

THE WEEK.

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The Week,

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TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THE news that Alfred Tennyson had consented to be "raised" to the peerage, under the title of Baron Tennyson D'Eyncourt, could not be expected to affect his admirers at first otherwise than disagreeably. To be told that one who, for a quarter of a century at least, had been receiving the homage of the Anglo-Saxon world, could deem himself capable of acquiring any added distinction from the conferment of a title shared with him by very ordinary men, was to discover the feet of clay belonging to the golden idol. It may well be, however, that Alfred Tennyson has looked for no increase of fame from his new rank. It would perhaps in his case have savoured of the snob to refuse the tribute of an admiring court. The need a smaller celebrity would be under of shunning the factitious distinction of a title lest his intrinsic claims should be forgotten, is a need that could hardly exist for Alfred Tennyson, whose greatness is so assured that no serious question of precedence can ever arise between his own dignity and that of his rank. He can afford to accept any title, secure in the knowledge that in the eyes of the world at large the title, not he, will be the chief gainer by his acceptance.

At University College on Friday evening the students held a public debate on the resolution that "Imperial Federation would be advantageous to Canada." Mr. Blake occupied the chair, and in giving his judgment for the affirmative made a speech which summarized the arguments on both sides, and his reasons for the verdict. He pointed out the notable and suggestive fact that throughout the discussion Federation of the Empire had been referred to as an alternative not of the present colonial status—which, as a permanent condition, was quietly ignored by both sides—but of Independence, or the extremely remote possibility of Annexation. The speeches in the negative were forcible, but effective rather against certain details, which the speakers took to be inseparable from a scheme of Fed-

eration, than against the general scheme itself; and on this ground Mr. Blake based his judgment. The strength of a scheme, however, like that of a chain, is in its weakest link; and we cannot but believe that in matters of detail will be found the forever insurmountable obstacles to Imperial Federation, which an English writer on the colonies lately declared would be, if not impossible, at least, to Englishmen, intolerable. Though Mr. Blake's speech told strongly for the affirmative, he stated that his judgment was given in opposition to his own predilections.

WITHIN the past few months two letters have appeared in the *Toronto Globe*, both written by Canadians now under arrest at the Guard House in Minnesota, for desertion from the United States army; and since the information contained in these letters forms a subject with which it is the duty of our Canadian Government to concern itself, we shall re-state the grievances therein alleged:—Three men, who it appears were Canadians, deserted from the United States army, and crossed over into Dominion territory where they considered themselves safe from molestation, under the protection of international law; but a detachment of United States soldiers pursued, crossed the line, and arrested the confiding refugees over twenty miles on the Canadian side of the boundary line, and hurried them back in irons, for trial, to Assiniboine, Montana Territory. One of the three, Henry Watson, now writes from Fort Snelling, Minnesota, describing the cruel treatment to which, as he alleges, the prisoners have been subjected at Fort Assiniboine, where they were tried and found guilty. They were kept in irons, and treated with various forms of illusage from the date of their arrest, which does not appear, up to the middle of October last. So severe was the overtaking and the punishment threatened, that one of the prisoners, Ellsworth, escaped from the Fort and made his way towards the boundary; but in a storm that came on, he perished, and was afterwards found upon the plains, his body nearly devoured by coyotes or wolves. Two still remain in confinement; one is Henry Watson, of Nova Scotia, the other Franklyn Switzer, of Kingston, Ontario. Now, revolting though the alleged treatment of these prisoners may sound, and much as the death of poor Ellsworth in the storm might be calculated to move Canadians to indignation, that with which we are most concerned is the flagrant breach of international law, in the forcible seizure of men, who whether Canadians or American citizens, were entitled at the time of their arrest to the protection of our flag. We believe that there is not any room to doubt that the seizure was made over twenty miles at the Canadian side of the boundary line, and it can hardly seem credible to us that the Canadian Government should be, for months, in possession of the information and not have asked for an explanation, and done what else was fitting and their duty as custodians of our national rights and honour. The breach of international law is none the less in this seizure of American deserters on Canadian soil, than it was when Captain Humphreys took forcible possession of the British blue-jackets on the *Chesapeake*, and for that act the Imperial Government made every possible apology and superseded their admiral; nor is it less flagrant than the act of the American war vessel, *San Jacinto*, in taking Mason and Slidell from the English mail steamer *Trent*, which action President Lincoln promptly condemned, saying, "We shall have to give the men up and apologize for what we have done." It is not to the purpose here, though it would only point to a fact, to imagine the cry of indignation that would have been raised through the United States had some of our Canadian volunteers forcibly seized deserters from our flag on American territory; but it is to the purpose to call attention to the Government's plain duty, which is to promptly seek for explanation in a matter touching the national rights and honour, of which they are now the custodians.

THE Legislature of British Columbia has passed resolutions restricting the immigration of Chinese, and the chief reasons put forward for such a step are that there are now upon the mainland not fewer than three thousand destitute Chinamen who have begun to murder and steal; and that the Caucasian population is not large enough to absorb the alien and uncongenial element presenting itself in what seems ever-increasing instalments. The less weighty and worthy argument that the cheap labour of the Mongolians puts Canadian workmen at grievous disadvantage was brought forward by the politicians who legislate only for votes. While we have no sympathy with the cry raised periodically against the influx

of the Chinese, it seems certain now that the action of the British Columbia Legislature is wise, and most of all in the interests of the hundreds and thousands who, if permitted, would continue to crowd upon our shores only to swell the bill of destitution and crime.

IN the administration of justice it is of the utmost importance that the bounds of the law should be strictly adhered to. This canon is particularly applicable to police magistrates and justices of the peace, who in the vast mass of cases which come before them—mostly of too trivial a nature to be worth appealing—are practically responsible only to public opinion. A practice, which there is reason to fear is becoming increasingly common, has grown up of allowing certain classes of criminals (particularly fallen women) to go without punishment upon promising to leave for parts unknown. A case of this kind occurred in Toronto last week. Among individuals it is conceded that no person has a right to dump his rubbish on the premises of his next-door neighbour. Is not a community subject to the same moral rule? Alleged criminals of the class referred to are either guilty or not guilty. If not guilty, they should never have been arrested, and should be discharged *unconditionally*. If guilty, they should be convicted and sentenced *as the law directs*. We have yet to learn that the powers possessed by our police magistrates include that of sentence to banishment; and it is certainly not desirable that our municipalities should enter into a competition to see which can get the best of the others in the game of deporting their criminal population to prey upon their neighbours.

Now comes a despatch to the effect that Hicks Pasha has not been annihilated after all, but is safe at Hirkett with two-thirds of his army. We are also told that El Mahdi is finding it impossible to keep his forces together, and is becoming somewhat insignificant in his capacity of bug-bear to Egypt. Egypt declares that she will never withdraw from the Soudan, and reposes implicit confidence in the opinion formerly delivered by the doctors of El-Azhar, the great Mohammedan college at Cairo, to the effect that the Mahdi is a false prophet and a liar, and his prospects of drawing after him any great following of true believers exceedingly slim. The Mahdi stands a poor chance of being recognized by the Faithful as their expected prophet, because he has neglected the most ordinary precautions to ensure his recognition. The expected one is to appear after the death of one Caliph and before the nomination of another. But El Mahdi has put in a decisive appearance at a time when the Caliph is not dead. The true prophet is to be offered the supreme power, which he will promptly refuse. This Mahdi scarcely gives one cause to suspect that he would despise the Caliphate if offered him. Hence it follows that the Soudan Mahdi has rendered himself doubly ineligible. He is not the true prophet, of which fact he is probably quite aware; and the Faithful will receive him with this verse from the Koran: "He who lies knowingly and with premeditation will have hell for his permanent abode."

REPRESSIBILITY is not a characteristic of Butler to any marked degree. He is organizing a boom peculiarly his own which is to result, if he does not miscalculate, in the capture of the presidency. Lately in Boston he expressed his satisfaction at having polled so many votes, in spite of the prayers of the clergy. He considered that the largeness of his vote is pretty satisfactory evidence that "the clergy of Boston have very little influence with the Almighty." Butler's devoted allies are now the trades-unions. The Workingmen's Association of Lynn, Massachusetts, has issued an address calling for the formation of a National party, whose object shall be to "unfurl the banner of labour" and to nominate a candidate (Butler) for the presidency. Whom the Association will choose for the vice-presidency is, we believe, not yet decided. Butler is very happy in anticipation of his approaching triumph.

THE ORIGINATOR OF THE BANK OF ISSUE.

VERY shortly after reading in the first number of THE WEEK a reference to a work which, if my life be spared, I hope to complete ere long, and which will have for its title "Reminiscences of My Public Life," I found in the London *Times* an interesting obituary notice of the late Lord Overstone, in which it was claimed for his lordship that he was the author of the Bank of Issue measure which became law in 1844, Sir Robert Peel having obtained the sanction of Parliament to the amendment to the Bank of England Charter, by which the Issue department of the Bank was separated from that of Discount and Deposit. I had but a few days previously written my reminiscence of the attempt made by Lord Sydenham, in 1841, during the first session of the Union Parliament, to establish a Canadian

Bank of Issue, and it at once occurred to me that the present would be a suitable time to bring under public consideration the respective claims of Lords Sydenham and Overstone to the origination of what I have always considered a valuable measure.

It is stated in the obituary notice in the *Times* that Lord Overstone's pamphlets were published in 1837 and 1840—I am clear that I had read one, and I think both of those pamphlets at the time of the publication, and I was of the same opinion as the writer of the *Times*' obituary notice, until a few years later when to my great surprise I read the "Life of Lord Sydenham." On the 11th July, 1841, Lord Sydenham wrote to Lord John Russell, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, as follows: "There is one of my Canadian measures on the anvil now, in which you will feel an interest, and wish me success I am sure. But, as it involves private and *class* interests, and not political questions, upon which I am sure of my majority, I do not feel certain of getting it through; but if I can I shall rejoice more than at any other work, which I have been able to perform; for it will not only be good for this country, but will set an example to England, by which she may profit in a year or two when the Bank Charter is to be renewed. For it is the establishment of a perfectly sound paper currency by means of a single State Bank of Issue, based upon the pure principle of the issue of paper against bullion or coin, to the exclusion of any other paper whatever, payable on demand; the principle, in short, for which I contended in the Cabinet in the first instance in 1833, and which Sam Loyd (Lord Overstone) has since so ably advocated in a pamphlet."

Lord Sydenham, it will be observed, claims to have advocated the Bank of Issue scheme in the Cabinet in 1833, four years before Lord Overstone's first pamphlet. He made a grave mistake in Canada, which is noticed in the same letter. Adverting to the expiration of bank charters, he wrote "They (the banks) are therefore at my mercy." In the Appendix to the Life are "A Memorandum on the Paper Currency," and the resolutions introduced into the House. It seems to me that the weight of evidence is in favour of Lord Sydenham having been the originator of the scheme. If Lord Sydenham could have been induced to consent to the existing banks retaining their average circulation, as the English, Scotch, and Irish banks were permitted to do by Peel's Act of 1844, it is not improbable that the Bank of Issue scheme would have been carried in 1841, three years before the English Act. With these prefatory remarks I shall submit my Reminiscence, or rather a brief extract from it.

"It was very gratifying to me that in my first session I was chosen by the Select Committee on Currency and Banking to be its chairman, and that on the recommendation of that Committee important reforms were effected, especially the limitation of the use of the British silver tokens, which had previously been a legal tender to an indefinite amount. It may be interesting to give the names of the other members of the Committee as recorded in the vote on the resolutions in favour of the Bank of Issue. For the resolutions, Messrs. Moffatt, Quesnel, Simpson, Harrison, Dunn, Dunscomb (late Collector of Quebec), and Cameron—7. Against them, Messrs. Holmes, Cartwright, Neilson, James Morris, Buchanan, Merritt, and Burnet—7. The resolutions were carried by my own casting vote as chairman." I have given a very brief extract from my remarks on the Bank of Issue scheme, which could not be treated satisfactorily in a brief article, which I have written merely to call attention to the claim of a statesman, long since deceased, to have been the originator of the Bank of Issue.

F. HINCKS.

CURRENT EVENTS AND OPINIONS.

