostering  
Earth-mother, be he prince or lord, or  
Peasant who ploughs but a dozen acres!

We vainly shun the sword of the enemy  
And far-resounding breakers of Adria;  
We vainly shrink, through sickly autumn,  
From the malarious breath of Auster.

The slow and darksome River of Murmuring,  
And the despairing daughters of Danaus,  
We all shall look on, and the pains of  
Sisyphus, sentenced to toil for ever.

Hearth, home, and love, with all of its witchery,  
Shall stay behind; and all of your nurseries  
Shall only yield their lord some sombre  
Boughs of a cypress to deck his ashes.

A younger heir more suited for revelry  
Shall careless quaff your ripest of Cæcuban,  
And stain the floor with rich libations  
Fitter for feasts of the Gods or pontiffs.

F. BLAKE CROFTON.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PHANTOM-SHIP: A REMINISCENCE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I know of no place where the mirage is so deceptive as in the waters of the Gulf and River St. Lawrence, save in the far-famed Bay of Naples, where the ever-varying scene at sunset carries with it something of enchantment.

Here the fairy's wand is ever at work; and, while gazing on magic

scenes of indescribable beauty that even a Claude could scarcely portray, the mind also as well as the sight becomes enthralled, and both senses are led captive, induced by the surrounding scenery and by the thoughts of a bygone age. Vesuvius may be quiescent, or it may be throwing its lurid light ever and anon over the scene; the Apennines in the background may give a sombre hue to the city over which its blue shadows are thrown; Herculaneum and Pompeii lie exhumed to the gaze of the observer, teaching of the inner life of a people of a thousand years ago; Fancy may harrow up the dying gladiator or the Christian martyr, and people the amphitheatre with the thousands of applauding voices, at the repulsive sights of the arena, induced by the spirit of a sensuous age, and by the prevalent worship of Naples' favourite goddess, or by the idol worship of a thousand gods.

An Italian sunset cannot well be portrayed, because of its changeful character. Like lightning's flashes, its prisms vary in hue according to nature's changeful moods; but with twilight all is changed, save Vesuvius, whose lurid light becomes more distinct, and is thrown over the cities of the dead, as beacons to the living.

It was many years after viewing these glorious scenes—under conditions that have never been equalled—that I was thrown for successive years on duty in the Gulf and River St. Lawrence.

Here the atmospheric changes are equally great, but they are devoid of that soft loveliness and beauty that so entrance the observer in the sunny land of Italy. Ships with masts, and masts without hulls,—that may be miles distant—appear to be in the vicinity of the observer. Inverted ships, sails, and masts, floating in the air, without hulls, may be observed in the morning and evening when the atmosphere and temperature of the water are favourable to refraction or reflection; in fact, nothing can be more grotesque than the figures that are assumed on these occasions. It has been said that vessels have been seen floating in the air from off the cape in Quebec, when in reality they may have been hundreds of miles down the river or in the gulf.

It was an early morn in June that I left the *Godbout*, in a small pilot-boat, with my men, Hubert Duchene and Italien Germain, in the hope of reaching Bersems by the night. It was a dead calm, and the south shore was enveloped in mist, so that the men took to the oars, and pulled steadily on for above an hour. Suddenly an immense shark rose about three hundred yards from the boat, with another large fish in company. For about two minutes they played about the surface of the water. Hastily ramming a ball over the charge of shot, I fired. In a moment all was still; but when rowing hastily to the spot no appearance of any damage could be seen. Reloading, we proceeded slowly upwards, in the hope that the fellow would rise again; nor did we wait long, for after a short interval the brute rose again, not so far off as before.

The ping of the bullet appeared to tell, for on reaching the spot the water appeared discoloured, as though the fish had been wounded. In any case, that was the last we saw of him, for he rose no more in our vicinity.

The year previous, an Indian with a child, in his canoe, had a narrow escape from one of these monsters. He was off Seven Islands when the voracious brute pursued the canoe, and it was only by dint of speed, and the ruse of throwing something overboard to divert the attention of the shark, that he managed to escape by running the canoe on shore and jumping out quickly with the child, the shark following them till he was nearly stranded.

In 1858 Captain Harbour, of Gaspe, had killed a very large whale off Anticosti, and while towing it to one of the islands off Mingan they perceived two large sharks (the men said nineteen feet long) following them and tearing large pieces of the blubber from off the mammal.

They lowered a boat to beat the sharks off, but the brutes attacked the men, and tore off a large piece of the gunwale of the boat, so that the men had to retreat on board with all speed. I arrived the same day of the capture of the whale. It was indeed a monster. This digression will be excused. So now for the Phantom Ship, that startled both myself and men, and which will hold in memory as long as life lasts.

The south shore had been in a dense fog from early dawn. By and by a slight air was felt, and the mist was slowly rising. Turning our eyes to the south, we saw what appeared to be the hull of a ship looming into view. It had no masts nor sails, and was of a creamy white. The fog became less dense, and soon the masts, yards, and standing rigging became apparent, all of the same colour as the ship. Surprised at her movements, for there were no sails to be seen, we gazed in astonishment. Nearer and nearer she approached; and now the running gear and the full swell of the gossamer-like sails were distinctly seen. As we watched the strange appearance of the vessel, and, as it neared our boat, we plainly perceived the faces of the crew, as of dead men. Some were looking over the side of the ship, some were about the deck, but all were ghastly and weird-looking.

We stood gazing for at least five minutes from its first appearance—the men surprised and speechless. The glow of the rising sun, and the evaporation of the mist, dispelled this optical delusion, and our visitant became a dissolving view.

It was, indeed, a Phantom Ship, the creation of atmospheric causes which we can hardly understand. We were all astounded, and it was some time before the men recovered their cheerful tone of mind.

Ottawa, June 5, 1886.

R. NETTLE.

"Do you think piety to be a more important qualification for the ministry than learning?" once asked Mr. Wilberforce of an eminent prelate. "Certainly I do," he answered, "they can cheat me as to their piety, but they can't as to their learning."

## The Week,

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

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THE Committee and all engaged in the Musical Festival last week are to be heartily congratulated on the success they have achieved. Theirs was no light undertaking, but the result has shown that Toronto possesses both abundant musical talent and taste to appreciate it. Several of the neighbouring cities also contributed greatly to this success, by sending both musical assistance and audience; and the community are under especial obligations to the subscribers who gave the Festival the best chance of success by guaranteeing the expenses. So strong, however, was the public support accorded the Festival that, an almost unprecedented thing, this guarantee will, we understand, not have to be availed of; and the circumstance forcibly brings to one's mind the need there is in Toronto of a larger Music Hall. Such Festivals as these will give a strong impulse to the culture of music in Canada; the machinery for making them permanent is ready at hand; the guarantors will probably not be averse to aid in the same way a further step in advance; and we trust the Committee will not dissolve without leaving some substantial trace of their work behind. The memory of their success will remain; but this would be more enduring if the Committee were to resolve itself into a Musical Association, taking up as its first and most pressing work the institution of a permanent association, and the erection of a Music Hall suitable to the needs of the musical centre of Canada.

WE are not inclined to attach very much importance to the result of the elections in Nova Scotia. Of course, so far as it goes, the success of the Repeal cry is significant: apparently the electors have pronounced overwhelmingly for Repeal. The issue put before them was quite plain; and they have replied by electing thirty-one Repeal candidates against only seven Unionists. But it does not by any means appear clear to us that Repeal is really what is meant by this vote; it is rather, we think, "Better Terms—if you can get them." There will be a strenuous attempt made to obtain better terms; but there is a wide gulf between this and its possible failure, and any serious effort to break away from the Confederation. No doubt there is a justly grounded dissatisfaction with the Canadian tariff in Nova Scotia, which naturally, while fostering manufacturing in Quebec and Ontario, does injury to, or at least does not promote, the interests of the seaboard; and among the salient causes of the present vote may probably be reckoned a sentimental feeling in favour of forming a Maritime Union—of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, P. E. Island, and Newfoundland,—a Union which, it must be confessed, is very taking in prospect, and which the electors may have thought would be in an improved position to negotiate an advantageous treaty with the States. Dominion party lines, we see it stated, are rigidly adhered to in the local elections in Nova Scotia; yet it is a fact that in the elections of 1882, while the Liberals won the day in the Local elections, the Conservatives won in the Dominion. And this may be the case again; at any rate until Nova Scotia sends a great majority of Repealers to Ottawa as well as to Halifax, we must hesitate to believe that the Repeal movement is as important as the victors in the present contest and their sympathisers would make out. Nor can we accept this vote as a protest against the Conservative Government, except in as far as that Government is identified with Confederation. If the Liberals were in power, and if their policy were to maintain the present Union, they must have recourse to some such tariff as is now in force: with the present debt Free Trade is out of the question, but Free Trade, with the States at any rate, is what the Maritime Provinces desire; and this denied, they would vote as they have now done just as readily under a Liberal Administration at Ottawa.

