

# THE WEEK:

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## CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK—	PAGE
The Execution of Riel.....	801
Feeling in Ontario about the Rebel's Death.....	801
The Practical Meaning of Protection.....	801
Free Trade Conference in Chicago.....	802
Watchfulness the Price of Liberty.....	802
Impotence of the Scott Act.....	802
The House of Lords.....	802
Hodge as a Voter.....	802
The War in the Balkans.....	803
The Burmese Difficulty.....	803
The Andre Monument and American Anglophobia.....	803
Mr. Dent's History of the Rebellion.....	803
The Appointment of Sir Francis Head as Governor of Upper Canada.....	804
The Doctrine of Eternal Punishment.....	804
CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES—	
A Foreigner's Opinion of American Poets.....	McM. 804
The Place and Function of a Weekly Press.....	B. 805
Latitude.....	J. Oliver Smith. 806
Montreal Matters.....	Z. 806
HERE AND THERE.....	807
CORRESPONDENCE.....	808
POETRY—	
The Old Coaching Inn.....	H. K. Cockin. 808
A Starlit Night by the Sea-shore (Selected).....	808
THE ENGLISH LABOURER (Selected).....	809
EXTRACTS FROM LUCY'S "DIARY OF TWO PARLIAMENTS".....	810
SCRAP BOOK.....	810
MUSIC—	
Toronto Monday Popular Concerts.....	Clef. 812
OUR LIBRARY TABLE.....	812
LITERARY GOSSIP.....	812

## The Week,

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY AND LITERATURE.

Edited by W. PHILIP ROBINSON.

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## TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

RIEL's execution, now a thing of the past, was from the first inevitable. He received a fair trial, and both at Regina and before the Privy Council everything that could be done was done on his behalf. There were no grounds on which mercy could interfere to stay the hand of Justice. The petitioners for a commutation of his sentence were moved to action by national sympathy. There were people who argued that Riel's life ought to be spared because he had French blood in his veins. If the doctrine were once accepted that a man's nationality, if of the right kind, may save him from the consequences of his crimes, society would soon be in a state of dissolution and neither property nor life would be secure. It is for his crime and not for his nationality that Riel has suffered. If an Englishman had done what he did, not one of his countrymen would have thought of asking for his reprieve on the ground of his nationality. The law knows no distinction of nationalities. If Jackson was incarcerated in a lunatic asylum instead of being hanged, the reason was that his insanity was not a matter of doubt; and if Riel had been in the same mental condition that Jackson was, he would, in spite of anything that had occurred in his previous career, have received the same treatment. The plea that Riel is insane does not negative the fact that he was well aware of what he was doing when he induced the Half-breeds to take up arms and incited the Indians to murder unoffending persons, priests as well as laymen. We are told, and the fact cannot be denied, that the Half-breeds had substantial grievances, which two Administrations had failed to redress; and the question is asked how far endurance was to go, and at what point resistance would become justifiable. As pleas in and at what point resistance would become justifiable. As pleas in justification of the insurrection, the interrogations must fail. The grievances under which the Half-breeds were suffering were as nothing in comparison with the sufferings which they would have to undergo as the inevitable consequences of their measuring forces with the Government. The redress of the grievances would have come, if there had been no

insurrection, in the same way and almost as soon as it did come. Before a shot was fired a commission to deal with the complaints of the Half-breeds had been decided upon. It is quite safe to say that the time had not come when a resort to arms was justifiable. One of the bishops of the North-West is credited with saying that Riel, dead or alive, would be a source of danger. That his name will be a name to conjure by may be true, in a certain sense. But the ignorant of one race only can be bewitched by the appeal, and as the full truth becomes known the force of the spell, gradually weakening, will at last be broken. Among the victims of Riel's own race in the North-West the sympathy that was once so active in his favour has turned to gall. In the Province of Quebec it is difficult to gauge the extent of the genuine feeling for him. Both parties are willing to utilize the hangman's rope to serve their purposes: while one tries to climb upon it hand-over-hand to power, the other, put on the defensive, concludes that the best use that can be made of it is to bar out the enemy. The sympathies of the politicians are his own, and he is free to expend them as he will; and if the genuine article be wanting it can be counterfeited without incurring the penalties of forgery. Sympathy for Riel among Quebec politicians is both real and counterfeit. Neither party has a monopoly of the article. The game of politics played over a dead man's grave is not an edifying spectacle; but in proportion to the extent to which sympathy is simulated the dismal contest will be harmless. If Riel's execution were a judicial murder, there would be reason to fear the avenging spirit that would rise from his grave; but if ever sentence were just and execution warranted they were in Riel's case. If his life had been spared, the arm of justice would have been paralyzed: not one of the Indian murderers, who were his victims and his dupes, could have been hanged; the murdered men and women and the volunteers who were shot while putting down the insurrection would alone have suffered.

OCCASIONALLY may be heard in Ontario utterances on the fate of Riel to which calm reason can lend no sanction. But they are the exception, and must not be taken as the voice of Ontario. Riel was not hanged for the murder of Scott, nor had vengeance any part in his execution. That he was an old offender and justly deemed dangerous to the public peace are facts which, if the question had come up, might fairly have stood in the way of the exercise of clemency. Of the crimes of his first insurrection Riel had been purged by the exercise of Executive clemency, which took a form that does not recommend it as a precedent. Revenge has no part in the feeling with which the news of the execution is received. The people of Quebec have no cause of complaint at the attitude of Ontario on the subject. And we receive with incredulity the predictions of a political revolution, as the result of the event. No member of the Cabinet from Quebec has resigned or ever had an intention to resign, as a result of Riel's meeting his fate at the hands of justice. Conservative representatives, as well as Grit, petitioned and protested; but that the supporters of the Government in Quebec will go over to the Opposition in a body because Riel was not pardoned is utterly incredible.

PROTECTIONISTS are in the habit of saying, when their stock of arguments falls short, that all the theorists are on one side but all the practical men on the other. Political economy is a curious and a very unfortunate subject if all the results of scientific inquiry respecting it point the opposite way to the facts. Were William Pitt and Turgot mere theorists? Were Huskisson, Lord Russell, Peel and Cavour? Are Gladstone's Budgets the work of a speculative dreamer? Did the Anti-Corn Law League consist of university professors or of Lancashire and Yorkshire manufacturers? Did Bright and Cobden themselves imbibe their opinions in academic lecture-rooms or form them in centres of trade? Is the enormous growth of British commerce and wealth since the repeal of the Corn Laws a vision or a practical fact? The same question might be asked respecting the annihilation under a Protective tariff of the mercantile marine of the United States. Say that all disinterested inquirers, whether students or statesmen, are on one side, while all who are personally interested in Protection are on the other, and you will not be far from the mark.

The gentlemen from whose proceedings Mr. W. H. Howland the other day withdrew the veil, showing them in the act of bargaining with the leaders of party for fiscal protection to their own trades, were practical beyond question: whether they were operating or believed themselves to be operating in the interest of the community at large is a point on which the very fact that they shrouded themselves in secrecy is enough to breed a doubt. That advocates of Free Trade have forgotten the limit practically set to the application of a sound principle by fiscal necessity is the very basis of our special position on the question; and we differ from the extreme purists who refuse to resort to retaliation as a mode of opening ports and enforcing justice. But when protection is demanded, we ask, and in no captious spirit, for a clear statement of principle. What are the native industries to be protected? On what ground is the selection made? Wherein is the justice of taxing the whole community for the profit of particular trades? What is gained by forcibly diverting capital and labour from one trade to another? Are we to renounce selling to other nations as well as buying of them? Is the protection to be temporary, or is it to be maintained for ever? The original plea was for temporary protection only, to shelter the industries in their infant state against the severity of competition: but rueful experience has proved that for the purpose of levying a tax on the community the infancy of an industry never ends.

THE Chicago Free Trade Conference has had its say, and it remains to be seen what effect its resolves may have upon Congress. The appeal is to a Congress to be modified by future elections. And on these elections the Conference hopes to produce some influence; one recommendation to revenue reformers being "to vote only for such Congressional candidates as openly oppose a tariff for Protection." The resolutions are not very aggressive. They begin by asking that no increase of protective duties be sanctioned; and they proceed to claim for crude materials freedom from duty, and that on the products of these materials no additional duties shall be put. Free ships are demanded and the abolition of the restrictive navigation laws called for, while bounties and subsidies are condemned. This is the full measure of the demand made by the Conference. There is wisdom in the moderation manifested; a demand for more radical tariff reform, to begin with, would have frightened many people from giving it their countenance on whose support of the present resolutions it is safe to count. Powerful interests stand in the way of a more sweeping tariff reform; and all that is asked, moderate as it is, will not be granted without a struggle. What makes the manufacturing interest specially strong in the United States is the fact that it finds expression in a vast number of powerful corporations. These corporations have an influence which individuals could never hope to wield. The moderation of the Conference is shown even more in the minority than in the majority report. The minority demanded an immediate reduction of the entire tariff to the revenue standard, a demand which the majority rejected in favour of the instalment of which we have given the chief items. Many of the changes asked by the majority were supported by manufacturers, in whose interest the abolition of duties on crude materials would have found utterance long ago if it were not for the high duties on the finished products. The majority resolutions are only intended as the thin end of the wedge. The preamble discovers the ground of future action which the resolutions do not cover. The Democrats in Congress will probably be found not to be an unit in the advocacy of the first step proposed by the majority of the Chicago Conference to be taken. But whatever influence the resolves of that Conference may have it will be in the right direction.

THE first set of nominations to the Revising-Barristerships, or whatever the appointments are to be called, has been almost unexceptionable: this it is right to say. Unfortunately it does not follow because a power is not abused at the outset, and when all eyes are fixed on its exercise, that it will not be abused in the sequel. The scene in England shows us of what Party in its frenzy is capable, and the sight of the means to do ill deeds too often makes ill deeds done. The nomination of the revising-officers by the head of the Party in power is inherently objectionable; nor has a good reason ever been assigned for departing from the British practice, or rather from the constitutional principle on which it is based. Watchfulness is the price of liberty even under the elective system, and practical usurpation may take place without violation of forms. Without any violation of forms, and by legal processes in which there was not a flaw, Charles II. broke the charters of all the great municipal corporations, got the corporations and the Parliament into his own hands, sent the leaders of the Opposition to the block, and practically restored absolute monarchy. Those days will not come again; but there is no saying, even now, to what extent, under a constitution like ours, an unscrupulous Party with a leader equally

unscrupulous might carry its encroachments without breaking the letter of any law, or how long it might entrench itself in possession of the Government. Gerrymandering, manipulation of the franchise, partisan revision, the Party use of the prerogative of dissolution, are all strictly legal; combined with patronage and corruption they are formidable instruments for controlling the elections; and he who controls the elections is all-powerful, whatever may be the nominal limits of his power. He is not only all-powerful, but almost irresponsible. No Royal Governor in the plenitude of his nominal authority would have ventured on the expenditure or the corruption which has gone on in Canada during the last forty years. We have now at the head of the State a Minister whose sole and absorbing object is to keep the Party which supports him in power. All the threads of influence have been gathered by a life of Party management into his hands, he commands an overwhelming majority, and Parliamentary opposition to his worst measures is hopeless. Once more, then, it is necessary to be watchful.

THE majority in favour of the Scott Act at Fredericton has been reduced since the last election, and will very likely disappear at the next if the question is tried again. But the Liquor Interest no longer care to try the question. They have found that to them the Scott Act means practically the free sale of liquor without license, and they have no inducement to fight their way back to a system under which they would have to pay license fees. At Fredericton, as was stated by the *Maritime Farmer*, a neutral journal quoted in our last number, the sale of liquor is perfectly open. The *Bruce Herald* reports the same result in that county. "The Act," it says, "is as dead as Julius Caesar." The idea that it would be sustained by a reverence for legal authority soon vanished. Prosecutions have failed, from the unwillingness of witnesses to give evidence against the hotel-keepers, who have public sympathy on their side, the people feeling that the Act sought to destroy a business and confiscate property created under the sanction of previous laws. The trials have become a farce. They have become a farce so far as the enforcement of the Act is concerned, but they are at the same time a very practical and effective school of perjury. Yet there are some excellent people who cannot be brought to believe, or even to admit the thought, that their neighbours may be opposed to this system and in favour of a different way of discouraging intemperance without being moral murderers, children of the Devil and enemies of God.

IN the contest between parties in England comparatively little is said about the House of Lords. Lord Rosebery, who has made the reform of his own branch of the Legislature his special province, dwells anxiously on the subject, but the Radical leaders hardly pay it any attention. This seems strange, considering the urgency of the question and the fact that not many months ago, when the Lords were attempting to block the Franchise Bill, the country rang with Radical threats to mend or end them. But the explanation is one which curiously supports our contention that it is from the Conservative point of view that a reform of our Senate is most earnestly to be desired. The fact is that the English Radicals for the most part care very little about ending the House of Lords, and are decidedly opposed to mending it. They see that if it were ended, as there would no longer be anything to prevent the Peers from becoming candidates for seats in the Commons, there would in all probability be a great addition to the Conservative forces in that body, whereas the hereditary chamber acts as a gilded ostracism of wealth and rank. They see that if it were mended and made like the Senate of the United States it would be a great Conservative force in itself. They prefer, therefore, as Sir Charles Dilke cynically avowed, that it shall remain as it is, discredited, decrepit and incapable of putting a real veto on any Radical measure. Moderate Liberals naturally reply that nothing can be worse for the nation than to have a branch of the Legislature in a state of impotence and ignominy. If they would turn their eyes to Canada they would see their assertion practically confirmed; though the House of Lords, having at all events the advantage of independence, can never sink to the level of a nominal Senate.