THERE is again talk of reciprocity at Washington. The United States are so much the greater power, that without loss of dignity they may move first. It has always been the conviction of the present writer that the one thing necessary to secure to Canada her full measure of prosperity and enable her people fairly to reap the fruits of their industry was the abolition of the customs line, which cuts her off commercially from the rest of the continent. Few perhaps would deny this on commercial grounds; at least a man must be a Protectionist of the purest breed if he can persuade himself that the Canadian farmer or lumberer is benefited by exclusion from his natural markets. The real ground of opposition is political; but if the tendency to Continental Union exists, its existence is due to the identity of race, language, institutions and general interests, against the attractive force of which a customs line cannot for ever, or even very long, contend. If Reciprocity does not weaken the political barrier, why should Free Trade overturn it? Free Trade is merely Reciprocity carried to its full extent, as Reciprocity is a partial measure of Free Trade, and it cannot be said that either, any more than the Postal Union, in itself affects the question of separate nationality. If loss to the

revenue results from the abolition of the customs line, it must be met by taxation of other kinds, and nothing can be more certain than that any tax is lighter than exclusion from natural markets. But parsimony is proverbially a copious source of revenue, and Canada might well save half the cost of her multitudinous governments and the whole cost of her political railways. The serious attention of our people ought to be given to the one question which vitally concerns their material interests and compared with which the issues debated so passionately at the polls, are often but controversies about straws. Unfortunately in questions which touch, or are supposed to touch, the system of separate government with all its places, legislative and administrative, the natural bias of the politicians is not identical with the interest of the people.

To frame a Reciprocity treaty amidst the conflict of jarring interests and theories is difficult, as was seen when last the attempt was made; and when it has been framed its existence is precarious: one party or other is always assailing it, if for no better reason, because it was made by their opponents, and the first blast of international hostility blows it over, as the treaty between the United States and Canada was overturned by the affair of the Trent; while the industries which have been founded in reliance on its stability are dragged down in its fall. Commercial Union alone is really worth having, and when once it is fairly brought before the minds of our people, though there will be a political resistance, the ultimate result can scarcely be doubtful.

THE extraordinary fury with which the four by-elections were contested was due, no doubt, not only to the wavering of the scale in Ontario, but to the feeling on both sides that the result would be taken as showing whether the tide had turned against the Government at Ottawa. That the tide has not turned, but is on the turn, seems to be the fact indicated by the not very decisive victory of the opposition. Not only were the most desperate efforts made, but the worst means were used, probably on both sides, but certainly on the side of the Conservatives, who sent into the constituencies branded agents of corruption. It has been the fault or the misfortune of Sir John Macdonald to have constantly about him men who can be employed for no honourable purpose, and whom no man of honour would employ. Those who are most friendly to him deplore connections which cannot fail to leave a deep stain upon his name. Can any one remain blind to the effect which these must produce on the character of our people, or to the ruin which they must ultimately bring on elective institutions? Can any one continue fixed in the belief that a system of which such things are a necessary part, is the best, and not merely the best but the only possible form of government? A mode of bringing the agents of corruption to public justice, irrespectively of any question as to the election itself, for an offence than which there can scarcely be one either more injurious or less insulting to the nation, is what morality demands and politicians will never concede.

THE Arithmetic of Party is as curious as its morality, and in the case of Mr. Mowat's majority exhibits the usual discrepancies. Mr. Mowat, however, is safe for the session, though the Opposition will happily be effective instead of being a shadow as it was before. For the purposes of the party game a moderate majority is proverbially the best. If the majority is very large its cohesion is apt to be loosened; if it is very small, a mutineer becomes master of the situation. The Whig Government in England long held power with a majority considerably smaller in proportion to the total number of the House of Commons than that which, upon any tenable calculation, will be commanded by Mr. Mowat. Apart from opinions, with regard to which there is no substantial difference between the two parties in the present case, the interminable continuance of the same party in power must be considered a public evil. Every hole and corner of the administration is filled with partisans who are also wire-pullers, a standing army of place-hunters is formed, and every set of ideas but one is shut out from the public service and from legislation. Nor are the general disadvantages of exclusiveness likely to be tempered by any personal liberality on the part of the present Premier, who embraces the "Spoils" principle with as much frankness as the decorum of Christian statesmanship permits. On the other hand Ontario may consider herself fortunate in not falling into the hands of any one who as a henchman of the Ottawa Government might be under the controlling influence of Quebec. It is probably this feeling, quickened by the mistaken conduct of the Opposition on the Boundary question, that has snatched Mr. Mowat's ministry from the jaws of death.

THE son of Lord Chief Justice Coleridge has brought to the Bench and Bar of Canada the renewed apologies of his father. As Lord Coleridge had personally accepted the invitation, and the preparations for his re-

ception were far advanced, his sudden change of plan naturally caused not only disappointment, but anger, which was increased when he skirted Canada in his visit to Niagara. But it is now generally understood that he gave up a cherished intention only in obedience to a warning from the Home Government, which virtually amounted to a prohibition, and which, in his position, it is impossible to disregard. We must regret that Canada did not feel his impressive presence and hear his eloquent voice. We must also regret that he did not see a judiciary which vies, we may hope, if not in historical majesty, at least in purity, with the British Ermine, and a Bar of which Ontario has no reason to be ashamed, either in respect of ability or of professional honour. We have the consolation of knowing that in the United States the Lord Chief Justice of England made a most favourable impression and that he made it in the best way, not by fulsome flattery or by turgid rhetoric, but by high though courteous bearing and the sincere, simple and manly language which become alike the dignity of international friendship and the character of an English gentleman.

OUR leading book firm is once more in the list of business failures. That the high-class book trade should flourish in Canada under the present conditions is impossible, because by the customs line between Canada and the States, the book-seller is cut off from his centres of distribution. A customs line drawn between London and the Province would soon ruin all the provincial book-sellers of England, who would find little compensation for such a disadvantage in the liberty of filling the orders of their customers by sending over to New York. It is obvious that the absence of high-class book stores must tell heavily against the intellectual progress of the country. But, as Mr. Collins showed, the evil extends to Canadian literature generally, in its commercial aspect. The Canadian writer has no copyright of any value on his own continent; his works may be pirated in the United States under his nose; and his copyright in Great Britain is little better than a mockery; while the Canadian publisher has to struggle against a torrent of English works reprinted in the United States, being himself restrained by the Imperial Copyright, from sharing in that traffic.

In a state of things which is not only abnormal but unjust may, perhaps, be found an excuse for a practice prevalent in Canada, and in itself by no means healthy, that of selling books by subscription, instead of bringing them out in the regular way and putting them on an open market. In the *Rural Canadian* is heard the indignant voice of farmers who think themselves overreached by the publishers of *Picturesque Canada*, and to whose charges the Messrs. Belden, if they value their own commercial honour, will deem it necessary to reply. There are works so erudite or peculiar in their character that they can only be brought out by subscription, unless there is some body like the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, which will bear the charge of printing them in the interest of learning. But, generally speaking, this mode of publication can be chosen only with a view to decoying the unwary into the purchase of that which it is known they would not buy if it were laid before them in the ordinary way. Too often the subscription-book agent is the emissary of gross imposition, and large sums have been swept from Canada in this manner by American swindlers who generally contrive to mask their identity under some Canadian connection. In the cities people ought to be able to take care of themselves, but the rural book-buyer, in his Arcadian simplicity, is as a sheep in the hands of the shearer. In nine cases out of ten, when the book-agent calls, wisdom bids us tell him to put his goods on a fair market, where, like other goods, they will be bought if they are worth the price, and then courteously to speed him on his way.

THE martyrs of old avowed their act and gloried in it. O'Donnell disavowed his act and tried to escape its consequences by telling a story which is believed by no human being, least of all by his own partisans, whose interest in him entirely depends on his having done with his hand that which his tongue denied. More pity might be felt for him if Carey had been the betrayer of a great cause, instead of being, as he was, merely the betrayer of the dastardly miscreants who butchered Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke. The most serious part of the matter is the sympathy shown by a whole race, or a large portion of it, not in this case only, but in other cases with homicide. When the sixth commandment was promulgated and the decree was pronounced that whosoever shed man's blood by man his blood should be shed, the first stone of civilization was laid. If human life ceases to be sacred, if we relapse into private revenge and the blood feud, barbarism will return. The other day in a city of the United States an Irishman committed a murder for which he was justly executed; but his obsequies were celebrated with the utmost ecclesiastical pomp and his body was escorted as that of a patriotic martyr to the grave by thousands of his fellow-countrymen. How much firmness has the Roman Catho-

lic Church, in the course of these events, shown in upholding the Decalogue? Not so much, to say the least, as she has shown in upholding the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin and the infallibility of the Pope. The conviction will be forced upon the Americans, as well as the British at last, that this is a struggle not only for the Union but for civilization.

A GANG of libellers has appeared in the press of Toronto, and has been desperately trying to circulate its paper by accusing Sir Charles Tupper of having, when a medical man, seduced a female patient. To vend the paper was manifestly the sole motive of the libel. Sir Charles will scarcely think it necessary or wise to vindicate his character against daily purveyors of slander. When things are as they should be, the reward of such public censors will be the penitentiary, and gladly will every honourable journalist hail that day. The seller of libels is among us what the Old Bailey practitioner is among lawyers, and the abortionist among physicians. We cannot help sometimes breeding him and being defiled by the association. In the present case all that was necessary has been done for the community, by the *Toronto World*, which has fearlessly unmasked the gang. Having been unmasked they are disarmed; for anonymous attacks on private character are never published by any man whose own character, when his identity is discovered, will not be a sufficient answer to his accusations. The composition of this gang is normal and calls for none but the usual remarks. Its head, as Canadians learn with pleasure, is a gentleman imported from the States. Among its members are waifs of the Canadian or rather of the continental press, who have sold their pens to journals of all parties in turn, and, except when they were giving vent to their malignity, have probably never written a sincere line. A libel was some time ago published by a newspaper against the private character of the late Mr. Brown, closely resembling that now published on the character of Sir Charles Tupper, and with the same mercenary object. The observer of contemporary movements may note with interest that in combination with the practices of the low and mendacious journalist appear the secularism which consists in malignant enmity of religion, and the socialism which does not work, or even dream, for the good of the many, but is confined to the propagation of social hatred. If any one of better moral character, at least of higher moral pretensions, is found connected with such a gang, a spirit soured by disappointment is the cause. Behind all is pretty sure, in these cases, to be found one of those capitalists who are ready to make money by the ownership of a libellous paper, and who would be equally ready to make money by the ownership of a brothel. The two trades have much in common. The people who take libellous literature would take obscene literature if they dared. In fact food for pruriency in the shape of indecent reports is usually combined with food for malignity in the shape of scandal. Both kinds of filth are excluded from every decent home.

A BYSTANDER.

THE UPRISING IN MANITOBA.

MANITOBA, like a cat suddenly confronted by a dog, has "got her back up," and is spitting and sputtering at a great rate. The first movement of a wheat surplus toward a foreign market has disclosed to the settlers their true condition, and dissipated their pleasant dreams of rapid fortune-making. Unfortunately a considerable percentage of that surplus is damaged by frost, and when the railroad tariff comes to be deducted from the reduced price given for an inferior product, there is but a small residuum left for the farmer. All at once the truth has flashed upon the minds of the settlers in the North-West. Their pleasing illusions have been rudely dispelled. They are face to face with the stern realities of their lot. "*Hinc illæ lacrymæ.*"

Self-interest is too often a far mightier motive-power than principle. A year ago, in view of the pending local election in Manitoba, strenuous efforts were made by those who valued country before party, to unite the people of that Province on the broad platform of Provincial Rights. Those efforts failed. The pie-crust promises of party politicians were trusted at a time when only confidence in truth and right could possibly win the day. The election gained by the party of monopoly, a bold stroke of legislation was performed by the Dominion Parliament, and the power previously possessed by individual Provinces to charter railways within their limits taken away from them. There has been a conspicuous tendency of late years to increase the central power in Canada, but this assumption by the Dominion Parliament of the sole right to charter railroads in the several Provinces, is the most serious invasion of provincial rights that has yet been attempted. It has however excited little or no resistance in any part of the Dominion. The older Provinces are not particularly affected by it.