THE simple truth is that Nova Scotia would probably not go out of the Confederation even if permitted. She is bound to the rest of Canada by several lines of railway; she does a business with her copartners three times as large as with the States; isolated, without Canada, she would have no more chance of making an advantageous Fishery Treaty with the States than has Newfoundland; she would have to prosecute her suit against the States with diminished prestige and at her own expense; her fishermen would lose the considerable bounty now paid them by

Canada; and, finally, she would have to assume and find a guarantee for the payment of some twenty-five millions of the National Debt which her representatives have concurred in contracting. Faced by these disadvantages, Nova Scotia will probably retire within herself and think the matter over again, if ever Secession be really proposed.

THE Grand Jury at Seattle, W. T., have found True Bills against ten of the leaders of the anti-Chinese riots in that place, and in their presentment they state that evidence has been laid before them sufficient to convince them that there exists throughout the country a treasonable organisation known as the "Red American International Workingman's Association." This association is described at length. "It is essentially anarchical in theory and practice. The main articles of its creed are arson, robbery, and murder. Its proclaimed purpose is the overthrow of the United States Government, and the erection upon its ruins of a so-called socialist commonwealth. The policy pursued by the association is to secure control of all labour organisations, and particularly of the Knights of Labour; to see to it that the officers of all labour organisations are chosen from the scientific socialists; to employ every means to produce discontent among the people, and to stir up on all occasions and at all times as much strife and agitation as possible for the subversion of the Government. Branches of this organisation were established last fall at Seattle, Tacoma, Olympia, and other points on Puget Sound. The agitation of the Chinese question was to be made at once the pretext and cover for the treasonable operations of the band of scientific socialists. The labour organisations were, although unknown to the main body of the members, systematically worked to promote the treasonable objects and purposes of the scientific socialists. All the disturbances and outrages on Puget Sound for the last six months, arising nominally from the agitation of the Chinese question, were really fomented, incited, guided, and produced by this infamous association, whose real aims and designs have been studiously kept from the knowledge of the real workingmen of labour organisations. The scientific socialists of the Red American International Workingman's Association are, as shown by unmistakable documentary evidence before the Grand Jury, secretly instructing their deluded, ignorant, and brutalised followers in the means of practically applying dynamite; how to seize armories and military stores; how to prevent the departure of troops from concentrating points; how to preserve order in centres of insurrections; how to imprison and destroy men of property and influence. To accomplish this end this association instructs its members to be particularly active in labour organisations." This is a startling exposure, and we have italicised two or three most significant passages, to which the attention of persons who support the Knights of Labour ought to be drawn. We do not for a moment believe that any workingman, or any genuine Knight, would knowingly have to do with such an organisation; but the document shows to what dangerous projects an heterogenous organisation like the Order of Knights of Labour may be made subservient. Spread over the continent and embracing all descriptions of labour, specious appeals may be made to it for assistance, which, rendered to apparently lawful objects, may in reality be given to designs of the most nefarious character.

AMONG the most important publications of this week of manifestoes are the two issued respectively by Lord Derby and others and by Lord Hartington. The former gives a clear note of warning of the real tendency of Mr. Gladstone's revolutionary legislation, which, begun years since by his Land Bills, has now rendered the reconquest of Ireland inevitable. The manifesto of Lord Hartington is a masterly exposition of the attitude of the Moderate Liberals and the great mass of the opponents of Mr. Gladstone's scheme. Mr. Gladstone framed that scheme solitarily, without consulting even his Ministry of clerks, and when in spite of his great influence it has been rejected by the House, after being torn to shreds by the intelligence of the country, he appeals, ostensibly to the electors, but really to the Caucus to enable him to set up a separate Parliament at Dublin. But, as Lord Hartington says, even the electors ought not to be invited to accept the principle of so vast a change in the constitution until a feasible plan to carry it out has been formulated.

WHAT is the use of affirming the principle of Home Rule, if, when it comes to be put in practice, it is found either that like Mr. Gladstone's plan it dismembers the Empire, which will never be knowingly assented to by the English democracy, or that it fails to satisfy Irish aspirations? Those aspirations point to an independent national life, but this it is inexpedient to do anything to promote; and, while the Liberal Party recognise as reasonable the desire of Ireland for a greater control of her own local affairs, the Party holds that Ireland should be required to



submit to be governed by the Imperial Parliament. "Parliament ought to continue to represent the whole and not part of the Kingdom. Powers which may be conferred upon subordinate local bodies should be delegated, not surrendered. The subjects delegated should be clearly defined, and the right of Parliament to control and revise the action of subordinate legislative authorities should equally be clearly reserved, and, lastly, the administration of justice ought to remain in the hands of authority responsible to Parliament."

MR. GLADSTONE has the true demagogic instinct. In addressing a few words to the throng assembled to see him set off on his election tour he managed to put the quarrel between himself and all the statesmanship, experience, and intelligence of the country in a totally false light to the gaping ignorance that hangs on his words throughout the country. In stating, as he will now never lose an opportunity of doing, that the exact issue of the election is between Lord Salisbury and Coercion, and himself and Conciliation, he strains to the utmost that unfortunate speech of Lord Salisbury's—which perhaps is allowable enough to an "old Parliamentary hand"; but what is not allowable is to totally ignore, as he does, the causes that have repelled from his side all the very best elements of the Liberal Party. The issue that has estranged these is not at all as he has formulated it: rather is it Whether he shall be allowed to create a Parliament at Dublin supreme in local matters, and with so large a measure of freedom from Imperial control that Separation must ensue as a natural development, or whether the authority of the Imperial Parliament over Ireland shall be firmly maintained, while a considerable measure of local government is conceded to Ireland in common with the other parts of the United Kingdom.

WHAT is much needed just now by the Unionists is a good election cry. Lord Salisbury has most unfortunately furnished the G.O.M. with one—"Conciliation or Coercion?"—which may be of immense service to the cause of Home Rule, for the victims of Gladstone-mania are not likely to have the capacity to reflect that it is always in the long run better to coerce crime than to conciliate the criminals, as Mr. Gladstone is doing. The Liberal Party has no quarrel with the legitimate aspirations of Ireland for purely local self-government; but it declines to entrust the lives and property of the Irish people to the mob that now represents them in Parliament. Not the smallest attribute of government should be conferred on the country till the National League has been suppressed; for while that organisation exercises its terrorist sway, no honest man can come by his own in Ireland, and, therefore, no true self-government is possible. A good election cry, as we say, is wanted—one that will crystallise in a word the true issue before the country; and a man is wanted who can reach the people's ear. Unfortunately, the only man now in sight who can do that is one that is evidently bent on abusing his great trust. Having by his matchless power of persuasion acquired the ability to lead English sentiment around after him whithersoever he pleases, and having on this great question persuaded even himself out of his own judgment—leader and led alike are going into the ditch. Oh! for some Cobbett to save at any rate these by a "winged word." Even a happy nickname, bestowed on the G.O.M., might do the business, so ludicrously baseless are his Irish visions. Epithets are more convincing than syllogisms to such minds as he relies on for success; and if some term descriptive of his Quixotic enterprise could be affixed to it effectually, his sole prop, the illusion of ignorance, would be knocked away.

It is not at all true, as preached by Mr. Gladstone and his satellites, that the only alternative to the Government plan is Coercion. Mr. Gladstone shows little confidence in the new electorate himself has brought into power, by assuming that the British democracy will be unjust to their Irish brethren—that anything beyond the coercion of crime will be practised by the new democracy. Coercion directed against intimidation, terrorism, robbery, murder, must be used by any Government worthy of the name; and it may confidently be expected that the Gladstone Government will be the last to avoid so plain a duty. Mr. Gladstone, after abdicating the functions of Government and making a complete surrender to the party which has Parnell at its head and O'Donovan Rossa at its tail, talks of the futility of a "paper union," and proposes to tear it up; and he twits his opponents with having no alternative policy. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that this crisis has come upon England almost wholly through the rash and meddlesome legislation introduced by Mr. Gladstone himself during the past fifteen years; and the alternative policy now proposed is not indeed to undo Mr. Gladstone's work, which is impossible, but at least to make the law again respected; to effect which the Union, if it has been reduced to the texture of paper, must be strengthened. Moreover,

the opponents of Mr. Gladstone regard Ireland as owning a large share in the British Empire, whose national life her soldiers and statesmen have largely helped to develop; and they refuse to cut her adrift and reduce her to the rank of a petty dependency at the bidding of a treasonable faction, which has temporarily got the upper hand in Ireland. This faction no more represents Ireland and Irish interests the world over, than does Mr. Gladstone, in this vagary of his, the principles of Liberalism. True Liberalism demands that Ireland shall be saved from succumbing under the internal weight that has brought her to this pass, and enabled to march forward side by side with England and Scotland. The appeal now made to the country will, it may be hoped, result in the rejection of a plan which abandons Ireland to her worst enemies, and the affirmation of the principle that for good and all the United Kingdom must remain united under one Parliament, where it is certain no legitimate aspiration of the Irish democracy will be denied by their British brethren, and no grievance left unredressed.