IT is only in politics that people are competent judges of momentous questions about which they know nothing. This will be strikingly illustrated a few days hence, when the British agricultural labourer will be called upon to pronounce his opinion on the reform of the House of Lords, Disestablishment, the Irish question, the Land question, the Local Government question, and a number of questions pertaining to foreign politics, including those of Egypt, Bulgaria and Afghanistan. With regard to the Land question, he has an idea that he would like a bit of land for himself. With regard to the other questions it is a very inadequate description of the density of his ignorance to say that he has no idea whatever. It

would probably be impossible to drive any idea into him without making him over again from his intellectual cradle. The French peasant is no better instructed; but he is a petty landowner, and in that capacity has certain political notions, such as a dislike of Communism, and on the other hand, an antipathy to priests and aristocrats as the natural enemies of a title derived from the Revolution. He has, moreover, the feelings of a tax-payer, and is hostile to the Tonquin expedition. We give in another column an extract from "Hodge and his Masters," presenting a true and lively sketch of Hodge's life; and it will at once be seen how easily the effect of such schooling as he gets passes away and leaves scarcely a trace behind. That he has his qualities the harvests of England show and has been victoriously proved on many a blood-stained hill-side. There is a touching dignity in the patience with which he plods through his life of dull toil, and a pathos in the satisfaction with which he looks forward to a decent burial at its close. Nor, considering how the icy touch of extreme penury deadens affection, is he a bad husband to his "old woman," or an unkind father to his children. Decidedly he is a better man, though less quick-witted, than the inhabitants of the low quarters of cities, on whom the suffrage was bestowed by Derby and Disraeli to dish the Whigs. His lot has improved since the time when the Anti-Corn Law League, to show what were the blessings of protection to the labourer, exhibited a pair of his nether integuments so stiff with dirt, grease, and patches, that they stood upright of themselves. Joseph Arch did something for him. Railways have done a good deal more for him—they have given him openings in their service, to which many of the best labourers have been transferred, and they have enabled him to seek the best market, whereas before he had been bound like a mediæval serf to the soil of his parish, and compelled to take such wages as the employers of his labour chose to give. Agricultural machinery has also wrought a change in his favour. Nor have landowners failed to do their part, especially in the improvement of his habitation. Where half a century ago the clay cottage with thatched roof was everywhere seen, a specimen of it can now hardly be found. It has been replaced, much to the detriment of the picturesque, by the brick cottage roofed with tiles. The inhabitant of that abode now steps forth upon the political scene with bewildered face and awkward bow. What he will do is still a mystery to all, and to none, perhaps, a greater mystery than to himself.

IN Eastern Europe the great Powers held the little Powers completely in the leash; but Austria, it seems, has thought good to let Serbia, her special client, slip against Bulgaria. She must, apparently, have satisfied herself that Russia, who is the patron of Bulgaria, is either disinclined or not in a condition to interpose. The former supposition seems paradoxical, since the annexation of Eastern Roumelia to Bulgaria, while it rescinds the Treaty of Berlin, sets up again that of St. Stefano. Serbia's jealousy has been excited by the extension of Bulgaria, which she seeks to counter-balance by annexing a portion of the Bulgarian principality, the population of which is Serb. So these young nations, on the morrow of their emancipation, instead of combining their efforts to get completely rid of the Turk, are flying at each other's throats, and one of them is appealing to the Turk for aid against the other. The Balkan Conference, however, is still sitting, and the inducement to stay the conflagration is so strong that the great Powers can hardly fail to come to some agreement. When they do the lesser Powers must at once lay down their arms. England is, unfortunately, paralyzed for the time; she has no voice in the council of nations; her Prime Minister, though in office, is not in power—his chance of obtaining power depends on the victory of his forces and those of Mr. Parnell combined over the Liberal party in the elections, which all the statesmen of Europe know to be extremely doubtful, while his defeat would make way for the return of an Eastern policy totally different from his own. The Marquis vainly endeavours to veil his impotence by pretending that the union of Eastern Roumelia with Bulgaria was the ultimate object of the Beaconsfieldian policy. Nothing could be more explicit or emphatic than Lord Beaconsfield's declaration that his object was to strengthen Turkey, and that this had been done by separating Eastern Roumelia from Bulgaria and placing it again under the supremacy of the Sultan.

A TEMPLE of Janus would be but seldom shut in the British Empire. A few weeks after the return of Lord Wolseley from Egypt, and almost at the moment of Sir Charles Warren's reception at the close of his South African expedition, war is declared against Burmah. This last is no trivial undertaking; and Lord Dufferin's prompt and decisive action proves that England possesses more than merely a diplomat in her Indian Viceroy. That a Burmese war is no trivial undertaking, the history of the two former quarrels with that country show. True, in the first outbreak, that

of 1824, the Indian Government were profoundly ignorant of the resources and even of the topography of the country; and it required two campaigns to bring the King of Ava to terms, with the only result that three meagre provinces were obtained at a cost of thirteen crores of rupees. The expedition of 1852, however, was short, decisive and inexpensive. Let us hope England's third encounter with His Majesty of the Golden Foot may be equally successful. The force despatched against Thebaw consists of fifteen thousand men, with a proportionate force of artillery, and is under the leadership of Lieutenant-General Prendergast, up till this time in command of the Hyderabad Subsidiary Force. They are to proceed up the Irrawaddy in flat-bottomed barges preceded by heavily-armed steamers. The most serious obstacles to be encountered are sure to be the teak and bamboo stockades which the Burmans excel in erecting. These not seldom baffle artillery and daunt Sepoy troops. European soldiers, however, will speedily break through them. There is little fear on the whole that this third Burmese war will be at all protracted. The result of the annexation of Burmah is a question which is at present exciting more attention. That it will be a boon to the country itself probably only Thebaw and his Prime Minister will deny. The prosperity of the inhabitants of British Burmah is patent to all. The semi-independent tribes, such as the Karens and the Shans, are ever at discord with the Burmese potentate, and a few months will suffice to bring them thoroughly under British control. The elimination of French influence in Burmah—felt more especially along China's southern frontier, from the delta of the Red River of Tonquin through the Shan States to the valley of the Irrawaddy—will be accounted a true blessing by China. China and England are on excellent terms, and the contiguity of the two nations, brought about by the absorption by the latter of the turbulent kingdom that now separates them, will result in a wonderful opening-up of trade, which in its far-reaching effects will have no trivial influence even, it is safe to say, in Birmingham and Manchester. Upon this question the *Times* admirably says:—"To find new markets for English manufactures instead of those which protective tariffs have closed against us is the most hopeful remedy for the depression of trade. If we are able not only to develop the resources of Burmah, but to make a breach in the exclusive system of China, the advantages will be great both to consumers and to producers in those countries and in our own. It may be pointed out, also, that we are never likely to have a better opportunity of bringing the business to a satisfactory conclusion than at the present moment. The colonial policy of France has met with a check through the state of French politics at home; Russia is also occupied in another quarter, and any arrangements between England and China are likely to be accepted without demur by all the Powers with commercial interest in the East."

It was very generous, but perhaps not very prudent, in Mr. Cyrus Field to put up a monument to André. In the breasts of all the better class of Americans the traditional hatred of the original home of their race has yielded to the influences of time, reason, friendly intercourse, or broader culture, and a more comprehensive view of history. But among the baser sort there still lives a feeling compounded of cherished spite and suspicious vanity, which is perhaps about the meanest sentiment that ever styled itself national—meaner even than the feeling of the Tory aristocracy of England against the American Republic—a sort of excuse for which is furnished by the subversion with which the success of the republic threatens aristocratic ideas. To this Anglophobia the erection of a monument to André was a direct challenge, which its chivalry has not failed to accept. Moreover, a tribute paid to the memory of André touches a particularly sore point. The same tribute paid to the memory, say of Fraser, or of any British officer who had fallen in battle, would probably not cause equal irritation. In the mind of any American who is not satisfied with the mere technicalities of martial law, or blinded by partisanship, there must lurk a doubt whether the execution was not, to say the least, a cruel act done in a cruel way. This uneasiness, probably, it was that prompted the mutilation of André's monument in Westminster Abbey. On the whole, we should say that it was better to leave the monument unrestored.

WE have now been able to read and digest Mr. Dent's history of the Rebellion; and we must confess ourselves at a loss to understand why he should be so much incensed at the criticisms of our contributor, "Thorpe Mable," and threaten, if "Thorpe Mable" does it again, to turn literary decorum out of doors and break his head. "Thorpe Mable" gave Mr. Dent credit for industry, for bringing new and interesting matter to light, for popular qualities as a writer. If he declined to give him credit for having said the last word of impartial history, he only withheld that which no intelligent and dispassionate reader will accord. Mr. Dent may have

taken the right side ; but he distinctly takes a side, and his tone throughout accords with his feelings. The keynote is struck in the account of the "slow crucifixion" of Gourlay with which the narrative opens, and is prolonged *crescendo* to the end. Moreover, Mr. Dent fails to see this group of events as it stands in its historic surroundings, and to judge the acts and actors with a fair and comprehensive reference to the circumstances of the period. The old Colonial Constitution was well exchanged, when the fulness of time came, for one of a more liberal kind ; but it was itself liberal for its day, especially when we consider that one moiety of the double Colony was a conquest. It was practically not much less liberal than that which before the reform of Parliament was enjoyed by the Imperial country. Nor does it seem to have been ill-administered, so far as the governors were concerned : it may reasonably be doubted whether for the young community a government of party politicians would have been really better than theirs. An administrative oligarchy, nicknamed the Family Compact, had grown up, kept to itself the spoils of office, and, it seems, abused its power over the Crown lands. That there was corruption on a colossal scale we find it rather difficult to believe. The "mansions" of the principal members of the Compact are still to be seen and are of very modest dimensions, while nothing is more certain than that their owners did not leave vast fortunes. The great political reaction caused by the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars was succeeded by a tidal wave of Liberalism which extended from the Imperial country, where it swept away the Rotten Borough Parliament, to the Colony, and for the government of the Crown and its councillors substituted that of the Colonial Parliament. The past seldom slides quite smoothly into the future. There was a struggle between the administrators of the old system and the aspirants of the new, in the course of which many violent things were said and some violent things were done : though it is absurd to talk of the wrecking of a printing-press as if it had been a massacre, nor less absurd to accuse a man of "a cruel and dastardly murder" because in the days of duelling he killed his adversary in a duel. At last there was a sputter of civil war (for that, rather than rebellion, is its proper name), caused, be it observed, not by any act of tyranny on the part of the Governor or the official oligarchy, but by the defeat of the Reformers in a popular election, owing mainly to the publication of an indiscreet letter from Mr. Hume. The page of history being ever chequered, all this might well have been told with philosophic calmness. Of the State Church we are well rid ; but the institution existed in those days everywhere except in the United States, and the Scotch Presbyterians, who were active in pulling it down here, upheld it in their own country ; nay they would have upheld it here if the Anglicans would have gone shares with them in the endowment. That Mr. Dent is bent on exalting Dr. Rolph at the expense of other characters, and notably at the expense of Lyon Mackenzie, whose "mannikin" figure is constantly used to set off the physical, moral and intellectual majesty of the great man, nobody can fail to remark. Mr. Dent has a right to the indulgence of his fancy : these are the days of hero-worship, rehabilitation and historical paradox ; but he cannot expect us all at once to bow down to the image which he has set up, and to trample on the image which he has cast down. He will tell us more about Dr. Rolph in his second volume ; but so far the hero rather wears the aspect of a timid and wary politician, who inspires councils at which he refuses to be present, and is willing that his friends should face the risk of enterprises which he declines to share. Mr. Dent's book is lively and readable ; no doubt it will have many readers. But it leaves room for a more impartial treatment of the subject. We do not know that "Thorpe Mable" has said more ; and if he has only said this, his head ought not to be in peril.

At the English Court, many years ago, among the youthful Maids of Honour appeared one who though a maid was by no means youthful. The explanation given by gossip of the phenomenon was a mistake of identity. A secretary, it was said, had addressed the letter offering the appointment to the aunt instead of the niece. This was credible : neither lady being famous the blunder was possible, and when the offer had been accepted correction would have been painful and, the office being one of no importance, needless. But it is not credible, even though Sir Francis Hincks may have heard it from Mr. Roebuck, that Sir Francis Bond Head should have been sent out by mistake for Sir Edmund Head as Governor of Upper Canada. Sir Edmund was at that time only about thirty years old ; he had spent five of the years which followed his graduation in a college tutorship, and though rising into notice he was not by any means in a position to be sent out as Governor of an important Colony. Sir Francis Bond Head was well known ; it was probably thought that his roving and adventurous habits, knowledge of the world and jovial character would render him congenial to the Colonists, while his ignorance of politics and

freedom from political connections, instead of being a fatal disqualification, might be thought a valuable qualification for the neutral part which he was sent out to play, and which had he played, all would probably have gone well. Had the offer of the appointment by any strange accident been misdirected, the Minister on discovering the mistake would certainly have corrected it, however awkward the process might have been, rather than have sent the wrong man on an important and difficult mission. Instead of that, according to Mr. Dent, he and his Under-Secretary, Mr. Stephen, who was one of the foremost of Colonial administrators, when the offer had been declined by Sir Francis talked him into acceptance. Mr. Hume also hailed the appointment as excellent. When the bubble of the Brunnen of Nassau had burst, and Sir Francis's administration had proved a *fasco*, stories about the origin of the appointment were not afloat, and the subsequent appointment of the other Head became the natural foundation of a myth.

