

THE WEEK:

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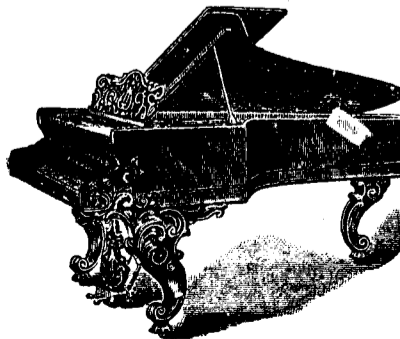
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"BEYOND THE RANGE OF PRACTICAL POLITICS."

THE constant use made of this expression illustrates the advantages certain tribes of savages derive from the practice of "taboo," and it may be cited as a further evidence of the immutability of human institutions; bearing witness, as it does, to the fact that an interesting savage custom is not without its useful counterpart in the most enlightened communities. The necessity of confining political discussion to subjects that are ripening for legislative treatment has obvious advantages. In Great Britain the press, in its loyalty to the hardly-worked public men of that country, generally follows their lead; and the rule prevails of avoiding enlarged discussion of subjects that have not been adopted by some one holding a responsible position in the State. In America such loyalty is less practised, and perhaps its necessity is less felt. At the same time, the phrase, "beyond the range of practical politics," is equally potent on both sides of the Atlantic. It is useful in relieving those upon whom the task of carrying on the affairs of Government devolves from being called upon to consider crude proposals, and also in limiting the efforts of the press to educational work of immediate necessity.

We have before us a remarkable instance of the dominating influence of the phrase. There is a proposition that commends itself to the judgment of most of us, but because it is "beyond the range of practical politics" no politician's voice will proclaim, and no political writer's pen will trace it. As a result of this respect for a necessary safeguard, we have the spectacle of high-minded men advocating enlarged trade relations with the United States who cannot really be desirous of seeing the disappearance of our rapidly vanishing forests hastened; and to whom the possibility of the growers of barley receiving a part of the duty charged thereon by that country cannot commend itself as an adequate reason for revolutionising the manufactures and commerce of Canada. They may lead the *ignis fatuus*, but it is difficult to imagine them being led by it. In plain language, they believe that the union of the English speaking race for offensive and defensive purposes would be a boon to civilisation of so positive and far-reaching a kind that any sacrifice on Canada's part would be a small matter in comparison therewith. But because this part of the case is "beyond the range of practical politics," it remains unnamed; and we are puzzled at finding trifling reasons urged in favour of a momentous change. The advantage of the largest union of the race is apparent, but the hope of those who dream of so brilliant a combination rests upon a basis void of substance. The only conditions that would render such a consummation a possible one for the people of the United States to consider have not arisen. They are not menaced from without, and are at present quite satisfied with their municipal vastness. As yet they have hardly risen to the sense of obligation to the less civilised races. Their foreign commerce is immature, and their connexions with the "ends of the earth" are so limited that to expect that sense of obligation to exist in

sufficient force to have political weight would be to look for a spiritual manifestation.

Nor are the conditions for the favourable consideration of such enlarged relations much more advanced in England. The smaller problem of Imperial Federation presents grave difficulties, although there is a sentimental unanimity of opinion on the subject felt by our fellow citizens in all quarters of the globe. The discussion of this question has removed the taboo from a wide range of subjects. There are men whose words carry weight wherever they are read who deny the advisability of any statutory Federation, even could one be devised that would be acceptable to all concerned. Professor Freeman in his "Greater Greece and Greater Britain" contrasts unfavourably to us the expansion of that ancient people. He would like to see all political ties loosened, and our scattered colonies held together by no stronger bond than that of affection, as were theirs. The very policy that Mr. Freeman admires led more than all others to the political extinction of that gifted race. The Asian colonies fell before Athens' achieved greatness. Those in Italy and Sicily fell to Carthage and Rome before the latter's conquest of Greece proper. The idea of unity presented itself to the national consciousness at an early period in its recorded history. Panhellenism is a very ancient expression, but unworthy and short sighted jealousies ever kept it a mere idea. The Amphictyonic league never embraced all the Greek States, nor was the fealty of those composing it ever strong. The Synedriion of Corinth was a less weak attempt to knit the scattered people but it failed to hold the measure of success it did obtain. It would be idle to speculate as to what the probable history of the world would have been had the union of a part of the Hellenes imposed by the sword of Macedonia been a willing one. Had it grown some centuries earlier, and won the loyalty of the whole race, we might have been spared the long blanks of the dark ages. The fact stares us in the face that the race which has given to history her brightest records of heroism and genius was absorbed in fragments by those whose highest praise it is that they learned to imitate the civilisation of the people they conquered. If history viewed broadly has any decided policy to teach us in these latter days it is surely the value of unity—the value of sinking minor differences and of standing shoulder to shoulder in presence of a common enemy. By making the glory of each section of the race the common possession of the whole, the higher ideals may be maintained. In this way the ever present tendencies to reaction may be met, and the lapses from light to darkness prevented. Expansion such as ours during the last century must have in it varied elements of weakness. Intelligent co-operation may safely guide us to the light. Expansion with disunion can only invite the gathering together of the powers that make for darkness.

Other nations are learning the lessons of history. Without the past to guide them who can believe that the German States would submit to the rule of Prussia; and dedicate so large a part of their adult male population to military service. The principle of local autonomy is as dear to Italians almost as it is to Germans. The glory and the fate of Rome, of Venice, of Florence and of other States, are not forgotten; but Italy united "from the snows of the Alps to the flames of *Ætna*" is preferred. Pan Slavism too, that danger to Eastern Europe, is the strength of Russia; nor is the apparently illiberal policy of that State, in striving to make the heterogenous peoples of her vast Empire one in language, without historical justification. The ruling and thinking classes have good grounds for believing that their national permanence depends upon the success of this policy.

Nothing but the strangest infatuation could excuse the belief that the Anglo Saxon race is above or outside of the influences that have hitherto moulded the destinies of humanity. The discussion regarding increased trade relations with the United States has opened up wide questions of a political nature, reaching beyond that of Annexation. It is not surprising that some of those advocating change should be influenced by these larger considerations. The strange thing is that the fear of getting "beyond the range of practical politics" should lead men to advocate a change which the arguments advanced utterly fail to justify.

It may some day become an accepted doctrine that an injury done to the least of the peoples of the earth is an injury to all. That as the strength of a chain is the strength of its weakest link, so the greatest

progress is incomplete if it does not embrace mankind. Already finance and trade find it necessary to be cosmopolitan. The precious metals have a world wide range; a scarcity anywhere raises their value everywhere. In a less direct way the same may be said of grain, cotton, sugar and other articles necessary for man's support. National life is more than a question of food and clothing, and until the advocates of a leap in the dark show us that we shall be moving in the right direction, Canadians may be excused if they decline to trade away their birth-right for a mess of pottage, and it cannot be denied that the onus of proof rests upon those who advocate change.

W. H. Cross.

THE IRISH PROBLEM.*

THE Irish Problem has already given so much exercise to historians, politicians, and thinkers in general, that it is no wonder if many should give it up in despair, and that others, of a more hopeful turn, and perhaps with a greater patience learnt from the past of human history, should still attempt to make contributions towards its solution. The latest of these emanates, we are informed, from one who is not only "a citizen of the Empire," but a citizen of Toronto. As, however, he has refrained from putting his name on the title page of his book, we shall not seek to disclose it, and shall content ourselves with giving a special recommendation to his fellow-citizens to make themselves acquainted with his work. Apart from this it is worth reading. It is the work of a calm, thoughtful, unprejudiced mind, of one who is totally free from the provincialism, or almost parochialism, which too often asserts itself in connection with this great subject, and moreover, of one who can express his thoughts in pure, clear, and vigorous English. So much for the general qualities of the book before us.

As regards its special contents—we mean the special opinions of the author, and his suggestions for the solution of the problem—we are, for the most part, entirely with him; and if we entertain certain doubts, it is not so much because we object to any portion of his suggestions, but because we have misgivings as to the possibility of their being carried out. In any case they are worthy of consideration, and most persons will arise from the study of them with somewhat clearer perceptions of the conditions of the problem.

On the general question of Home Rule we are completely agreed with the writer. It is pointed out that Home Rule is not only, by confession of its advocates, a mere experiment—another leap in the dark—but that its tendency is retrograde and destructive in regard to the best interests of the Empire and the people. Towards the end of the volume he remarks: "Nothing could have appeared more retrograde, more like a violation of all consistency on the part of a veteran Liberal, than to lend the high authority of his name and the great powers of his eloquence to so reactionary a task as that of reviving into activity in a great western empire at this date of the world's enlightenment the ancient antipathies of race and the selfish jealousies of local nationalities—baneful and misanthropic passions that might better have been left to flourish in the congenial soil of the east of Europe. History, it may be thought, will find it hard to forgive what must appear as a sin against the very spirit of modern civilisation." The writer points out, indeed, that certain benefits and advantages will accrue from this action on the part of Mr. Gladstone. It may be so. Good does often come out of evil. But at the present moment we are more impressed by what appears to us the irreparable mischief brought about by Mr. Gladstone's headstrong and irrational conduct. If it should result in civil war in Ireland—by no means an impossible contingency, although fighting courage is not perhaps the thing to be expected of dynamiters and their abettors—then, no doubt, the ultimate result would probably be satisfactory. Open war would be far more honourable to the rebels, and far more satisfactory in its consequences to all concerned, than the horrible kind of warfare to which Irish "Nationalists" have recently accustomed us.

The principal sections of the work before us deal with two great questions—a scheme for the purchase of the land by the present tenants, and an industrial parliament. In both of these proposals there is much which compels our assent, and our chief difficulty has reference to the working out of the schemes. With regard to the land purchase scheme, the writer suggests that the medium for conveying the land from the present landlords to peasant proprietors should be, not the Government of the country but a joint-stock company, and that the transfer should not be compulsory but voluntary. He points out forcibly and convincingly that "a proposal to constitute the relation of creditor and debtor directly between the political Government and a large proportion of the people" would "be vicious

and imprudent in the extreme," and he illustrates this statement from an experiment tried in Canada about thirty years ago, when the Provincial Government of Upper Canada assisted the various municipalities in the Province "to borrow money for various local purposes on terms which it would have been impossible for the municipalities to obtain on their individual credit." He sees no reason to doubt that the same mischief which resulted in Canada would follow in any similar experiment in other countries.