They have all the railroad connections with the United States that they are likely to require for generations to come, and are indisposed to fight over a bare principle. Manitoba and the North-West alone are affected by the new departure. It has made their fetters more galling than ever. They are "fast held and bound" by the chain of a monopoly from which there appears to be no chance of escape. If the Manitobans had elected a legislature a year ago pledged to the no-party platform, and that legislature had redeemed its pledge, by at once re-enacting the disallowed railway charters, there would have been a collision between a local legislature and the Dominion Cabinet which would have necessitated appeal to the Imperial Privy Council. The vague language of the British North America Act as to provincial rights would most likely have been interpreted in the light of precedent, and Manitoba could hardly have been denied the railroad-chartering prerogative which had been exercised by all the other Provinces ever since Confederation. But now that this railroad-chartering function has been taken away from all the Provinces, and they have tacitly acquiesced in their deprivation of it—not even the Manitoba Legislature having objected to it—what ground of appeal is there against the monopoly, or what likelihood of deliverance from it?

Manitoba must prosper, if at all, by means of a successful agriculture. Cheap transportation is essential to the success of agriculture in the North West. Without this, farming will not pay in those far-away regions. British agriculturists have been congratulating themselves that the line of American competition in the wheat-market was constantly shifting to the west, and must ultimately reach a point when it would no longer undersell the farmers of the old world. If there be such a point, it must lie somewhere between Winnipeg and the Rocky Mountains. As matters now stand, it appears to have been found not many miles west of Winnipeg. The farmers lately in convention at Brandon were agreed that either they had not proper access to markets, or that grain could not be grown profitably in their vicinity. They looked wistfully in the direction of the Hudson's Bay route. But the prospect of relief in that quarter is very distant and dubious at the best. It is not yet known that the Bay is navigable sufficiently long in the season to make it a commercially-profitable ocean highway. If this point were settled favourably, all the influence of the C. P. R. Syndicate, and consequently of the Dominion Government, would be arrayed against the enterprise, because it would compete with the great national railway enterprise. The Brandon conventionists looked their difficulty in the face, and saw plainly that repudiation of the contract with the Syndicate, or compensation for its surrender, must be the ultimate outcome of the existing state of things. It is indeed a very serious complication, and one that will require no ordinary statesmanship to disentangle and adjust.

The oppressive railway monopoly is the worst of all the disabilities of which Manitobans complain, and it is the most difficult of redress. It is the worst because it threatens to make farming, which is the foundation industry, an unprofitable affair; and it is the most difficult of redress, because the faith of the country is pledged to a corporation, which, like other corporations, having no soul, will be sure to exact the prescribed pound of flesh, if not more. The obnoxious land laws can be repealed, and a premium, instead of an embargo, put upon settlement; the tariff on agricultural implements can be lightened or abolished altogether; these and other evils which afflict the settlers can and no doubt will be speedily redressed. Already a movement has been made in this direction by the Land Department, and the Customs Department will probably follow suit. The Dominion Government cannot afford to have the Great North-West hostile to it, and will do all in its power to placate the settlers, but contentment with their lot can hardly be expected to take possession of their minds, until it becomes clear to them that they can make something more than a bare subsistence by encountering the privations and hardships attendant on settlement in "the great lone land."

A railway company exists for the purpose of making money. It is not a benevolent society, or a charitable institution, and those who present it in this light and claim the gratitude of the public for its achievements, only display their own ignorance or sycophancy. Does a merchant claim or get the thanks of his customers for displaying his wares attractively in a fine shop, with every provision for the comfort of those who do business with him? The obligation is felt to be the other way. It is so with a railway. The company that owns it builds and runs it for profit, and may be depended on to make all they can out of it. The one principle acted on by railroad corporations, if left to themselves, is that of taxing the traffic all it will bear. A large and profitable traffic tempts competition, and competition reduces rates. Where there is no competition, either legislation must limit rates, or they will inevitably be too exorbitant. Evidently they are higher than the people of Manitoba can afford to pay, though, in all

probability, they are not remunerative to the C. P. R. It was not expected that they would be at the outset. One of the arguments in favour of a liberal land grant was that the traffic would not pay while the country was sparsely settled. Though the people murmur, and not without reason, the dividends of the Syndicate are probably small, and will be so until the population becomes much more dense than it is at present.

It will perhaps be said that the Government can redress this grievance by limiting the tariff charges of the railway, but its hands are tied by the terms of the contract. Not until the Syndicate can be shown to be receiving a ten per cent. dividend, can a check be put upon its demands. There is little probability of this point being reached during the whole term of the monopoly, and the settlers in the North-West are clamorous for immediate relief. Can this clamour be appeased by anything short of radical measures? It is very doubtful if it either can or will. The settlers have the example of Illinois, where railway extortion became intolerable, and there was an uprising of farmers in such downright earnest that the legislature was compelled to take the matter in hand, and redress the grievances of the people. As the result of the Illinois railway rebellion, for such it was, Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota have laws regulating and limiting railway charges. These north-western States of the American Union are Manitoba's near neighbours, and the lessons they have learned in the school of experience have found students across the border who are not ignorant of the motto "what man has done, man can do." What has been achieved in Illinois, is not impossible in Manitoba.

It is of no use to pooh-pooh the Manitoba uprising. The settlers are made of sturdy material, and they mean business. They see plainly that the wolf is at their door, and they are going to drive it away, by hook or by crook. Here and there a few who have no particular stake or tie may quit the country and go to Dakota, but the majority are there to stay, and to obtain their rights. The cries of secession and annexation are faint and feeble. In most cases, they are started in the interest of United States wire-pullers and speculators. Manitoba cannot stand alone, nor can she join the American Union without the consent of the rest of the Dominion, and of Great Britain, and that most assuredly will not be given. The just claims of the North-West will have to be conceded, one and all, sooner or later. Sir John Macdonald never spoke a truer word than when he said, "We cannot check Manitoba." The country will grow in spite of all obstacles. Like a young Samson, which it is, it will burst all the ropes and withes with which its limbs may be bound, and unlike the ancient hero, will never submit to have its locks shorn and shaven. Our future as a Dominion is too closely bound up with the prosperity of the North-West to permit its interests to be trifled with. Plainly the people have endured all the tension they can bear. Reaction has now set in, and it will go on with resistless force. It will be well if politicians and partymongers make a note of this, and govern themselves accordingly.

W. F. C.

OPEN LETTERS.

"A BYSTANDER" ON STATE AID TO COLLEGES.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—In the few words which he has written on the question of Legislative aid to Toronto University, "A Bystander" has shown a strange misapprehension of the real point at issue. Starting from the fact that the authorities of Queen's and Victoria are opposed to State aid for University College, he has built up in his own mind an interpretation of their opposition which, to those who have followed the discussion, must appear as the wildest romance. There is not the least evidence that the opposition rests upon religious grounds, and yet Dr. Grant and Dr. Nelles are represented as a pair of Zealots, quaking for the future of Christianity, bent on keeping the intelligent youth of the Province in the safety of a "pusillanimous and impotent seclusion," and clamouring against a godless University! A doubt seems for a moment to have entered the writer's mind that his *a priori* view of the case was not in keeping with the known liberality of those gentlemen, but the suggestion seems to have been promptly suppressed. It is a prostitution of the critic's function to draw damaging inferences from premises of his own creation.

The actual facts of the case are these: There are in Ontario four colleges—University, Victoria, Queen's and Trinity—which are admittedly doing the work of higher education for the Province, and doing it as well as their limited means will allow. That none of them is as fully equipped as we should desire is a fact that goes without saying. It has been asserted that University College, and it alone, should be aided by the Legislature. To this, the answer is, that such a solution of the problem is inadequate and unjust; inadequate, because it does not grapple with the whole prob-

lem of higher education in Ontario, and unjust, because it discriminates in favour of a single institution. No appeal has been made to Sectarian prejudice, nor has it been even hinted that a purely secular college is hostile to the interests of Christianity. All that has been done is to claim for the other colleges the same degree of consideration as for University College. An entirely irrelevant issue has been forced into prominence by those who have taunted the other colleges with being "denominational." Denominational they are not, in any sense which should prevent them from receiving such assistance from the Legislature as may enable them to do their work more efficiently. It is true that, as in the Scottish Universities, there is in each a Theological faculty, but the connection between it and the Arts faculty is for all practical purposes no closer than that between Knox College and University College. A broad view of the whole question, therefore, demands that the Legislature should aid all the colleges which are struggling manfully to do their work under many discouragements and difficulties, or if that is at present impracticable that it should in justice refrain from helping one institution at the expense of all the rest. To say that any of the colleges is "afraid of the best literary and scientific teaching," or is actuated by "religious antipathy to a common university" is a charge as pointless as it is unfair. The authorities of Queen's and Victoria have not refused to consider any scheme for University consolidation which may come from an authoritative source. Certainly their action has in no way been determined by fear for the future of Christianity. "A Bystander" assumes that they must have a "religious antipathy to a common university." By a "common university" is meant, we presume, one after the model of Oxford or Cambridge, and having a number of colleges gather together in one locality, the students of which all submit to the same test of efficiency. If there is any "antipathy" to such a university, its source is not "religious" but educational or financial. Suppose that the ideal which has for so long floated before the vision of "A Bystander" could be reduced to fact—and some of us have a wistful longing to see it realized if only that were possible—would opposition to the singling out of University College for exclusive State aid then cease? Surely not. Is it not self-evident that it would rather be intensified? How could the friends of the other colleges tamely submit to be handicapped? Would they not demand to be treated, not as step-children but as the present favoured child of the State? It is, therefore, incomprehensible how "A Bystander" should infer that opposition to exclusive aid being given to University College can only be a disguised form of "religious antipathy to a common university." The objections to a university with various colleges grouped in one centre are mainly of a practical character, not the least being that an expenditure by the Legislature of something like a million dollars would at once be required; and until "A Bystander" gives more evidence than he has yet done of having faced the practical difficulties lying in the way, our Legislators may be pardoned for not taking any steps towards the realization of his fascinating ideal.

JOHN WATSON.

Queen's College, 15th Dec., 1883.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—"Bystander" either did or did not read my three brief addresses on the subject of State aid to colleges. If he did, he must have seen that my attitude was totally different from what he has chosen to represent it; if he did not, he must have constructed my position out of his own consciousness. Such a style of criticism is doubly vicious when made the basis of a personal attack. No man is more sensitive than he to misrepresentation; yet he has misrepresented, with the tone of an oracle, men whom he must have known are quite as incapable as himself of "religious antipathy to a common university," or of "the avowal that timid counsels are Christian wisdom." Alongside of such imputation of unworthy motives, it is a small thing that he has disfranchised us with the top-lofty declaration that we "can have no right to be heard against the improvement of a national or provincial institution," that is, I suppose, that we have no right to discuss the policy of the nation or the Province with regard to higher education!

Yours, etc.,

G. M. GRANT.

University of Queen's College, Kingston, 15th Dec., 1883.

[Dr. Grant appears to have taken the words of "Bystander," "It is hardly from Dr. Nelles or Dr. Grant that we should expect the avowal that timid counsels are Christian wisdom," in a different sense from that in which we took them ourselves. To us they appeared to be an appeal to the well-known liberality of Dr. Nelles and Dr. Grant.—THE EDITOR.]

A REVIEW in the last number of *The Literary World* speaks of "the aspiration of Mrs. Browning's poem, 'May I reach that purest heaven.'" The poem quoted from is by George Eliot.

WESTMORELAND REVISITED.

SUMMERS and summers have come, and gone with the flight of the swallow;
Sunshine and thunder have been, storm, and winter and frost;
Many and many a sorrow has all but died from remembrance,
Many a dream of joy fallen in the shadow of pain.
Hands of chance and change have marred or moulded or broken,
Busy with spirit or flesh, all I most have adored;
Even the bosom of earth is strewn with heavier shadows—
Only in these green hills, aslant to the sea, no change!
Here where the road that has climbed from the inland valleys and wood-lands
Dips from the hill-tops down straight to the base of the hills,—
Here, from my vantage-ground, I see the scattering houses,
Stained with time, set warm in orchards, meadows, and wheat,
Dotting the broad bright slopes outspread to southward and eastward,
Wind-swept all day long, blown by the south-east wind.