THE presence of Archdeacon Farrar in the United States was sure to stir up a controversy on the question of Eternal Punishment. That belief, like some others, has varied in intensity not only with the changing phases of theology but with historical conditions. It was strong in the ascetic during the dark days of mediæval misery, and in the persecuted Covenanter : it has grown weaker under the kindly influences of modern civilization, and amidst the general progress of mercy and humanity. Whether it is taught in the New Testament is a question the answer to which mainly depends on the verbal construction of passages in the first three Gospels. The language of some of these passages is figurative, and repels literal interpretation. But as to all of them, and all passages on the verbal construction of which great questions are made to turn, it is constantly to be borne in mind that we do not possess the very words of Christ, who spoke Aramaic, whereas the Gospels are in Greek. The authorship of the Synoptical Gospels must be allowed by all candid minds to be uncertain, nor have we satisfactory assurance that any one of the three writers either was an actual hearer of the Lord, or wrote from the dictation of one who was, for the narrative ascribed by primitive antiquity to Saint Matthew was in a different language from the document we possess. It seems that the three Gospels were not individual works so much as accretions round a common nucleus of tradition, and this process implies a lapse of time probably too great for verbal memory. The character and the morality which have transformed the world we certainly have ; on the phraseology we cannot absolutely depend. It is hardly reasonable, then, to set a phrase, particularly a figurative phrase, against the general tenor of the teaching. Yet this we must apparently do, if in the face of the general teaching as to the justice and the fatherly goodness of God, we hold the doctrine of Eternal Punishment. If with the doctrine of Eternal Punishment is combined that of Election, the moral difficulty becomes greater still. One of the tyrants of Milan contrived a mode of putting his enemies to death by torture prolonged over forty days. He is branded by history as the greatest of monsters ; yet his forty days were as a moment compared with eternity, and he was not himself the actual torturer, as is the Omnipresent Power of Dante's purgatory and hell. The bisection of mankind also into the good and wicked, which the doctrine implies, though admissible for the purpose of a parable, is manifestly at variance with literal fact, the shades of character between the two moral extremes being innumerable, so that no sharp line can anywhere be drawn. Dr. Pusey, when he contends that the fear of Eternal Punishment is necessary to scare men into righteousness, is founding the doctrine on expediency, not on truth, and we may doubt the expediency of anything which misrepresents the character of God. The Gospel and our consciousness alike tell us that as we do well or ill here, it will be well or ill for us hereafter : more they do not tell us, nor does it seem possible that we should know.

#### A FOREIGNER'S OPINION OF AMERICAN POETS.

OF all subjective influences which a critic, that he may prove impartial, requires to guard against, there is none so insidiously potent and so difficult to eradicate as the "*esprit de corps*," the bias in favour of one's Mother Country and all that she produces. Fortunately for the Nineteenth Century illiberal prejudices are fast disappearing in Literature, Art and Science, and light, faint but increasing, begins to show itself in Theology. Praise-worthy patriotism is in many cases ; but in criticism, where prejudices cannot but render opinions of none account, and where liberality in all respects is a *sine qua non*, patriotic bias must be put aside. To accomplish this is indeed a difficult task ; to disabuse the mind of principles which have been instilled into it during its whole development, and which should on other occasions hold powerful sway, is well-nigh impossible. Fortunately



for us all criticism does not entail a comparison with the works of other nations, but the survey of the literature of a country cannot but be treated in this manner, and it is in such a review that one has especially to make allowance for the bias of patriotism.

A survey of the literature of a country by one presumably free from such a bias, by a foreigner who will refrain from invidious comparison with the prose and poetry of his mother-land, gives promise of impartiality and therefore of interest. Such a review of American poetry is offered in a recent number of the *Nuova Antologia* by an Italian, and freedom from comparisons, the justice of which will be interfered with by patriotic prejudices, is almost assured by the nationality of the author. Italy has at the present day no distinctive school of poetry, no sufficiently characteristic poetic principles, no marked peculiarity of poetic style, to which her sons may be inclined to adhere, and which they may feel bound to uphold. The land of Petrarca, Boccaccio, Dante, Tasso, Alfieri and Manzoni has produced no great poet within a time sufficiently near to induce a bias in favour of his style and method when comparisons with other national literatures are being made.

In characterizing American poetry our reviewer speaks as follows:—"The poets genuinely American have all a character of personality, of democracy, of originality, and, strange to say, of mysticism—a mysticism of a new kind, at once poetic and positive, with something of precision, something mathematical, and, as it were, in the more extraordinary fancies, a little of Legendre in the dreams of Swedenborg." It was not our intention to criticise, but we cannot refrain from pointing out that mysticism can hardly be considered a characteristic of American poetry, that new peculiar mysticism being exemplified in a recognizable degree in Edgar Allan Poe alone. Putting aside this mysticism, the rest of the definition quoted above applies with peculiar force to the writings of such authors as Bret Harte, Lowell, Joaquin Miller, Poe, and Walt Whitman. These poets, inasmuch as they illustrate with remarkable perspicuity and poetic force the idiosyncrasies of the nation, and exemplify most correctly the ideas and sentiments of the people, are typically national, and their poetry, in contradistinction to that of such writers as Whittier, Bryant, and Longfellow, may be termed *genre* poetry. The distinction is in a word between localism and cosmopolitanism. The cosmopolitans do not evidence any peculiar national ideas; they want the rugged strength which characterizes the localists, and their verses show more of the smooth, polished rhythm of the poesy of the old world and more of its careful choice of epithets and metaphors. Our author perceiving clearly this difference in American authors separates the cosmopolitans, and dismisses them from consideration; they are *ex limine*, accordingly nothing do we hear of the beauty and simplicity of the poetry of Whittier, Bryant, or Longfellow. Oliver Wendell Holmes does not appear to have been known to our author, although his poetic reputation is not inferior to that of many of those discussed; but he, too, would have to be classed with the cosmopolitans, since, as Sala has said, "His humour, perhaps, is more thoroughly *English* than that of any of his contemporaries, and this is most strongly exemplified in his poems."

Of the American poets thus limited our reviewer considers Poe and Walt Whitman to be the most essentially American. That they are the greatest will perhaps be acknowledged, but that they exhibit any peculiarities more typically American than do the others is open to question. The great characteristic of Edgar Allan Poe's poetry—its combined beauty and horror, its morbid sensitiveness, and its charming pathos—is only greater in degree and in richness of expression than that of Heine and other writers of the morbid-melancholy school. Whitman's ideas, almost obtrusively democratic and humanitarian, are his in common with Shelley, Victor Hugo, and Swinburne; his naturalistic tendencies he shares with Swinburne and Rosetti; while his peculiar rhythm, his most striking characteristic, cannot be called American—it is Whitmanian *et praterea nihil*.

But we are again flying off at a critical tangent from the orbit of plain exposition which we intended to traverse; let us now return as best we may to our orbit, and conclude by quoting some of our author's opinions of Poe and Whitman.

Of the former he says:—"The poesy of Edgar Poe resembles certain tropical flowers, large, splendid, metallic, at once beautiful and terrible, brilliant and envenomed." "The idea the most melancholy, the idea of death, becomes in the poesy of Poe essentially poetic and pathetic, and therefore always combined with the idea of beauty (*teste* "The Raven," "Annabel Lee," "For Annie"). The style of Poe is admirable on account of its plastic perfection and its crystalline transparency. What dreamer has had the idea of form like Foscolo or Keats? But in certain subtle oscillations of thought, in certain accents which, thinking of the time when

they were expressed, may be called *prophetically* modern, in certain ineffable shades of colour and sound, in the *curiosa felicitas* with which he translates sensations and sentiments which were supposed to be inexpressible, he is, of the American poets, alone comparable to the divine, the unique Shelley."

Of his especial favourite, Whitman, he speaks in glowing language. "The man and the poet are one in Walt Whitman. His poesy is his life; his life is a genuine American poem. Whitman has suppressed rhyme and regular metre, adopting a rhythm of a new kind which is of a penetrating efficacy. His strophe is a poetic period of grand and musical structure in which seem to echo the wild tumult of the virgin forests, the winds from the prairies, the grand waves of the Mississippi and of the Ohio." "He who has comprehended most liberally the whole humanity, and has perceived with most prophetic look its future destiny—the pioneer, the prophet of a new society and of a new art—the most audacious and radical poet, æsthetically and socially speaking, he who has sent to the masses a word of fire, is Walt Whitman." McM.

#### THE PLACE AND FUNCTION OF A WEEKLY PRESS.

IN one of the chapters of "The Intellectual Life," Mr. Hamerton sums up the respective benefits and evils of newspaper reading, and renders judgment in favour of the practice upon the grounds that, with all its defects, the modern newspaper offers the completest and least wasteful way of keeping touch of human life and tendency, and that such alignment with the daily step of the world is indispensable to everybody who does not wish to spend a barren career in the clouds of abstraction.

Granting, then, that the average man ought, upon principle, to continue to do the thing which he has done, and is likely to largely do in future, without much thought of causation or consequence, it follows that rational rules should govern the expenditure of time and faculty upon this work of necessity. How to avoid waste in these particulars is at least suggested by the clear enumeration, by Mr. Hamerton, of the defects of the typical daily newspaper, which consist in the space occupied by prediction of events which can well be awaited, triviality of subject, transientness in point of importance, imposture of fiction as matter of fact, distortion of relations of things by undue weight given to mere novelty, incomplete presentation of topics needing time for development, sensational treatment of sober facts and political partisanship.

Are not these defects constitutional and therefore persistent? The simple existence of a successful daily journal implies two things, as, firstly, the possession of a large constituency, representing amongst them every interest and taste compatible with civilization, and, secondly, a ceaseless competition with rival journals for the retention and enlargement of such constituency. Again, the man of to-day is more alive to and interested in the events of to-day than in any other events, past or future; to him the term news means novelty, and, influenced by habit and by limitation of time, he seeks to combine mental entertainment with the acquisition of information. Outside his own range he desires that his newspaper shall discharge oracular functions, and when he first begins to read newspapers he is already possessed of a bias which does not permit him to hear, comfortably or patiently, the other side of current politics. Going originally to the newspaper for matters pertaining to his tastes and interests, his appetite is under constant stimulation for news fresher, more abundant, more exclusive and more tingling to the nerves.

From the standpoint of the newspaper, pecuniary success and political usefulness depend upon the degree in which it can control the reason, fill the imagination, gratify the taste and satisfy the news-hunger of the reader. It has no time to be complete, accurate, or grammatical. Steam and electricity move and notify events too rapidly for reporters and commentators to examine or reflect deeply. Furthermore, a newspaper is the product of many hands and brains, working, in one sense, to a common end; but, in another, separately struggling for precedence. That indispensable functionary, the managing or the night editor, hurried in his work as are all the rest of the staff, kills or maims "copy" or "proofs" much after the fashion of a trooper beset by savage spearmen. President Lincoln knew the effect, if not the cause, of the hotchpot arrangement of a daily newspaper when he said that it took an expert to find anything in a newspaper otherwise than by accident.

Each issue of a daily journal aims to be, and substantially is, an encyclopædia, and the reader, frugal of his time and mental faculties, recognizes this by first scanning the summary of contents, or the head-lines, and then confining himself to his own proper share of what is provided. In this way he gets the worth of his money and whatsoever truly ministers to his profit or pleasure. It must be in this sense that Mr. Hamerton gives his persuasive voice in support of the daily newspaper.

However, the average man naturally desires to know what is going on in those parts of a common field of action which lie beyond his own sight and experience. He cannot do his work with high efficiency unless he freshens, from time to time, his knowledge of the methods of others, and without an occasional view of the general movement he cannot forecast his own future. Nor, to strike a lower note, can he maintain rational intercourse with his kind except he knows, in a general and comprehensive way, what the men of his time are thinking, saying and doing. All these wants must and will be supplied in some mode, and the daily journal does not appear to be the mode most desirable. As for the weekly editions of the daily press, motives of economy make them, in their intelligence and editorial departments, mere reprints of the daily issues, and thus open them to all the objections urged against their originals.

We are now brought to a realization of the need of and justification for a distinct weekly, fortnightly, or monthly press, independent in tone, fearless in expression, thoughtful in discussion, discriminating in the ranking of topics, moderate in exposition, elevated in style and pure in diction. It is, to such a press that the average man should and must look for that broad and clear perspective of his surroundings without which there cannot be, in a full or true sense, a successful or satisfactory existence. The daily journal, accepted and used within the limitations which every such journal, honestly conducted, accepts for itself, will satisfy his daily needs; and, as its facilities and efforts in that direction increase, he will increasingly rely upon the more leisurely issues of the press for the general news, opinion and tendency of the time. The relations of the daily and the serial press are not those of rivalry, but coöperation. Energy is the true characteristic of the first, deliberation of the last. The one produces the glowing metal which the other beats into final shapes. By their combined operation they refine and crystallize the crude results of social activity, separating truth from error, rejecting triviality, dismissing evanescence, placing facts in their true relations, encouraging sound thought, exemplifying plain speaking, exalting justice, and, in a larger and better measure than Shakespeare's chosen instrument is capable of, they "hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to Nature, to show Virtue her own feature, Scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure." B.