The writer then sketches the constitution of what he would call a "Land Loan Guarantee Company," and shows the manner in which he would set it to work, and the results which he would expect from its operations. There is no doubt that such a company, established by business men, on business terms, would be far more likely to prove satisfactory to buyers and sellers than any Government commission—proverbial as such bodies are for their clumsiness, dilatoriness, and costliness. But whether the advantages of such a scheme are sufficient to induce business men to risk their money in it is a different question. The writer believes that he meets this objection when he says that the risk would be no different from that of a loan or investment company, and would depend "upon the management of the company, and its judgment in selecting honest and capable valuers. . . . The shareholders, like the members of any other commercial corporation, would have no right to expect indemnity, except through their own discretion and vigilance in the selection of their officials." As far as we are able to judge, the author's proposals violate none of the laws of political economy. What men of business will say to them remains to be seen.

Perhaps the boldest part of the book is that which contains a proposal for an Industrial Parliament; and here we have certainly some very plain speaking in regard to the incompetency of existing legislative assemblies to deal with industrial questions. They possess none of the qualifications, the author urges, for determining economical and industrial questions, and under this head he gives some trenchant statements of truths which deserve prominent notice. Here are some specimens of the author's candour: "The Senate of the United States at one end of the scale is the most respectable; the city governments are almost Mephistophelian in their cynical disregard of public duties, and in their gross and venal [misprinted *venial*] demagogism. Negligence, if not corruption, in private legislation, and ignorant handling of more general interests—these are too frequently the characteristics of local legislatures. . . . In the experience of the American Continent, morality and commerce suffer from the immense variety of crude legislation. Each locality is a law to itself." Again, "Political parliaments do not sin through ignorance only. *Insincerity* in dealing with public questions—handling them not according to their merits, but with a view to the votes they may bring or lose; this is demagogism—this is the master evil of the day." Perfectly true and most necessary to be said. A remarkable example of the insincerity of both parties in the Canadian Parliament is given in the case of the duty on grain, and the iniquitous refusal to lower it when the supply in Ontario became insufficient for the wants of the Province. The author would have this Industrial Parliament to be chosen not by numbers or by districts, but by classes, industries, trades, and in this, he says, we should be coming nearer to the original English Parliament in which the Barons represented the large landowners, the Knights of the Shire the yeomen, the Borough Members the traders and manufacturers in towns.

How we are to set to work to obtain this Industrial Parliament the author does not clearly show. He thinks the Irish Land League might be transformed into something of this kind. At any rate such an effort must, at the beginning, be a voluntary one. It is not likely that our existing legislatures will make such a frank confession of their insufficiency as our author here makes for them; or that, even if they have suspicions of their own incompetence, they will ask their constituents to appoint another body to do a most important part of their work.

LAW AND RELIGION IN THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

A RECENT discussion on the exclusion of persons disavowing the existence of a Supreme Being, and of a future state of rewards and punishments, from testifying in a court of justice, introduces us to the consideration of the much broader and important question of the effect of the quasi-religious system of law of our Province upon the status of those citizens who acknowledge no religious belief.

The French code, entitled the Code Napoleon, was adopted as the model upon which our Civil Code was framed, but in many instances, either from design or negligence, innovations were introduced, and departures from the spirit, as well as the text, were made in our codification, which have tended to contrast the latter unfavourably with the universally-appreciated code of France.

* The Irish Problem as viewed by a Citizen of the Empire. London, Hatchards, 1887.

Under the Code Napoleon no disqualification ensued on account of any religious belief; its enactments were confined to rules of law, governing the intercourse between man and the State, and were not rendered dependent for their maintenance upon the performance of any obligation towards a Supernatural Being.

Our codifiers have seen fit, in the matter of acts of civil status, to cling to the old opinions, and have ignored the judicious provisions of the French law. Under the latter code, the celebration of marriage and its registration, as well as the registration of births and deaths, were declared to be matters purely civil, and left to the officers of the State to perform; under our law the Church takes the place of the State in these important duties, and to it only is allotted this power.

It is unnecessary to dilate upon the absolute importance of the proper celebration of these ceremonies, and of the official recognition and proof of births, marriages, and deaths, the three great epochs of human existence. Some very cogent reasons must be advanced why the duties thereof should be allotted to any particular set of individuals unconnected in any official capacity with the State.

To illustrate, the law and practice in force here require that at the beginning of each year the minister or priest of a congregation should procure from the court a blank book initialled, page by page, by one of its officers; and, having at all times in his possession the church register, the minister is ordered to enter in the register and in the blank book mentioned, which is to be an annual duplicate of such register, all the ceremonies he performs of christening, of marriage, and of burial, and he must have these entries signed by the contracting parties and their witnesses, in cases of marriage, and in the other instances by the nearest relatives.

It requires no legal training to perceive at a glance how inefficient is this method—and how the door is opened to the encouragement of fraudulent practices, and this is more evident in the case of births—as the lapse of time between the birth and christening of a child may vary considerably with the health of the infant, of its parents, and of the surrounding circumstances. The law fixes no time within which the ceremony should be performed, or that it should be performed at all, and provides no penalty for non-compliance, and such are the ignorance and laxity of many ministers that instances are not wanting, where in lieu of the parents, relatives, or those required to sign the registers, so doing, the whole entry and signatures are written by the officiating clergyman himself; and again, although in every register the law upon these matters is printed, we have seen the custodians of such registers retaining possession of the duplicate—which should be returned to the court within six weeks of the close of the year—for a period of six years.

These defects apply to the imperfect administration of the law, but the greater question is the imperfection of the law itself.

The law constituting the pastors of congregations the celebrants of these ceremonies and the custodians of these registers, the query which naturally suggests itself is, "In what manner are these ceremonies to be performed, and how is the registration of acts of civil status, in which a person who is attached to no religious congregation is concerned, to be made?" The answer would be, "None." The law simply made no provision for any such case. Our codifiers could evidently not realise that a person could so offend as not to be born into some religion, and marry and die in it, and consequently treated not of absurdities. Yet it was in the latter half of this enlightened century—in 1865—that our code was promulgated.

Tolerance is a word not newly coined, but growing in significance daily; it implies more now than perhaps at its origin was conceived. Under its banner Church in State must go, and all solely religious reference in laws be erased. It may be that law owes its origin to religion, or rather that religion was the means of promulgating and preserving laws, hampering them, however, very soon with extraneous matter; i.e., supernatural obligations. Commendable as its inception may be, and thankful as we are for the cause which originated and fostered the law, we find it necessary, in the exercise of equal justice to all, to distinguish between the mundane and the supernatural, the secular and the religious, the acknowledged and the debatable.

Religious belief and ceremonies change and alter. Differences arise between the adherents of the old school and the followers of the new; to avoid conflict, the whole matter of difference, which is not immediately essential to our existence and government, must be placed without the pale of the law. This once acknowledged, the *raison d'être* of any religious qualification in the subject or citizen, in his intercourse with the State, ceases.

In the eyes of the law all must be equal. No examination can be made into the religious belief or disbelief of a man—his thoughts are his own inviolable property, his conscience is not subservient to any other man's dictates. Other and comprehensive worldly tests as to his capacity to enjoy any or all the rights of citizenship must and elsewhere have been introduced.

Applying these principles to the question proper, there can be no valid reason given for the sole deputation of celebration and of registration of births, marriages, and deaths to clergymen, or of surrounding them with any religious observances. A man who professes no religious belief, or a belief different to that of any established congregation, has as equal a right to have his marriage, the birth of his child, or other acts of civil status, in which he is interested, properly and legally celebrated and acknowledged as has the most professed religionist. A clergyman is not obliged to celebrate or register the marriage of a man who does not profess his religion; and we find, as a matter of fact, that men who cannot conscientiously ally themselves to any of the known religious dogmas have to throw themselves upon the mercy of a neighbouring minister in order

to procure a legal certificate of what should primarily be a civil ceremony. The marriage must be performed under the cloak of some religious belief. Is, then, the object of the law to foster hypocrisy? For such, in reality, is the effect.

One would think that, so palpable is the injustice of our legislation upon this subject, agitation would have been long since rife for its amelioration; but so strong a hold has the Church, even at this day, upon this benighted Province that any attempt to assimilate our law in this respect to that of all civilised countries would be futile. Until the average intelligence of our people equals that attained years ago by other nations, so long will this outrageous state of things exist.

Montreal.

N. M.

TOGETHER.

"We will both guard love, my love!"
Trills the thrush in the hedge-row, priding
The heart of his brooding mate.
"In glad sun or in stormy weather,
Nought can harm when we guard together!"
For that nest, ah, well-a-day!
When either shall fly and stay,
And leave but one life to strike
Away the merciless shriek!

For our nest, ah, well-a-day!
When either shall turn away,
And leave but one heart to rout
The bitter assaults of Doubt!
In glad hours or in dreary weather,
Nought can harm when we love together,
Ah, the love that can dare all fate,
That can scorn all menace hiding,
Is love that guards love, my love!

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

MONTREAL LETTER.

SOMETHING has at length broken the unutterable monotony of a Montreal summer. The presence of the French flag ship *La Minerve* in our port is creating an agreeable distraction for one portion of the population at least, and, I assure you, the Faubourg St. Denis shows no small enthusiasm. On Friday, when this gallant vessel arrived, she was greeted by very lusty cheers, and since then has been invaded by still undiminished crowds. Several thousands attended the mass held on board last Sunday, and in the afternoon the wharf and the vessel were but one black sea. A charmingly picturesque, not to say imposing sight, this morning service. Forward of the quarter-deck an altar had been erected, and on either side stood several of the guard of honour, armed with axe and burnished brass boarding-pike.

La Minerve is an old ship, having been built twenty-six years ago at Cherbourg; she will bid a final farewell to the sea next May. Apart from rather curious old port holes, there seems nothing very remarkable about the vessel—unless it is her extraordinary cleanliness and the politeness of her crew, or rather, officers. The former of these characteristics is invariable of a man-of-war; the latter is not so invariable, at least, not so charmingly so. I often wonder why so large a majority of our English friends, while duly appreciating the *mannières Françaises* still fight shy of profiting by the Frenchman's example. "Oh! what may be all very well for a Gaul," Mr. Stiff-jointed Britisher, would not but prove of advantage if more generally adopted. A fortunate thing, we all take it, that the *Minerve* is to remain with us three weeks.

RATHER too warm for controversy are these days, and yet there appear two subjects at least which might be discussed with advantage. We are to have a new hospital, thanks to the magnificent liberality of Sir Donald A. Smith and Sir George Stephens. Now, when ordinary gifts from friend to friend are concerned, it is unfortunately not the custom to ask what would be preferred. The present given, the recipient must murmur too often unfeeling gratitude, and the proverb prove sadly true—that all the blessing is on the donor's side. Insignificant as this may be with regard to trinkets, the case surely turns a different face when thousands come into play. The gift of one million dollars is no little *politesse*. A very ardent desire is here shown to do some substantial good, a good that shall give equal delight to all. Now, would it be ungrateful on the part of the recipients feeling this, if they pointed out what to them, the most competent judges, seems the best means to attain such an end?