Skirting the sun-bright uplands stretches a riband of meadow,
Shorn of the labouring grass, bulwarked well from the sea,
Fenced on its sea-ward border with long clay dykes from the turbid
Surge and flow of the tides vexing the Westmoreland shores.
Yonder toward the left lie broad the Westmoreland marshes,—
Miles on miles they extend, level, and grassy and dim,
Clear from the long red sweep of flats to the sky in the distance,
Save for the outlying heights, green-rampired Cumberland Point;
Miles and miles out-rolled, and the river channels divide them;—
Miles on miles of green, barred by the hurtling gusts.

Miles on miles beyond the tawny Bay is Minudie,—
There are the low blue hills, villages gleam at their feet;
Nearer a white sail shines across the water, and nearer
Still are the slim grey masts of fishing boats dry on the flats.
Ah, how well I remember those wide red flats, above tide-mark
Pale with scurf of the salt, seamed and baked in the sun;
Well I remember the piles of blocks and ropes, and the net reels
Wound with the beaded nets, dripping and dark from the sea!

Now at this season the nets are unwound; they hang from the rafters
Over the fresh-stowed hay in upland barns, and the wind
Blows all day through the chinks, with the streaks of sunlight, and sways
them
Softly at will; or they lie heaped in the gloom of a loft.
Now at this season the reels are empty and idle; I see them
Over the lines of the dykes, over the gossiping grass.
Now at this season they swing in the long strong wind, thro' the lonesome
Golden afternoon, shunned by the foraging gulls.
Near about sunset the crane will journey homeward above them;
Round them, under the moon, all the calm night long,
Winnowing soft grey wings of marsh owls wander and wander,
Now to the broad lit marsh, now to the dusk of the dyke.
Soon thro' their dew-wet frames, in the live keen freshness of morning,
Out of the teeth of the dawn blows back the awakening wind;
Then, as the blue day mounts, and the low-shot shafts of the sunlight
Glance from the tide to the shore, gossamers jewelled with dew
Sparkle and wave where late sea-spoiling fathoms of drift-net
Myriad-meshed, uploomed sombrely over the land.

Well I remember it all; the salt raw scent of the margin,
While with men at the windlass, groaned each reel, and the net,
Surging in ponderous lengths, uprose and coiled in its station;
Then each man to his home;—well I remember it all!

Yet as I sit and watch, this present peace of the landscape—
Stranded boats, these reels empty and idle, the hush,
One grey hawk slow-wheeling above yon cluster of hay stacks—
More than the old-time stir this stillness welcomes me home.
All the old-time stir, how once it stung me with rapture,
Old-time sweetness, the wind freighted with honey and salt!—
Yet will I stay my steps, and not go down to the marsh-lands,
Muse and recall far off,—rather remember than see—
Lest on too close sight I miss the darling illusion,
Spy at their task even here the hands of chance and change.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

THE ADVENTURES OF A WIDOW.

By EDGAR FAWCETT, author of "A Gentleman of Leisure," "A Hopeless Case,"
"An Ambitious Woman," "Tinkling Cymbals," etc.

II.—Continued.

"I really must move out of this dreadful Bond Street," she said to Courtlandt, rather early in the conversation which took place between them on the day of their first meeting. "I think I could endure it for some time longer, if that immense tailor-shop had not gone up there at the Broadway corner, where such a lovely, drowsy old mansion used to stand. Yes, I must let myself be compliantly swept further up town. There is a kind of Franco-German tavern just across the way that advertises a

'regular dinner' (whatever that is) from twelve o'clock till three, every day, at twenty-five cents."

"I see you haven't forgotten our national currency," said Courtlandt, with one of his inscrutable dispositions of countenance.

Pauline tossed her head, in a somewhat French way. "I have forgotten very little about my own country," she said.

"You are glad to get back to it, then?"

"Yes, very. I want to take a new view of it with my new eyes."

"You got a new pair of eyes in Europe?"

"I got an older pair." She looked at him earnestly for a moment.

"Tell me, Court," she went on, "how is it that I still find you unmarried?" He shifted in his chair, crossing his legs. "Oh," he said, "no nice girl has made me an offer."

Pauline laughed. "As if she'd be nice if she had! Do you remember how they used to say you would marry in the other set? Is there another set now?"

"There is a number of fresh ones. New York is getting bigger every day, you know. Young men are being graduated from college, young girls from seminaries. I forget just what special set you mean that you expected me to marry into."

"No, you don't!" cried Pauline, with soft positiveness. She somehow felt herself getting quietly back into the old easy terms with Courtlandt. His sobriety, that never echoed her gay moods, yet always seemed to follow and enjoy them, had re-addressed her like a familiar though alienated friend. "You recollect perfectly how Aunt Cynthia Poughkeepsie used to lift that Roman nose of hers and declare that she would never allow her Sallie to know those fast Briggs and Snowe girls, who had got out because society had been neglected by all the real gentry in town for a space of at least five years?"

Courtlandt gave one of his slow nods. "Oh, yes, I recollect. Aunt Cynthia was quite wrong. She's pulled in her horns since then. The Briggses and the Snowes were quite too clever for her. They were always awfully well-mannered girls, too, besides being so jolly. They needed her, and they coolly made use of her, and of a good many revived leaders like her, besides. Most of the good men liked them; that was their strong point. It was all very well to say they hadn't had ancestors who knew Canal Street when it was a canal, and shot deer on Twenty-Third Street; but that wouldn't do at all. No matter how their parents had made their money, they knew how to spend it like swells, and they had pushed themselves into power and were not to be elbowed out. The whole fight soon died a natural death. They and their supporters are nearly all married now, and married pretty well."

"And you didn't marry one of them, Court!"

Courtlandt gave a slight, dry cough. "I'm under the impression, Pauline," he said, "that I did not."

"How long ago it all seems!" she murmured, drooping her blonde head and fingering with one hand at a button on the front of her black dress. "It's only four years, and yet I fancy it to be a century." She raised her head. "Then the knicker-bockers, as we used to call them, no longer rule?"

Courtlandt laughed gravely. "I don't know that they ever did," he answered.

"Well, they used to give those dancing-classes, you know, where nobody was ever admitted unless he or she had some sort of patrician claim. Don't you recollect how Mrs. Schenectady, when she gave Lillie a Delmonico Blue-Room party (do they have Delmonico Blue-Room parties, now?), instructed old Grace Church Brown to challenge at the Fourteenth Street entrance (where he would always wait as a stern horror for the coachmen of the arriving and departing carriages) anybody who did not present a certain mysterious little card at the sacred threshold?"

"Oh, yes," returned Courtlandt, ruminatively.

"And how," continued Pauline, "that democratic Mrs. Vanderhoff happened to bring, on this same evening, some foreign gentleman who had dined with her, and whom she meant to present with an apologetic flourish to the Schenectadys, when suddenly the corpulent sentinel, Brown, desired from her escort the mysterious card, and finding it not to be forthcoming, sent a messenger upstairs? And how Mr. Schenectady presently appeared and informed Mrs. Vanderhoff, with a cool snobbery which had something sublime about it, that he was exceedingly sorry, but the rule had been passed regarding the admission of any non-invited guest to his entertainment?"

"Oh, yes; I remember it all," said Courtlandt. "Schenectady behaved like a cad. Nobody is half so strict, now-a-days, nor half so grossly uncivil. You'll find society very much changed, if you go out. You'll see people whose names you never heard before. I sometimes think there's

nothing required to make one's-self a great swell now-a-days except three possessions all metallic—gold, silver, and brass.”

“How amusing!” said Pauline. “And yet,” she suddenly added, with a swift shake of the head, “I'm sure it will never amuse *me!* No, Court, I have grown a very different person from the ignorant girl you once saw me!” She lowered her voice here, and regarded him with a tender yet impressive fixity. “When I look back upon it all now, and think how I used to rank the code of living which those people adopt as something that I must respect and even reverence, I can scarcely believe that the whole absurd comedy did not happen in some other planet. You don't know how much I've been through since you met me last. I'm not referring to my husband. It isn't pleasant for me to talk about *that* part of the past. I wouldn't say even this much to any one except you; but now that I have said it, I'll say more, and tell you that I endured a good deal of solid trial, solid humiliation, solid heart-burning. . . There, let us turn that page over, you and myself, and never exchange another word on the subject. You were perfectly right; the thing I did *was* horrible, and I've bought my yards of sackcloth, my bushels of ashes. If it were to do over again, I'd rather beg, starve, die in the very gutter. There's no exaggeration, here; I have grown to look on this human destiny of ours with such utterly changed vision—I've so broadened in a mental and a moral sense, that my very identity of the past seems as if it were something I'd moulted, like the old feathers of a bird. Feathers make a happy simile; I was lighter than a feather, then—as light as thistledown. I had no principles; I merely had caprices. I had no opinions of my own; other people's were handed to me and I blindly accepted them. My chief vice, which was vanity, I mistook for the virtue of self-respect, and kept it carefully polished, like a little pocket-mirror to look at one's face in. I was goaded by an actually sordid avarice, and I flattered myself that it was a healthy matrimonial ambition. I swung round in a petty orbit no larger than a saucer's rim, and imagined it to have the scope of a star's. I chattered gossip with fops of both sexes, and called it conversation. I bounced and panted through the German for two hours of a night, and declared it to be enjoyment. I climbed up to the summit of a glaring yellow-wheeled drag and sat beside some man whose limited wit was entirely engrossed by the feat of driving four horses at once, and because poor people stopped to sigh, and silly ones to envy, and sensible ones to pity, as we rumbled up the Avenue in brazen ostentation, I considered myself an elect and exceptional being. Of course I must have had some kind of a better nature lying comatose behind all this placid tolerance of frivolity. Otherwise the change never would have come; for the finest seed will fail if the soil is entirely barren.”

“You have taken a new departure, with a vengeance,” said Courtlandt. He spoke in his usual tranquil style. He considered the sketch Pauline had just drawn of her former self very exaggerated and prejudiced. He had his own idea of what she used to be. He was observing her with an excessive keenness of scrutiny, now, underneath his reposeful demeanour. But he aired none of his contradictory beliefs. It is possible that he had never had a downright argument with any fellow-creature in his life. Somehow the brief sentence which he had just spoken produced the impression of his having said a great deal more than this. It was always thus with the man; by reason of some unique value in his silence any terse variation of it took a reflected worth.

Pauline's hands were folded in her lap; she was looking down at them with a musing air. She continued to speak without lifting her gaze. “Yes,” she went on, “the reformatory impulse must have been latent all that time. I can't tell just what quickened it into its present activity. But I am sure, now, that it will last as long as I do.”

“What are the wonders it is going to accomplish?”

“Don't satirize it,” she exclaimed, looking up at him with a start. “It is a power for good.”

“I hope so,” he said.

“I know so! Courtlandt, I've come back home to live after my own fashion. I've come back with an idea, a theory. Of course a good many people will laugh at me. I expect a certain amount of ridicule. But I shall despise it so heartily that it will not make me swerve a single inch. I intend to be very social—yes, enormously so. My drawing-rooms shall be the resort of as many friends as I can bring together—but all of a certain kind.”

“Pray, of what kind?”

“You shall soon see. They are to be men and women of intellectual calibre; they are to be workers and not drones; they are to be thinkers, writers, artists, poets, scholars. They can come, if they please, in abnormal coats and unconventional gowns; I shan't care for that. They can be as poor as church-mice, as unsuccessful as talent nearly always is, as quaint

in manner as genius incessantly shows itself.” Here Pauline rose, and made a few eloquent little gestures with both hands, while she moved about the room in a way that suggested the hostess receiving imaginary guests. “I mean to organize a *salon*,” she continued—“a veritable *salon*. I mean to wage a vigorous crusade against the aimless flippancy of modern society. I've an enthusiasm for my new undertaking. Wait till you see how valiantly I shall carry it out.”

“Am I to understand,” said Courtlandt, without the vestige of a smile, “that you mean to begin by cutting all your former friends?”

She glanced at him as if with a suspicion of further satire. But his sedate mien appeared to re-assure her. “Cutting them?” she repeated. “No; of course not.”

“But you will not invite them to your *salon*?”

She tossed her head again. “They would be quite out of place there. They are not in earnest about anything. Everybody whom I shall have must be in earnest. I intend to lay great stress upon that one requirement. It is to be a passport of admission. My apartments are to be at once easy and difficult of entrance. I shall not object to the so-called aristocratic class, although if any applicant shall solicit my notice who is undoubtedly a member of this class, I shall in a certain way hold the fact as disqualifying; it shall be remembered against him; if I admit him at all I shall do so in spite of it and not because of it. . . Is my meaning quite clear on this point?”