#### LATITUDE.

VERY many people who are incapable of forming an independent opinion have opened Miss Cleveland's book with prejudice born of newspaper comments. Others, not seeing clearly through the mists of adverse criticism, have met it with indifference, and have not bestowed upon it that thought which it deserves. Some have been repelled by the title. Every book which has any right to live deserves a name short, crisp and easily repeated. It should neither contain a summary of the contents nor be dependent upon any ephemeral subject of the hour. "George Eliot's poetry and other Studies" is not a pleasing title after the types have been long burdened by a subject, and after a certain name has passed into history. The leading subject is ephemeral, if one should judge by the title alone, though not so in the way it is treated. There is a central truth evolved which is well expressed in one sentence of the first essay: "Poetry," she says, "whose necessity it is to deal with humanity in all its bearings, can never, consistently with its mission, leave the reader with merely the silence of the Sphinx concerning the hereafter." She shows how the Agnostic leads one up to a blank wall and leaves him there, and how the spirit of poesy rebels against such treatment, and the dire result.

Still another class of people have met the book with indifference. Certain members of the literary guild have not relished the idea of having their realm invaded by an uninvited guest. According to their notion no fortuitous circumstance can be a sufficient excuse for slipping in by a side entrance and taking place among the favoured ones, without so much as "by your leave, gentlemen." That this book has made its way against all these obstacles is proof of its genuine worth. The Christian world ought especially to meet it without prejudice, for it is utterly free from the taint of infidelity which seems to be a fashion of the hour.

Although many quotations have been given from it by the critics, very few have been given fairly. It is not difficult to take the first book of any author and by quoting isolated passages place that author at a disadvantage before the public. The book has suffered more than most others in this way, the critics having been quite frequently affected by the political eclipse which overshadowed them. One would think that a critic would learn to discern truth in the dark as well as in the light; but it is surprising how small an object will obscure the vision if held too near. Replete with good thoughts, it is difficult to select specimens for quotation; yet, as an offset to some that have been mutilated, let us see what she says about the expression of thought in the essay on "Reciprocity."

"I am convinced that people think enough: it is the utterance of thought that is needed. If the habit of brave attempt at this utterance could be formed, and despite all criticism persevered in, how much more should we give to each other."

"How many of us excuse the second best thoughts, which we give to others in conversation, by the plea that we are not original thinkers: that we have no original ideas. Nothing is worse for you than to think yourself *not* an original person, except to think that you *are* an original person. Do not flatter yourself in either direction."

"Though the institution of chivalry did not spring from Christianity, yet it had its springs in the religious nature of man. It sprang from the necessity in man to create for himself an ideal—from that inalienable endowment of human nature by which we must worship, aspire, obey."

It would not be possible within the limits of this short notice to quote many passages, but it is enough to say the book pays the impartial reader for a careful perusal; and if there is a certain redundancy of style, what of that? The time will come when America will accord to her children, both of the brush and pen, a freedom peculiar to her nationality. Why should they model after the ancients through all time? There is room in this country for any number of "schools," or for the exercise of individual taste. Should they not demand the freedom of the prairie—be satisfied with nothing less than the bounds of the continent, the depth and height of lake and mountain, with something of the wildness and beauty of their own forests?

J. OLIVER SMITH.

#### MONTREAL MATTERS.

MONTREAL, Nov. 16.

MONTREAL saw the worst of the small-pox epidemic at the end of October. Ever since the daily bills of mortality have grown shorter, till now they stand at less than one-half their length a month ago. As far as credit for the relaxation of the pest's grasp upon the city can be awarded, it certainly seems due to the citizens who were added to the Civic Board of Health. Unfortunately, none of the aldermen on the Board were very seriously affected by the epidemic, financially or otherwise; and until some of the citizens who were so affected took up the fight small-pox had it all its own way. There is a widely prevalent impression that had the Roman Catholic Bishop as fully exerted his authority as his predecessor, Monseigneur Bourget, would have done, our ghastly intruder's stay would have been less disastrous. Monseigneur Fabre is a typical ecclesiastic as to the utmost courtesy of manners, but he lacks the vigour, as an administrator which distinguished the prelate whom he succeeds. Small-pox is not a thing to be bowed out, as this city knows to its cost.

Now that matters are on the mend, there is a good deal of anxiety felt about the possibility of the epidemic's recurrence. As probably twenty babes are born every day among the French-Canadian population, their compulsory vaccination is clearly the one resource against the scourge of 1885 being repeated. This measure depends upon compulsory registration of births, and to this the Roman Catholic Church is opposed. Again and again legislation on this point has been unsuccessfully sought; it would seem that the priests think that if births were required to be registered in a public office a blow would be dealt at the obligation to baptize. However, it is likely that at the next parliamentary session at Quebec compulsory registration will be asked for once more, with perhaps such concessions to ecclesiastical privilege as may lead to its being granted.

As small-pox becomes less devastating in its sweep other topics are getting a share of public attention, and among these the constantly recurrent subject of Canada's political future. Montreal's interest, of course, furnishes the standpoint of ordinary outlook. Not many of the population are of British birth, and the new generation of British stock native to the city or country have a decidedly modified sentiment of regard for the mother-land. Interest in politics in this commercial metropolis proceeds in the main from commercial considerations in the minds of men with whom business is business. Otherwise there is much less political activity than in any other city of Canada. Here differences of race enfeeble party unity, and as the English-speaking section sends but one representative to Ottawa its political passiveness is not to be wondered at. Quebec as a Province has perhaps less reason than any other in the confederation to be dissatisfied with the Dominion Government. Growlings from Nova Scotia, discontent in New Brunswick, uneasiness in Manitoba and the North-West, mutterings in Ontario, all about Confederation, find no echoes in this home of a privileged church, where a frugal, country population exchanges at the federal exchequer dimes of taxes for dollars of appropriation.

Montreal as a city has as little cause as her Province to complain of the links which bind the Dominion together. She is very dependent on the country at large for a market for her imports and manufactures. Her investments reach out the length and breadth of the land, and a thousand cords of interest bind her to let things remain as they are. Were any disruption of the Dominion to part Quebec from Ontario and Manitoba, the erection of an adverse tariff would shatter many of Montreal's leading industries, and plunge the city into the gulf of commercial ruin. Hence the folly of the Bleus and Ultramontanes generally, whose sentiments, voiced by *l'Etendard*, threaten the stability of a partnership which, to Quebec, has been in every way profitable.

Independence is little discussed, from the probability of its leading to Annexation with the United States. Our manufacturers, who so heartily

laboured to establish the National Policy, have a paramount voting influence. A good many Free-traders, when they saw in 1878 that theirs was a lost cause, promptly tacked about to where profit promised, and, by investments in manufactures, are now committed to the support of Protection. Were Annexation to take place, or even the Commercial Union so actively canvassed in the West, Montreal's trade would decline abruptly. New York would tap her Ontario trade, and Boston that of the Maritime Provinces. Much is said in other cities of the eleven-fold increased market which annexation would give Canadians. Montreal men of spindles, looms, puddling furnaces and vacuum pans are not of those who join in the remark. They know that invasion northward as well as southward would follow taking down the national bars. Highly specialized manufactures, produced for fifty-five millions of people at the points naturally best adapted for them, might furnish the average annexed Canadian with calico or sugar cheaper than he gets it now, but the closing of a factory or refinery here would be very strongly resented. Montreal is interested in the *status quo*, and, when it hears mention of political change, simply goes on reading its share-list and price-current.

### HERE AND THERE.

A COLLECTION of definitions and personal confessions of faith by the best minds of the Liberal Party in England has just been published under the title "Why I am a Liberal." Mr. Robert Browning, the poet, leads off with two vigorous stanzas, in which he says that, although the most active of us can do but little, nevertheless "that little is achieved through liberty." Lord Rosebery says he is a Liberal "because I wish to be associated with the best men in the best work." Mr. Gladstone's faith is expressed in the happy epigram: "The principle of Liberalism is trust in the people qualified by prudence; the principle of Conservatism is mistrust of the people qualified by fear." Lord Selborne is also extremely felicitous in his definition. Liberalism, according to his idea of the word, is much the same with that of Liberality, transferred only to the sphere of politics. The Marquis of Lorne crowds a large amount of political philosophy into the following reply: "While change is the law of nations which are powerful because progressive, it is best that change be guided by that party in the State which has shown perception of necessity of change in the open advocacy of reform when needed." The son-in-law of the Queen is not afraid to add: "This the Liberal Party has proved itself capable of doing, and of directing reform in the path of order and of liberty; civil and religious freedom are the fruits of its past victories, and I am a Liberal in the hope that freedom from tyranny of mob or monarch will be the safeguard of its future triumphs." Mr. Chamberlain, believing progress to be the law of the world, considers Liberalism its political expression. Professor Blackie pronounces Toryism, read in the broad lines of historical portraiture, as simply meaning "might" in opposition to Liberalism, which is only another name for "right," self being the inspiration of the one policy and "love" of the other. Mr. A. Taylor Innes is a Liberal "because he is a Scotchman"! whilst we seem to hear the sound of a voice that is still in the answer of Mrs. Fawcett, that "the meaning of Liberalism is equal justice to all, man or woman, workman or aristocrat, coupled with a confidence in the people that they will manage their own affairs far better than they are ever likely to be managed for them by others." The editor announces his intention of enlarging his list of contributors by gathering together the opinions of veterans like Mr. Villiers, Mr. Samuel Morley and others, whose long and honourable lives in the cause of reform would readily supply fresh evidence of faith in the foundation principles of the Liberal Party.

WHATEVER may be thought of the politics and theology of Lord Tennyson's new poem in the November issue of *Macmillan's Magazine*, there can be no question of its poetic value. Some critics go so far as to say that the fire and power, the swing and swirl, of the poem "Vastness" has not been excelled by its author since the days of "Maud." The political bias of the poem is obvious enough. It is neither Tory nor Radical. Lord Tennyson is a Liberal of the old school. If he believes in government of the many, he believes much more in government of the wise. He is with Mr. Gladstone in his recent manifesto that knowledge and virtue alone have an intrinsic right to govern. He has no faith in the programme of the advanced party led by the member for Birmingham. As a new baron he is not hungering for the abolition of the House of Lords, though the sheer idea of Lord Tennyson performing the functions of a legislator is, perhaps, absurd enough. Lord Tennyson is by no means a man of peace. In "Maud" he set forth the glories of war above the sordid gains of a peaceful state. He sees nothing but chaos in the present condition of things, and hears little but lies.

Raving politics, never at rest—as this poor earth's pale history runs—  
What is it but a trouble of ants in the gleam of a million million of suns?  
Lies upon this side, lies upon that side, truthless violence mourned by the Wise,  
Thousands of voices drowning his own in a popular torrent of lies upon lies.

Great poets, with all their love of peace, have been great fighters. The poetic temperament also loves pageant, and hence poets in all ages have sung the triumphs and splendours of war. Even in our own degenerate days, when everything said is but an accumulation of "lies upon lies," our Laureate sees some truth in the achievements of our soldiers and sailors—

Stately purposes, valour in battle, glorious annals of army and fleet;  
Death for the right cause, death for the wrong cause, trumpets of victory, groans of defeat.

In the region of abstract politics the Laureate looms large, like a cloud of mist over a moorland on a rainy day. But in the other region of practical politics he is rather indefinite, and is, perhaps, reduced to the condition of the same cloud of mist when the sun breaks out and it melts away.

THE story of "Called Back" is said to have had some foundation in fact. Nearly twenty years ago "Hugh Conway" was introduced, in a seaside town, to a family among the members of which he found the prototype of Pauline. There was the same apathy, the same total loss of memory, combined with child-like docility; the cause was similar but less tragic. This woman without a past impressed the young author deeply. Around this strong central idea he wove the web of circumstances which constitutes the plot of "Called Back." With the original of Gilbert Vaughan, then staying at Clifton, he had many a conversation. On this point, however, he was extremely reticent, and after the departure of that gentleman for London to consult a distinguished oculist nothing more was heard of him. It is probable that Conway, then one of his most intimate friends, continued to communicate with him, and thereby gained a deeper insight into a character destined afterward to be so widely known. Conway, who was an invalid from childhood, was devotedly fond of mathematics. The working out of difficult problems occupied a large portion of the time which could not be given to more active pursuits.

HENRY W. SHAW made his "Josh Billings" wisdom very profitable, in comparison with most literary labour. In his will, dated over two years ago, he stated that the par value of his estate was then \$77,000, and its market value \$93,000, "and not a dollar of debt against it." He leaves, besides remainders to his daughters and their husbands and children, the interest and income of all his property to his wife during her life, and, at her death, the investments and securities are to be divided equally between his two daughters.

MARK TWAIN is also said to have found the cultivation of humour very profitable. Artemus Ward would have left a fortune if he had been only reasonably frugal, and we hear of such local humourists as the *Detroit Free Press* and the *Burlington Hawkeye* men being at least comparatively opulent. A writer in *To-Day* refers to a conversation he once had with the present Tom Hood, when he was editor of *Fun*. Mr. Hood spoke, among other matters, of his father's terrific straits in his literary career. On more occasions than one he had to send out, when his illness was too far advanced to permit him to go out of doors himself, to borrow money to buy the next day's food for his family. This statement has a grim significance, for when an Englishman's credit with his butcher runs out he must be poor indeed. But poor Hood was not a business man, as successful humourists are. Humorous writing, indeed, has never been over well rewarded in England. The caricaturist has always earned a better income than the squibbist. Tenniel, Doyle, Leech, Keene, Du Maurier and the rest all prospered on *Punch*. Only when the humourist has been an editor, like Lemon or Burnand, with a knack of doing other work, and making his place push it for him, or when, like Thackeray, he could turn his hand to more substantial productiveness, has he risen above the making of a bare living. Humour, like poetry, must be valued for quality, not quantity. Yet, even when it is thus estimated, it is never, to say the least, overpaid. We hear of Lord Tennyson receiving \$5,000 for a couple of verses, but never of a Jerrold or a Hood receiving even \$500 for a couple of *bons mots*.