The future site of the new hospital is on the slope of the Mountain just behind the reservoir. Of course every one who has visited Montreal knows, that pleasant as such a situation may be for a convalescent home, it is quite unsuitable for a building that supplies the daily, hourly needs of a population living at the other end of the city. I fear the chemists will be the only gainers, for with regard to medicines at least, the poor must certainly find it cheaper to buy these in town than waste an hour or so in climbing to Mount Royal for them.

SINCE we are on the subject of donations, perhaps you would like to learn that a generous anonymous soul has offered our innocent little Art Gallery ten thousand dollars if she opens her doors on the Sabbath Day to the weary and heavy-laden, so that once a week they may find rest for their souls, and beauty for their eyes, in the contemplation of her treas-

ures. Strange but true, that so many should find it difficult to make any distinction between Sunday as a day of rest from pleasure, and Sunday as a day of rest from pain and work. You waltzers of six nights, you brain-weary with the wit and wisdom of literary *soirees*.—it may be very pleasant for you to find ever and anon a spot where mind may be soothed by serene discourse, or drowsy music. But surely a very vast difference must exist between your requirements and those of a factory girl in the matter of relaxation after duty. If we are to judge a man by his pleasures, the easier of access we make the noble ones of life, the better. Far from desiring the Art Gallery should supersede the church, one would recommend its being closed during morning service. But believe me, an afternoon passed in a picture gallery or museum, and an evening spent in listening to beautiful, comprehensible music of any kind, in a hall where strict silence and decorum should be maintained, would be of more profit to our servants and workmen than many of the ways in which life is wasted by them at present.

THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE FROM 1836 TO 1836.

So much interest was manifested in Toronto last spring in Dr. Wallace's lectures at the University on the "Darwinian Theory and Colour in Nature," and the discussion on Evolution which resulted from the former, that a review of the progress of science during the last fifty years, abridged from the *Fortnightly*, may, it is hoped, not prove unacceptable.

HALF a century ago there were many and distinct sciences, but hardly any conception of science at large, as a single-rounded and connected whole. It was a point of honour in fact with each particular department not to encroach on the territory of those that lay nearest to it. Within the realm of each separate study, in like manner, minor truths stood severely apart from one another; electricity refused to be at one with magnetism, and magnetism was hardly on speaking terms with the voltaic current. The sciences were each a huge collection of heterogeneous facts or unassorted laws; they waited the advent of their unknown Newtons to fall into systematic and organic order.

In the pride of our hearts we forget for the most part how very young science is. Among the concrete sciences, Astronomy, the eldest born, had advanced farthest; when our age was still young it had reached the stage of wide general laws and evolutionary aspirations. Geology had only just begun to emerge from the earliest phase of pure hypotheses into the period of collection and arrangement of facts. Biology, hardly yet known by any better or truer name than natural history, consisted mainly of a jumble of half-classified details. Psychology still wandered disconsolate in the misty domain of the abstract metaphysician. The science of man, of language, of societies, of religion, had not even begun to exist. The antiquity of our race, the natural genesis of arts and knowledge, the origin of articulate speech or of religious ideas, were scarcely debatable questions. Chemistry still remained very much in the condition of Mrs. Jellaby's cupboard.

The great campaign of the unity and uniformity of nature was the first to be fought, and in that campaign the earliest decisive battle was waged over the bloodless field of geology. In 1837—to accept a purely arbitrary date for the beginning of our epoch—Lyell had already published his sober and sensible "Principles," and the old doctrine of recurrent catastrophes and periodical cataclysms was tottering to its fall in both hemispheres.

But even the uniformitarianism for which Lyell bravely fought and conquered was in itself but a scrappy and piecemeal conception side by side with the wider and far more general views which fifty years have slowly brought about. One has only to open the "Text-Book of Geology," by Lyell's far abler modern disciple, Archibald Geikie, in order to see the vast advance made in our ideas as to the world's history during the course of the last half century.

Evolution is not synonymous with Darwinism. The whole immensity exceeds the part. Darwinism forms but a small chapter in the history of a far larger and more comprehensive movement of the human mind. In its astronomical development Evolution had already formulated itself with perfect distinctness before the period with which we have specially to deal. Geology then took up the evolutionary parable, and, accepting on trust from Astronomy, the earth itself as a cooling spheroid of incandescent matter, it has traced out the various steps by which the crust assumed its present form, and the continents and oceans their present distribution. It is beginning to be possible by convergence of evidence, as the American geologists have shown, and as Geikie has exemplified, to re-write in part the history of continents and oceans, and to realise each great land mass as an organic whole, gradually evolved in a definite direction, and growing from age to age by regular accretions.

It would be impossible to pass over in silence, in however brief a notice, the special history of the glacial epoch theory—a theory referring indeed only to a single episode in the life of our planet, but fraught with such immense consequence to plants and animals and to man in particular, that it rises into very high importance among the scientific discoveries of our own era. Demonstration of the fact that the recent period was preceded by a long reign of ice and snow in the northern and southern hemispheres alike, we owe mainly to the fiery and magnetic genius of Agassiz; and the proof that this glacial period had many places of hotter and colder minor spells has been worked up in marvellous detail by James Geikie and other able coadjutors.

Upon the glacial epoch depend so many peculiarities in the distribution of plant and animal forms at the present day, that it has come to assume quite exceptional importance among late geological and biological theories.

Standing at the very threshold of the recent period, the great ice age forms the fixed date from which everything in modern Europe and America begins—it is the real flood which stands to the true story of our continent and our race in the same relation as the Noachian deluge stood to the traditional world of our pre-scientific ancestors. Modern history begins with the glacial epoch.

Evolution on the organic side has been chiefly expounded in England by Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, and Wallace, and on the whole, though of world-wide acceptance, it has been a peculiarly English movement. Our age has discovered for the first time the cumulative value of the infinitesimal. "Many a little makes a mickle"—that was Lyell's key in geology, that was Darwin's key in the science of life. Herbert Spencer's "Principles of Biology," most fully sums up the whole aspect of evolution as applied to the genesis of organic beings. In 1837 the science of man, and the sciences that gather round the personality of man, had scarcely yet begun to be dreamt of. But evolutionism and geological investigation have revolutionised our conception of our own species, and of the place which it holds in the hierarchy of the universe. The impetus it has given to the sciences which specially deal with man, has been simply incalculable. Philology has been revolutionised. Language has told us a new story. Words, like fossils, have been made to yield up their implicit secrets. Anthropology and Sociology have acquired the rank of distinct sciences. Comparative mythology and folk lore have asserted their rights to a full hearing. Evolutionism has penetrated all the studies which bear upon the divisions of human life. Language, ethnography, history, law, ethics, and politics have all felt the widening wave of its influence. The idea of development has been applied to speech, to writing, to arts, to literature, nay even to coins.

In Psychology the evolutionary impulse has mainly manifested itself in Herbert Spencer, and to a less degree in Bain, Tully, Romanes, Croom, Robertson, and others of their schools. The development of mind in man and animal has been traced with the development of the material organism. Instinct has been clearly separated from reason; the working of intelligence and of moral feeling has been recognised in horse and dog, in elephant and parrot, in bee and ant, in snail and spider. But the evolutionary movement as a whole sums itself up most fully of all in the person and writings of Herbert Spencer, whose active life almost exactly covers and coincides with our half century.

Second only in importance to the evolutionary movement among the scientific advances of our own day must be reckoned the establishment of that profound fundamental physical principle, the Conservation of Energy. Starting from this settled point it soon became clear to physical thinkers that every species of energy was more or less readily convertible into every other; this principle was originally known under the name of the *Persistence of Force*; but as time went on the underlying distinction between force and energy came to be more definitely realised, and the phrase "Conservation of Energy" began to supersede the older and more erroneous terminology. These two great principles—Evolution and the Conservation of Energy—form the main bulk of our age's addition to the world's accumulated stock of knowledge. Among the separate sciences, however, many wonderful advances have also been made. Electricity had hardly got beyond the stage of an elegant amusement at the opening of our epoch; its connection with magnetism had not long been proved. The whole theory of electricity as a mode of energy has since been fully explored and expounded; the telephone and microphone have been introduced; secondary batteries have been formed and improved; the dynamo has become a common object in the country; and the electric light has grown under our very eyes into practical and extremely dazzling reality.

In physics the series of investigations which led up to the discovery of the law of conservation, has also illustrated many minor principles of the first importance. The true theory of heat and the laws of radiant energy have been divined and formulated. The undulatory theory of light—a theory of the previous quarter century—has been universally adopted and justified. Thermo-dynamics have been elevated into a great and increasing branch of science. The causes of glacier motion have been investigated and established. Photography has almost passed through an entire life cycle. The polarisation of light has been observed and studied. Spectrum analysis has come into the front rank as an instrument of research.

In Chemistry the advance has been more in detail than elsewhere. Chemical science alone still remains a somewhat fragmentary mass of individual facts, unilluminated as yet by the broad light of any great and all embracing general principles. Mathematics have also undergone a new development, scarcely capable of comprehensible reproduction. Railways slightly antedate the epoch; the telegraph is just coeval with it. The first submarine cable was in 1851; the first transatlantic in 1866. Electro-plating, the steam hammer, the Armstrong gun and the Bessemer process, must not be forgotten. Among the concrete sciences Astronomy has made vast advances during the past half century. The invention of the spectroscope, and the rapid development of spectrum analysis, have placed in the hands of the astronomers a method and an instrument inferior in value only to the telescope. Our knowledge of the sun's constitution in particular has made great strides. We know our central luminary now as a mass of intensely heated gas, surrounded by a shell of luminous cloud; the photosphere formed by the cooling of condensable vapours at the surface where exposed to the cold of outer space. Nasmyth's observations on our own dead satellite, the moon, have given us a graphic and appalling picture of a worn-out world in the last stage of lifeless, waterless, and airless decrepitude. In the practical application of biological and physiological science to the wants and diseases of human life, two at least deserve

mention. Anæsthetics are almost entirely a growth of our half century. Chloroform was first employed in operations by Simpson in 1847, and the use of other similar agents is still more recent. The discovery that zymotic diseases in men and animals are due to the multiplication in the body of very minute organisms known as microbes, bacteria or bacilli, now promises to revolutionise medical science. The names of Pasteur, Tyndall, and Koch are specially identified with these researches. In marvellous contrast to the fragmentary and disjunctive science of fifty years ago, modern science at the present day offers us the spectacle of a simple, unified and comprehensible universe, consisting everywhere of the same prime elements, drawn together everywhere by the same great forces, animated everywhere by the same constant and indestructible energies, evolving everywhere along the same lines in accordance with the same underlying principles.

SCENES IN HAWAII.