THE real issue before the country is whether Ireland is to be ruled from Westminster by a Parliament chosen by the Three Kingdoms, or whether, as proposed by Mr. Gladstone, the National League is to be allowed so to fashion Irish laws that it may terrorise into submission all who like to be masters of their own actions, that contracts displeasing to the multitude may be broken with impunity, and that the Protestants of Ulster may be taxed for the support of the Roman Catholic Church and an Irish-American Government—while the people of England and Scotland, having no voice whatever in the matter, are solely to have the privilege of defending this new State from the rest of the world and from the consequences of its own misgovernment.

THE commendation bestowed on Mr. Gladstone's manifesto by Prince Bismarck's organ will no more add strength to the Home Rule cause than did the resolutions of approval passed by American Legislatures and public bodies. When the most pronounced eulogy of a measure comes from foreigners whose interest is exactly opposed to the interest of the nation, it ought to incite the most careless or blinded follower of a statesman to ask, Whither are you leading us?

IN the House of Lords debate on the Arms Bill, the Duke of Argyll quoted a threat actually addressed a few days before by the Secretary of the National League in Ireland to the auctioneer of the Bankruptcy Court, declaring that if he let certain land which the Court had ordered him to let, his life would probably be in danger. This is the Substitute for Government that Mr. Gladstone asks England and Scotland to entrust with the making and administration of law in Ireland.

IN his "History of the English Constitution," Dr. Rudolph Gneist, of whom the *Athenæum* says:—"Few authors, English or foreign, have served a longer apprenticeship to the study of English institutions than he;" and to whom it attributes laborious research and legal acumen,—thus remarks on the present political condition and the immediate future in England:

"As the ecclesiastical reformation in England, however widely it diverged at first from that of the Continent, passed nevertheless a century later through the same conflicts, so will apparently the political life of England be obliged to solve the same problems as the constitutions of the Continent have had before them since the commencement of the century. England too will have to discover that the transition to the new industrial order of society is made through a dissolution of the old combinations on which the parliamentary system is based. Those fundamental social tendencies, whose stream is now flooding with resistless energy the substructure of the English Constitution, will not stop short of universal suffrage. They will aim at, and to a considerable extent, succeed in introducing, equal electoral districts, and a further dissolution of the electoral bodies. This dissolution will be followed, in a violent crisis, by a rebuilding of the organic substructure of the State, which has been lost to view during the last two generations. But the course of English political history convinces us that the propertied classes in England will pass through this struggle in a way very different from than in which those classes have passed through it in France. . . . The character of the English nation, the personal courage, self-possession, and political experience of the ruling classes, and the good traditions of parliamentary practice, are a guarantee that this crisis too will be overcome without jeopardizing the existence of the empire or the essential portions of the parliamentary constitution. To meet the coming storm, a certain fusion of the old parties appears indispensable. . . . Since, further, the regular division into two parties cannot be maintained, a splitting up into fractions, as on the Continent, will take place. Ministerial changes will no longer be so simple as when the helm could be committed alternately to the leader who happened to have a majority. In such circumstances the necessity may recur that the King in Council should take over the actual work of government."

IN a lecture on the "Political History of Canada," delivered by Mr. Goldwin Smith to a very large audience at Oxford, on May 26th, Mr. Smith (says the *Canadian Gazette*) traced the course of political parties in Canada, the process of Confederation, and its results. He denied that Canada had ever been provoked to rebellion by the tyranny of the Mother Country, maintaining that the rising in 1837 was less of a rebellion than of a petty civil war. He denied also that Canada had been satisfied with the same measure of Home Rule now offered to Ireland. He said that Imperial Confederation, so far as Canada was concerned, was a dream. The concluding passage of the lecture was as follows:

Whatever may happen to the political connection, your nobler dominion over British Canada and over all the English-speaking part of the Continent is safe. The flag of conquering England still floats over the citadel of Quebec. But it seems to be waving a farewell to the scenes of its glory, to the historic rock and the famous battle-field, to the grand river which bore the fleet of England to victory, and the monument on which the chivalry of the victor has inscribed together the names of Wolfe and Montcalm. For no British redcoats muster round it now. The only British redcoats now left upon the Continent are the reduced garrison of Halifax. That morning drum of England, the roll of which, Webster said, went round the world with the sun, has become, so far as Canada is concerned, a memory of the past. But in race and language, in laws and institutions, in history and literature, in all that makes national character and the higher life of a nation, England, without beat of drum, is there. Nor—believe one who has lived much among the Americans, and found them kind—is the day distant when the last traces of the revolutionary feud will have vanished, when the hatred which the descendants of British Colonists were taught to cherish against their Mother Country will be cherished no longer, even in the most ignoble breast, and when Americans will regard Westminster Hall and Westminster Abbey as the sacred centre of their race. This is that realm of England beyond the Atlantic which George III. could not forfeit, which Canadian Independence, if it ever comes, cannot impair, upon which the star of Empire, let it wend as far westward as it will, can never shed a parting ray.

### MY LADY JUNE.

SHE is here in all her glory,  
With her favours falling free,  
Singing still the same sweet story  
She has always sung to me.  
Oh! the roses blush to meet her,  
Sparkling in their diamond dew,  
And the stately lilies meet her,  
As for her alone they grew.  
How her voice, with joy o'erflowing,  
Teaches Nature's harp its tune,  
Music only hers bestowing—  
She is *here*—my Lady June.

Memory near her gently pressing,  
Lends her song one tender tone,  
And one touch to her caressing,  
For the hearts that she has known.  
It may be some picture graven  
With the lines too deep to fade,  
Or some half-forgotten haven,  
For which Faith in youth had played.  
But she garlands even sorrow,  
With a wreath that dies too soon;  
It will wither ere the morrow—  
She is *here*—my Lady June.

She would bear for me less gladness,  
Less of loving light to-day,  
If she garnered not the sadness  
That made shadows on the way.  
For I like to think she knows me,  
And remembers, and is still,  
When Life's morn looks back and shows me  
What its noon shall ne'er fulfil.  
So she ever comes in glory,  
With her favours falling free,  
Singing still the same sweet story  
She has always sung to me.

FRANCES SMITH.

SOME one asked Paganini, when playing at Lord Holland's one evening, to improvise on the violin the story of a son who kills his father, runs away, becomes a highwayman, falls in love with a girl who will not listen to him, so he leads her to a wild country site, suddenly jumping with her from a rock into an abyss, where they disappear forever. He listened quietly, and, when the story was at an end, he asked that all the lights should be extinguished. He then began playing, and so terrible was the musical interpretation of the idea which had been given that several of the ladies fainted, and the saloon when relighted looked like a battle-field.

### TWO NIGHTS.

[Translated from the German of HACKLAENDER for THE WEEK.]

THE SECOND NIGHT—1848.

COUNT S. and the staff-officer swung themselves into their saddles and rode rapidly towards the bridge, then slowly over the creaking pontoons, separating on the other side—the latter to join the first army corps, the former towards Formigara, where the field-marshal Radetzky had made his headquarters.

Four years had passed since the young hussar had been in this neighbourhood. After completing his "grand tour" to Rome and Naples, Paris and Vienna, he was stationed here as premier-lieutenant in another regiment in which he remained until the war broke out in Lombardy, when he at once sent in his name to the chief and easily obtained the rank of adjutant. It was evening when he reached the small village of Formigara. Its narrow streets were so choked with dense columns of artillery-wagons that he was obliged to walk his horse. Every moment brought him nearer to the busy camp centre. In the fields to right and left were the infantry and cavalry; huge loads of wood were being brought to swell the camp fires; here and there the wagons drawn by oxen and containing the wine-casks were drawn up, and the wine portioned out in wooden mugs to the soldiers.

The house in which the field-marshal had taken up his quarters presented a lively picture of war-time. Officers in the most diverse and gorgeous uniforms leaned from every window, carriages and baggage-wagons filled the courtyard—a number of unharnessed horses fastened to them; in the doorway stood the aides and adjutants enjoying the tumult and wild picturesqueness of the scene before them. Guiding his horse carefully through the throng, Count S. was joyfully hailed by his comrades and plied with questions as to all that was going on de l'autre côté; he could not escape.

"Your horse is tired" cried a young Uhlan. "Like his master." "I have been just fourteen hours in the saddle; is there any place where I can get some sleep, etc." "Any amount of room, and even a fine large bed. But it's rather amusing to hear you talk of sleeping when upstairs the pens are going to be mad. Major E. is sealing despatches as fast as they are written. F. and T. and M. have already got our orders, the next one is for you! You had better get a fresh horse at once—your orderly had gone to a better house somewhere near the church."

Count S. laughed and shrugged his shoulders, and taking a long pull from one of the flasks offered to him, cantered off in the direction indicated; with no great difficulty found his orderly, and ordered him to saddle the freshest of his horses, and returned to head-quarters to find the aides just setting out, one to cross the Adda, the other to ride to the first division—towards Maleo.