“Oh, excessively,” said Courtlandt; “you could not have made it more so. All ladies and gentlemen are to be received under protest.”

He let one of his odd, rare laughs go with the last sentence, and for this reason Pauline merely gave him a magnificent frown instead of visiting upon him more wrathful reprimand. At the same time she said:—“It's a subject, Court, on which I am unprepared for trivial levity. If you can't treat it with respect I prefer that you should warn me in time, and I will reserve all further explanations on my project.”

He gave a slight, ambiguous cough. “If I seem disrespectful you must lay it to my ignorance.”

“I should be inclined to do that without your previous instructions.” Here she regarded him with a commiseration that he thought delicious; it was so palpably genuine; she so grandly overlooked the solemn roguery that ambuscaded itself behind his humility.

(To be continued.)

READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

A PARISH PRIEST.

FATHER PETER MORRISSEY was considered a lucky man when he succeeded in obtaining the parish of Kilnasclap. The parish is large and the income proportionate. The river that runs its rapid course through the “scalp” or ravine, from which the ruined church close by takes its name, affords excellent sport for the fishermen, and the surrounding plains have been the scene of many a hard run course. Father Morrissey had not been installed in the parish for more than a year when he announced that the chapel was too small for the congregation, and called for the subscriptions of the faithful towards the erection of a new building that would not be a disgrace to the parish. Appeals published at home and abroad were assisted by a lottery, in which the principal prize was a pony phaeton and a pair of ponies or £100. Tens of thousands of tickets at sixpence each were sold: and the small and unpretending whitewashed chapel, outside which, in sunshine or rain, knelt scores of people every Sunday who could not gain admission by reason of the closely packed crowd within, has been replaced by a large and handsome structure of hammered stone; while a comfortable glebe-house close by affords more ample accommodation than the modest two rooms in a farmhouse heretofore occupied by the parish priest.

Father Morrissey's education has not been conducive to breadth of view. As a boy, sitting by the fireside in his father's farmhouse, he listened to stories of the days of the cruel penal laws or joined in cursing the memory of the brutal yeomanry, whose atrocities preceded the rebellion of '98. He heard extracts read from the *Nation* and ballads sung, all having for their burden the baseness of England, the slavery of Ireland, and the glory of revolution. Brought up on such literary pabulum he entered the college of St. Patrick, at Maynooth, where, amid 500 divinity students of the same class, he passed through his classical and theological studies, and emerged to enter the priesthood with every prejudice of his boyhood strengthened: profoundly ignorant of the world or its political systems, regarding the Church as the divine source of all human power, and himself as the repository of no small portion of her infallibility.

Allocated to a parish he loudly assured the people that in him they had a champion whose tongue and pen would more worthily and effectively secure their interest than would the soft words of their parish priest. The affairs of the surrounding properties were closely watched and the walls of Ballintemple chapel resounded to denunciations of various people for various shortcomings. When Mr. Taylor threatened to evict Michael Garvey who owed four years' rent, Father Halloran, an old friend of the land-

lord, rode over to see what could be done, and pleaded for Garvey, as he had often pleaded for others, until Mr. Taylor promised to consider his case. But next day a long letter signed by Father Morrissey appeared in the local paper, abusing in violent language a man who threatened one of God's creatures with expulsion from his holding. The next Sunday similar denunciations were used from the steps of the altar, and Mr. Taylor was dared to evict a tenant in the face of an indignant people. Of course a threatening letter followed this discourse, which decided Mr. Taylor, and Garvey was evicted.

Transferred to another curacy, his pugnacity manifested itself with enhanced vigour, until having graduated in the stormy squabbles of parochial faction he received his reward in the comfortable parish of Kilnascalp. Troublesome as Father Morrissey has been, he is filled with an honest belief that as his quarrels have always tended to the glory of God, by the assertion of the power of the Church, they must be praiseworthy and right. Of every transaction affecting the relations between landlords and their tenants he has considered himself the censor; and while he has succeeded in disturbing the harmony that existed for many years between the largest proprietor in the parish and his tenants, it must be confessed that he was mainly instrumental in preventing Mr. Moran, the pawnbroker, who purchased a small property near Kilnascalp, from evicting three tenants for non-payment of one year's rent that he had raised 100 per cent.

Cordially disliked by the gentry of the parish, Father Morrissey was cordially disliked them. They are Protestants, and heresy is an abomination to him. They are, to a certain extent, powerful, and power in other hands than his Father Morrissey cannot abide. Between them and him there is not one idea in common in the entire range of metaphysical and material subjects. From the glory of heaven to out-door relief they look at the question from opposite standpoints; and Father Morrissey has no difficulty in adopting the view that to counteract the influence of men benighted by a false religion the end justifies the means. Viewed in this light the entirely unfounded statement made in his sermon, that Mrs. Morrison, of Roundfort, wife of the neighbouring squire, who was in the habit of visiting the houses of her husband's tenants with a view to their improvement, and taking soups and other delicacies to their sick wives or children, had endeavoured to proselytize the women by reading the Bible and leaving blasphemous tracts subversive of the teachings of the Holy Church, may not seem a mere ebullition of meaningless mendacity, for it had the effect of putting a stop to that lady's interference with the poor and the possible increase of her husband's popularity. Not that Father Morrissey himself has ever attended to the physical wants of poor people. Living by the dues collected from even the poorest houses, his own poverty is as much an article of faith as the intercession of saints; and an acknowledgment that the means were more than his necessities would deprive him of the small subscriptions of the many poor that make up so large a portion of his income.

The fiercest battle fought in the parish was at the time of what Father Morrissey called the Bunbury's Exterminations. Six of Mr. Bunbury's tenants lived on holdings so small and so miserable that they could never hope to be anything but paupers. They owed four years' rent, and yet their removal was a problem by no means easy of solution. Ultimately the rent was forgiven; the passage paid of the entire number to America, and a sum of money given in hand to support them on landing until work could be procured. This offer the tenants accepted. But Mr. Bunbury had to meet an opponent who would not have his flock scattered by any landlord however tyrannical. Letters filled the papers depicting the horrors perpetrated upon virtuous and contented people. The dying mother dragged from her bed of damp straw and flung to her wailing children was pictured in vivid phrases, and curses were called down upon the head of one who could so prostitute his power as to destroy a God-fearing people impoverished by his tyranny. Mr. Bunbury could not understand the meaning of this attack. The incidents were purely apocryphal; but that did not prevent his being pelted with stones when he attended the election of a dispensary doctor. Ultimately the tenants emigrated, the six houses were levelled, and six small springs dried up that had helped to feed the stream of the parish dues.

The National school of which he is patron stands close to the chapel grounds and is a source of considerable anxiety to Father Morrissey. He remembers when National schools had not supplanted the hedge school-master and extended educational facilities into every townland. He knows how docile were the wayward and unlettered people to their spiritual directors, and he feels too surely that the mental activity of to-day has seriously diminished his authority. . . . When the Kilnascalp branch of the Ribbon Society debated the proposed rise of Mr. Mulgrave's rents on the hill farms from twelve shillings to sixteen shillings an acre the meeting adjudged him worthy of death, and began to collect subscriptions payable to the gentleman told off to execute the sentence. Father Morrissey determined that a crime so horrible should not be perpetrated if burning words from him could avert it. The next Sunday he spoke openly and passionately on the atrocity of assassination and warned the foolish men who had banded together with the desperate purpose of murdering Mr. Mulgrave that a crime so horrible would not go unpunished. He spoke for Mr. Mulgrave and pointed out that even though these rents were to be raised the tenants had held the farms for many years at a rent below their value, and gave some instances of kindly feeling and charitable action on the part of that gentleman. The following Sunday the congregation was composed entirely of women, and an intimation was conveyed to him that if he did not apologize from the altar for the words he had spoken the men would consider themselves absolved from attendance at chapel or payment of dues. The day of Easter collection came and the money paid amounted

to £3 10s. Father Morrissey recognized the logic of facts and apologized if any words he had spoken had offended the congregation.

After that things went on smoothly as usual until the Fenian conspiracy began to assume serious dimensions. This time he was backed by the power of the Church to the fullest extent, and denounced the Fenian Society by direct authority from Rome. The sacraments of the Church were forbidden to those who belonged to the brotherhood, and its members were formally excommunicated. The young men rose and left the chapel and on the gate he found a notice headed: "No priest in politics," repudiating any deference to him in social or political matters. . . .

Speaking at a canvassing meeting at Kilnascalp he reproached the young men for imagining that they had been deserted by the Sogart-naroon. "No," he said; "your best friend saw that you were engaged in a gallant but hopeless struggle." The time has not come, but it is coming; and when it arrives you will find your priests where they have always been in the time of action—at your head leading you to victory. Once more relations were restored and Father Morrissey spoke of his people as if their souls' desires were in his keeping. But his eyes were opened and he saw with sorrow that the young men had almost shaken themselves free from the teachings of the Church and were fast adopting a Socialist creed. "No priests in politics" had ceased to be a cry, but had become an axiom. Father Morrissey is no Republican. The entire theory of the Church is based upon an attitude of submission to a superior power, and the independence of the lower orders is inimical to the maintenance of a priesthood claiming to rule by divine right. Hating and fearing Socialism, as does Father Morrissey, the propositions embodied in the land agitation of 1879 are diametrically opposed to his principles, and when the agitation began he refused to sanction by his presence its immoral doctrines. But the twice-told tale has again to be repeated. An appeal to a people's cupidity aroused feelings too deep to be restrained by the priest; so now Father Morrissey's voice is heard on many platforms. And once more he resumes his ascendancy, and leads his parishioners as a horse leads the driver who cracks a whip behind him.—*Pictures from Ireland.*
By Terence McGrath.

THE PERIODICALS.

THE Christmas number of *Harper's Magazine* is one of the richest numbers ever issued by any periodical. Opening with a Christmas sketch by Mr. George William Curtis, full of the charm characteristic of this now too infrequent writer, it contains such notable articles as that on "Alfred Tennyson," by Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie; a comedy entitled "The Register," by W.D. Howells; "A Gossip about the West Highlanders," by William Black; short stories, by Charles Reade, Edward Everett Hale, George H. Boughton and Mrs. Pember; poems by Austin Dobson, Frances L. Mace, and Mrs. Dorr, and the first instalment of E. P. Roe's new novel, "Nature's Serial Story." We quote Mr. Austin Dobson's delicious little pastoral lyric, and extracts from Mrs. Ritchie's extremely interesting paper on Tennyson:—

THE MILKMAID.

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

Across the grass I see her pass;
She comes with tripping pace,—
A maid I know,—and March winds blow
Her hair across her face;—
With a hey, Dolly! ho, Dolly!
Dolly shall be mine,
Before the spray is white with May,
Or blooms the eglantine.

The March winds blow. I watch her go:
Her eye is brown and clear;
Her cheek is brown, and soft as down
(To those who see it near!)—
With a hey, etc.

What has she not that they have got,—
The dames that walk in silk!
If she undo her kerchief blue,
Her neck is white as milk.
With a hey, etc.

Let those who will be proud and chill!
For me, from June to June,
My Dolly's words are sweet as curds—
Her laugh is like a tune;—
With a hey, etc.

Break, break to hear, O crocus-spear!
O tall Lent-lilies, flame!
There'll be a bride at Easter-tide,
And Dolly is her name.
With a hey, Dolly! ho, Dolly!
Dolly shall be mine,—
Before the spray is white with May,
Or blooms the eglantine.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Alfred Tennyson was born on the 6th of August, 1809. He has heard many and many a voice calling to him since the time when he listened to the wind as he played alone in his father's garden, or joined the other children at their games and jousts. They were a noble little clan of poets and of knights, coming of a knightly race, with castles to defend, with mimic tournaments to fight. Somersby was so far away from

the world, so behindhand in its echoes (which must have come there softened through all manner of green and tranquil things, and as it were hushed into pastoral silence), that though the early part of the century was stirring with the clang of legions, few of its rumours seem to have reached the children. They never heard at the time of the battle of Waterloo. They grew up together playing their own games, living their own life; and where is such life to be found as that of a happy, eager family of boys and girls before Doubt, the steps of Time, the shocks of Chance, the blows of Death, have come to shake their creed?