In a few days invitations were issued for a ball to be held in the Palace, as one important feature of the coronation festivities. The cards were much the same as those for the coronation itself, rather larger, perhaps, and with a gold crown resting on a crimson cushion engraved at the top. All the young people were in eager expectation of the enjoyment of the occasion, as it was the first really large ball given by the King.

On the evening appointed we drove to the same gate used by the people the day of the coronation, but instead of being open, as at that time, to a rush strewn pathway, we found ourselves in a pretty passage lined and laid with crimson cloth and flowers everywhere. In this we were received by an officer of the household, who conducted us to the entrance of the large space which was enclosed by a tent of enormous size in front of the palace. The pretty pavilion which had been used for the coronation ceremonies was moved to one side, and in this the Hawaiian band was discoursing sweet music, and a state quadrille was going on opposite to the entrance door, His Majesty, in full uniform, dancing with the wife of the head official. The Queen, I think, was in a seat arranged for the royalties looking on, as I fancy Her Majesty did not care for European dances, though the Princess Likelike was a graceful and accomplished dancer, and the King himself waltzed beautifully. The steps leading up to the verandas were covered with red cloth, and the palace hall and reception rooms were a blaze of light, the verandas being provided with comfortable seats in every direction. We walked about, and looked with much interest at the many beautiful costumes worn by the ladies, which were interspersed by the brilliant uniforms of the royal household, and also of the many officers of the English and American war ships which were at that time in the harbour.

We found many of our friends, and the dancing was delightful, the band rendering exceptionally good music. All went on merrily for some time and the fears of rain were almost naught, when suddenly a few drops were heard pattering gently on the roof of the huge tarpaulin covering. In a short time some found their way through, and presently little pools were formed on the floor, in between which the dancers endeavoured to wend their way. Still the rain poured steadily on, and in a short time the cloth on the steps leading up to the palace entrance was soaked and sodden, the covering not having been extended over the steps to the tent roof, and so the open space afforded thereby was soon streaming with the rain. Ladies with delicate satin shoes looked askance at the shining stairs, which, covered with baize, at one time scarlet, were now black and sodden. What was to be done? Some of the younger people made a rush and gained the haven of refuge, but those who wore trained gowns hung back, dodging the now fast-falling shower of drops. At last one lady courageously set an example by accepting the offer of a chair, which, raised by four stalwart arms, was carried at a quick run up to the vestibule; others followed, and in a few minutes the tent was cleared of the guests, who found themselves transported as if by magic to the brilliant rooms of the palace, where the beautiful dark polished floors offered even a more tempting field for the dancers than the temporary one of the pavilion.

The hall of the palace was very large, and oblong in shape, with a handsome dark staircase at the far end, which ran straight up and then branched off right and left. The floor was dark; on either side, ranged along in stands, were the magnificent feather *kahilis*, which had been displayed at the coronation; bright, coloured carpets were laid from the door to the foot of the stairs, and brass and crystal chandeliers shed a flood of light on the scene.

On the right hand were two sets of large double doors, opening into the reception room, in which the King was accustomed to give audiences to distinguished visitors, a large, long apartment with polished floor of dark native woods, huge windows opening on the verandas, hung with crimson draperies, and very beautiful and unique cornices of brass made to represent the ancient Hawaiian spears, crossed at the tops of each curtain. Brilliantly lighted as it was, it was a splendid ball room, and the dancing was resumed as merrily as though no disturbing element had occurred to mar the enjoyment of the evening.

Later on we went to supper, crossing the former ball room—deserted now, but rendered less uncomfortable by the cessation of the rain,—which opened into another long, narrow inclosure, built specially for the occasion, with a table in the form of a T, at the top of which the King and his party sat.

Good things were in abundance, and huge bowls of punch, etc., were scattered about—the silver and glass were all nice—and flowers everywhere. Of course there was grumbling, but as in the most civilised circles, that is not an unusual thing; it was not to be wondered at that all were

not satisfied, though no trouble was spared on the part of the King and his assistants to make everything go smoothly.

A very funny incident occurred later in the evening, which was witnessed by myself and a few friends, showing, in a measure, the dislike, and even inability, of the Polynesian natives to bear the restrictions of civilisation for any length of time. They can endure them up to a certain point, but when weariness sets in they seem obliged to succumb to their own longing for ease and carelessness.

A number of us were seated on the broad couches ranged on either side of the hall, talking over the events of the evening, when our attention was caught by three figures coming down the great staircase, in the full glare of light, and which looked so at variance with the pretty evening costumes about us that involuntarily we all stopped our talking, and gaped in astonishment at the sight of a young native woman, clad in a bright scarlet *moloka*, a straw hat, with a wreath of flowers round it, set on the side of her head, a wreath of leaves round her shoulders, and bare feet. Following her came an older, stouter lady, with a long, loose garment of some dark stuff drawn carelessly round her, carrying a native straw hat in her hand, and with feet thrust into galoches. A momentary pause of astonishment on our part, and then some one said, with a gasp: "The Queen!" and we all rose to our feet and made obeisance, as Her Majesty calmly and smilingly returned our salutations, and turning round at the foot of the stairs, marched off followed by another lady in waiting, costumed much as the one in advance, and made her way out of the back entrance, which opened directly on the grounds, in the far end of which her own house lay.

The fact was that the Queen, unaccustomed as she was to the discomfort of the very fashionable European costume in which she had appeared in public for many hours, had, after enduring it as long as she could, made up her mind to disappear into private life. After changing her gorgeous robes for the easy garments she always wore, she was no doubt happy in the idea of eluding observation, and it was a mere accident that she was seen, as every one was supposed to be in the supper room. I was intensely amused at the sight, as it seemed to make one realise, as nothing else could have done, that the display and ceremony was, after all, but a thin veneer of outward show of civilisation laid on the native character of lazy ease, with which Hawaiians are so impregnated. Equally were we struck by the calm indifference of the Queen on being discovered in her undignified apparel. "A Queen once, always a Queen," must have been the motto which sustained Her Majesty.

A few nights after the ball, we were bidden to witness some fireworks, which were displayed in the palace grounds, a treat which had been provided for the natives mainly by the good nature of the King, and to hear the deep drawn "Oh's" and "Ah's" of the hundreds of Hawaiians when they saw a grand rocket, or catharine wheel, for the first time in their lives, and their childlike delight at a "rocking ship" made of gas lights ingeniously amalgamated, must in itself have been a pleasant reward for His Majesty's kind thought. That evening the palace was gaily illuminated, and open to all visitors who chose to take advantage of the opportunity afforded of inspecting the beautiful rooms. The King was, as usual, kindness itself to one and all.

Another feature of the homage paid to King Kalakua was the "Hukoopa," a very ancient custom, but to the performance of which none but natives were admitted; this was the laying at the king's feet presents of every description by every native who could possibly do so, and the majority of these presents were mainly of eatables, alive and dead, cooked and uncooked. Pigs, chickens, fish, notably the squid or cuttle fish, delight of the Hawaiian appetite, pink taro (grown for and eaten only by high chiefs) poi of many kinds, bread fruit, water melons, sweet potatoes, native fruits, such as mangoes, cocoa nuts, alligator pears, limes etc.; ties of feathers and shells, calabashes, rolls of *tapa* cloth, mats of every degree of fineness, all those were taken in such quantities, that the courtyard of the palace was heaped with the gifts offered.

The greatest kindness and good nature seemed to prevail everywhere, and certainly the news which comes to us at this time of the confusion and revolt which is being experienced in Honolulu just four years after the carnival of the coronation seems hardly credible to those who remember the brightness of that period in the Hawaiian capital.

MINNIE FORSYTH GRANT.

THE relation of money is but one of the many relations that should feel the benign and shaping touch of woman. It is chiefly important because of its ministering power, because it is servant of servants to its brethren. It is not to be disposed of by setting up a separate purse, any more than by setting up a separate child. If a man counts a woman fit to be the mother of his children, it is little that she should be fit to expend money for their rearing. If a man is gentle and soft enough to come into tender contact with his little children, he must be malleable enough to be shaped aright in regard to the money that they and their mother require. Of course, if a man is over-brutal, and the woman over-silly, there must be disaster, whether there be one purse or twenty, or none. There may well be women who have no sense about money, just as there are women who do not know how to bring up children. It is a defect of character. Such women are a failure in proportion to their defects, and their defective work, it cannot be denied, is evil. But if both husband and wife are of the common type, honest, sincere, devoted and fairly sensible, a patient, continuous, and not unlovely process of consultation and conciliation and compromise will bring them eventually into a clear understanding of relative values.—*Gail Hamilton, in the August Cosmopolitan.*

The Week.

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

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THE Oka Indian difficulty, which seems likely to fan the intense sectarian antipathies of the Dominion into the usual excited discussion, is primarily, it should be remembered, a question of property. The Seigniorship of the Lake of Two Mountains, the district in which the Indians claim proprietary rights, was granted in 1718 by the King of France to the gentlemen of the Seminary of St. Sulpice of Montreal. This title has been recognised by Act of Parliament as giving absolute ownership to the Seminary. The Act imposes certain limitations upon the Seminary in the amount of income derivable from the Seigniorship, and also in the auditing of its accounts by the Governor, but does not interfere in any way with the possessory right of the ecclesiastics in the district. Counter claims have been made by the Indians for the past hundred years, and opinion after opinion has been expressed adversely to them and communicated to their chiefs by the various authorities to whom they were addressed. These range from the decision of the Executive Council in the year 1788 to that of the Privy Council in 1878, and are unanimous.

CERTAIN privileges have always been granted to the Indians by the Seminary. They have been allowed to settle upon and cultivate all the land they have desired without let or hindrance. They were permitted to cut wood freely for their own use, but were forbidden to sell it. And the selling of land was expressly prohibited by the Seminary—a stipulation of the documents which give the Indians their sub-titles to their holdings. A lot of land has now been sold by an Indian, and the question is simply the validity of the sale. That it was sold to trustees for the erection of a Methodist Church is a secondary matter, and does not affect the real issue. The prior claim of the Seminary which makes the sale invalid once decided either way, it may be in order to discuss the motives that induced this body to exercise it, and the probable results of the permitted exercise of absolute power over whole districts by any ecclesiastical corporation. Until then such considerations only cloud the real issue.