"You and I are the only ones left," cried young M., "I have to carry a dozen despatches to Aspre, but the devil take me, if I know where that is—not the smallest idea. Candidly, night-duty is no particular passion of mine; if you ride through the villages, you get mixed up with the guns and wagons, and if you ride through the fields, you fall into ditches half-full of mud and water. But, *que faire?* Here comes an orderly stumbling down stairs now with my despatches. *Addio, caro*, until breakfast or dinner-time to-morrow, and the devil only knows where!" Thus speaking, he threw his yellow sash over his shoulder, drawing the fringed ends to the right side and swung himself on to the chesnut. Horse and rider were fresh and spirited, and after a little curvetting, which drew sparks of fire from the stones of the courtyard, they dashed into the increasing darkness; for a little while one saw the glimmer of his white coat, then it vanished altogether. The Count turned and went into the house, sought and found two brothers-in-arms with whom he partook of an extremely frugal supper, had a smoke, and then threw himself—attire, and sword and all—on a straw mattress lying in one corner of the room, and instantly fell into a deep sleep. After some three or four hours he was awakened by Major E. "A thousand regrets, *mon cher*, but there is no one else here, and although I know you have been riding all day, I must send you off again."

A moment later Count S. was ready and received orders to ride carefully in the direction of Pizzeghettone to give General R.—the Austrians had already taken possession of the place—a most important despatch. The major insisted upon his drinking some strong coffee he had had made for himself, after which the latter flew down the stairs and to the house where his horse stood ready. Taking off his white coat, he threw it over the saddle, mounted, and rode rapidly out of the village.

The weather had changed for the worse. The darkness was so great that literally one could not see one's hand before one's face. Sudden gusts of wind arose,—the heavy breathing of a storm before opening its mouth to cast forth fire and destruction. The camp-fires burned low, their anxious flames fanned in every direction by the rising gale; the horses picketed near the bivouacs shook their heads and sniffed the air with distended nostrils; hardly any of the soldiers slept, but, standing about in groups, studied the horizon where an occasional flash of lightning lit up the sombre heavens.

As Count S. rode past, many of them called out, "better be on the lookout, we shall have a fine storm presently." By degrees the bivouacs and camp-fires grew less numerous, by and by ceased altogether, and our cavalier found himself alone on an unfrequented road. His thoughts wandered back over the past four years, to the night he set out from Milan—laden with fragrance, with the songs of the nightingales, the magic of love—as far away from now as heaven from earth. The image of Teresina rose before him, bringing the memory of her three kisses—still living, though

no doubt many other sweet lips had since touched his own. To-night there were no nightingales' songs—but, instead, the howling of the wind, the roll of the distant thunder as it swept nearer and nearer; tree and bush bent before the fury of the storm, and his horse trembled at every flash of lightning.

At this moment he came upon a patrol of cavalry, and the old Sergeant-Major told him that as well as he could see through the thick darkness the Piedmontese were in the very act of evacuating Pizzaghettonc. Consequently there need be no great haste to arrive with the despatches—the Austrian general could not enter the town for an hour or more.

It was about one o'clock, and the storm increased from minute to minute; the wind was so strong that the horse could with difficulty face it; it shrieked around the rider, threw sand and pebbles in his face, and great branches of torn trees fell on each side of him; the rain came down in torrents and then suddenly turned to hail which beat upon both horse and rider, and so terrified the poor animal that it became almost unmanageable. It was a never-to-be-forgotten ride. The storm raged for an hour with unabated fury, then little by little the wind and rain moaned themselves away.

At intervals Count S. fancied he heard the rattling of gun-carriages, and the tumult of infantry and cavalry passing a long way off; the wind brought the sound now sharply now faintly to his ear; he drew rein and peered into the darkness, doubtful as to whether they proceeded from friend or foe, and as to the expediency of advancing in a straight line. Pizzaghettonc must be somewhere to the left, the sounds he heard evidently came from there but seemed to be passing to the right, consequently they must be the Piedmontese leaving the fortress. Turning his horse to the left he rode forward in what he supposed must be the direction of the town and the river, although it was so dark he could not see the Adda.

All at once his horse plunged violently and involuntarily. Count S. tightened his hold on the bridle and grasped his sword. The darkness appeared to divide before him—it was as if the earth had burst to her centre, even to the region of perpetual fire, and a huge conflagration rose to the surface—tongues of red and yellow flame leaped into the air, casting myriads of sparks in all directions: it was an explosion so terrific that the falling of the debris lasted many seconds. By the reflection, Count S. saw that he could not be more than a fifteen minutes' ride from the fort, and furthermore that the explosion was nothing less than the blowing-up of the pontoon-bridge over the Adda.

Soon all that had been illumined by the unearthly glare was plunged again in night, and the flames, which now played over the destruction, but made the darkness more "visible." The ground had fairly shook beneath the shock, so terrifying the horse—which made every effort to break away—that it was some time before he could be pacified and induced to advance in the direction of the fort. His rider was now more than ever convinced that it was the Piedmontese troops he had heard passing, and who had certainly blown-up the bridge to prevent the Austrians crossing the river. But hark! What was that? The merry tones of a horn! Aha, he thought, relieved; our men cannot be far off; as to the enemy, the beginning will sanctify the end. But he was mistaken. The Piedmontese had fired not only the bridge, but also a powder magazine, before leaving the town—causing frightful destruction and loss of life among their own men; altogether the day and night had been fatal to the enemy's troops, the storm, which overtook Count S. in the open, had severely tried both men and horses, the violence of the hailing killing several—as General Bara afterwards stated.

Riding into Pizzaghettonc the Count delivered his despatches, and staying but long enough to examine the explosion, rode out of the town, swam his horse over the Adda, and proceeded on the road to Pusterlengo, where he hoped to find the headquarters of the fourth division. Wet to the skin, the spectacle of the explosion still before his "mind's eye," and riding over the deserted road, Count S. acknowledged to himself that after all war is a terrible thing at its every stage. An almost oppressive silence lay now over everything, broken only by the wash of the waves and the panting of his horse as he sank into the soaking ground at every step. His mantle hung heavily from his shoulders and the water fairly ran down his hair and moustache, for the rain still continued, not the same drenching down-pour of an hour ago, but a fine, persistent, penetrating drizzle.

After a couple of hours' steady riding he encountered an Uhlan patrol and heard from them that the fourth division was actually in Pusterlengo, "if you ride quickly you will come up to a detachment of guardsmen that make the rear-guard." Putting spurs to his horse he urged him forward and presently saw the white helmets and mantles of a small troop of cavalry shining through the gloom; a moment later he joined the friend he had that afternoon left sitting on the terrace beside the Adda. Glancing at his friend's bedraggled appearance, his soaking mantle, and equally miserable aspect of his poor horse, he could form a pretty correct idea of his own devesurement. The entire cavalcade moved forward in silence and not the best of humours, for not one of them could boast a dry thread from head to foot.

The guardsman was absorbed in trying to keep a very damp cigar alight.

"Confounded weather! Did the storm reach you?"

"Did you see the bridge blown up?" asked the major. "A magnificent sight, and as much noise as if a thousand cannon had gone off; congratulate the poor devils standing near!"

"It is appalling over there," answered Count S., "and yet I don't think any of our men were hurt. But they must have killed a goodly number of their own; you shall have a glowing description when we meet later. Now, I must ride on, I really can't keep to this pace; enough water is running out of my stirrups to drown a horse."

"Do you imagine perhaps that we are not wet through also? But by all means ride on and see that we have good quarters when we arrive in Pusterlengo. Addio!"

(To be continued.)

REN.

MUSIC.

TORONTO MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

The completeness of the success of the Musical Festival, held last week, surprised even its promoters. The total number of paid admissions to the four concerts was twelve thousand, and to the public rehearsals, fifteen hundred. This result may be considered almost commensurate with the magnitude of the undertaking, which was certainly the most important musical enterprise ever carried out by local efforts. The measure of the development of music in Toronto indicated by the achievements of the Festival may be better appreciated when it is said that the first choral organisation was started only forty years ago. The liberal manner in which the public supported the Festival must have been a source of great gratification to Mr. Torrington and his colleagues of the Festival Association, and was the best recognition which could have been made of their enterprising exertions.