WE seem at last to be within measurable distance of a cure for hydrophobia. For several years M. Pasteur, the distinguished French scientist, has been closely studying the subject, and his efforts are apparently about to be crowned with complete success. After many experiments on animals he has, at length, cured hydrophobia in a human being. He laid the whole subject before the French Academy of Sciences. In his paper he stated that on the 6th of July two patients were brought to him from Alsace—a M. Wohl, and a boy nine years of age named Joseph Meister. M. Wohl, although he had been bitten, was not in danger of hydrophobia. The boy, however, was in a much worse condition. He had been bitten in fourteen places, sixty hours before, and was clearly doomed. This was not only the opinion of Pasteur, but of two physicians. Here was an opportunity, for which Pasteur had been waiting, of experimenting upon a human subject. He inoculated the lad with the virus of rabies, using for the purpose a solution of the marrow of rabbits that had been made hydrophobic. The transmission of the virus through rabbits appears to attenuate it sufficiently to render the poison prophylactic without being dangerous. The boy has quite recovered. Pasteur's theory is that the two poisons neutralized one another. Early in the year he applied his theory tentatively to a hospital patient, apparently with success; but he said little about it as he could not feel confident of results given in a single instance. If his hopes are realised and the soundness of his theory is established, he will have made a discovery of enormous value to the world. His great scientific achievements in the past fully entitle his views to be received with some confidence.

THE destruction of a cherished illusion by some simple and prosaic explanation is not always welcome. Of course, we ought in this scientific age to love the truth better even than a piquant mystery. But we confess that we are just a trifle disappointed when Mr. George J. Romanes tells us, as he does in the current number of *Nature*, that the so-called homing faculty of bees is a pure delusion. We have always been told that bees, after their exceedingly erratic and irregular movements when searching for honey, will suddenly dart home in a straight line, and we have been led to believe that this was due to some special and mysterious sense of direction with which they were endowed. Mr. Romanes says, and we are afraid proves, that bees find their way home again in a singularly prosaic and common-place manner, that is by simply taking notice of the objects which they have passed, and finding their way back with the aid of these landmarks. This question he seems to have set at rest by a very

simple experiment. The house where he conducted it is situated a few hundred yards from the sea. In front of it is a lawn without flower-beds. On each side of it are gardens full of blossoms which bees love. A score of bees were removed from the hive, put in a bag, and taken out a short distance to sea, and there let loose. Not one of them ever returned. Another lot of bees were taken in the same way to the sea-shore and there liberated, but none of them ever returned. A third lot were taken out to the lawn in front of the house and allowed to go free; but, though so close to their hive, not one of them found its way back. But those which were set at liberty in the flower gardens, some distance further off, returned without exception, and almost immediately. At sea, on the shore, and on the lawn they were on unknown ground, and had no familiar objects to guide them in finding their way home. But in the flower gardens every object was well known to the bees; and by these aids, and by these alone, they got back to their hive.

RECIPROCITY, Retaliation, Fair Trade, and the various other *aliases* of Protection have sadly puzzled a good many people, and even now there are some who profess to be anxious for an enlightenment which they do not possess. To such we commend the following brief extract from the writings of Dr. Franklin, written about a century ago. It leaves scarcely anything to be desired in the matter of clearness:

"Suppose a country, X, with three manufactures, cloth, silk, iron, supplying three other countries, A, B, C, but is desirous of increasing the vent and raising the price of cloth in favour of her own clothiers.

"In order to do this, she forbids the importation of foreign cloths from A.

"A, in return, forbids silk from X.

"Then the silk-workers complain of a decay of trade.

"And X, to content them, forbids silks from B.

"B, in return, forbids ironware from X.

"Then the ironworkers complain of decay.

"And X forbids the importation of iron from C.

"C, in return, forbids cloth from X.

"What is got by all these prohibitions?

"Answer—All four find their common stock of the enjoyments and conveniences of life diminished."

It is well known that the greatest curse of Russian industry and morals is drunkenness. Even the priesthood of the Greek Church are sadly corrupted by this vice, and upon the numerous holidays lead their flocks in excesses. The Czar has lately issued a decree closing all tippling-shops, and allowing spirits to be sold only at inns and eating-houses. Ninety thousand grog-shops will be closed by this measure. That is the kind of reform Canada needs.

THE Boston Cremation Society is reported to have adopted plans for their Crematory something as follows: There will be a chapel where any form of religious service can be held at the option of the relatives or friends of the dead. The coffin containing the body will be placed on a platform which moves vertically by machinery, and over which is suspended a permanent canopy. It will then be lowered to the basement, in which the furnace is situated, placed in the receiving chamber of the furnace and cremated. The ashes will be withdrawn, placed in an urn and raised to the chapel on the platform. Then, when the services are concluded, the canopy is drawn aside and the urn with its ashes removed. The change has taken place while the congregation are chanting dirges. A third apartment will be the columbarium, where the urns containing the ashes are stored in case the relatives do not desire them removed. The furnace will cost \$125 for construction, and the weight of the ashes will vary from five to seven pounds, according to the weight of the body. The new society starts off full of promise.

A WRITER in the Belfast *News* proposes to force every candidate for Parliament to pledge himself in favour of an Act forbidding any one under sixteen to smoke. Of course the Act would contain a clause empowering the Anti-Tobacco men to send their policemen into your home to see that you did not allow your children to smoke, and another clause compelling all the members of the family to bear evidence against each other.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed: EDITOR OF THE WEEK, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto.

Contributors who desire their MS. returned, if not accepted, must enclose stamp for that purpose.

### A REIGN OF HYPOCRISY.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—It is now open and palpable that in some churches pastors may hold and teach doctrines and practices at their own will, and independently of the church as a whole; at all events, they practically do so without having first obtained the formal sanction of either the denomination to which they belong, or of their own congregations. A pastor may now teach that wine was neither made nor used by the Founder of their faith; that it is the cup of devils, and that it is wrong to use it. He may substitute grape-syrup at the sacrament; and his congregation as a whole may or may not approve. If he does not substitute that delectable article for wine he is acting against his own declared convictions. If he does, many of his flock are compelled to act against theirs. In olden times a new matter of doctrine or practice was brought up for consideration by the church as a church, and duly delivered upon. If any office-bearer dissented he had the option of resigning. Some hundreds did so in Scotland in 1843. Now, no man can say what the distinctive doctrines and practices of some churches, as churches, are. He can only find that in those of older origin.

These are some of the prices paid for the mere idea of prohibition—liberty of conscience—civil liberty—latitude in making unfounded statements—understating or overstating the truth. If this result be the blossom—the promise—of the idea in the churches, what can full fruition mean to the laity?

Just exactly what we may expect, and what we actually find. A reign of hypocrisy—a meeting of extremes—illicit traders and prohibitionists voting the same ticket—natural allies against all law, including temperance, against which Scripture says there is no law. The state of temperance is invaded by asceticism. Excess combines; temperance is conquered, leaving only fragments. The allies then each work out their own sweet wills. The "law" is upon the statute books, and the shattered fragments of temperance have no recourse but the old one of "moral suasion." Immutably law intervenes; it inculcates moral force, and that alone, and, in spite of all efforts to the contrary, moral force at last it is. We are forced to begin where we left off, after encountering distraction and defeat.

But history has no lessons it can teach to these extremists, none; what they do not know already is not worth knowing. They are the corollary of creation, and man's chief end is to refuse the use of the environments it has pleased his Maker to bestow upon him, of that of which He Himself partook.

Yours, etc.,

PRESBYTERIAN.

Toronto, November 14th.

## THE OLD COACHING INN.

AYE! it stands, and has stood for a century or more,  
And its signboard still creaks by the black oaken door;  
But the Lion and legend have faded at last  
'Neath the hot breath of June and December's chill blast.  
Yet a form may be spied in the broad light of day,  
Though all but the outline has long passed away,  
And left but a ghost there to mourn for the din  
Once heard 'neath the roof of the old Coaching Inn.

How welcome its cheer when the herald of Morn  
Was borne on the notes of the guard's bugle horn;  
What a bustle was there and a hurrying forth  
When the Royal Mail coach rumbled up from the North,  
And the dew-stricken "outsides," bedraggled and chilled,  
At the great kitchen fire felt their shiverings stilled,  
And the guard passed the news o'er his noggin o' gin  
While the cattle were changed at the old Coaching Inn.

O ruddy-crown'd hearth! where the wayfarer might  
Forget in thy sunshine the moorland's despite;  
How those rafters have echoed the jest and the song  
When the crown bowl of punch made the even less long;  
What chuckles were heard when the stranger guest told  
How the Knights of the road "eased" the Bishop of old,  
And a time-serving roar shook the fat double chin  
That belonged to mine host of the old Coaching Inn!

Then a silence fell on that assembly awhile,  
And mine host's mottled face wore a curious smile,  
And the cobbler laughed out as he bade them good eve,  
Whilst the "score"-burden'd tailor grinned low in his sleeve:  
For 'twas more than suspected by those who knew best  
That the sire of mine host on his death-bed confessed  
That the Church's despoilers were more than akin  
To the landlord and son of the old Coaching Inn.

But stilled are the notes of the cheery-faced guard,  
And mine host sleepeth well in the village church yard,  
The cobbler's rude laughter is hushed evermore,  
And the rats scurry fast o'er the once sanded floor.  
Alas! and alack! for the days that are gone,  
Alas! for that hostel deserted and lone,  
Alas! for this tribute—nor deem it a sin—  
A sigh and good-bye to the old Coaching Inn.

H. K. COCKIN.

## A STARLIT NIGHT BY THE SEA-SHORE.

SUGGESTED BY MATTHEW ARNOLD'S "SELF-DEPENDENCE."

O GREAT Stars, aflame with awful beauty!  
O great Sea, with glittering heaving breast!  
Stars, that march all calm in lines of duty;  
Sea, that swayest to stern Law's behest;—

Mighty in your unimpassioned splendour,  
Ye are filling all my puny soul  
With the longing this vexed self to render  
Wholly to calm Duty's sure control.

It were restful so to let the ruling  
Of the mightier Law sway all the life,  
Eager will and passionate spirit schooling,  
Till unfelt the pains of lesser strife.

Yet, O Stars, your quivering shafts unheeding  
On these tangled human sorrows smite;  
Merciless Stars! that on hearts crushed and bleeding  
Pour the sharp stings of your bleak cold light.



Yet, O Sea, that glittering breast is heaving,  
All unconscious of the life it rears,  
Shouting in the mirth of its bereaving,  
Laughing o'er a thousand widows' tears.

No! I ask not for a life high lifted  
O'er the changeful passions of mankind,  
Undistracted, self-contained, and gifted  
With a force to feebler issues blind.

Rather fill my soul to overflowing  
With the tide of this world's grief and wrong ;  
Let me suffer ; though it be in knowing,  
Suffering thus, I am not wholly strong.

Let what grandeur crown the life of others,  
Let what light on lone endurance shine ;  
I will set myself beside my brothers,  
And their toils and troubles shall be mine !

—Spectator.

### THE ENGLISH LABOURER.

THE labourer whose decease had been reported to the Board upon their assembling, was born some seventy-eight or seventy-nine years ago. The exact date is uncertain; many of the old men can only fix their age by events that happened when they were growing from boys into manhood. That it must have been nearer eighty than seventy years since is known, however, to the elderly farmers who recollect him as a man with a family when they were young. The thatched cottage stood beside the road at one end of a long, narrow garden, enclosed from the highway by a hedge of elder. At the back there was a ditch and mound with elm-trees and green meadows beyond. A few poles used to lean against the thatch, their tops rising above the ridge, and close by was a stock of thorn faggots. In the garden three or four aged and moss-grown apple-trees stood among the little plots of potatoes, and as many plum-trees in the elder hedge. One tall pear-tree, with seared bark, grew near the end of the cottage; it bore a large crop of pears, which were often admired by the people who came along the road, but were really hard and woody. As a child he played in the ditch and hedge, or crept through into the meadow and searched in the spring for violets to offer to the passers-by, or he swung on the gate in the lane and held it open for the farmers in their gigs in hope of a half-penny.

As a lad he went forth with his father to work in the fields and came home to the cabbage boiled for the evening meal. It was not a very roomy or commodious house to return to after so many hours in the field, exposed to rain and wind, to snow or summer sun. The stones of the floor were uneven and did not fit at the edges. There was a beam across the low ceiling, to avoid which, as he grew older, he had to bow his head when crossing the apartment. A wooden ladder or steps, not a staircase proper, behind the white-washed partition, led to the bedroom. The steps were worm-eaten and worn. In the sitting-room the narrow panes of the small window were so overgrown with woodbine as to admit but little light. But in summer the door was wide open, and the light and the soft air came in. The thick walls and thatch kept it warm and cosy in winter when they gathered round the fire. Every day in his manhood he went out to the field; every item, as it were, of life centred in that little cottage. In time he came to occupy it with his own wife; and his children, in their turn, crept through the hedge or swung upon the gate. They grew up, and one by one went away, till at last he was left alone.