WHILE in our opinion no word of appreciation should be withheld from the *Mail* for its courageous and constant propounding of the problem presented to English-Canada by French-Canada and her Church, we cannot agree with that journal when it discovers in Commercial Union a remedy for the almost mediæval relation of the *habitant* to his *curé* to-day. The *Mail* believes that "like the *émigré* who goes to work in New England, he would make the acquaintance of the spirit of the age," with the result that he would soon arise in his might and cast off the fetters of the Church whenever they interfered with his action outside what might appear to him to be her rightful scope. That, in the *Mail's* rosy dream, would be the first result. The second, and more important, would be that the unwarrantable and anomalous autocracy exercised by the Church in State affairs would be undermined, and finally, that these unrelated organisations would suffer their proper severance. It is not easy to see how the *Mail* justifies its comparison of the *habitant* who stays in Quebec with the *émigré* who goes to New England, unless upon the assumption that American influences would so surge into the French provinces, given Commercial Union, that he would feel them to the same extent as his brother who has gone forth to make his home in the United States. It may be supposed that the *Mail* does not intend us to take it for granted that liberalising American forces would at once dominate this stronghold of Roman Catholicism and Conservatism; but that a few years would necessarily elapse before our enterprising neighbour could revolutionise Quebec; and in the meantime that the *habitant's* educative chances would only approximate those of his unenthralled brother in New England. Even this more moderate expectation is nullified, however, by facts that we have always with us. It is well known that English enterprise in a French community is as seed sown in stony places. The stones are not the siliceous impediments that might be expected in the locality, but more serious obstructions industriously brought and heaped together by clergy and laity alike. English and Protestant manufacturers and merchants are not wanted there, and the fact is made so unprofitably patent to them that the field is in many towns almost entirely abandoned to the French. If this opposition is made to the operations of

English-Canadians, from whom the French have little or nothing to fear, what thorough, systematic, and obstinate measures might we not expect to oppose the introduction of the American element, threatening everything! American capital is not to be induced out of its own broad native field without special attractions; and we do not think that the special attraction presented by a powerful and hostile theocracy, and a slavishly obedient populace, is to be relied upon. It is most true that the French-Canadian clerical problem must be solved by the French-Canadian himself; and we cannot think that in view of the anti-clerical position and powerful influence of Old France, many years of our modern civilization will pass before it is solved. But we believe that the wary American will await its solution before risking his money in the province, rather than contribute toward it by losing all that he would undoubtedly lose in investments there under present conditions. The American capitalist is not, as a rule, disposed to assist personally in missionary enterprises.

In a recent *Mail* editorial, entitled "Reformers Opposing Reform," the "reformers" found guilty of this inconsistency were Mr. Mercier and Mr. Laurier, the "reform" being the abolition of the Legislative Council of Quebec and the Senate. The process by which the *Mail* decided that both these gentlemen have set their faces against all tampering with these citadels of Conservatism is a curious illustration of the fact that in politics few rules are expected to work both ways, whether it turns out that they do or not. The *Mail* remembers the declaration against the continued existence of the Legislative Council and in favour of Senate Reform, made by Mr. Mercier before he became Premier, and, in view of his present attitude, rather cynically observes: "Mr. Mercier has in many respects altered his platform since his accession to power; and, under Ultramontane guidance, he appears to have amended that portion of it relating to the Upper House." In other words, Mr. Mercier's policy has changed with his position. Mr. Laurier, however, the *Mail* expects to oppose Senate Reform, because, in the Session of 1886, he opposed the abolition of that ancient body. Now, if there is anything in the theory by which the *Mail* accounts for Mr. Mercier's change of base, it ought to lead us to expect a corresponding transformation in Mr. Laurier's opinions. Mr. Laurier is nominally, at least, at the head of a party with which the policy of Senate Reform has for some time been identified. It is quite reasonable to suppose that by the time it becomes necessary for him to use his influence for or against the proposed reform, Mr. Laurier will have been brought to see the inconsistency between his own opinion on this point and that of a leader of the Liberal party—the result being his adoption of the latter. It is, after all, the people who prevail, and when once Canadians have made up their minds that they want an elective Senate they will have it, Mr. Mercier or Mr. Laurier to the contrary notwithstanding. In the meantime it is not good logic to affirm the influence of the creators upon the creature in the one case and deny it in the other, in a statement which is purely inferential of both.

MR. JOSEPH PULITZER, that enterprising American who bought the New York *World* when it seemed to be a bad bargain, and made a fortune out of it that has few parallels in the financial records of newspapers, is said to be planning the venture of a similar journal in London, trusting to the appreciation of the large American element in England for the reward of his enterprise until such time as he may be able to educate British taste to a liking for American journalistic methods. As the press of any country is to a very great extent an outgrowth of national character, it is very improbable that the time will be short. Mr. Pulitzer will have to bring his educative processes successfully to bear upon those characteristics of Her Majesty's subjects that are at the bottom of their present appreciation of the leisurely and dignified newspaper methods in vogue in England before he can induce a profitable preference for a journal conducted by any other—a missionary prospect that is well fitted to discourage even a person of Mr. Pulitzer's sanguine temperament. The resident American population of Great Britain might be confidently counted upon to support such an enterprise, however—American news, with the exception of stock quotations and all that thereto adheres, being considered altogether at a discount as an attraction by the English newspapers. At present, for any complete knowledge of what is transpiring in his native land the exiled American must wait the arrival of the mails. This, in view of the space and money expended upon British news, political, social, literary, scientific and general, by the press of his own country, must be somewhat mortifying to his national *amour propre*, as well as disappointing. It is easily seen to be due, however, as Mr. Arnot Reid explains in his somewhat casual and superficial paper upon this subject in the current *Nineteenth Century*, to the undoubted fact that British people cannot be expected to take the same interest in American

politics, the issues of which hardly make a ripple outside the country that is their immediate scope, or, in American society, dating from yesterday, as American and every other people take in politics that are felt the world around, and in the most honourable and historic social body on earth. In addition, the sun of course favours the sending of English news to America, and rather discourages the timely receipt of the return budget: this, however, is an insignificant reason in comparison with the other.

MR. REID says a very few things succinctly, almost everything truly, and makes one or two statements in a way that shows quite deliciously the average Briton's incapacity to understand American humour. For instance: "The English press" he says "belongs to the leader-writers, and the American to the reporters," which puts the matter in a nutshell at once. "There is nothing" he discovers about the *Boston Herald*, "to identify it with the cultured community supposed to centre in the 'Hub of the Universe'" which is undeniable of Boston journalism in general. But the *bonne bouche* of the article presents itself thus: "Sometimes editors use their papers for the exchange of personal civilities, as when Mr. Watterson, of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, invites Mr. Dana, of the *New York Sun* to visit him. 'Come' he says, 'and see us, and bring your knittin', and stay most all day;' and Mr. Dana regrets editorially that he cannot accept." The American editors who exchanged them will doubtless be convulsed to see their "personal civilities" taken seriously.

THE many Canadian readers of Mr. Walter Besant's novels are well acquainted with the extent to which social problems form their foundation. Few living writers of fiction can be pointed to whose work has exercised a stronger educational influence along the lines especially designed for it, upon the social body of England in relation to its under strata. Mr. Besant's appeal through the *London Times*, his being the voice of a committee, for the sympathy and assistance of the British public in obtaining facts and figures relative to the true state of working women in England, will strike most people, therefore, as coming from a source which approves it. Mr. Besant wants all the information he can get in connection with the female labour market, in order that at a conference held toward the end of the year they "may be clearly and dispassionately set forth; the extent, area, and nature of the evils which undoubtedly exist, be laid down with some precision; and, if that may also follow, remedies or alleviations be found." Mr. Besant's method is peculiar in that it makes no immediate demand upon either the Local Government Board or upon Parliament. The issues of the conference may be presented to either or both of these bodies, but no official assistance is invoked in collecting the data it requires. The object of asking the general public for it is evidently the stirring up of national interest in the matter, as any number of authorised "reports" would fail to stir it up. How Mr. Besant proposes to obtain the system, the precision and the completeness that usually attaches to such compilations, and guard against the looseness, one-sidedness, and imposition that is very likely to characterise a general public response more or less, is not so apparent. Whatever the result, the motive is unquestionable; and in the meantime pessimistic philosophers are requested to find in it a gratifying indication that in England at all events the rich are more and more making a business of the concerns of the poor.

IN Canada the condition of the working women is happily not one to cry out for such an investigation, however desirable some knowledge of it, based upon careful statistics, may be. The conditions of the female labour market, ever dependent as they are upon the general social and economic conditions, differ radically from those of the Mother Country. We were born, as a people, too late to inherit the abuses which are still suffered to some extent in the relation of employer and employed as it is in England. We do not yet suffer from over-population, and we have educated our masses. Here, as in the United States, the wide and most unsatisfactorily occupied field of domestic service spreads its easy solution at the very feet of imaginary victims of the counter or the sewing machine. There is really in this country no woman labour problem as distinct from the common question. What creates the semblance of one is the tendency of women to rush in unreasonable numbers into two or three of the many avenues of industry open to them. Here as everywhere the law that regulates the price by the demand and the supply is surely operative, and often produces wages that philanthropists among us consider painful and anomalous. In this respect as in every other, the market for women's labour is governed exactly as the market for men's; and but for this discrimination in the female mind, resulting in distribution of women out of proportion to the distribution of men in the various departments of industry, their condition

might be calculated—making allowance uniformly for the depreciation of sex in the value of their labour—from that of men.

THE suit of Mrs. Thurber against the American Opera Company to recover \$32,000 she mistakenly put into the scheme has re-opened discussion of this unfortunate subject, in some quarters more violently than ever. Mrs. Thurber having, according to popular belief, been mainly instrumental in organising and conducting the company along the lines which it has pursued so disastrously, very little sympathy but rather a fresh outburst of criticism and condemnation is evoked by her effort to get back her money—an effort which, if successful, involves the failure of most of the mechanics, costumers, chorus-singers, and supernumeraries to obtain the comparatively trifling sums due to them. There can be no doubt that the grossest mismanagement and the most tasteless extravagance characterised the scheme from the beginning, and this action on the part of one of those most completely identified with and interested in it will go far to confirm the suspicion of dishonesty that has also rested upon the Company for many months. That Mrs. Thurber, while her bill for a Receiver was actually in preparation, appeared in print with the assurance that the small creditors and all others might rely upon the integrity of the concern, makes the situation still more unpleasant. The most unhappy feature of the collapse is however that, from the very first, by a system of arrogant assumption, false pretence, and impudent ignoring of the fact that for over a hundred years the American people have listened to opera in their own language, rendered not seldom by companies worthy of all respect in their artistic achievements, this organisation has managed to give itself a national stamp. It becomes therefore, not only a national mortification, but a stumbling-stone of very large and offensive proportions to the feet of all who are sincerely desirous of accelerating musical progress in the United States. Dependent as to such a great extent we are upon our neighbours for the production of opera in the stage sense, these facts have a lively interest for all music-loving Canadians.