The great features of the Festival were the chorus and the solo singers. The chorus consisted of over nine hundred singers, drawn principally from the ranks of the Philharmonic and Choral Societies, and their merits were well tested and conclusively proved in the performance of Gounod's "Mors et Vita" and Handel's "Israel in Egypt," which were respectively produced on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. In the colossal choruses of "Israel in Egypt," the massed voices gave an effect truly grand. The volume of tone was remarkable, while the intonation, attacks, precision, and shading left little to be desired. It is not probable that better singing has been heard in any city on the continent from a chorus of similar proportions. The "Hailstone" chorus was sung with astonishing fire and brilliancy, and was rapturously encored. "Mors et Vita," the sequel to Gounod's "Redemption," is a work abounding in numerous beauties both of melodic idea and technical elaboration; but, the greater portion of it being devoted to a setting of the Mass for the Dead, its general character is too sombre to create enthusiasm when heard for the first time by a mixed audience. Nevertheless, the oratorio was listened to with respectful attention, and its most obvious beauties elicited applause bordering upon the enthusiastic. The solo parts in the two oratorios were taken by Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Luther, Miss Agnes Huntington, Messrs. A. L. King, Max Heinrich, and D. M. Babcock. In both works the soloists have comparatively little to do. In "Mors et Vita" the interest, so far as the principals are concerned, is centred in the quartets, one of which, "While the Wicked are Confounded," was repeated in response to the unanimous demand. Mrs. Osgood, who is an old favourite in Toronto, sang as neatly and artistically as ever, and she was closely rivalled in the soprano work by Mrs. Luther, always a satisfactory and conscientious interpreter of sacred music. Messrs. Heinrich and King, the baritone and tenor, created a very favourable impression. A few of the concerted numbers in "Mors et Vita" were slightly rough, presumably on account of insufficient rehearsing. Miss Agnes Huntington's beautiful contralto voice was heard to advantage in the air, "Thou Shalt Bring Them In," in "Israel in Egypt." She sang this with great purity of style and chasteness of expression, and was compelled to repeat it, so emphatic were the demands for an encore. Mr. Babcock was in "Israel" given an opportunity of displaying his fine voice and method by the interpolation of Handel's aria, "Wave from Wave." Mr. Heinrich being indisposed on the "Israel" night, Mr. Warrington took his place, and sang in the duet, "The Lord is a Man of War," with Mr. Babcock, in excellent style. The orchestra, which consisted of eighty performers drawn from Buffalo, Detroit, Rochester, Hamilton, and Toronto, played the accompaniments to the two oratorios fairly well.

The concerts of miscellaneous music on Wednesday afternoon and Thursday night were largely attended, the Thursday concert attracting the largest audience of the Festival, namely, thirty-three hundred people. Fräulein Lilli Lehmann, the world-renowned operatic soprano, was the central figure among the solo singers. Her companions were, in fact, rather dwarfed by comparison, the breadth and nobility of her style and voice causing the lighter voices to appear insignificant. She gave a magnificent exhibition of *bravura* singing in the *Constance* aria from "Il Seraglio," and the Mozart air, with variations by Adam. The perfect ease and precision with which she sang the transcendently difficult florid passages of the latter created quite a *furor*. To our mind, however, her grandest and most legitimate effort was on Thursday, when she sang the exquisite *Agatha* aria from "Der Freischutz," and the equally celebrated *Leonora* aria from "Fidelio." Both in regard to the music and the character of their interpretation, these numbers were the gems of the vocal solos; and the perfection of Lehmann's singing made it all the more distressing to hear the accompaniments mangled by the incompetent orchestra. The brass wind was simply atrocious—both out of tune and out of time; and, in fact, with the exception of a few of the strings, the whole orchestra was miserably inadequate to the occasion. Miss Huntington and Mrs. Osgood sang only at the Wednesday miscellaneous concert. The former lady sang a difficult *scena* from "Il Profeta," in which she did not shine to so much advantage as in her solo in "Israel." Mrs. Osgood gave an aria from Gounod's little-known opera, "Reine de Saba"; Mr. King, "Cujus Animam," from the "Stabat Mater"; Mrs. Luther, two little songs by Greig and Rubinstein; and Mr. Babcock, "I'm a Roamer," from Mendelssohn's "Son and Stranger." Of these, Mr. Babcock's number was the most successful with the audience. Solos for the organ, violin, harp, and piano were played respectively by Messrs. Frederic Archer, Henri Jacobsen, Mina Chatterton, and Mr. Otto Bendix; but these produced but a moderate success, as they were felt to be somewhat out of place at a Festival. The orchestra attempted four magnificent overtures, but the less said of their playing the better.

At the Thursday night concert Mr. Max Heinrich sang an aria from

Spohr's almost forgotten opera of "Faust." He rendered this in the most artistic style, his phrasing and execution being admirable. A very pleasing feature of the closing concert was the singing of a chorus of 1,300 school children who had been trained by Messrs. Torrington, Schuch, and Ferrin. The audience went wildly enthusiastic over an unexpected and telling effect produced by them in Mr. Torrington's song, "Canada," when at a given signal, the children waved aloft thirteen hundred little Union Jacks. On Wednesday night Mr. Torrington was presented by his chorus with an address and a handsome clock and pair of bronze statuettes in recognition of his efforts in the cause of the Festival. It is gratifying to note that the piano used in these concerts was of Canadian make, a "Grand" from the establishment of Messrs. Mason and Risch.

It is expected that when the accounts are balanced there will be a small surplus to carry forward.—*Clef.*

### HOURS WITH GERMAN CLASSICS.\*

IN these days of hard-riden specialties and somewhat loose general culture, a book like this of Professor Hedge's is tolerably sure of a hearty and uncritical welcome. The public of our progressive century possesses a never-failing appreciation, which is apt to take the very obvious form of dollars and cents, of any agreeable labour-saving literary contrivance. We, the people, would like to be enlightened, but not too expensively either as to energy or time. In this respect we have advanced perceptibly too. Not many decades ago "Hours with German Classics" would have been written for the literary class, and read almost exclusively by scholars. To-day, while the *savant* may peruse it for his pleasure, he will hardly expect it to enlighten him. It is eminently a popular book.

"Classics" Professor Hedge's title construes in its dual sense. We spend the delightful "Hours" in absorbed contemplation, not only of the yellow parchments of the "Nibelungenlied" or the glowing pages of "Faust," but in misty speculation as to the origin of the first, and in rapt admiration of the physical personality of the author of the last. From Martin Luther to Heinrich Heine, Professor Hedge has thrown about his pages the vivid interest of humanity in the environment of genius. He is peculiarly happy in this recounting of the lives and virtues of his "classics," and he usually subordinates it to his discussion of their writings; yet we venture the opinion that an "hour," or even its literary equivalent, is somewhat too short a space for all that Professor Hedge has attempted in it. The single exception to the author's rule of predominance, in the chapter he devotes to Luther, strikes one as especially commendable. Luther's work in his study at Wittenberg on the face of the ages, was so wholly and directly the issue of his remarkable individuality that to give the latter prominence is to shed a clearer light upon the former than could be cast by any other treatment. But to devote any considerable portion of a chapter upon Jean Paul Richter, for example, to an account of his life, is to deprive the reader of much critical and more valuable matter. Especially will this appear when it is stated that Professor Hedge quotes always liberally and sometimes copiously from the works of his Germans. The author's plan will doubtless secure him a wider circle of readers, but people who buy his book with the expectation that its five hundred well-printed, well-bound pages will be devoted exclusively to pleasantly didactic intercourse with leading German minds will be somewhat disappointed by it.

Professor Hedge's admirable treatment of the really important part of his subject, moreover, is strongly effectual in making us wish for more of it. It is easy and availeth much, where it might plausibly have been difficult and avail little. There is neither an attempt nor the pretence of an attempt at making the volume an exhaustive study of its subject. It is hardly intended apparently to be very authoritative, for it contains no little speculation, and more than once the author takes occasion to say "I do not know." But candid ignorance is apt to inspire more confidence than pretentious wisdom, and we are not inclined to believe that Professor Hedge's scholarship will suffer in public opinion by his frank avowal. Neither, however, is the book a mere collection of brilliantly comprehensive essays, constructed for the entertainment of elegant and cultured leisure. It contains a vast and valuable amount of information dispensed upon lines which may be feebly followed to a wider limit. If Professor Hedge's work is somewhat lacking in symmetry, it teems with suggestion; and, if he is disposed to be discursive at times, it will be remembered that his scope is wide and tempting, and that we owe the book to a platform of Harvard.

The Professor, of course, made his chair a temple, and consecrated the pen wherewith he wrote of the Teutons of his idolatry. If it were not so, his work would lose half its power and all its zest. He writes of German genius in a spirit of the fullest sympathy. It is everywhere burnished by his touch.

JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

\* By Frederick Henry Hedge. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

### THE WIND OF DESTINY.\*

THIS is a book throbbing with life; powerfully, yet delicately written. It sweeps you along with its force. Schonberg, whose life's tragedy is enacted in the first few pages, is a study in himself; and all the characters are of more or less interest. Perhaps Seraphine is a little idealized—Gladys, married to a man who adores her, is more of the "earth-earthy," a glad, bright creature, taking all things lightly—but beneath this lies dormant an unknown force of passion, ready to spring forth at a moment's notice; which it does later, developing into that saddest and most pitiable combination, a forbidden and unrequited love. The misery to which this leads her and others is cleverly drawn out.

Mr. Hardy has the power of expressing the thoughts of the soul; his strongest passages having the added strength of truth and reality.

"There are times when the clouds of sense, which hang about this mysterious life, roll away, and every thing is plain. How we wonder when the revelation is finished, and the soul gropes again for a strong foothold! Surely we were mad that day."