Alfred's first verses, so I once heard him say, were written upon a slate which his brother Charles put into his hand one Sunday at Louth, when all the elders of the party were going into church, and the child was left alone. Charles gave him a subject—the flowers in the garden—and when he came back from church little Alfred brought the slate to his brother all covered with written lines of blank verse. They were made on the models of Thomson's "Seasons," the only poetry he had ever read. One can picture it all to one's self, the flowers in the garden, the verses, the little poet with waiting eyes, and the young brother scanning the lines. "Yes, you can write," said Charles, and he gave Alfred back the slate.

I have also heard another story of his grandfather, later on, asking him to write an elegy on his grandmother, who had recently died, and when it was written, putting ten shillings into his hands and saying, "There, that is the first money you have ever earned by your poetry, and, take my word for it, it will be the last."

Alfred Tennyson, as he grew up toward manhood, found other and stronger inspirations than Thomson's gentle "Seasons." Byron's spell had fallen on his generation, and for a boy of genius it must have been absolute and overmastering. Tennyson was soon to find his own voice, but meanwhile he began to write like Byron. He produced poems and verses in profusion and endless abundance: trying his wings, as people say, before starting on his own strong flight. One day the news came to the village—the dire news which spread across the land, filling men's hearts with consternation—that Byron was dead. Alfred was then a boy about fifteen.

"Byron was dead! I thought the whole world was at an end," he once said, speaking of these by-gone days. "I thought everything was over and finished for every one—that nothing else mattered. I remember I walked out alone, and carved 'Byron is dead' into the sand-stone."

One thing which cannot fail to strike us when we are looking over the records of these earlier days is the remarkable influence which Alfred Tennyson seems to have had from the very first upon his contemporaries, even before his genius had been recognized by the rest of the world. Not only those of his own generation, but his elders and masters seem to have felt something of this. I remember long ago hearing one of Tennyson's oldest friends, who has the best right of any to recall the fact, say that "Whewell, who was a man himself, and who knew a man when he saw him," used to pass over in Alfred Tennyson certain informalities and forgetfulness of combinations as to gowns, and places, and times, which in another he would never have overlooked.

Once in their early youth we hear of the two friends, Tennyson and Hallam, travelling in the Pyrenees. This was at the time of the war of early Spanish independence, when many generous young men went over with funds and good energies to help the cause of liberty. These two were taking money, and letters written in invisible ink, to certain conspirators who were then revolting against the intolerable tyranny of Ferdinand, and who were chiefly hiding in the Pyrenees. The young men met, among others, a Senor Ojeda, who confided to Alfred his intentions, which were to *couper la gorge à tous les curés*. Senor Ojeda could not talk English or fully explain all his aspirations. "Mais vous connaissez mon cœur," said he, effusively; and a pretty black one it is, thought the poet. I have heard Alfred described in those days as "straight and with a broad breast," and when he had crossed over from the Continent and was coming back, walking through Wales, he went one day into a little way-side inn, where an old man sat by the fire, who looked up, and asked many questions. "Are you from the army? Not from the army? Then where do you come from?" said the old man. "I am just come from the Pyrenees," said Alfred. "Ah, I knew there was a something," said the wise old man.

John Kemble was among those who had gone over to Spain, and one day a rumour came to distant Somersby that he was to be tried for his life by the Spanish authorities. No one else knew much about him except Alfred Tennyson, who started before dawn to drive across the country in search of some person of authority who knew the consul at Cadiz, and who could send letters of protection to the poor prisoner.

It was a false alarm. John Kemble came home to make a name for himself in other fields. Meanwhile Alfred Tennyson's own reputation was growing, and when the first two volumes of his collected poems were published in 1842, followed by "The Princess" in 1847, his fame spread throughout the land.

Some of the reviews were violent and antagonistic at first. One in particular had tasted blood, and the "Hang, draw, and Quarterly," as it has been called, of those days, having lately cut up "Endymion," now proceeded to demolish Tennyson.

But this was a passing phase. It is curious to note the sudden change in the tone of the criticisms—the absolute surrender of these knights of the pen to the irresistible and brilliant advance of the unknown and visored warrior. The visor is raised now, the face is familiar to us all, but the arms, though tested in a hundred fights, are shining and unconquered still.

The house at Farringford itself seemed like a charmed palace, with green walls without, and speaking walls within. There hung Dante with his solemn nose and wreath; Italy gleamed over the doorways; friends' faces lined the way; books filled the shelves, and a glow of crimson was everywhere; the great oriel drawing-room window was full of green and golden leaves, of the sound of birds and of the distant sea.

The very names of the people who have stood upon the lawn at Farringford would be an interesting study for some future biographer: Longfellow, Maurice, Kingsley, the Duke of Argyll, Locker, Dean Stanley, the Prince Consort. Good Garibaldi once planted a tree there, off which some too ardent republican broke a branch before twenty-four hours had passed. Here came Clough in the last year of his life. Here Mrs. Cameron fixed her lens, marking the well-known faces as they passed: Darwin and Henry Taylor, Watts and Aubrey de Vere, Lecky and Jowett, and a score of others.

I have heard of Mr. Tennyson wandering for days together in the glades round about Lyndhurst. Some people once told me of meeting a mysterious figure in a cloak coming out of a deep glade, passing straight on, looking neither to the right nor the left. "It was either a ghost or it was Mr. Tennyson," said they.

In Sir John Simeon's lifetime there was a constant intercourse between Farringford and Swainston. Sir John was one of Tennyson's most constant companions—a knight of courtesy he calls him in the sad lines written in the garden at Swainston.

"Maud" grew out of a remark of Sir John Simeon's, to whom Mr. Tennyson had read the lines,

"O that 'twere possible
After long grief and pain,"

which lines were, so to speak, the heart of "Maud." Sir John said that it seemed to him as if something were wanting to explain the story of this poem, and so by degrees it all grew. One little story was told me on the authority of Mr. Henry Sidgwick, who was perhaps present on that occasion. Mr. Tennyson was reading the poem to a silent company assembled in the twilight, and when he got to the birds in the high hall garden calling Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud, he stopped short, and asked an authoress who happened to be present what birds these were. The authoress, much alarmed, and feeling that she must speak, and that the eyes of the whole company were upon her, faltered out, "Nightingales, sir." "Pooh," said Tennyson, "what a cockney you are! Nightingales don't say Maud. Rooks do, or something like it. Caw, caw, caw, caw." Then he went on reading.

Reading, is it? One can hardly describe it. It is a sort of mystical incantation, a chant in which every note rises and falls and reverberates again. As we sit around the twilight room at Farringford, with its great oriel-window looking to the garden, across fields of hyacinth and self-sowed daffodils toward the sea, where the waves wash

against the rock, we seem carried by a tide not unlike the ocean's sound; it fills the room, it ebbs and flows away; and when we leave, it is with a strange music in our ears, feeling that we have for the first time, perhaps, heard what we may have read a hundred times before.

Mr. Tennyson works alone in the early hours of the morning, and comes down long after his own frugal meal is over to find his guests assembling round the social breakfast table. He generally goes out for a walk before luncheon, with a son and a friend, perhaps, and followed by a couple of dogs. All Londoners know the look of the stalwart figure and the fine face and broad-brimmed felt hat as he advances.

There is one little ceremony peculiar to the Tennyson family, and reminding one of some college custom, which is, that when dinner is over the guests are brought away into a second room, where stands a white table, upon which fruit and wine are set, and a fire burns bright, and a pleasant hour passes, while the master of the house sits in his carved chair and discourses upon any topic suggested by his guests, or brings forth reminiscences of early Lincolnshire days, or from the facts he remembers out of the lives of past men who have been his friends. There was Rogers, among the rest, for whom he had a great affection, with whom he constantly lived during that lonely time in London. "I have dined alone with him," I heard Mr. Tennyson say, "and we have talked about death till the tears rolled down his face."

Tennyson met Tom Moore at Rogers's, and there, too, he first met Mr. Gladstone. John Forster, Leigh Hunt, and Landor were also friends of that time. One of Tennyson's often companions in those days was Mr. Hallam, whose opinion he once asked of Carlyle's "French Revolution." Mr. Hallam replied, in his quick, rapid way, "Upon my word, I once opened the book, and read four or five pages. The style is so abominable I could not get on with it." Whereas Carlyle's own criticism upon the "History of the Middle Ages" was, "Eh! the poor miserable skeleton of a book!"

It is a gain to the world when people are content to be themselves, not chipped to the smooth pattern of the times, but simple, original, and unaffected in ways and words. Here is a poet leading a poet's life; where he goes there goes the spirit of his home, whether in London among the crowds, or at Aldworth on the lonely height, or at Farringford in that beautiful bay. The last time I went to see him he was smoking in a top room in Eaton Square. It may interest an American public to be told that it was Durham tobacco from North Carolina, which Mr. Lowell had given him. I could not but feel how little even circumstance itself can contribute to that mysterious essence of individuality which we all recognize and love. In this commonplace London room, with all the stucco of Belgravia round about, I found the old dream realized, the old charm of youthful impression. There sat my friend as I had first seen him years ago among the clouds.

FROM December's *St. Nicholas* we quote portions of Mr. Frank R. Stockton's racy story: "Prince Hassak's March."

In the spring of a certain year, long since passed away, Prince Hassak, of Itoby, determined to visit his uncle, the King of Yan.

"Whenever my uncle visited us," said the Prince, "or when my late father went to see him, the journey was always made by sea; and, in order to do this, it was necessary to go in a very roundabout way between Itoby and Yan. Now, I shall do nothing of this kind. It is beneath the dignity of a prince to go out of his way on account of capes, peninsulas, and promontories. I shall march from my palace to that of my uncle in a straight line. I shall go across the country, and no obstacle shall cause me to deviate from my course. Mountains and hills shall be tunneled, rivers shall be bridged, houses shall be levelled; a road shall be cut through forests; and, when I have finished my march, the course over which I have passed shall be a mathematically straight line. Thus will I show to the world that, when a prince desires to travel, it is not necessary for him to go out of his way on account of obstacles."

Prince Hassak selected from the schools of his city five boys and five girls, and took them with him. He wished to show them how, when a thing was to be done, the best way was to go straight ahead and do it, turning aside for nothing.

"When they grow up they will teach these things to their children," said he; "and thus I will instil good principles unto my people."

The first day Prince Hassak marched over a level country, with no further trouble than that occasioned by the tearing down of fences and walls, and the destruction of a few cottages and barns. After encamping for the night, they set out the next morning, but had not marched many miles before they came to a rocky hill, on the top of which was a handsome house, inhabited by a Jolly-cum-pop.

"Your Highness," said the course-marker, "in order to go in a direct line we must make a tunnel through this hill, immediately under the house. This may cause the building to fall in, but the rubbish can be easily removed."

"Let the men go to work," said the Prince. "I will dismount from my horse, and watch the proceedings."

When the Jolly-cum-pop saw the party halt before his house, he hurried out to pay his respects to the Prince. When he was informed of what was to be done, the Jolly-cum-pop could not refrain from laughing aloud.

"I never heard," he said, "of such a capital idea. It is so odd and original. It will be very funny, I am sure, to see a tunnel cut right under my house."

The miners and rock-splitters now began to work at the base of the hill, and then the Jolly-cum-pop made a proposition to the Prince.

"It will take your men some time," he said, "to cut this tunnel, and it is a pity your Highness should not be amused in the meantime. It is a fine day: suppose we go into the forest and hunt."

This suited the Prince very well, for he did not care about sitting under a tree and watching his workmen, and the Jolly-cum-pop having sent for his horse and some bows and arrows, the whole party with the exception of the labourers, rode toward the forest, a short distance away.

"What shall we find to hunt?" asked the Prince of the Jolly-cum-pop.

"I really do not know," exclaimed the latter, "but we'll hunt whatever we happen to see—deer, small birds, rabbits, griffins, rhinoceroses, anything that comes along. I feel as gay as a skipping grasshopper. My spirits rise like a soaring bird. What a joyful thing it is to have such a splendid hunt on such a glorious day!"