THE *Nation* is one of the few American journals that promulgates and carries out the doctrine of genuine independence. It has, as a consequence, a large, respectable and respectful *clientèle*, to whom its fresh and forcible utterances must come like manna in a wilderness ravaged by partisan politicians. The *Nation* puts the Irish where they belong—a locality which, it is needless to say, they are unaccustomed to in the United States—vigorously backs all worthy and admirable features of Americanism, and as vigorously condemns unworthy democratic characteristics; supports the Administration in general, but does not fail to criticise it in particular. Its attitude on the fisheries question has always been a refreshing one. Referring to developments that are still fresh in the memory of the public, the *Nation* says: "The habit of the mackerel are not more remarkable than those of the gallant fisherman who pursue them. A few years ago these wanderers of the deep abandoned the three mile-limit and took to the broad ocean, with such unanimity and persistence that the fisherman said that they wanted nothing from Canada or Great Britain or anybody, and that they would be thankful if Congress would annul the Washington Treaty so far as they were concerned, and remit them to their rights under the Treaty of 1818. In this they were accommodated. But now the mackerel have changed their minds and run in shore again, the fishermen naturally following them. The right to fish within the three-mile limit was conferred by the Washington Treaty, but was not included in that of 1818. To be caught fishing in those waters is to forfeit one's boats as well as one's catch. So when a couple of seining parties belonging to the schooners *French* and *Argonaut* were plying their vocation within a mile and a half of Prince Edward Island (according to the *Tribune's* report at the time of the occurrence), and when a Canadian cruiser went in pursuit of the seining parties, the schooners, although they were outside of the three-mile limit, made for home as fast as possible. Having arrived at Gloucester, they have reported to Capt. Babson, President of the Fishery Association, that their seining parties were at least four miles from shore, and that an excellent judge of distances has found other testimony which convinces him that the seizing of the seining parties of the *French* and *Argonaut* was a new outrage; for if they were really outside the three-mile limit, the Canadian cruiser had no right to molest them. Might it not be added that if they were outside the limit, the schooners to which they belonged had no right to abandon them to the enemy? Why does not the President of the Fishery Association give us his opinion of the two captains who had so little consideration for their own rights and their own men that they surrendered both without even making a protest against the seizure?"

COLLECTION OF SCOTTISH SONGS.*

THE blessing of every leal-hearted Scotsman will fall upon the man who first thought of combining in one publication the best songs Scotland had produced. For, as Beecher once said, "Scotland, though small, is as full of memories as the heaven is full of stars, and almost as bright. Not only has Scotland had the good fortune to have had men who knew how to make heroic history, but she has reared those bards who have known how to sing her histories." Not to speak of the collections of Allan Ramsay, and of Johnson and Thomson, to both of which latter Burns contributed, we may mention as more modern, and as the best of the series, "The Songs of Scotland, Ancient and Modern," by Allan Cunningham, "The Scottish Songs," by Robert Chambers, and "The Book of Scottish Songs," by Alex. Whitelaw. Of those without music the last is probably the handiest and most complete collection in existence, containing no fewer than twelve hundred songs, a considerable percentage of them original; and in every case where the editor could ascertain it, the name of the author, and the date.

After these came the famous publication of Dr. Charles Rogers, originally in six volumes, in which he aimed at giving "memoirs of the song writers, in connection with their compositions." I have before me the second edition, in one volume, Edinburgh, 1870. In this work, Dr. Rogers takes up the poets "subsequent to Burns;" or at least those who came into notice, or whose songs became known, after Burns's day.

Certainly, he had good material to work upon! Among the two hundred and twenty-one poets he presents are included Lady Nairne ("The Land o' the Leal"), Sir Walter Scott, John Leyden, William Motherwell, James Hogg, Alex. Wilson, Robert Tannahill, Allan Cunningham, and James Ballantine.

"The Scottish Minstrel" of Dr. Rogers will always remain a book of great value in the interesting department of which it treats. It may be said to take up the minstrelsy of Scotland, and carry it down for eighty years from the time of Burns. It contains seven hundred songs. No pleasanter reading could be imagined—for, say, a Scotsman in America—than to sit down for an hour or two, and read the dear auld "Makkers" of Scotland; of their battling with poverty, and their all-conquering genius; of the songs they left and the hearts they bore!

But Dr. Rogers, now once more a resident of Edinburgh, is growing old; after having built a monument to Wallace and another to Jamie Hogg, and done what mortal man could, and what few individual men have done, to build up and glorify Scottish nationality—he is now quite content to see another hand take up the work where he has laid it down, and to speak a good word for his younger compeer, who now comes forward with ten volumes of "The Modern Scottish Poets."

We are glad that Mr. Edwards is a young man. Not only that he may hope to live to long see his volumes lovingly conned in every land, by those "who love auld Scotland weel"—but chiefly from the fact that if he had not been a young man, we should not have had his volumes at all! For no one but a young man could have imagined that out of the two thousand parishes of Scotland (isn't that the number?), where every tenth man is a "poet," he could compress a worthy representation of the poetry of the last twenty years in a three-shilling volume! And yet, to such conclusion am I indebted for the dainty pile of books before me, in cerulean and peacock blue, green, red, and puce. As may be expected, Mr. Edwards' prefaces are curiosities. His idea was to collect biographies and songs of "one hundred poets." Nothing easier in such a country as Scotland! But *which* hundred? The hundred that first comes to hand, or the worthier hundred that comes to hand one by one, as the bird-notes come in spring, and before you get the first "hunder" through the press? And so Mr. Edwards announces a second volume, and in that preface he still seems blissfully ignorant of the heavy task yet before him. He excuses himself for "extending" the work beyond the limits first announced; but says "heavy budgets of valuable matter" reached him as the first volume was almost completed. However, he speaks jauntily about it; and probably planned some holiday ramble, or other extended relaxation, as soon as the second and "last" volume was out!

Poor Brechin laddie! In December, 1881, appeared the *third* of the series, and he "feels that a fourth would exhaust the subject;" and confesses "he must have had a very imperfect idea" of the extent of Scottish song! But the world was now waking up to the consciousness that there was in Brechin, "a chiel takin' notes," and the fourth volume names Dr. Rogers, Professor Veitch, and others—even our own poor self (with a little liberty taken with the alphabet), as having co-operated with him to make the volume complete; and looks forward to a fifth—"an interesting, and *positively* concluding, volume;" the italics are Mr. Edwards's own. I thought of writing a review of the work; but a wee bird whispered, "Wait a bit! Div ye think five wee buiks 'll haud a' the worthy Scots *poets* o' the last twenty year? Ma fegs! Ye maun be glaikit!" And so I waited. In due time the fifth volume came out; and still the "burn" of Scottish poesy was "in spate;" as little likely to "rin dune" as ever! In fact, if Mr. Edwards were a little more tardy in getting out his volumes—say only one a year—he would never come to a close; for so many new poets would spring up—like daisies in the sward—every year, that the supply would be perennial! In this preface he refers in kindly terms to Professor Blackie, and others by name who had assisted him. The sixth (and "last") volume was to have a complete index of authors, and a portrait of the editor. The sixth came out at the end of 1883, but without the portrait or the complete index—for one more volume, and again it was said to be "*positively* the last"—was necessary!

* "Modern Scottish Poets, with Biographical and Critical Notices;" edited and published by D. H. Edwards, Brechin, Scotland. Vols. I. to IX.

The seventh volume—we have it, gold-lettered, in red cloth—was a fit one to conclude any series. The portrait of the editor is given—a bright-eyed, pleasant Scotch face—and the list of authors in the whole series of volumes; and an essay by the genial and enthusiastic Professor John Stuart Blackie, on "The Popular Songs and Ballads of Scotland," extending to fourteen pages. Among other names embalmed in this volume is James Linen, a native of Kelso, who spent almost his whole life in New York City, and died in poverty in 1873. He published at different times three volumes of poetry, secured the friendship of William Cullen Bryant, lectured and spoke and sung and dreamed of Scotland, and then found a nameless grave at Greenwood.

The eighth is indeed a supplemental volume, ushered into the world without a word of preface. What more could be said? Everybody knows that poets are as thick in Scotland as the stars of the firmament. And in the eight volumes already issued are given succinct biographies and critical estimates of no fewer than six hundred and sixty-four poets! The average number of pieces given is four or five to each poet. The sketches are very pleasantly written. The error—what error there is—is of course on the side of praise; yet it is by no means indiscriminately given. The reader obtains a clear idea of the personality of the writer—and we all want to know who it is that pleases us—and finds often a name attached to some fugitive strain that has long lingered in his memory; and is often introduced to delicious bits of Scottish poesy, equal to anything of former days. The race of Scottish bards has not died out!

Though Mr. Edwards has not the privilege of introducing us to Hogg, or Tannahill, or Motherwell, or Allan Cunningham, yet he claims our friendship for the vast array of worthy Scottish bards—George Macdonald, James Ballantine, W. D. Latto ("Thomas Bodkin"), Miss E. C. Clephane ("The Ninety and Nine"), John Veitch ("The Tweed"), Isa Craig Knox, James Hedderwick, Matthias Barr, David Wogate; and among the "Scots Abroad" he has picked up such names as Rev. Dr. Rankin, late of Washington, Thomas C. Latto, of Brooklyn ("The Kiss Ahint the Door"), Hon. Wm. C. Stouroe, of New Hampshire, Evan McColl and Alex. McLachlan, of Ontario, and several others.

So extensive a work, in so popular a style, and at such a popular price, marks an era in the history of Scottish literature. The editor's original want of experience and amusing miscalculation of the work before him were all fortunate blunders. The work is now approaching its completion, and will to all time remain a monument of patient research and genial enthusiasm on the part of the editor. None but an antiquarian and a poet—and Mr. Edwards is both—could have done it so well—nay, could have done it at all!

It is difficult to know where to go to make selections, where there are six hundred and sixty-four poets—(could any other country say the like?)—to choose from; so a "choice" must needs be "by chance." Perhaps as "Scotch" a piece as appears in the whole work, is "The Burnie that Wins to the Sea," by Dr. Sidey; at least I thought so a few months ago, as Sandy McLachlan, the Scotch Canadian poet, read it to me, as only he can read a Scotch piece. But it is long. I will quote a shorter one. Let it be a wee bit of James Ballantine's from Mr. Edwards' third volume. Ballantine said to me in a letter, a year or two before he died, that he was glad his countrymen still bought and sang his songs. They are never likely to go out of fashion!

ROSY CHEEKIT APPLES.

Come awa, bairnie, for your bawbee
Rosy cheekit apples ye shall hae three;
A' sae fou o' hinnie, they drappit frae the tree,
Like your bonny sel', a' the sweeter they are wee!

Come awa, bairnie, dinna shake your head,
Ye mind me o' my ain bairn, lang, lang dead;
Ah! for lack of nourishment be drappit frae the tree,
Like your bonny sel', a' the sweeter he was wee.

O auld frail folk are like auld fruit trees,
They canna stand the gnarl o' the cauld warl's breeze;
But heaven taks the fruit, though earth forsake the tree,
An' we mourn our fairy blossoms, a' the sweeter they were wee!

WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

SOME NEW NOVELS.