Then again,

"Imagine pictures on an arras wall, succeeding each other as by magic, distinct, single, but momentary. Such are the acts, the states of mind revealed by consciousness, of these ceaselessly changing pictures; now and then one is caught on the sensitive plate of the memory, while the snail, thought, with its mole eyes, looks on wisely as they pass—the unending frieze of life—sorrow mute, and joy singing—desire with hungry eyes, and satiety tired but sleepless—hate aglance, but love aglow. But the myriad moving threads which make up these pictures are unseen. The causes which determine the act, the state, in all their subtle play, escape consciousness. It sees the single resultant of infinite forces, the simple sum of innumerable elements.

"Thus we live bat-like in gloom, and our impuissance is our power. For, magnify this vision of consciousness, show us the tumult of the looms behind the arras, and straightway thought, the snail, is paralyzed—delirium!

\* \* \* \* \*

Jack Temple, Gladys's husband, and Rowan Ferguson, her cousin, are the heroes of this tale. Which is the greatest hero, or whether there is a possibility of choice; the reader must judge. Accept them as they are, they are upright, honourable men, both capable of great love, and of sacrificing themselves to honour. Jack Temple, confident in his love for his wife, is as assured of hers for him. He goes on one of his customary yachting excursions, and asks her carelessly to go with him, though he had never been able to persuade her to go before; she does not reply, but after he has gone, decides she will go with him, and writes him a note telling of her decision. However, the trip does not take place for either of them, events taking a different course to that which anyone could have imagined.

There is a touch of exquisite pathos in the following passage:

"No, associations did not constitute the charm of childhood, nor yet places—the woods whence the brook sallied, the meadow where it slept. What we go back to seek there, is the bloom of our own nature, we would fain escape that angel whose flaming sword bars the past, and creep back again into our Eden, hoping to find there our lost selves."

The book is of intense interest throughout, and when the end comes one regrets there is no more.

FERRARS.

### THE WEALTH OF HOUSEHOLDS.\*

WE are already supplied with so vast and various a literature of political economy that any addition to it must bear upon its face, and substantiate throughout, the evidence of worth, before a perplexed and satiated public can be induced to do very much more than acknowledge its publication. The labour crisis has brought forth so much philosophy that most people who have attempted its perusal have reached a condition about as near total blindness upon the subject as the general enlightenment of the nineteenth century will allow. Trades-Unions have been vocal, monopolies have bellowed aloud. Demagogues, discontented with the market places, have taken to pamphleteering, and the amiable philanthropist, who is new to literary effort, has guided an ineffectual pen with a vain idea of allaying the strife. All this, however, while it inspires a deep distrust of all publications bearing a title indicative of Capital and Labour, unwarranted by a familiar name, has also the effect of filling the popular mind with fervent gratitude for clear, direct, enlightening thought upon the subject from any source. This may be claimed without hesitation for Mr. Danson's work. Originally a series of lectures to college students, it now appears in the form of a text-book, but a text-book, we think, the usefulness of which will be by no means limited to the school room, though admirably adapted for

\* "The Wind of Destiny." By Arthur Sherburne Hardy. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Co.

\* "The Wealth of Households." By J. T. Danson. Oxford: Clarendon Press. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

that sphere. The information conveyed is by no means exhaustive, but it is terse, simple, and forcible. The citation of examples is somewhat scanty in view of the difficulty of the subject and their value to the youthful mind; but there is no redundancy and no useless rhetoric. Mr. Danson's scope is a most comprehensive one, and his treatment naturally varies in excellence with the degree of his familiarity with his subject. Among the chapters which may be distinguished as chiefly practical that upon "profit" has a ring of experimental truth about its close-packed paragraphs; and that dealing with "Foreign Commerce" is somewhat disappointing in its slight and unimportant discussion of the principles of Free Trade. As to the principles underlying the acquisition of wealth, Mr. Danson's views, if not especially new, are sound and convincing. He is entirely uninfected by any taint of socialism, and sturdily believes in the potency of the "individualism" of the race to lift its labourers to better circumstances. The birth of all men free and unequal in our society being its unalterable basis, Mr. Danson thinks that it is the privilege of the individual and the positive duty of the State to accept this condition of affairs with equanimity. Interference, in his opinion, is invariably, in the long run, calamitous. We cannot agree with the author in the length to which he carries this principle, but its occasional absurdity is so manifest as to be comparatively harmless. He objects, for instance, to free schools on the ground that they make clerking a cheap occupation, and have a tendency to overcrowd the professions! It is rather queer that the author of "The Wealth of Households" should require to be told that the primary object of free education is the benefit of the State through the enlightenment of her lower orders, and not the providing of occupation for those who use this means to obtain them. Doubtless more ways of working than clerking have been cheapened by the experiment of free education, but few who have observed its benefit will feel disposed to throw this disadvantage into the opposite scale. Perhaps, moreover, the law of demand and supply may be trusted to work as efficaciously here as elsewhere in discouraging surplus applicants, and if not, it is hard to see why the effect of their presence should not be felt here as justly as in the foundry or the field. The mechanical part of Mr. Danson's book has been executed with an excellence that is refreshing in these days of shoddy American bindings, and its arrangement is quite beyond praise.

JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

WHOM GOD HATH JOINED. A novel. By Elizabeth Gilbert Martin. New York: Henry Holt and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

In many respects a remarkable book is this latest addition to the Holt Company's Leisure Hour Series—a book that presents a most unusual combination of strength and weakness, art and artifice, gold and tinsel. It is a book written with a distinct aim by a devotee to her purpose. The aim is the propagation of the Roman Catholic faith. A clever novel may be regarded either as the incidental result or the well-considered means of attaining the author's extraordinary end. The skill with which it is wrought out may be imagined from the fact that until the crisis of the double conversion of the two leading characters one has not a suspicion of it, so cunningly is the motive of the work subordinated apparently to the development, on powerful lines, of its character studies. In reality, as a retrospect of the story shows, every detail is carefully chosen with studied reference to the triumph of the Church which crowns the close. This is good art, and Mrs. Martin is to be congratulated upon it, as well doubtless as upon the ardour which prompted its exercise; but her effort has another phase by no means so laudable. The story begins and ends with the religious struggles of the heroine. She is presented successively with the theological difficulties of every other creed, and permitted to be vanquished by them. She is a young woman of original and pronounced views. She has a beautiful and serene intelligence, before the incandescent rays of which Episcopalian, Presbyterian, and Methodist bigotries shrivel into nothingness. To assist the shrivelling process Mrs. Martin has confronted her with nothing but the bigotries, however, and allowed her to meet no members of the various communions who are not in some way injured by them. This is artifice of an exceedingly cheap kind; and its use is the more astonishing at the hands of one so apparently well qualified to fight the battle upon squarer issues.

Apart from this, the chief fault of the book lies in its construction. It is ill-balanced, a trifle obscure, and arrives inartistically at an inartistic conclusion. But it displays an intense dramatic instinct in the author, a wide and deep knowledge of human nature, and a power of dealing with men, women, and situations which is rare in women novelists. Mrs. Martin has made rather a metaphysical mess of it, but in the making she

has given the world indications of ability to do admirable work in more feasible fiction. She has used so strong a process to attain so feeble a result, that most people will be apt to overlook the latter in the contemplation of the former.

AN AMERICAN FOUR-IN-HAND IN BRITAIN. By Andrew Carnegie. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

The author of "Triumphant Democracy" has evidently found the demand of his adopted countrymen for his adopted ideas so flatteringly great as to more than warrant him in the reissue of this earlier book, written and printed originally for the entertainment of friends. Mr. Carnegie may be reasonably sure of a wide American popularity for all his overwhelming attachment to republican institutions may induce him to print. His vigorous diction, his anti-British sentiment, his wholesale adulation of the democracy, combine to present a literary *entrée* which few American palates find distasteful. There is probably a saving minority who are of the opinion that acquired spread-eagleism is even more objectionable than the native variety, but the mass of the American people will welcome this sketch of an outing in England with the absolute certainty that it will lay a flattering unction to their souls of no common variety. Nor will they be disappointed. If the flavour of rampant Americanism in all Mr. Carnegie's opinions of England, and all that is English, were not a little nauseating it would be amusing. We have had criticism of a very sharp variety before this from our Yankee cousins, and rather enjoyed it. It remained, however, for an expatriated British subject to deal us the pitying patronage of one who was formerly under the same tyranny, and would bid us not to despair of freeing ourselves of our unprogressive shackles. We ought to be grateful for this, doubtless we are; but it has its humorous side.

The book has an extremely personal cast, which discriminative people will find objectionable, though the author apologises for it in his preface by the statement that it was originally written for friends only. It contains such a record of small witticisms and unimportant events as bear only a personal or reminiscent value, and on the pages devoted to it one's interest lags perceptibly. Yet Mr. Carnegie, as well as a certain individual more prominent in history, is entitled to his due, and it must be acknowledged that his book has virtues that more than counterbalance its defects—when we leave our national *amour propre* out of the question. His narrative is brisk, buoyant, and breezy; one is impelled through the book by the force of the writer's enthusiasm. His descriptions are vivid, and he usually sees what is eminently worth seeing. He has a quick sensitiveness to landscape effects, and his chapters are often enriched with consistently beautiful quotations. Add to this a trenchant way of talking, and a notable audacity, and our list of the merits and demerits of Mr. Carnegie's last contribution to American literature is complete.