The gay and happy spirits of the Jolly-cum-pop affected the whole party, and they rode merrily through the forest; but they found no game; and, after an hour or two, they emerged into the open country again. At a distance, on a slight elevation, stood a large and massive building.

"I am hungry and thirsty," said the Prince, "and perhaps we can get some refreshments at yonder house. So far, this has not been a very fine hunt."

"No," cried the Jolly-cum-pop, "not yet. But what a joyful thing to see a hospitable mansion just at the moment when we begin to feel a little tired and hungry!"

The building they were approaching belonged to a Potentate, who lived at a great distance. In some of his travels he had seen this massive house, and thought it would make a good prison. He accordingly bought it, fitted it up as a gaol, and appointed a jailer and three myrmidons to take charge of it. This had occurred years before, but no prisoners had ever been sent to this gaol. A few days preceding the Jolly-cum-pop's hunt, the Potentate had journeyed this way, and had stopped at his gaol. After enquiring into its condition, he had said to the jailer:

"It is now fourteen years since I appointed you to this place, and in all that time there have been no prisoners, and you and your men have been drawing your wages without doing anything. I shall return this way in a few days, and if I still find you idle I shall discharge you all and close the gaol."

This filled the jailer with great dismay, for he did not wish to lose his good situation. When he saw the Prince and his party approaching, the thought struck him that perhaps he might make prisoners of them, and so not be found idle when the Potentate returned. He came out to meet the hunters, and when they asked if they could here find refreshments, he gave them a most cordial welcome. His men took their horses,

and, inviting them to enter, he showed each member of the party into a small bedroom, of which there seemed to be a great many.

"Here are water and towels," he said to each one, "and when you have washed your faces and hands, your refreshments will be ready." Then, going out, he locked the door on the outside.

The party numbered seventeen: the Prince, three courtiers, five boys, five girls, the course-marker, the map-maker, and the Jolly-cum-pop. The heart of the jailer was joyful; seventeen inmates was something to be proud of. He ordered his myrmidons to give the prisoners a meal of bread and water through the holes in their cell-doors, and then he sat down to make his report to the Potentate.

"They must all be guilty of crimes," he said to himself, "which are punished by long imprisonment. I don't want any of them executed."

So he numbered his prisoners from one to seventeen, according to the cell each happened to be in, and he wrote a crime opposite each number. The first was highway robbery, the next forgery, and after that followed treason, smuggling, barn-burning, bribery, poaching, usury, piracy, witchcraft, assault and battery, using false weights and measures, burglary, counterfeiting, robbing hen-roosts, conspiracy, and poisoning his grandmother by proxy.

This report was scarcely finished when the Potentate returned. He was very much surprised to find that seventeen prisoners had come in since his previous visit, and he read the report with interest.

"It seems to me that a great many of your prisoners are very young."

"It is best to take them young, my Lord," said the jailer. "They are very hard to catch when they grow up."

The Potentate then looked in at the Jolly-cum-pop, and asked what was his offence.

"Conspiracy," was the answer.

"And where are the other conspirators?"

"There was only one," said the jailer.

The Prince and his party had been very much surprised and incensed when they found that they could not get out of their rooms, and they had kicked and banged and shouted until they were tired, but the jailer had informed them that they were to be confined there for years; and when the Potentate arrived they had resigned themselves to despair. The Jolly-cum-pop, however, was affected in a different way. It seemed to him the most amusing joke in the world that a person should deliberately walk into a prison-cell and be locked up for several years; and he lay down on his little bed and laughed himself to sleep.

That night one of the boys sat at his iron-barred window, wide awake. He was a Truant, and had never yet been in any place from which he could not run away. He felt that his school-fellows depended upon him to run away and bring them assistance, and he knew that his reputation as a Truant was at stake. His responsibility was so heavy that he could not sleep, and he sat at the window, trying to think of a way to get out. After some hours the moon arose, and by its light he saw upon the grass, not far from his window, a number of pigwidgeons, a kind of fairy, about six inches high. They were standing around a flat stone, and seemed to be making calculations on it with a piece of chalk. At this sight, the heart of the Truant jumped for joy. "Fairies can do anything," he said to himself, "and these certainly can get us out." On his urging them in a loud whisper to come to his relief, they approached the prison and, clambering up a vine, soon reached his window sill. The Truant now told his mournful tale, to which the pigwidgeons listened very attentively; and then, after a little consultation among themselves, one of them said: "We will get you out if you will tell us how to divide five-sevenths by six."

The poor Truant was silent for an instant, and then he said: "That is not the kind of thing I am good at, but I expect some of the other fellows could tell you easily enough. Our windows must be all in a row, and you can climb up and ask some of them; and if any one tells you, will you get us all out?"

"Yes," said the pigwidgeon who had spoken before, "We will do that, for we are very anxious to know how to divide five-sevenths by six. We have been working at it for four or five days, and there won't be anything worth dividing if we wait much longer."

The pigwidgeons now began to descend the vine; but one of them lingering a little, the Truant, who had a great deal of curiosity, asked him what it was they had to divide.

"There were eight of us," the pigwidgeon answered, "who helped a farmer's wife, and she gave us a pound of butter. She did not count us properly, and divided the butter into seven parts. We did not notice this at first, but two of the party, who were obliged to go away a distance, took their portions and departed, and now we cannot divide among six the five-sevenths that remain."

"That is a pretty hard thing," said the Truant, "but I am sure some of the boys can tell you how to do it."

The pigwidgeons visited the four next cells, which were occupied by four boys, but not one of them could tell how to divide five-sevenths by six. The Prince was questioned, but he did not know; and neither did the course-marker, nor the map-maker. It was not until they came to the cell of the oldest girl that they received an answer. She was good at mental arithmetic; and, after a minute's thought, she said, "it would be five forty-seconds."

"Good!" cried the pigwidgeons. "We will divide the butter into forty-two parts, and each take five. And now let us go to work and cut these bars."

Three of the six pigwidgeons were workers in iron, and they had their little files and saws in pouches by their sides. They went to work manfully, and the others helped them, and before morning one bar was cut in each of the seventeen windows. The cells were all on the ground floor, and it was quite easy for the prisoners to clamber out. That is, it was easy for all but the Jolly-cum-pop. He had laughed so much in his life that he had grown quite fat, and he found it impossible to squeeze himself through the opening made by the removal of one window-bar. The sixteen other persons had all departed; the pigwidgeons had hurried away to divide their butter into forty-two parts, and the Jolly-cum-pop still remained in his cell, convulsed with laughter at the idea of being caught in such a curious predicament.

The Prince's party was soon in a doleful plight. Every one was very hungry; they were in an open plain, no house was visible, and they knew not which way to go. It would be difficult to find sixteen more miserable people than the Prince and his companions when they awoke the next morning from their troubled sleep on the hard ground. Nearly starved to death, they gazed at one another with feelings of despair.

"I feel," said the Prince, in a weak voice, "that there is nothing I would not do to obtain food. I would willingly become a slave if my master would give me a good breakfast."

"So would I," ejaculated each one of the others.

About an hour after this, as they were all sitting disconsolately upon the ground, they saw, slowly approaching, a large cart drawn by a pair of oxen. On the front of the cart, which seemed to be heavily loaded, sat a man, with a red beard, reading a book. The boys, when they saw the cart, set up a feeble shout, and the man, lifting his eyes from his book, drove directly toward the group on the ground. Dismounting, he approached Prince Hassak, who immediately told him his troubles and implored relief. "We will do anything," said the Prince, "to obtain food."

The man with the red beard had upon his brow the marks of earnest thought. Standing for a minute in a reflective mood, he addressed the Prince in a slow, meditative manner: "How would you like," he said, "to form a nucleus?"

"Can we get anything to eat by it?" eagerly asked the Prince.

"Yes," replied the man, "you can."

"We'll do it!" immediately cried the whole sixteen, without waiting for further information.

"Which will you do first," said the man, "listen to my explanations, or eat!"

"Eat!" cried the entire sixteen in chorus.

The man now produced from his cart a quantity of bread, meat, wine, and other provisions, which he distributed generously, but judiciously, to the hungry Prince and

his followers. Everyone had enough, but no one had too much. And soon, revived and strengthened, they felt like new beings.

"Now," said the Prince, "we are ready to form a nucleus, as we promised. How is it done?"

"I will explain the matter to you in a few words," said the man with the red beard and the thoughtful brow. "For a long time I have been desirous to found a city. In order to do this one must begin by forming a nucleus. Every great city is started from a nucleus. I am very glad to have found you and that you are willing to enter into my plan; and this seems a good spot for us to settle upon."

"What is the first thing to be done?" said the Prince.

"We must all go to work," said the man with the red beard, "build dwellings, and also a schoolhouse for these young people. Then we must till some ground in the suburbs, and lay the foundations, at least, of a few public buildings."

"All this will take a good while, will it not?" said the Prince.

"Yes," said the man, "it will take a good while; and the sooner we set about it the better."

When the jailer looked into his cells in the morning, and found that all but one of his prisoners had escaped, he was utterly astounded, and his face, when the Jolly-cum-pop saw him, made that individual roar with laughter. The jailer, however, was a man accustomed to deal with emergencies. "You need not laugh," he said, "every thing shall go on as before, and I shall take no notice of the absence of your companions. You are now numbers One to Seventeen inclusive, and you stand charged with highway robbery, forgery, treason, smuggling, barn-burning, bribery, poaching, usury, piracy, witchcraft, assault and battery, using false weights and measures, burglary, counterfeiting, robbing hen-roosts, conspiracy, and poisoning your grandmother by proxy. I intended to-day to dress the convicts in prison garb, and you shall immediately be so clothed."

"I shall require seventeen suits," said the Jolly-cum-pop.

"Yes," said the jailer, "they shall be furnished."

"And seventeen rations a day," said the Jolly-cum-pop.

"Certainly," replied the jailer.

"This is luxury," roared the Jolly-cum-pop. "I shall spend my whole time in eating and putting on clean clothes."

Seventeen large prison suits were now brought to the Jolly-cum-pop. He put on one and hung up the rest in his cell. These suits were half bright yellow and half bright green, with spots of bright red, as big as saucers.

The jailer now had doors cut from one cell to another. "If the Potentate comes here and wants to look at the prisoners," he said to the Jolly-cum-pop, "you must appear in cell number One, so that he can look through the hole in the door, and see you; then as he walks along the corridor, you must walk through the cells, and whenever he looks into a cell, you must be there."

"He will think," merrily replied the Jolly-cum-pop, "that all your prisoners are very fat, and that the little girls have grown up into big men."

"I will endeavour to explain that," said the jailer.

For several days the Jolly-cum-pop was highly amused at the idea of his being seventeen criminals, and he would sit first in one cell and then in another, trying to look like a ferocious pirate, a hard-hearted usurer, or a mean-spirited chicken thief, and laughing heartily at his failures. But, after a time, he began to tire of this, and to have a strong desire to see what sort of a tunnel the Prince's miners and rock-splitters were making under his house. "I had hoped," he said to himself, "that I should pine away in confinement, and so be able to get through the window-bars; but with nothing to do, and seventeen rations a day, I see no hope of that. But I must get out of this gaol, and, as there seems no other way, I will revolt." Thereupon he shouted to the jailer through the hole in the door of his cell: "We have revolted! We have risen in a body, and have determined to resist your authority, and break gaol!"

When the jailer heard this, he was greatly troubled, "Do not proceed to violence," he said; "let us parley."

"Very well," replied the Jolly-cum-pop, "but you must open the cell door. We cannot parley through a hole."

The jailer thereupon opened the cell door, and the Jolly-cum-pop, having wrapped sixteen suits of clothes around his left arm as a shield, and holding in his right hand the iron bar which had been cut from his window, stepped boldly into the corridor, and confronted the jailer and his myrmidons.

"It will be useless for you to resist," he said. "You are but four, and we are seventeen. If you had been wise you would have made us all cheating shop-keepers, chicken-thieves, or usurers. Then you might have been able to control us; but when you see before you a desperate highwayman, a daring smuggler, a blood-thirsty pirate, a wily poacher, a powerful ruffian, a reckless burglar, a bold conspirator, and a murderer by proxy, you will may tremble."

The jailer and his myrmidons looked at each other in dismay.