"A TERRIBLE LEGACY," "A Dateless Bargain," "A Game of Chance," and "A Nameless Nobleman," are four novels of widely varying style and of widely different values, notwithstanding the partial approximation of their titles. It is certainly almost as difficult a thing in these latter days to name a book as to write one. Appropriate monosyllables, pronouns, past-participles and Christian names being about exhausted, authors show a tendency to adopt the more complex titles of a past generation, as in the present instance. One is inclined to doubt the wisdom of christening a book by the name of "A Terrible Legacy," as it surely has been heard some half dozen times before, to put it mildly, yet perhaps for that reason the book will sell all the better. And it is to be hoped it will, as a more enjoyable, quaint, more original tale has not been issued by the publishers, Appleton and Company, for a long time. Laid in the South Downs of England—that is in the county of Sussex, near the village of Selcombe, with Brighton and Lewes equidistant—the story has the advantage of a thoroughly picturesque background, Coombe, Spinney, Chalk Cliff, and Weald, the roaring of the neighbouring sea, and the blowing of the South Down wind, all helping to furnish an attractive setting for the narrative, told with so much humour and sententiousness by the boy of thirteen, Thomas Swift the younger. The plot, which is a well-defined one, turns upon the making

that lie warm and familiar under a native sky; to travel among strange races and hear strange tongues, confuses, perplexes, and paralyses; the world is too vast for them. Life has expanded so immeasurably on all sides that only the strongest spirits can safely give themselves up to it. Of these sovereign natures it is Browning's chief distinction that he is one; that he asserts and sustains the mastery of his soul over all knowledge; that instead of being overwhelmed by the vastness of modern life he rejoices in it as the swimmer rejoices when he feels the fathomless sea buoyant to his stroke and floats secure with the abysses beneath and the infinity of space overhead. No better service certainly can the greatest mind render humanity to-day than just this calm reassurance of its sovereignty in a universe whose growing immensity makes its apparent insignificance so painfully evident; no prophet could bring to us a message so charged with consolation as this. To see clearly and love intensely whatever was just and noble and ideal in the past, to understand the inevitable changes that have come over the thoughts and lives of men, to discern a unity of movement through them all, to find a deepening of soul in art and life, to bear knowledge and know that it is subordinate to character, to look the darkest facts in the face and discern purpose and love in them, to hold the note of triumph and hope amid the discordant cries of terror and perplexity and despair,—this is what Browning has done and is doing; and for this service, no matter what we think of his art, those who are wise enough to know what such a service involves will not withhold the sincerest recognition.—*Extract—Hamilton Wright Mabie, in the Andover Review.*

ART NOTES.

THE fourth and last notice of this year's Royal Academy refers in detail to the portraiture, which is characterised by its unexpectedness, so to speak, by which it is meant that, with perhaps the exception of the works of Mr. Frank Hall, the best portraits are hardly by the artists who are usually most distinguished in this branch of art. Mr. Watts, for instance, is not represented at all; Sir John Millais is perhaps less successful than he has ever been in his portraits of men with the likenesses of Lord Rosebery and the Marquis of Hartington; Mr. Poynter is entirely unrepresented; Mr. Richmond (whom rumour points out as the next Associate) has only two contributions, of which one is only nominally a portrait; and despite the fact that Mr. Frank Hall has been extremely successful in his presentation portrait of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, and Mr. Onless, in his portrait of Lord John Manners, the honours of the exhibition fall chiefly to the works of two Frenchmen—M. Fantin and M. Carolus Durau; and in a lesser degree to two young painters—Mr. J. Sargent and Mr. J. J. Shannon. Mr. Sargent's work, described in these columns some time since, depicting a garden scene with children lighting Chinese lanterns, has been purchased for the Chantrey Fund by the Royal Academy.

LONDON society has already been so much interested in the "Wild Westerns," as it has been facetiously called, and in the industrial products of America, that the numerous exhibits would hardly have been a thoroughly representative collection without works showing what modern artists are doing on this side of the Atlantic. There are, accordingly, half a dozen galleries established in England's metropolis devoted to pictures painted in the great Republic. An inspection of these works records the fact that America is comparatively a young country, a land of splendid promise, if of as yet not wholly developed powers. The pictures at the American Exhibition, perhaps, do not illustrate the perfection of the technique of art, but they very fully demonstrate serious study, imagination, and a high purpose. Perhaps the most remarkable work in the collection in the department of landscape painting is "A Storm in the Rocky Mountains," by Albert Bierstadt, of New York. Other fine pictures by the same hand are "Sentinel Rock, after a Snow Storm, Yosemite Valley," and a very large canvas of "Washingtonia Gigantea, or Great Trees of California, Mariposa Valley," a painting, which, from its rich artistic qualities, excited much attention when it was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1874. The women artists of America are admirably represented in the collection, Miss Emily J. Lakey exhibiting an exceedingly able landscape and animal subject combined in "The Leader and Herd," a bull with group of cows against a dark background, "which would lose nothing by comparison with works by the eminent French artist, Rosa Bonheur, whom its best qualities recall." The portraiture too is spoken of as being highly creditable to American art. Mention should not be omitted in this general survey of a finely conceived and well-lighted design by George Innes, "Pine Grove of the Barberini Villa, Albano, Italy," which is as valuable from the subject depicted, as it is as a work of art; nor of "Moonrise, Antwerp Dock," by D. Jerome Elwell, a capital night effect—the well known Belgian dock crowded with shipping.

THE *Spectator*, in a recent review of Sir W. Butler's book, "The Campaign of the Cataracts," speaks thus favourably of Lady Butler's (Miss Elizabeth Thompson's) illustrations, of which we made some slight mention before their publication: "There is no question of the force, the vividness, of the painting of the scenes by the penman. Their effect is incalculably intensified by the skill with which Lady Butler's pencil has brought them before us in the admirable illustrations and tasteful vignettes with which the book is throughout richly furnished. She has been able to sketch on the Nile itself the solid background of most of the pictures, and few of our artists are more trained than she in exercising imagination on the stirring scenes of war, where that 'shaping spirit' can alone be her guide in giving to the realisation of her husband's lively reminiscences the aid of her own art."

PAINTERS of the younger Spanish school are making themselves known in New York by degrees. Almost all the large picture dealers show from time to time examples of work by the young Spaniards settled at Rome, Paris, or their native land. They seem like saplings of the Fortuny stock, especially in the matter of colour and luminosity of atmospheric effect. Very interesting was the modest group of small canvases by young Spanish painters recently shown at Wunderlich's Gallery, New York. Most of them were the work of Señor J. H. Beususan, who is now living in that city. Water colours and oils were equally good. Señor Clement exhibited also a large sunlight study of a Seville balcony. It was painted in a crisp and brilliant way, was strong in colour and very decorative. Some clever impressionistic studies by Jardines Sanchez, and an oil figure by J. Morillo completed this clever collection.

THE Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Montreal intends to mark its twenty-fifth anniversary next December by an Exhibition of Historical Portraits at the Art Gallery, Montreal, with the coöperation of the Art Association. The French families have so far, on informal enquiry among them, offered about a hundred, and a very much larger number is expected to select from when regular application is begun. The Society would therefore like particularly to see the English now come out, and are making efforts to have societies and families do so. Very old portraits, objects of historical interest, and portraits of historical personages (this phrase being liberally interpreted), especially in oils, are desired; and every one is requested to forward information that might possibly lead to this end. The Antiquarian Society, P.O., Montreal, should be addressed.

THE STAGE.

ONE of the prettiest Jubilee Festivals in London, which did not however take place until July, the details only lately reaching us, was the "Maske of Flowers," arranged by the Benchers of Gray's Inn at their antique hall. It was on the Twelfth Night, 1613, that the first and only public performance of the "Maske of Flowers" previous to the present revival, was held in the Banqueting House of Whitehall, where it was presented before James I. and his Court, by the gentlemen of Gray's Inn. Anything in the way of plot the masque can hardly be said to have, for the simple reason that it is a masque and not a play. A thing of quaint music, active dance and graceful spectacle, shot with a thin vein of poetic fancy, that was all that could be looked for in a "Maske of Flowers." The fancy in question consists in bringing upon the stage representatives of the two seasons, Winter and Spring, or as the author prefers to call them Invierno and Primavera, who have it in command from their master, the Sun, to devise sports appropriate to their respective characters. The performance at Gray's Inn was honoured by the presence of several members of the Royal Family, and numbers of other distinguished guests. The Master of the Revels (Mr. Arthur a Burette) delivered a brief prologue, and then immediately assumed the rôle of Invierno, supported by Lady Cadogan as Primavera, who was in her turn attended by a charming bevy of goddesses and other fair ladies, all robed in the height of Jacobean fashion. Songs alternated with dances in the second scene, now stately and pompous, now quick and lively, but all executed with exquisite grace. The Morisco performed by eight masquers (the men turned into flowers) was a truly marvellous exhibition; but the most picturesque part of the pretty play was the dancing of the parting measure, in which the lithe forms of maskers and goddesses all seemed to merge into one mass of creamy waves covered with flowers and working with rhythmical motions. The maskers were recruited from the ranks of the Bar Musical Society, all of whom were costumed in Elizabethan doublet and hose or ruff and farthingale, after designs by the Hon. Louis Wingfield. In the skilful reproduction of the sixteenth century figures, the quaint Morisco, the swaggering Pavane, the romping Galliard and other contrasted measures—the masquers had been admirably drilled by Mr. John d'Aubac, who it was understood, vouched for the complete accuracy of the various figures on the authority of contemporary documents. The music of the masque was rendered by a small orchestra which included a genuine harpsichord. Ten days after the first performance the "Maske of Flowers" was repeated at the Prince of Wales Theatre, in aid of Guy's Hospital. The right of reproduction was secured by Mr. Horace Sedgor, and the original cast of ladies and gentlemen appeared on the boards of this popular theatre.

MRS. LANGTRY returned to New York in the end of July from her naturalisation and trip to the Pacific Slope. She is announced to appear at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on September 18 in "Cleopatra."

WITH regard to Mr. Mansfield's play of "Monsieur," lately presented at the Madison Square Theatre, the tale is a domestic sketch founded on the old story of a girl's love for and marriage with a man who was not acceptable to her family. It treats of all the difficulties which surrounded the young couple during a temporary acquaintance with poverty. Mr. Mansfield has handled his material in an original way, and has put into it much which his own experiences in Bohemia have doubtless taught him. There are many tender thoughts in "Monsieur" which often bring tears between the lines of comedy. In the cast, the author and actor is exceedingly clever as "Jaclot," at times delightfully droll, and at other times almost painfully pathetic. Mr. John Parry makes a distinct success as Charles M. Vernon; he is the realisation of Du Maurier's sketches, and he acts in an easy honest way.