WE have received also the following publications:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE. July. New York: Harper and Brothers.  
LITTEL'S LIVING AGE. June 19. Boston: Littell and Co.  
ATLANTIC MONTHLY. July. Boston: Houghton, Millin, and Company.  
SANITARIAN. June. New York: 113 Fulton Street.

OF General von Manteuffel, late German military governor of conquered Alsace, who hated all that was French, it is said that he once at a public dinner engaged in a dispute with a French diplomat who maintained the superiority of the French workmen over the artisans of all other nations. "A thing so ugly does not exist that the skill and genius of a Frenchman cannot make of it a thing of beauty," he said. Angered by the contradiction, the old soldier pulled a hair from his bristly moustache, and handing it to the Frenchman, said curtly: "Let him make a thing of beauty out of that, then, and prove your claim." The Frenchman took the hair and sent it in a letter to a well-known Parisian jeweller, with a statement of the case and appeal to his patriotic pride, giving him no limit of expense in executing the order. A week later the mail from Paris brought a neat little box for the General. In it was a handsome scarf-pin made like a Prussian eagle, that held in its talons a stiff gray bristle, from either end of which dangled a tiny golden ball. One was inscribed Alsace, the other Lorraine, and on the eagle's perch were the words: "You hold them but by a hair."

THE report of the Quebec Bank, published elsewhere, is an extremely favourable one. Notwithstanding the depression of trade, especially the lumber trade, it will be seen that the Past Due Account has been reduced by two-thirds during the year; while the net profits of the year have been not merely maintained but slightly increased.

THE most notable features in the Annual Statement of the Imperial Bank, published elsewhere, is the relatively large Reserve and the rate of dividend, which has been kept up to a high level, in spite of the difficulty of employing money. The Bank, however, keeps its funds well in hand, while making fair profits, a combination which may be taken as a sure proof of skilful and careful management.

## IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA.

The eleventh annual general meeting of the Imperial Bank of Canada was held, in pursuance of the terms of the charter, at the banking house of the institution, 16th June, 1886. There were present:

Messrs. H. S. Howland, T. R. Merritt (St. Catharines), P. Hughes, T. R. Wadsworth (Weston), Robert Jaffray, Hon. Alex. Morris, Rev. E. B. Lawlor, Anson Jones, David Kidd (Hamilton), H. C. Hammond, George Robinson, William Wilson, W. T. Kiely, John Foy, William Ramsay, Jos. Kerson, John Fiskin, jr., Robert Mulholland (Cobourg), Henry Pellatt, Robert Carswell, James Mason, John Smart (Port Hope), O. Gilpin, Thomas Walmsley, Robert Thompson, R. Wickens, D. R. Wilkie, etc.

The chair was taken by the President, Mr. H. S. Howland, and Mr. D. R. Wilkie was requested to act as Secretary.

The Secretary, at the request of the Chairman, read the report of the Directors and the statement of affairs.

### THE REPORT.

The Directors beg to submit to the shareholders their eleventh annual balance sheet and statement of profits for the year ended 31st May, 1886.

Balance at credit of account, 30th May, 1885, brought forward.....	\$ 44,888 86
Profits for the year after deducting charges of management and interest due depositors, and writing off all losses.....	172,387 82
From which has been taken:—	\$217,276 68
Dividend No. 21, 4 per cent. (paid 1st December, 1885) five months.....	\$50,000 00
Dividend No. 22, 4 per cent., payable 1st June, 1886.....	60,000 00
	110,000 00
Carried to contingent account.....	\$68,037 55
Carried to rest account.....	20,000 00
	88,037 55
Balance of account carried forward.....	\$18,339 13
REST ACCOUNT.	
Balance at credit of account, 30th May, 1885.....	\$480,000 00
Transferred from profit and loss account.....	20,000 00
Balance of account carried forward.....	\$500,000 00
CONTINGENT ACCOUNT.	
Balance at credit account, 30th May, 1885.....	\$100,000 00
Written off for ascertained losses.....	29,148 42
Transferred from profit and loss account.....	70,851 58
Balance of account carried forward.....	\$139,789 13

The profits of the Bank for the year compare favourably with those of the year previous, but have been affected by the low rates obtainable for money, coupled with an active competition for deposits outside of chartered banks at abnormally high rates of interest.

After providing for a dividend at the rate of eight per cent. per annum, and appropriating sufficient of the net profits of the year to make the rest account \$500,000, your Directors have considered it prudent to transfer a portion of the profits to contingent account.

There has been during the year an improvement in the condition of affairs in Manitoba, and, with the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the construction of branch lines of railway, an increased immigration, and the prospect of an early and excellent harvest, the realization of assets in that Province is more assured.

The policy of investing a portion of the funds of the Bank in Government and other first-class securities, inaugurated in the early history of the Bank, has been maintained, as evidenced by the items representing such investments, and which now amount to \$721,474.02.

Branches of the Bank have been opened during the year at Niagara Falls and Galt, and arrangements have been made to open at an early date a branch office on the corner of Yonge and Queen Streets, Toronto.

A by-law will be presented for your adoption, authorizing the incoming Board to appropriate out of the profits of the current year the sum of \$5,000 to establish a guarantee and pension fund for the officers of the Bank.

The head offices and branches of the Bank have been carefully inspected, and your Directors have much pleasure in recording their satisfaction at the manner in which the officers of the Bank have performed their respective duties.

H. S. HOWLAND, President.

### GENERAL STATEMENT—31ST MAY, 1886.

LIABILITIES.	
Notes of the Bank in circulation.....	\$ 598,122 00
Deposits bearing interest (including interest accrued to date).....	3,333,743 44
Deposits not bearing interest.....	1,094,237 64
Due to other banks in Canada.....	2,588 57
Due to agents in United Kingdom.....	102,485 26
Total liabilities to the public.....	\$5,431,176 91
Capital stock paid up.....	1,500,000 00
Rest account.....	500,000 00
Contingent account.....	139,789 13
Dividend No. 22, payable 1st June, 1886 (4 per cent.).....	60,000 00
Former dividends unpaid.....	1,089 27
Balance of profit and loss account carried forward.....	18,339 13
	\$7,650,394 44
ASSETS.	
Gold and silver coin current.....	\$ 276,859 99
Dominion Government notes.....	359,701 00
Notes of and cheques on other banks.....	218,547 64
Balance due from other banks in Canada.....	174,963 21
Balance due from agents in foreign countries.....	59,471 07
Dominion of Canada debentures.....	\$202,008 88
Province of Ontario securities.....	131,831 68
Municipal and other debentures.....	387,633 46
Total assets immediately available.....	\$1,802,016 96
Loans on call.....	120,429 11
Loans, discounts, or advances on current account to municipal and other corporations.....	861,686 07
Other current loans, discounts and advances to the public.....	4,595,721 57
Notes discounted overdue, secured.....	67,836 29
Notes discounted overdue, unsecured. (Estimated loss provided for).....	46,761 87
Real estate, the property of the Bank (other than the Bank premises).....	60,379 29
Mortgages on real estate sold by the Bank (all bearing interest).....	43,429 80
Bank premises, including safes, vaults and office furniture, at head offices and branches.....	130,103 97
Other assets, not included under foregoing heads.....	12,024 51
	\$7,650,394 44

D. R. WILKIE, Cashier.

The report was adopted.

The usual votes of thanks were passed to the President and Directors; also to the cashier and other officers for their attention and zeal in promoting the interest of the Bank.

A motion authorizing an appropriation of \$5,000 to a guarantee and pension fund for the officers of the Bank was adopted.

The ballot was then taken for the election of Directors, which resulted in the election of the following shareholders, viz: Messrs. H. S. Howland, T. R. Merritt, Wm. Ramsay, P. Hughes, T. R. Wadsworth, Hon. Alex. Morris, Robt. Jaffray.

At a subsequent meeting of the Directors, Mr. Henry S. Howland was elected President, and Mr. Thomas R. Merritt Vice-President, for the ensuing year.

## QUEBEC BANK.

The sixty-eighth annual meeting of the shareholders of the Quebec Bank took place at the banking house in Quebec, on Monday, 7th June, at 3 p.m.

There were present Sir N. F. Belleau, K.C.M.G.; Rev. W. B. Clark, Hon. Jas. G. Ross, Messrs. R. H. Smith, Wm. White, Wm. Withall, John Laird, John R. Young, S. J. Shaw, G. R. Renfrew, J. H. Simmonds, J. W. Henry, Erskine G. Scott, Robert Brodie, Cyrille Tessier, Peter Johnson, E. J. Taylor, Captain Carter, Alexander Forrest, and others.