He had not taken much conscious notice of the changing aspect of the scene around him. The violets flowered year after year; still he went to plough. The May bloomed on and scented the hedges; still he went to his work. The green summer foliage became broader and the acorns fell from the oaks; still he laboured on, and saw the ice and snow, and heard the wind roar in the old familiar trees without much thought of it. But those old familiar trees, the particular hedges he had worked among so many years, the very turf of the meadows over which he had walked so many times, the view down the road from the garden gate, the distant sign-post and the red-brick farmhouse—all these things had become part of his life. There was no hope nor joy left to him, but he wanted to stay on among them to the end. He liked to ridge up his little plot of potatoes; he liked to creep up his ladder and mend the thatch of his cottage; he liked to cut himself a cabbage, and to gather the one small basketful of apples. There was a kind of dull pleasure in cropping the elder hedge, and even in collecting the dead branches scattered under the trees. To be about the hedges, in the meadows and along the brooks was necessary to him, and he liked to be at work. Threescore and ten did not seem the limit of his working-days; he still could and would hoe—a bowed back is no impediment, but perhaps rather an advantage, at that occupation. He could use a prong in the hay-making; he could reap a little, and do good service tying up the corn. There were many little jobs on the farm that required experience combined with the plodding patience of age, and these he could do better than a stronger man. The years went round again, and yet he worked. Indeed, the farther back a man's birth dates in the beginning of the present century, the more he seems determined to labour. He worked on till every member of his family had gone, most to their last home, and still went out at times when the weather was not too severe. He worked on and potted about the garden, and watched the young green plums swelling on his trees, and did a bit of gleanings, and thought the wheat would weigh bad when it was threshed out.

Presently people began to bestir themselves and to ask whether there

was no one to take care of the old man, who might die from age and none near. Where were his own friends and relations? One strong son had enlisted and gone to India; and, though his time had expired long ago, nothing had ever been heard of him. Another son had emigrated to Australia, and once sent back a present of money and a message, written for him by a friend, that he was doing well. But of late he, too, had dropped out of sight. Of three daughters who grew up, two were known to be dead, and the third was believed to be in New Zealand. The old man was quite alone. He had no hope and no joy, yet he was almost happy in a slow, unfeeling way, wandering about the garden and the cottage. But in the winter his half-frozen blood refused to circulate, his sinews would not move his willing limbs, and he could not work.

His case came before the Board of Guardians. Those who knew all about him wished to give him substantial relief in his own cottage, and to appoint some aged woman as nurse—a thing that is occasionally done, and most humanely. But there were technical difficulties in the way; the cottage was either his own, or partly his own, and relief could not be given to any one possessed of property! Just then, too, there was a great movement against out-door relief. Official circulars came round, warning boards to curtail it, and much fuss was made. In the result, the old man was driven into the workhouse, muttering and grumbling; he had to be bodily carried to the trap, and thus by physical force was dragged from his home. In the workhouse there is of necessity a dead level of monotony; there are many persons, but no individuals. The dining-hall is crossed with forms and narrow tables, somewhat resembling those formerly used in schools. On these, at dinner-time, are placed a tin mug and a tin soup-plate for each person, every mug and every plate exactly alike. When the unfortunates have taken their places, the master pronounces grace from an elevated desk at the end of the hall.

Plain as is the fare, it was better than the old man had existed on for years; but though better it was not his dinner. He was not sitting in his old chair, at his own old table, round which his children had once gathered. He had not planted the cabbage, and tended it while it grew, and cut it himself. So it was, all through the workhouse life. The dormitories were clean, but the ward was not his old bedroom up the worm-eaten steps, with the slanting ceiling, where as he woke in the morning he could hear the sparrows chirping, the chaffinch calling, and the lark singing aloft. There was a garden attached to the workhouse, where he could do a little if he liked, but it was not his garden. He missed his plum-trees and apples, and the tall pear, and the lordly elder hedge. He looked round, raising his head with difficulty, and he could not see the sign-post, nor the familiar red-bricked farmhouse. He knew all the rain that had fallen must have come through the thatch of the old cottage in at least one place, and he would have liked to have gone and re-thatched it with trembling hand. At home he could lift the latch of the garden gate and go down the road when he wished. Here he could not go outside the boundary; it was against the regulations. Everything to appearance had been monotonous in the cottage; but there he did not find it monotonous.

At the workhouse the monotony weighed upon him. He used to think as he lay awake in bed that when the spring came nothing should keep him in this place. He would take his discharge and go out, and borrow a hoe from somebody and go and do a bit of work again, and be about in the fields. That was his one hope all through his first winter. Nothing else enlivened it, except an occasional little present of tobacco from the guardians who knew him. The spring came, but the rain was ceaseless. No work of the kind he could do was possible in such weather. Still there was the summer; but the summer was no improvement. In the autumn he felt weak and was not able to walk far. The chance for which he had waited had gone. Again the winter came, and he now rapidly grew more feeble.

When once an aged man gives up, it seems strange at first that he should be so utterly helpless. In the infirmary the real benefit of the workhouse reached him. The food, the little luxuries and attentions, were far superior to anything he could possibly have had at home. But still it was not home. The windows did not permit him, from his bed, to see the leafless trees or the dark woods and distant hills. Left to himself, it is certain that of choice he would have crawled under a rick, or into a hedge, if he could not have reached his cottage.

The end came very slowly; he ceased to exist by imperceptible degrees, like an oak tree. He remained for days in a semi-unconscious state, neither moving nor speaking. It happened at last. In the gray of the winter dawn, as the stars paled and the whitened grass was stiff with hoar-frost, and the rime coated every branch of the tall elms, as the milker came from the pen and the young plough-boy whistled down the road to his work, the spirit of the aged man departed.

What production did that old man's life of labour represent? What value must be put upon the service of the son that fought in India; of the son that worked in Australia; of the daughter in New Zealand, whose children will help to build up a new nation. These things surely have their value. Hodge died, and the very grave-digger grumbled as he delved through the earth, hard-bound in the iron frost, for it jarred his hand and might break his spade.

The low mound will soon be level, and the place of his burial shall not be known.—*Hodge and his Masters.*

ALL that is left of the house in which Shakespeare resided during the latter portion of his life and in which he died is the foundation. The last owner, a revengeful parson, pulled the house down because he thought he was being taxed higher than he considered due. He also cut down a mulberry tree which was planted by the poet, in order to rid himself of the annoyance of people coming from all parts of the world to look at it.

## EXTRACTS FROM "A DIARY OF TWO PARLIAMENTS."

## THE MAJOR.

As an unconscious humorist Major O'Gorman is unique. There is about him *je ne sais quoi* charm that enthroned him highest amongst the pleasant oddities of the House the moment he first rose in his place, and before he had spoken a word. Quite apart from the similarity in personal appearance, his humour smacks of Sir John Falstaff's. But the resemblance is only fleeting, and when we try to seize it, it is gone. There is an indescribable comicality in a back-view of him as he walks down the floor of the House, going to or from the division lobbies. No one could look without a smile upon the broad, nearly square expanse of cloth above, with glimpses below of the dwarfed legs that carry him along in a jaunty manner, each limb going out for the stride with a little flourish, as who should say, "This may look a heavy load, but it is nothing at all to me." Seen entering the House, always walking strictly in the middle of the broad passage lest peradventure he should carry away a corner of the bench, the smile of the looker-on grows broader and kindlier. There is a fierce look on his bearded face, such as Falstaff wore when he fought his battle of Gad's Hill over again. His mouth twitches as if one of the men in buckram had recklessly come in his way again, and he had bitten him in twain as a cat snaps at flies on a summer's day. He carries his hat in his right hand almost at arm's length, so that in swinging to and fro it shall have free scope. His step, though springy, is slow, and not without a certain elephantine stateliness. When he reaches his seat he cautiously deposits himself thereon; but once having ascertained that all is well, and that the bench will not give way, he reassumes a jaunty air, jerks his hat on to his head, often—especially after dinner—letting the front brim rest upon his nose, like a rakish old major as he is. Then he folds his arms as far as they will go over his capacious chest, and begins snapping at the flies again. When the thoughts stirring within him are on the point of explosion he jumps up, with hat held out in his right hand, and, standing silent for a few moments, gasps at the Speaker. Then comes the thunder of his prefatory, "SUR!" and thereafter, in a succession of thunder-claps, there follows the incongruous jumble of bizarre half-made thoughts which dim and mistaken notions of what other people are doing and saying have generated in some region lying between his boots and his hat. He does not try to be funny—at least, not often, and then is least amusing. He is indeed generally terribly in earnest, and those flights of fancy, adorned by unmatched fragments of classical lore, are laborious and determined efforts at rivalling Curran, or at least Butt. He has never yet understood why grave senators should have lain down helpless on the benches of the House of Commons and shrieked with laughter when he delivered that famous allegory about the nun bereaved by many murders. That speech had cost him long hours of preparation. It was pitched in a high key, and he thought it would show these Saxons that, though chains might weigh heavy on Ireland, and centuries of ill-usage might have "streaked her long black hair with gray," eloquence still abode on the tongues of her sons. Since then, as the unappreciative House will have it so, he has gradually come out as a funny man, a cracker of jokes, an utterer of sarcasms, a sayer of good things. His jokes are not always comprehensible; his sarcasms cut like the back of a razor; and the humour of his witticisms lies in the circumstance of their usually presenting themselves wrong end first. He is funny because he can't help it; and when he interferes with the slow processes of nature, and tries to re-direct or improve them, he mars the whole.

The following refers to Major O'Gorman as an obstructionist: The Major early in the morning saw that a great struggle was at hand, and, like an old campaigner, he made his arrangements accordingly. One thing was clear to his mind—that he must sit it out. But it was also beyond question that the weather was exceedingly hot, that a long day had already been gone through, and that if he were to spend the watches of the night in walking about the lobbies of the House, he must not unnecessarily waste his energies. Accordingly he planted himself on the front Opposition bench below the gangway, as near to the door as possible, so as to shorten the journeys, if it were only by a single pace. Then, taking account of the necessity of saving his breath, he determined to take no part in the verbal contest, confining his efforts to occasionally answering the Admiral's volleys of "Oh! oh!" with a broadside of "Hear! hear!" Lastly, he folded his arms, and, with his hat cocked on one side, so as to present a truculent appearance to the enemy, he adroitly took advantage of the intervals between the divisions to get a little sleep. Here, where midnight had left him, daybreak had found him—at the post of duty. As the sun mounted in the heavens and began to shine through the windows of the House, there was presented to the eyes of all who were awake a natural phenomenon not often witnessed. Men travel hundreds of miles, and do themselves despite in the way of getting up in the dead of the night, to see the sun rise on Mont Blanc or Snowdon. But what are these sights compared with the spectacle of the sun rising on Mount O'Gorman? Slowly the gas-light pales in the glass roof of the House. A dull, cold light fills the chamber. It grows warmer and brighter, and presently a timid ray of sunlight breaks in, settling on the top of the Major's hat, flashes for a moment, and is gone. But it has only fled to tell its companions that it has found the Major, and back they come in thousands, till a shaft of light reveals the upper half of the Major's hat. Slowly the shaft broadens, till the massive brow is revealed beneath the over-hanging hat-brim. The minutes pass on. The sun mounts higher. The shaft of light grows more perpendicular, and the Admiral, glancing across, trembles as he catches a gleam from the Major's eye, glowing with the light of battle. Higher and higher rises the sun, lower and lower falls the light; till, passing over the twitching mouth, and

falling on the manly chest, heaving with strange emotions, it creeps down to his very feet, and the Major sits revealed, glorified in the fresh light of the young day.

## THE CURSE OF THE GOLDSMIDS.

I HEAR a weird story in connection with the private history of the family of which the late baronet was the head. It is a tradition in the family, and generally with the Jews settled in England, that for nearly a hundred years a fatal spell has overhung the Goldsmids; and facts show that, in a manner doubtless due to coincidence, but nevertheless remarkable, the spell has not failed to work throughout several generations. During the latter part of the eighteenth century (so is the story told to me) there lived in London a Jewish rabbi, alleged to be gifted with those magical powers many instances of which are to be found recorded in the Old Testament. This seer was known as the Rabbi de Falk. When he died he left to Aaron Goldsmid, great-grandfather of the late baronet, Sir Francis, a sealed packet, with strict injunctions that it should be carefully preserved, but never opened. By way of enforcing this request, he informed the old Dutch merchant who founded the Goldsmid family in England that if his injunctions were obeyed he and his descendants would bask in the sun of prosperity till the coming of the Messiah. If his instructions were disregarded, ill-fortune would finally overtake each successive representative of the race.

Old Aaron Goldsmid kept the packet, holding it sacred for some years; but, finally, in an evil moment, curiosity overcame his reverence for the dead kabbalist, and he opened the packet. A few hours after he was found dead. On the floor near him were the contents of the packet, which proved to be a small piece of parchment covered with hieroglyphics and kabbalistic figures.