THE five hundredth representation of "Erminie" at the Casino will occur on the 6th prox., and elaborate preparations are being made to mark the occasion. In addition to a souvenir, before the beauty and value of which

all previous souvenirs will pale into insignificance, and the transformation of the auditorium into a bower of roses, an epithalamium composed in honour of the event by the Latin poet attached to the staff of the establishment will be recited by the public orator, Dr. C. M. Richmond, who will appear in his full academical robes, and the redundant luxury of his ambrosial locks. The long protracted run of "Erminie" will be brought to a close on Saturday, September 17th, after which the entire company at present playing at the Casino—with the exception of Miss Isabelle Urquhart and Mr. Mark Smith—will proceed on a tour with the popular opera which will continue for sixteen weeks commencing in Boston, September 19.

"ERMINIE" will be succeeded at the Casino by the new opera, "The Marquis," which is an Anglicised version of the rollicking French comedietta, "Jeanne, Jeanette, et Jeanneton," which has amused the French-speaking New York theatre-goer on several occasions, but has not been presented to him for a good many years. The title rôle will be assumed by Mr. Mark Smith, who is delighted with it, as he sees the probability of being able to make a great hit. Mr. Courtice Pounds, Mr. James F. Powers, Miss Bertha Ricci, Miss Lillie Grubb, and other favourite artists will be in the cast. The score of "The Marquis" is full of melody, and the book gives promise of affording amusement.—*N. Y. Truth.*

It is now more than rumoured that Mrs. James Brown Potter has separated from her husband and broken with her family in her infatuation for the stage. She has determined, it is said, to follow Mrs. Langtry's leading in every respect, but her best friends do not hesitate to deny her the prospect of even a portion of Mrs. Langtry's artistic success. Her New York opening is definitely decided *not* to take place in the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and it seems a matter of some doubt whether Mr. Miner will be able to secure one at all for her or not, unless he introduces her in his own notorious temple of amusement in the Bowery.

In connection with Mr. Barrett it has been announced that when he gets through with his present contract with Mr. Booth, he would form an association with Mary Anderson, and would make a tour of America under the banner of the Barrett-Anderson combination. This is the merest nonsense. In the first place, the relations between Miss Anderson and Mr. Barrett are anything but friendly, and putting aside the absurdity of Miss Anderson sharing the honours with anybody, Mr. Barrett is probably the very last person on earth she would care to associate herself with. If Mr. Barrett continues successful with Mr. Booth until the end of his present contract—and there is no reason to suppose he will not—he will retire from the venture a rich man. If he is a prudent man, he will be content to leave well enough alone. He will be satisfied then to retire into private life with a competency his own abilities as an actor have never been able to earn for him.—*N. Y. Truth.*

CURRENT COMMENT.

HENRY GEORGE appears to be rapidly "losing his grip." He was at Wheeling, W. Va., on Saturday, on the occasion of the annual labour demonstration, but his speech did not have sufficient attraction to draw the people from the dancing platform, lemonade booths, and bar to the grand stand; and while the crowd on the ground is estimated at from 12,000 to 15,000, the audience which listened to Mr. George did not reach 500 at any time. The common sense of the intelligent labouring man rates Mr. George's nostrum at its true value. As the *Intelligencer* says: "There are plenty of men in Wheeling who can tell Mr. George how they cured their poverty, made comfortable homes, and educated their children, and that by earning less in two months than he gets for a single speech abolishing poverty."—*The Nation.*

Is the fair sex to be included among the enemies of books? In modern French society, the mistress of the house is, as a rule, hostile to books. She struggles with all weapons against her husband's taste or passion for book buying; at first, quietly; then, endearingly; next, little by little with authority; and finally, with determination. There is no *ruse*, no raillery, she will hesitate to employ, to mine his book mania, which she judges to be so ruinous and invading. In her eyes books impinge on her rights, her life, the affection due to her, and the chats they ought to have together. The great writers—those silent minds—make her so jealous and irritable that she finishes by ferociously despising them, and pours on them all her hate. She makes her husband's life miserable; he can never enjoy the natural quietness, the voluptuousness of his sole mania. His wife remarks in answer to her friends: "How is my husband? I never see him; he is so buried in his books!" Or perhaps this other pitiable reply: "If I did not watch him, I really think he would bring his horrid books even into my *salon*." In the whole social scale, the book-loving husband lives tracked and interdicted in his home. He is forced to compress his library into a corner, and bridles and minimises his passion. With ardour cooled, he becomes reserved, silent, and defiant, in the presence of his better half. He conceals each new purchase, as a secret vice; dissimulates his wishes and tastes, and becomes fraudulent, like a smuggler. Monsieur ought certainly to be allowed to speak as long with his book-binder as Madame with her dress-maker. He is not; so he drifts ultimately to the conclusion that woman has an absolute irreverence for books. If ever she goes into the library for some volume, she displays, he feels, no more caution than a monkey among works of art; she respects no beautiful binding, but will bring it near a fire to be warped, cracked, or dog-eared, or put a hair pin or a cambric handkerchief between the leaves for a marker, or turn it flat down on

the leaves. Hence, concludes the true bibliophile, a woman in a library is out of her *milieu*. If she be your wife, watch her, and keep an eye ever on her caprices. A true book-lover—not the same thing as a bookworm—ought to enter his library as a bachelor. His passion for books admits of no sharing; it is like a Sultan's throne. It is a passion, an extreme refuge at that hour of life when man becomes disillusioned about its joys and rewards, and feels inclined to say with Moore: "My only books were woman's looks, and folly's all they taught me."—*Exchange.*

I AM glad to hear that some attempt is about to be made to preserve Hogarth's house at Chiswick. An excellent article in the *Observer* a little while ago has called public attention to the fact, and it is to be hoped that earnest efforts will be made to rescue it from the hands of the speculative bidder, who has done his best to ruin London by robbing it, as much as he can, of all its ancient buildings, and every spot hallowed by historical associations. There is another house that should receive some care and attention—it is that of Thomas Carlyle. No man was ever more revered when living or more reviled after death than Carlyle. A similar fate seems to have befallen his house. Wandering through the delightful and picturesque suburb of Chelsea the other day, I bethought me that I would walk up Cheyne Row and have a look at the mansion. I remember it when the sage of Chelsea was alive. Then it was the perfection of neatness. Its windows were well polished, its door-step was well hearth-stoned, its brass-work shone in the sunshine, and there was an air of comfort and prosperity about the whole place. When I saw it the other day it was indeed melancholy to behold. The shutters were all closed, the windows were all smashed—I do not think there was a whole pane of glass in the entire front—the knocker was gone, the bell broken and brickbats and dead cats occupied the space behind the front railings. The knocker may have been "annexed" by some relic hunter, and possibly all the railings may be eventually appropriated by hero-worshippers. It is said the proprietor wants an enormous rent for the house. It is also rumoured that the property is in Chancery; but be it one or the other, it certainly behooves some one in authority to put it in decent repair forthwith. As it is now it is a disgrace to any respectable street.—*Bookbuyer's London Letter.*

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE *Overland Monthly* continues its interesting series of Indian war papers. "Our Camp in the Cañon" is the pleasantly-written experience of two women campers. "A Nest of Wild Cats" is the euphemistic title of a paper relating a Nebraskan experience in economics.

THE August *Cosmopolitan* opens with an article of peculiar American interest, "The Millionaires of the Pacific Coast," accompanied by portraits of most of them. "The Resurrection of Siddharta," while we cannot say much for its artistic value, has a timeliness in connection with the growing curiosity about occultism. J. Macdonald Oxley contributes "Pilgrims and Shrines in Canada," with special reference to St. Anne de Beaupré. "The Hard Money" is a pleasant little Southern sketch; but we cannot see the *raison d'être* of a rather vulgar bit of dialogue, "A Door must be either Open or Shut," on the subject of ball-dresses.

"MARION HARLAND" has just completed arrangements for the publication of a new household work, entitled "Housekeeping and Homemaking." Mrs. Terhune has also under way several short stories, for which branch of literature she has taste, as well as marked ability. A more ambitious work of fiction is also under way in her hands, and this will take the form of a novel. "The plot is one," says the author, "that has lain in my brain for several years awaiting the happy day when I shall have time to please myself—if nobody else—by writing it out." Mrs. Terhune is now at her delightful country seat at Pompton, N. J., where she will complete the work which she has mapped out for herself.

"CHOSÉS VUES," the posthumous work of Victor Hugo, introduces the poet's Table Talk. His literary executors hesitated some time before deciding to publish Hugo's commentary on current events from 1837 to 1875. The best "things seen" are those in the first ten years of the chronicles. On July 13, 1842, the Duke of Orleans, the heir apparent, was killed. Hugo took the accident to moralise on the finger of Providence in history—and be it said in passing, Hugo never abandoned his belief in God. He observed, That God did not appear to be very favourable to the kings—very Christian—of France. Since two centuries their eldest sons have never reigned: Louis XIV. was succeeded by his great-grandson, Louis XV., by his grandson; Louis XVI.'s heir died in the Temple Prison; Napoleon's son, the King of Rome, expired in exile in Vienna; Charles X.'s grandson and heir, the Comte de Chambord, died too in exile; Louis Philippe's heir, Duke of Orleans, was killed by a fall from his carriage; Napoleon III.'s son was speared in Zululand. The Duke of Orleans fell on a paving stone and split his skull; had he fallen but eighteen inches farther on he would have struck a heap of soft gutter, and be saved. And to think Providence decided the destinies of France by a paving stone instead of a muck heap, for the Crown Prince would have made an excellent king!

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

WE have received the following publications:

- THE COSMOPOLITAN. New York: Schlicht, Field, and Company.
- THE OVERLAND MONTHLY. San Francisco: Overland Monthly Company.
- MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE. London: Macmillan and Company.
- FRANK LESLIE'S SUNDAY MAGAZINE. New York: Mrs. Frank Leslie.



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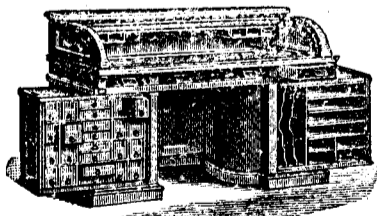
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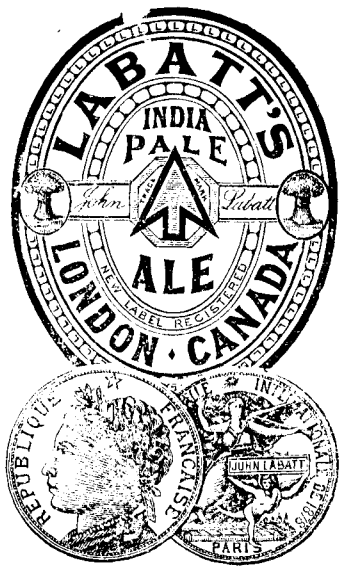
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