The chair was taken by Hon. J. G. Ross, President, and Wm. R. Dean, the inspector, acted as Secretary of the meeting.

The President read the report of the Directors, and James Stevenson, Esq., cashier, read the statement of the affairs of the Bank as on 15th May, 1886.

### REPORT.

A statement of the affairs of the Bank has been sent to the several shareholders, for their information, preparatory to this meeting.

That statement shows that the net profits for the past fiscal year, after the payment of all expenses incurred in the management, amount to.....	\$ 248,165 66
The last annual report exhibited a balance at credit of Profit and Loss Account, 15th May, 1885.....	58,947 62
The semi-annual dividend, at the rate of 6 per centum per annum paid in December last, amounted to.....	307,113 28
Leaving.....	75,000 00
Of this sum the Directors have appropriated in connection with bad and doubtful debts, \$119,304 04; and they have declared a dividend for the half-year ending 15th May, at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, \$75,000 00.....	232,113 28
Leaving at credit of Profit and Loss Account.....	194,304 04
The rest remains at.....	\$ 37,809 24
	\$ 325,000 00

In the report submitted to the last meeting of the shareholders, the Directors referred to the prevailing depression in the trade and industry of the country. They cannot say that there has been any manifest improvement since. The Directors are, nevertheless, enabled to state that the general business of the Bank has been maintained, and that the earnings of this year are in excess of those of the last. At the branches in the chief cities of the Dominion, Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto, valuable building sites in a central part of the city of Toronto has recently been acquired by the Bank, upon which a suitable banking house is now being built.

It would be difficult for the Directors to give definite expression to their views in regard to the prospects of business for the current year. The square timber trade is depressed, but deals are in demand and the lumber interests on the Ottawa, in which the Bank is interested, are in a fairly prosperous condition. From all points of the Dominion the most favourable reports reach them a comparatively short winter.

The branches of the Bank have been duly inspected and found in order, and the Directors have to report favourably of the care and attention shown by the several officers of the Bank in discharge of their respective duties.

The President asked the cashier to read the balance sheet. JAS. G. ROSS, President.

### STATEMENT OF THE RESULT OF THE BUSINESS OF THE BANK FOR THE YEAR ENDING 15TH MAY, 1886.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.	
Dividend 3 per cent. paid 1st December, 1885.....	\$75,000 00
Dividend 3 per cent., payable 1st June, 1886.....	75,000 00
Appropriation for bad and doubtful debts.....	\$ 150,000 00
Balance at credit of profit and loss account, 15th May, 1885.....	119,304 04
	37,809 24
	\$ 307,113 28
Balance at credit of profit and loss account, 15th May, 1886.....	\$ 58,947 62
Profits for year at head office and branches, after deducting charges of management.....	248,165 66
	\$ 307,113 28

### GENERAL STATEMENT, 15TH MAY, 1886.

LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid up.....	\$2,500,000 00
Reserve account.....	325,000 00
At credit of profit and loss account.....	37,809 24
Dividends unclaimed.....	2,868 26
Dividend No. 128, payable 1st June, 1886.....	75,000 00
Reserved for interest due depositors, rebate on current discounts, etc.....	123,293 93
Notes in circulation.....	669,231 00
Deposits bearing interest.....	3,123,796 79
Deposits not bearing interest.....	704,720 15
Due to banks in Canada.....	84,798 83
Due agents in United Kingdom.....	13,569 02
	\$7,660,087 22

ASSETS.	
Specie.....	\$ 79,438 09
Dominion Government demand notes.....	207,094 00
Notes of and cheques on other banks.....	120,755 17
Due from other banks in Canada.....	52,511 61
Due from foreign agents.....	43,277 23
Dominion Government Debentures.....	148,433 33
Loans to corporations.....	6,352 00
Bonds and stocks—Foreign and Canadian.....	323,774 45
Loans to other banks.....	716,128 60
Loans on stocks and bonds.....	60,000 00
Other assets.....	502,757 48
Current loans, discounts and advances to the public.....	5 271 90
Overdue debt secured.....	4,952,608 71
Overdue debts not specially secured (estimated loss provided for).....	167,207 07
Real estate (other than Bank premises) in Provinces of Quebec and Ontario.....	43,920 16
Mortgages on real estate sold in Provinces of Quebec and Ontario.....	49,126 62
Bank premises and bank furniture in Provinces of Quebec and Ontario.....	57,153 00
	124,277 80
	\$7,660,087 22

Quebec Bank 15th May, 1886.

JAMES STEVENSON, Cashier.

The cashier gave some further information touching the affairs and business of the Bank which was received by the shareholders present with manifest marks of satisfaction. He spoke to the following effect:

GENTLEMEN.—You are informed that the Bank has recently acquired a valuable property in the most important part of the city of Toronto, upon which a handsome and suitable banking house is now being built. The acquisition of this property will not necessarily increase our expenses, for a portion only of the building will be required for the accommodation of the Bank. The rest will be divided into offices and places of business, which have already been let to advantage in anticipation, and will produce a fair revenue in relation to the expenditure.

You are informed that the general business of the Bank has been maintained. I may further state that the financial position of the Bank has been considerably improved since the Directors last had the pleasure of meeting the shareholders.

At this time last year the balance sheet (of which you have a copy) showed the amount of overdue debts secured.....	\$ 481,815 00
These have now been reduced to.....	167,207 00
Overdue debts not specially secured.....	45,793 00
Now reduced to (and estimated loss provided for).....	43,920 00
Real estate in the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario (other than bank premises) and mortgages.....	131,573 00
The profits for the fiscal year 1885 were.....	106,279 00
This year they are.....	244,051 00
The total loans and investments by the statement submitted last year were.....	248,165 00
These are this year.....	6,714,620 00
	6,715,326 00

Although we may not feel disposed to speak definitely regarding the future of business, we would not give expression to feelings of despondency. We are perhaps too much given to despond and to ably written article, to "the sharp twinge of depression" bids us be hopeful. No doubt the landed and agricultural interests have been affected by the low price of produce; but I have yet to learn that

JUNE 24th, 1886.]

It is a misfortune to have cheap food in the country. I am not aware that our manufacturing interests are suffering. I have opportunities of forming a correct opinion upon this subject, and nothing gives me greater pleasure than to state that the manufacturing industries of Quebec appear to be in a prosperous condition.

There are besides agencies at work calculated to improve our prospects. Some years ago a wooden railway was designed between Quebec and St. Raymond, and partly built. The enterprise proved a failure, but nevertheless out of this undertaking emerged the Lake St. John Steel Railway, proved a failure, but nevertheless out of this undertaking emerged the Lake St. John Steel Railway, proved a failure, but nevertheless out of this undertaking emerged the Lake St. John Steel Railway.

The Hon. J. G. Ross then moved, seconded by Robert Brodie, Esq., the adoption of the report and statement. Carried.

On motion of J. W. Henry, Esq., seconded by the Rev. W. B. Clark, the thanks of the meeting were given to the President, Vice-President and Directors, for their valuable services during the year.

It was then moved by S. J. Shaw, Esq., seconded by S. J. Simmons, Esq., that the thanks of this meeting be given to the cashier, inspectors, managers, and other officers of the Bank for the efficient manner in which they have discharged their duties.

A ballot being taken, the scrutineers reported the following gentlemen elected to serve on the Board for the ensuing year: Hon. James G. Ross, William Withall, Esq., Sir N. F. Belleau, K. C. M.G., Messrs. R. H. Smith, William White, J. R. Young, G. R. Rennew.

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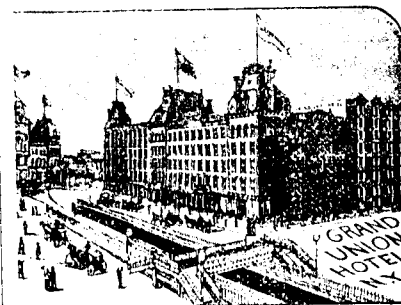
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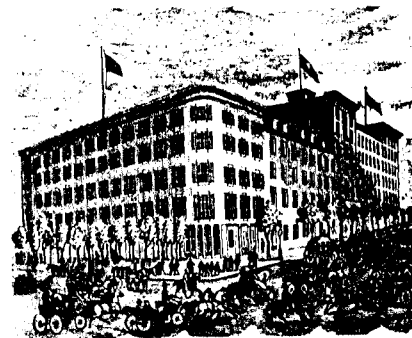
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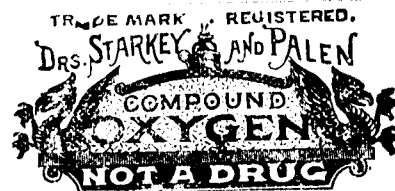
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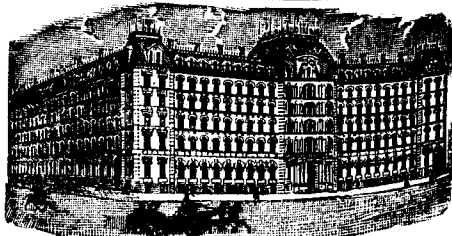
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