At the time of his death, Aaron Goldsmid had founded a great fortune and a prosperous family. Amongst the latter he divided his wealth. Two of his sons—Benjamin and Abraham—entered upon business as money brokers, and speedily established a colossal connection. They were omnipotent on the Stock Exchange, were popular in the country; and Benjamin enjoyed the personal friendship of the Heaven-born Minister who flouted the great Napoleon. Like all his family, Benjamin was a man of boundless generosity and judicious philanthropy. He founded a naval college, and was never tired of exercising private liberality. But as he advanced in life he began to feel the curse of the kabbalist. He grew despondent, scented ruin from afar, and, on the 15th of April, 1808, being fifty-five years of age—rich, honoured, powerful and esteemed—he died by his own hand.

Brother Abraham was now left to represent and guide the fortunes of the Goldsmid family. For five years he managed with accustomed success the great business of Goldsmid Brothers. In the year 1810 he joined the house of Baring in contracting for a Ministerial loan of fourteen millions. The bears came down on the fold of the loan contractors, and succeeded in depreciating the scrip. These were circumstances which came in the usual way of business, and would, a few years earlier, have been met with the skill, firmness, and infinite resource which had already lifted Abraham to the front rank of financiers. But the curse of the kabbalist was upon him. He shrank from an encounter with adverse circumstances. He hesitated, blundered, and, always losing, presently sank into a fit of despondency from which it was impossible to arouse him. A sum of half a million had to be forthcoming on the 28th September, 1810. In the state of the market Abraham Goldsmid did not know where to put his hand on the money. He shrank from the impending disgrace, and when the hour struck at which the cash was due, it was discovered that Abraham Goldsmid had paid another and still more terrible debt, for he was dead.

After this the Goldsmids fell from their high estate in the City; but not for long. A greater than Aaron or Benjamin arose in the person of Isaac, a nephew of Benjamin, and grandson of the founder of the English house. Isaac entering into business in the City speedily amassed a fortune, and became known as one of the greatest financiers in the world. Having made his own fortune, he maintained the family reputation for aiding in good works, and became largely engaged in philanthropic and educational undertakings. He was a friend of Mrs. Fry's, and was one of the principal founders of University College, London. At sixty years of age he retired from business, having heaped up enormous wealth and secured the honour of an English baronetcy and a Portuguese peerage. He seems, among other good things, to have at least staved off the curse of the defunct De Falk, and though he sank into childishness during the last years of his life, that is a calamity which poor humanity is subject to when it sees fourscore.

But with the next heir the curse showed itself with added malignity. The late baronet, Sir Francis, was the son of Sir Isaac, and the news runs like wildfire through the town to-night that he is a mangled corpse.—*Henry W. Lucy.*

## THE SCRAP BOOK.

## BETTING ON HORSE-RACES.

THE river begins to flow in early spring. It bursts like a mountain torrent at Lincoln in the end of March; flows wide and deep through Newmarket, Epsom, and many lesser places; has grown swifter and more dangerous when it revisits Newmarket a month later; is a seething torrent at the Epsom Summer Meeting, and with unabated flood deluges royal Ascot in June, ducal Goodwood in July: it knows not dam or ford as it sweeps through Doncaster in September; it shoots over the cataracts of the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire in October, and reaches the winter sea of calm at Warwick in the end of November. On that dangerous stream you shall see many a proud garlanded bark, many a gay and gallant

company, many a shattered and sinking ship, many a hand of a drowning man held up above the flood, vainly grasping for aid before he is merged for ever beneath the surface. You shall see the most precious wares thrown overboard in the desperate struggle to keep the vessel afloat; honour, honesty, fortune, character are everywhere mixed with the foam and froth of the going flood; precious time is lost; opportunities let slip; honest labour despised:—

*Languent officia atque ægrotat fama vacillans.*

And it is curious to observe how totally distinct and separate this river of horse-racing is from the scenes and people through which it passes, just as if it were a real river. In some quiet country town, as Chichester for instance, where a grand cathedral lifts its sacred head, perpetual calm seems to reign until the week of the races comes round. Then what a change and contrast! Every house and lodging is let; every cab and carriage is furnished up; every horse and pony is pressed for the occasion from many miles around; omnibuses and hansoms and nondescript vehicles from London descend upon the scene; the hotel-keeper trebles his staff of waiters and cookmaids; the parson preaches his annual sermon against the races, and sends his boys on a visit, to be out of the reach of temptation, and the inundation begins. They come—horses, grooms, jockeys, lords and ladies, bookmakers, backers, touts, welters, card-sharps, pickpockets, gaily-dressed women, and as long as the races last, those of the inhabitants that stay at home sit at their windows twice a-day to watch the incessant stream of four-horse drags, omnibuses, carriages, cabs and carts, pass and repass their windows. When the races are over, the motley throng is swept away to another meeting; the bookmaker counts his gains, the backer tries to forget and underestimate his losses; the weary landlord wipes his forehead and ejaculates a thanksgiving that the races are over, and the little town gathers itself together again under the shadow of the cathedral.

And if we visit the racecourse and take our place on the stand while the horses are going to the post, what a scene is exhibited below! That roaring mob of ring-men, making the face of the summer day hideous, screaming like vultures flocking to the prey, what a truly noble institution is this! The less custom the bookmaker has, the more frantically he screams the odds; the respectable men, with whom our *magnanimi juvenes* gamble away their patrimony, these are comparatively silent; so are vultures when their beaks are in their prey. These are the high-hearted men who cheered the Marquis of Hastings when he had stripped himself of an ancestral estate to pay the hundred thousand pounds which he had lost on Hermit's Derby; the men who hooted the broken-hearted young nobleman into his grave when he could pay no longer. The ring is no doubt an English institution, but we have lost many English institutions of late years, and we could spare the betting-ring better than any of those which we have lost; though how to replace it we confess we know not, unless by some such contrivance as the Australian totalisator.

Such is the Turf of England—not all evil in itself, nor necessary evil at all, but owing to pernicious license the cause of misery to many thousands. Although it is true that the turf is one great system of national demoralization, as Lord Beaconsfield called it, it is not all evil; it springs from one of the best and most distinctive features of the English character—the love of out-door sports. It was originally essentially manly, honest and good. Nothing can be more natural than for an owner of a good horse to match him and ride him against another. Nor can the lover of the beautiful find fault with racing. There is nothing more beautiful in the world than a horse-race. The poetry of racing was felt in its perfection when Wells mounted the handsome Rosicrucian, or Parry bestrode that good-tempered giant Prince Charlie, or when Wood brought St. Simon to the front with long sweeping stride at the distance. Add the effect of the soft summer air and the pure breezes that are wafted over the wide heath or moor; add the legitimate interest caused by a small bet, and the excitement of a close struggle between two famous horses, well ridden. For betting on a racecourse is legitimate, and *secundum naturum*, ever since that offer of a tripod or kettle, in Homer. But it is only on the racecourse that betting is legitimate, and only legitimate there in very small sums. But now clerks in Aberdeen and railway porters in Cornwall will have their wager on a horse they never expect to see; and many a well-dressed Irus visits the course at noon with the confident hope of leaving it a Cæsus at five. They win sometimes of course; but their winnings remind us painfully of the highwayman's spoil: "a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning: got with swearing—Lay by—and spent with crying—Bring in—now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and by-and-by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows."—*Quarterly Review*.

#### LONDON AS THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA.

THAT poetry should have found its chief expression in the drama is not surprising. The age was, in itself, pre-eminently an age of activity. It had no tendency to introspective brooding; it troubled itself, as a rule, very little about the ideal; it was no worshipper of nature. Its central figure was man in action; its distinguishing characteristic was the sympathy with humanity. Thus human life, its failures and its triumphs; thus human kind, their passions and peculiarities, became objects of paramount interest. Nor was this all. London was already the centre of the social and intellectual life of the kingdom, and was attracting each year from the provinces and the universities all who hoped to turn wit and genius to account. The refuge of literary adventurers, in our day, is the periodical, and daily press. In those days there were no journals and no periodicals, and there was no reading public. But among the changes introduced by the dissolution of the old system was the appearance and rapidly increas-

ing importance of a class which corresponds to that on which our popular press relies for support. Since the accession of the Tudors a great change had passed over London. Peace and a settled government had transformed the rude and martial nobility of the Plantagenets into courtiers and men of mode. Their hotels swarmed with dependents who would, a generation back, have found occupation in the camp, but who were now, like their masters, devoted to gaiety and pleasure. Contemporary with the revolution in the upper sections of society was the rise of a great commercial aristocracy. Each decade found London more prosperous, more luxurious, more thickly-peopled. By the middle of Elizabeth's reign she presented all the features peculiar to great capitals and great seaports. A large industrial population, branching out into all the infinite ramifications of mercantile communities, mingled its multitudes with the crowd of men of rank and fashion who affected the neighbourhood of the Court, and the swarms of adventurers and sycophants who hung loose on the town or subsisted on the charity of noble houses. The Inns of Court, thronged with students, often as accomplished as they were idle and dissolute, had already assumed that half-fashionable, half-literary character which, for upwards of two centuries, continued to distinguish them. But no quarter of London stirred with fuller life than that which was then known as the Bankside. It was here that the lawless and strippling population which came in and passed out by the river found its temporary home. In the taverns and lodging-houses which crowded those teeming alleys were huddled together men of all nations, of all grades, of all callings. Huguenot refugees, awaiting the turn which would restore them to their country; Switzers and Germans who, induced partly by curiosity and partly by the restlessness which a life of adventure engenders, flocked over every year from the Low Countries; half-Anglicised Italians and half-Italianised Englishmen; *fibustiers* from the Spanish Main and broken squatters from the Portuguese settlements; soldiers of fortune who had fought and plundered under half the leaders in Europe; desperadoes who had survived the perils of unknown oceans and lands where no white man had ever before penetrated; seamen from the crews of Hawkins and Drake and Cavendish and Frobisher; and among this motley rabble were to be found men in whose veins ran the blood of the noblest families of England—Strangways and Carews, Tremaynes and Throgmortons, Cobhams and Kelligrews. Such was the London of Elizabeth. It was natural that the cry of these people should be for amusement. Too intelligent to be satisfied with the stupid and brutal pastimes then in vogue with the vulgar, and too restless and illiterate to find pleasure in books, it was equally natural that they should look to the stage to supply their want. And the stage responded to the call.—*Quarterly Review*.

#### POWER OF WILL OVER THREATENED DISEASE.

AN event in the life of Andrew Crosse, the electrician, illustrates, in a striking manner, the power of the Will over threatened disease, the symptoms in his case being those of hydrophobia. If "an act of the Will frequently excites such changes in the brain as to arrest an incipient paroxysm of angina pectoris or epilepsy" (Laycock), there seems no reason why it should not exert the same influence over the symptoms present in this case. Mr. Crosse was severely bitten by a cat, which died the same day hydrophobic. He appears to have thought little of the circumstance, and was certainly not nervous or imaginative in regard to it. Three months, however, after he had received the wound he felt one morning great pain in his arm, accompanied by extreme thirst. He called for a glass of water. The sequel will be best told in his own words:—"At the instant that I was about to raise the tumbler to my lips a strong spasm shot across my throat; immediately the terrible conviction came to my mind that I was about to fall a victim to hydrophobia, the consequence of the bite that I had received from the cat. The agony of mind I endured for one hour is indescribable; the contemplation of such a horrible death—death from hydrophobia—was almost insupportable; the torments of hell itself could not have surpassed what I suffered. The pain, which had first commenced in my hand, passed up to the elbow, and from thence to the shoulder, threatening to extend. I felt all human aid was useless, and I believed that I must die. At length I began to reflect upon my condition. I said to myself, either I shall die or I shall not; if I do, it will only be a similar fate to that which many have suffered, and many more must suffer, and I must bear it like a man; if, on the other hand, there is any hope of my life, my only chance is in summoning my utmost resolution, defying the attack, and exerting every effort of my mind. Accordingly, feeling that physical as well as mental exertion was necessary, I took my gun, shouldered it, and went out for the purpose of shooting, my arm aching the while intolerably. I met with no sport, but I walked the whole afternoon, exerting, at every step I went, a strong mental effort against the disease. When I returned to the house I was decidedly better; I was able to eat some dinner, and drank water as usual. The next morning the aching pain had gone down to my elbow, the following it went down to the wrist, and the third day left me altogether. I mentioned the circumstance to Dr. Kinglake, and he said he certainly considered that I had had an attack of hydrophobia, which would possibly have proved fatal had I not struggled against it by a strong effort of mind."

THERE is something so painful in the present condition of the Conservative party that one feels inclined to pity rather than to rebuke. The engineer who was hoist with his own petard was luxuriously catered for by Fate in comparison with the doom reserved for the poor Tories. "Respect abroad"—that was a great Tory cry. "We come into office, and behold



all the beasts of Europe bow their heads and wag their tails in friendly respect to the British Lion. We come into office, and Erin flings herself upon our manly bosom, and we console her and wipe away her tears, and we are sweethearts as of yore. We come into office, and trade revives, and the weather clears up, and all is peace and joy and love." Alas! how different is the performance to the promise. The parade outside the booth was splendid—the show inside is a dreadful fiasco. The tearing-up of the treaty of Berlin, the heaped-up insults to England of the French public and press, the open defiance by the Parnellites, and the wholesale revival of boycotting—these are among the most convincing proofs of the intense respect which the Conservatives have gained for the country.—*Geo. R. Sims.*

I AM far from being an Anglomaniac, but I was forcibly struck, in riding out on a late train from the city the other night, with the extreme discomfort of our ordinary American passenger-car. The train was an accommodation one and stopped every three or four minutes. At every stop passengers entered and left the car and in no single instance were any of them courteous enough to shut the door behind them. Of course it was the brakeman's duty to do that, but somehow he was never on hand. Either he was helping some young lady off the rear car, or he was eating his lunch, or he was engaged in some other equally important duty. Consequently for two or three minutes at every station I had to endure the blast of cold, damp air that swept through the car, or else get up and shut the doors myself. That there are serious objections to the English system of compartments, I know perfectly well. But one company in this country—the Mann—builds sleeping-cars that embrace all the best features of both systems. The compartments do not open upon an outside footboard, but upon a passage-way running through the car. Privacy and comfort are thus obtained, and yet the passenger is not isolated as in the English coach. Why should not the Mann principle be applied to ordinary cars? A trial at least could do no harm, and there is certainly no sense in clinging blindly to antiquated and uncomfortable ideas simply because they are American.—*Town Topics (N. Y.).*

### MUSIC.

#### TORONTO MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE third Monday Popular Concert on Monday evening last attracted a large and fashionable audience of fourteen hundred people, the Pavilion being filled to its regular seating capacity. The increased attendance, while partly owing to the engagement of Miss Thursby, must on the whole be attributed to the growth of a more general appreciation of the undertaking among the music-loving community. The directors are proceeding very cautiously with their scheme of progress in the selection of the instrumental numbers; but gradual as is the advance, a comparison of the first and third programmes will show that a decided step forward has already been taken. At the first concert only excerpts from the highest compositions of the great masters were given; at the third a whole quartette by Mozart was performed, in addition to single movements by Tschaiakowsky and Cherubini.

The playing of the string quartette last Monday showed a corresponding development. Their light and shade effects were more nicely graduated and observed than at their initial performance, and their *ensemble* was marked by greater unity of design and increased efficiency in the mechanical execution. To speak frankly, the first movement of the opening quartette was not neatly played, but the artistes were disturbed by late arrivals, and were, perhaps, slightly nervous at first in the presence of so large and so critical an audience. The beauties of the lovely *andante*, and the playful grace of the trio which succeeds the minuet, were satisfactorily brought out, while in the *finale* the variations on the theme for the different instruments were executed in a clear and musicianly manner. The Mozart quartette is by no means an easy work to perform effectively; for although light and tuneful in character, the leading parts are distributed in a way that gives each instrument in turn special prominence. The Tschaiakowsky *andante* Op. 11, with its weird harmonies and mournful melody, was appreciated by a considerable number of the audience, although it had been introduced as an experiment.

Herr Henri Jacobsen played us a solo, that *piece de resistance* of violinists, the Mendelssohn concerto in E minor, of which he gave the *andante* and *finale*. His interpretation of the difficult work created a veritable *furor*, the soloist receiving a double recall. The new movement was given in true *cantabile* style, and with much beauty of tone and artistic repose. The *finale*, while executed with fire and brilliancy, gave in parts the impression of being hurried, showing that Herr Jacobsen had exceeded the pace at which he could play it with perfect control.

Miss Thursby, the star vocalist of the evening, was accorded, it is needless to say, a most enthusiastic reception. The lady has not, probably, retained that exquisite quality of voice and perfect ease and accuracy of execution which so delighted her audiences here some years ago, but she has lost none of her high artistic ability, and her vocalization would still cause many celebrated concert singers to despair of rivalling her. Her "Bird Song," by Faubert, was almost a perfect bit of singing, and she executed the trills with a certainty that we have not heard equalled. Miss Thursby was good-natured enough to give two extra songs in response to the recalls she received during the evening.

The fourth concert will be given on the 30th instant, with Mme. Annie Louisa Tanner as solo-vocalist, and Mr. Thomas Martin, the talented young Irishman recently appointed musical director of Hellmuth Ladies' College, as solo-pianist.—*Clef.*

### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

WE have received the following books and publications:—

- THE GREVILLE MEMOIRS. Second Part. A Journal of the Reign of Queen Victoria from 1837 to 1852. In Two Volumes. New York: D. Appleton and Company.
- STUDIES IN SHAKESPEARE. By Richard Grant White. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.
- FRIENDS AND FOES FROM FAIRYLAND. By the Right Hon. Lord Brabourne. With numerous illustrations. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.
- HIGH LIGHTS. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.
- STATUTES OF CANADA. 48 and 49 Victoria. 1884-5. Vols. I. and II. Ottawa: Printed by Brown Chamberlin.
- WE TWO ALONE IN EUROPE. By Mary L. Ninde. With original illustrations. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg and Company. Toronto: Methodist Book House.
- THE EMERSON CALENDAR FOR 1886. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.
- THE WHITNEY CALENDAR FOR 1886. Same publishers.
- HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE. New York.
- LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. Boston.
- GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK. Philadelphia.
- MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE. London and New York.
- FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY MAGAZINE. New York.

### LITERARY GOSSIP.

GENERAL GRANT'S diary of his tour around the world is to be edited by Col. Frederick Grant for the *North American Review*.

ENGLISH reviewers call Miss Murfree's "Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains" one of the greatest recent American works of fiction.

RHODA BROUGHTON has written a sequel to her novel "Belinda," and has made a study, for her heroine, of Lady Dilke, formerly Mrs. Mark Pattison.

It is said that in England one man in every 5,000 takes a university course, in Scotland in every 512, in Germany in every 213, and in America in every 2,000.

A VOLUME of Roumanian fairy tales is about to be issued by Henry Holt and Co. The collection has been made by Mlle. Kremnitz, and the translation by J. M. Percival.

THE Rev. H. R. Haweis, the English clergyman and author now visiting in this country, is short, lame, black-whiskered, bright, independent and amusing; and does and says about what he pleases. His wife is with him.—*Literary World.*

THE *Century* for December will contain the fullest account yet published of the life of Mrs. Helen Jackson ("H. H."), with a frontispiece portrait and a group of her "Last Poems." The latter are seven in all, and were written in view of her approaching end.

THE Scribners will publish in a few days Dr. Schliemann's superb new volume on Tyrins, describing his most extensive excavations on the plains of Argos. It will make a most splendid royal octavo volume, illustrated by a large number of beautiful coloured plates.

FUNK AND WAGNALLS, of New York, announce for immediate publication a "Biographical Sketch of Adelaide Neilson." The book is superbly illustrated with nine portraits by Sarony. Miss Neilson is widely admired, and a biography of her life can but be received with favour.

PROF. MAX MULLER is editing "A History of German Literature," in two volumes, which will lay before English readers in a collected form the whole field of German literature, with some account of German men-of-letters. The work is to be issued by the Oxford University Press.

THE Oxford students forwarded a petition to Matthew Arnold asking him to come forward for the chair of poetry, and the chief candidate, Mr. F. T. Palgrave, offered to withdraw. Mr. Arnold's reply, stating that it is best that younger men should be tried, has given much disappointment.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW'S biography of his brother will appear about February 1. The bulk of it will consist of the poet's own letters and journals. Amongst these will be several written by Longfellow while abroad, and illustrated by him with dainty little pen-and-ink drawings, which are to be carefully reproduced.

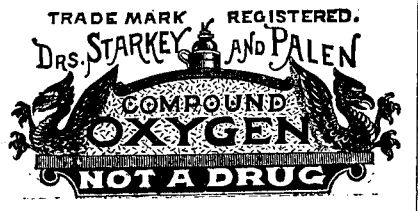
WITH the *Art Interchange* of November 5, as an extra supplement, is a reproduction in colour of an oil sketch by Mr. Bruce Crane. In it an effort has been made to literally reproduce the original painting, the intention being to give a good representation of the artist's style and method of work, a result rarely either aimed at or attained in chromolithography.

"MARK TWAIN" has written for the forthcoming December *Century* "The Private History of a Campaign that Failed"—an account of his own personal experience as a youthful "rebel" in the early days of the war. This "war article" is illustrated with maps drawn by the author and some striking pictures by Kemble. There is said to be nearly as much tragedy as comedy in the sketch, which has a special value as showing the fluctuations of opinion at the breaking-out of the war and the entirely amateur character of some of the early campaigns.

"A MAN of letters in this city," says *Harper's Weekly*, "was under contract with a publisher to write a book of about 36,000 words, or what would be equivalent to forty of our columns. He had prepared himself carefully for the task, but the contemplation of its manual labour tired him in advance. He went to a type-writer's office, where three or four industrious girls were earning their living, and learned that he could dictate to one of them at the rate of from 1,800 to 3,000 words an hour, by paying four cents a hundred words. The noise of the clicking machines at first threatened to disturb his efforts at original composition, but before he had worked half an hour he was used to it. The business of composing and dictating the 36,000 words occupied about twenty hours, or five or six days of three or four hours each. At the end of each sitting he left the office with his completed MS. in hand. The result was accomplished without fatigue, and its quality, he says, was unusually good—for him. He further testifies that, for the first time in his life, he has a realizing sense of what emancipation is."



*Chambers' Cyclopaedia says that the Lentil (Ervum Lens) is the basis, if not the whole substance, of Pevallenta Arabica and E-valenta, so much advertised as food for dyspeptic patients; and the Toronto Globe of 29th Sept., 1885, states that one of the strongest men in the world is the Chilean miner, who lives principally on the Lentil, the cheapest and most nutritious food known for its weight. A very fine kind of Asiatic Lentil, known as "Dal," has lately been introduced into Canada from India by Major-General Peces, and is procurable at the Himalayan Tea Office, 58 Church St., and from Henry Lindsay, 60 King St. West.*



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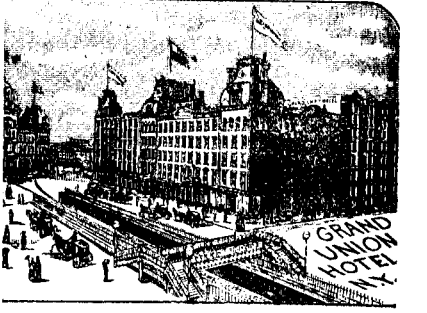
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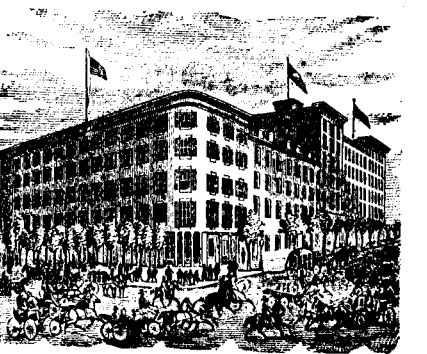
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**BANK OF OTTAWA.**  
 OTTAWA

*Paid-up Capital, \$1,000,000*  
*Reserve 160,000*

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 GEORGE BURN, Cashier.  
 BRANCHES.—Amprior, Carleton Place, Pembroke, Winnipeg, Man.  
 AGENTS IN CANADA—Canadian Bank of Commerce. AGENTS IN NEW YORK—Messrs. A. H. Goadby and B. E. Walker. AGENTS IN LONDON—English Alliance Bank

**THE CENTRAL BANK OF CANADA.**

*Capital Authorized, \$1,000,000*  
*Capital Subscribed, 500,000*  
*Capital Paid-up, 325,000*

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 A. A. ALLEN, Cashier.  
 Branches.—Brampton, Durham, Guelph, Richmond Hill and North Toronto.  
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**THE QUEBEC BANK.**  
 Incorporated by Royal Charter, A.D. 1818.

CAPITAL, \$3,000,000.  
 HEAD OFFICE, QUEBEC.

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 AGENTS IN LONDON.—The Bank of Scotland.

**CANADA PERMANENT Loan & Savings Co.**  
 (INCORPORATED, A.D. 1855.)  
 Subscribed Capital - \$3,000,000  
 Paid-up Capital - 2,200,000  
 Reserve Fund - 1,100,000  
 Total Assets - 8,539,476  
 OFFICE :  
 COMPANY'S BUILDINGS, TORONTO STREET, TORONTO.  
 The Company has now on hand a large amount of English money which it is prepared to lend on first-class securities at low rates of interest. Apply to—  
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**THE CENTRAL BANK OF CANADA.**

**DIVIDEND No. 3.**  
 Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of Three Per Cent. for the current half year, being at the rate of six per cent. per annum upon the paid-up capital of the Bank, has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after TUESDAY, the FIRST DAY OF DECEMBER next.  
 The Transfer Books will be closed from the Sixteenth to the Thirtieth day of November, both days inclusive. By order of the Board,  
 A. A. ALLAN, Cashier.  
 TORONTO, 20th Oct., 1885.

**THE FREEHOLD Loan & Savings Co., TORONTO.**

**DIVIDEND No. 52.**  
 Notice is hereby given that a dividend of FIVE PER CENT. on the capital stock of the company has been declared for the current half-year, payable on and after TUESDAY, the 1st day of December next, at the office of the company, Church Street. The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 30th November inclusive.  
 S. C. WOOD, Manager.

**THE Toronto Paper Mfg. Co.**  
 WORKS AT CORNWALL, ONT.

CAPITAL, \$250,000.  
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 The School will re-open Wednesday, 2nd September.  
 Pupils are taken beyond the requirements for University matriculation which several of them passed with distinction this year. Thorough teaching in the English branches, in Latin, French, German, Italian, mathematics, harmony, music, drawing, painting, and art needlework is secured. Especial care is taken with the religious and moral training. The building and grounds are salubrious and well equipped. Prospectus or further information will be given by MISS GRIER, Lady Principal.

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**QUINTETTE CLUB.**

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**THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CO.,**  
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