"We sigh for no blood," continued the Jolly-cum-pop, "and will readily agree to terms. We will give you your choice: Will you allow us to honourably surrender, and peacefully disperse to our homes, or shall we rush upon you in a body, and, after overpowering you by numbers, set fire to the gaol, and escape through the crackling timbers of the burning pile?"

The jailer reflected for a minute. "It would be better, perhaps," he said, "that you should surrender and disperse to your homes."

The Jolly-cum-pop agreed to these terms, and the great gate being opened, he marched out in good order. "Now," said he to himself, "the thing for me to do is to get home as fast as I can, or that jailer may change his mind." But, being in a great hurry, he turned the wrong way, and walked rapidly into a country unknown to him.

* * * * *

The Jolly-cum-pop now set out again, but he walked a long distance without seeing any person or any house. Toward the close of the afternoon he stopped, and, looking back, he saw coming toward him a large party of foot travellers. In a few moments, he perceived that the person in advance was the jailer. At this the Jolly-cum-pop could not restrain his merriment. "How comically it has all turned out!" he exclaimed. "Here I've taken all this trouble and tired myself out, and eaten butter without bread, and the jailer comes now, with a crowd of people, and takes me back. I might as well have staid where I was. Ha! Ha!"

The jailer now left his party and came running toward the Jolly-cum-pop. "I pray you, sir," he said, bowing very low, "do not cast us off."

"Who are you all?" asked the Jolly-cum-pop, looking with much surprise at the jailer's companions, who were now quite near.

"We are myself, my three myrmidons, and our wives and children. Our situations were such good ones that we married long ago, and our families lived in the upper stories of the prison. But when all the convicts had left we were afraid to remain, for, should the Potentate again visit the prison, he would be disappointed and enraged at finding no prisoners, and would, probably, punish us grievously. So we determined to follow you, and to ask you to let us go with you, wherever you are going. I wrote a report, which I fastened to the great gate, and in it I stated that sixteen of the convicts escaped by the aid of outside confederates, and that seventeen of them mutinied in a body and broke gaol."

"That report," laughed the Jolly-cum-pop, "your Potentate will not readily understand."

"If I were there," said the jailer, "I could explain it to him; but, as it is, he must work it out for himself."

"Have you anything to eat with you?" asked the Jolly-cum-pop.

"Oh, yes," said the jailer, "we brought provisions."

"Well, then, I gladly take you under my protection. Let us have supper. I have had nothing to eat since morning but thirty forty-seconds of a pound of butter."

The Jolly-cum-pop and his companions slept that night under some trees, and

started off early the next morning. "If I could only get myself turned in the proper direction," said he, "I believe we should soon reach my house."

The Prince, his courtiers, the boys and girls, the course-marker, and the map-maker worked industriously for several days at the foundations of their city. They dug the ground, they carried stones, they cut down trees. This work was very hard for all of them, for they were not used to it. After a few days' labour, the Prince said to the man with the red beard, who was reading his book: "I think we have now formed a nucleus. Any one can see that this is intended to be a city."

"No," said the thoughtful man, shading his brow with a green umbrella, "nothing is truly a nucleus until something is gathered around it. Proceed with your work, while I continue my studies upon civil government."

Towards the close of that day the red-bearded man raised his eyes from his book and beheld the Jolly-cum-pop and his party approaching. "Hurrah!" he cried, "we are already attracting settlers!" And he went forth to meet them.

The next morning the Prince said to the red-bearded man: "Others have gathered around us. We have formed a nucleus, and thus have done all that we promised to do. We shall now depart."

The man objected strongly to this, but the Prince paid no attention to his words. "What troubles me most," he said to the Jolly-cum-pop, "is the disgraceful condition of our clothes. They have been so torn and soiled during our unaccustomed work that they are not fit to be seen."

"As for that," said the Jolly-cum-pop, "I have sixteen suits with me, in which you can all dress, if you like. They are of unusual patterns, but they are new and clean."

"It is better," said the Prince, "for persons in my station to appear inordinately gay than to be seen in rags and dirt. We will accept your clothes."

Thereupon the Prince and each of the others put on a prison dress of bright green and yellow, with large red spots.

"As we do not know in which way we should go," said the Prince, "one way will be as good as another, and if we can find a road let us take it; it will be easier walking."

In an hour or two they found a road and they took it. After journeying the greater part of the day, they reached the top of a low hill, over which the road ran, and saw before them a glittering sea and the spires and houses of a city.

"It is the city of Yan," said the course-marker.

"That is true," said the Prince; "and as we go so near, we may as well go there."

The astonishment of the people of Yan, when this party, dressed in bright green and yellow, with red spots, passed through their streets, was so great that the Jolly-cum-pop roared with laughter. This set the boys and girls and all the people laughing, and the sounds of merriment became so uproarious that when they reached the palace the King came out to see what was the matter. What he thought when he saw his nephew in his fantastic guise, accompanied by what seemed to be sixteen other lunatics, cannot now be known; but, after hearing the Prince's story, he took him into an inner apartment, and thus addressed him: "My dear Hassak: The next time you pay me a visit, I beg that, for your sake and my own, you will come in the ordinary way. You have sufficiently shown to the world that, when a Prince desires to travel, it is often necessary for him to go out of his way on account of obstacles."

"My dear uncle," replied Hassak, "your words shall not be forgotten."

After a pleasant visit of a few weeks, the Prince and his party (in new clothes) returned (by sea) to Itoby, whence the Jolly-cum-pop soon repaired to his home. There he found the miners and rock-splitters still at work at the tunnel, which had now penetrated half way through the hill on which stood his house. "You may go home," he said, "for the Prince has changed his plans. I will put a door to this tunnel, and it will make a splendid cellar in which to keep my wines and provisions."

WE welcome to our table *The American Queen*, which under its new management is making rapid strides. It is one of the most readable and fresh of the society journals, fashioned to some extent on the lines of the most successful English papers of its class. It makes a feature of crisp paragraphs of comment upon current events. But most notable is it for its series of society portraits, from the pencil of Mr. Frank Fowler, drawn in crayon or charcoal. Among the portraits already presented are those of the Marchioness of Lansdowne, and the beautiful American girl, Miss Chamberlain. It is said the leading society women of New York and Boston will be portrayed, which will certainly create abundant interest in the journal. One feels curious to know just what the ladies most deeply concerned themselves think of the scheme.

BOOK NOTICES.

AN AMBITIOUS WOMAN. By Edgar Fawcett. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

As this novel drew near its completion in the *New York Tribune* there were many surmises as to whether it were going to prove the novel of American life which every one professes to be looking for, yet unable to find. To us the search seems an idle one. Who is so amiably sanguine as to expect that his vision will ever be blessed with the sight of a novel whose superiority over all its predecessors will be so distinctly marked, so indisputable, as at once to compel the united homage of the myriad American critics of myriad mind? It does seem to us that Mr. Fawcett's novel may, with little risk of serious dispute, be designated as the best novel of New York society. The tone, colour, atmosphere, surroundings, characteristic of this society are rendered with such unhesitating accuracy; every stroke is so adequate, needing no blundering repetition; the story is so well wrought; the actors so skilfully deployed; the interest so strong and sustained; that we feel no hesitation in saying that we have before us the most successful work yet done in this field. Mr. Fawcett has a singular felicity of phrase and epithet, and a piquant way of saying things sentence. His wit is keen, and in its utterance terse. His humour is somewhat shy, somewhat fastidious, making its appearance but seldom and never calling forth more than an exceedingly well-pleased smile. His descriptive power is great; by a few effective touches, subtle and poetic in

their sympathy, he paints a scene so potently real and vivid as to suggest spontaneously all the details not in actual word recorded. After reading this story, the poor, crude, cheap, cold brick cottage in the suburbs, the bleak winds off the ice-burdened flood of East River, the vulgar, chiding wife, the lumpy oppressive heat and knife-like chill in the meagre room, the quarrel, the ill-cooked meal left standing untouched—these become a past bitter experience of one's own, lightened only by the deep love between the child and the brave but unfortunate father. Then the sordid life amid the dirty sidewalks, foul gutters, battered beer-shops, and irredeemable ugliness of Green Point, and the pitiful end, followed by the solitary, desperate flight of Claire, all cut themselves ineffaceably in the memory. The later scenes, in sharpest of contrast with these, are almost equally vivid. Perhaps the only fault one can find with the construction of the story is a too rapid shifting of the scenes, which rather causes the reader to look in upon the results of progressive change in Claire's mental and moral attitude, as she pursues her ambition, than suffers him to watch the actual development. This may not be a fault at all, however. It certainly conduces to the swift movement of the plot. The character of Claire is a strange and unique creation. Her bloodlessness and hardness in ordinary life bring the ardent devotion she inspires in clear-headed friends just to the verge, perhaps, of the incomprehensible. On second thought, though, the remembrance of her fascinating beauty demolishes this criticism. Yet it seems almost unnatural that the heartless mother should have dropped so completely out of the daughter's mind in the days of the latter's prosperity. We can sympathize with Claire in that she was unable to forgive her mother; we can hardly pardon her ability to forget her. Mrs. Twining, small as is the part she fills in the story, is one of the most powerfully conceived and perfectly drawn of all Mr. Fawcett's characters. She is one of the finest achievements among the minor characters of modern fiction. Mrs. Rideway Lee is a daring and original creation; and Mrs. Diggs, with her mental alertness on every subject under the sun with the exception of "poor Manhattan's" weakness, is inimitable. Mr. Fawcett's genius is however nowhere more manifest than in the unexpected *denouement*, taking place within some nine or ten pages of the end, whereby Claire's heart is awakened, and her character redeemed, by sudden realization of her husband's strength and nobility, and by the deep love for him which leaps into being out of the ruins of her selfish ambition and arrogant self-conceit.

MEMORIES OF CANADA AND SCOTLAND. By the Right Hon. the Marquis of Lorne. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

When one so prominent by position as Lord Lorne becomes a candidate for literary honours, he need hardly expect to hear many impartial Canadian judgments passed upon his work. What Mr. Arnold calls the personal estimate is apt to persuade the critic in one direction or the other. If the critic have a slight *tendresse* for imported Governors-General, if the glitter of rank and title be somewhat dazzling to his vision—nay, if his natural love and enthusiasm for the Mother Country be combined with nothing more objectionable than an honest satisfaction with our present colonial standing, he will be ready to see a good deal more virtue in this volume than can be extracted from it. If, on the other hand, to his sensitive democratic nostrils, whatever proceeds from an aristocracy be offensive,—if he cannot, without compromising his dignity, discover any good in an Earl, then the Marquis's work runs risk of gaining an equally erroneous verdict. Unmitigated abuse and unstinted gush are alike uncalled for by this modest volume. It consists of speeches made by his Lordship during his administration, a number of original poems upon Canadian and Scotch subjects, and some metrical translations from the Gaelic. The speeches have some merit, chiefly negative. They answered effectually the purposes for which they were intended, and no one would have called attention to their deficiencies had not they received a fictitious importance by being collected and preserved. They are not provocative of discussion, or apt to challenge criticism, or even, as a rule, very readable in their lightness. They lack originality, freshness, pith, fibre, but they are natural and unaffected. They breathe their author's sincere and cordial enthusiasm for Canada. And when they rather hopelessly fail to catch the real spirit of the Canadian people, it must be remembered that his Lordship's facilities for observing this were not great. One marked excellence they display whenever its presence is permissible—a manly, wholesome, and sunny humour characteristic of their author. Upon the poetical portion of the volume we are disposed to set a somewhat higher value than upon the speeches. Without containing anything that could justify a claim to genius on the part of Lord Lorne, these poems frequently possess a quiet dignity and sweetness of diction such as are seen in the stanzas on Quebec. They evidence health of mind and body, sincere delight in out-door freedom and beauty of Nature, and for the most part careful workmanship. There are occasional lines and

stanzas of real strength, but strength is by no means characteristic of this verse, which too often fails to rise above common-place, and is seldom crisp, firm or incisive. Metrical grace and ease are the rule with Lord Lorne's work. Without definiteness of vision he is sometimes sympathetically picturesque, even imaginative.

"When day
Lights the pale torture of the gulf profound—"

is a strong utterance from the very far from feeble sonnet on Niagara. The following from "Quebec" is a fine, resonant, colourful stanza:—

"And when afar the forests flushed
In falling swathes of fire, there soared
Dark clouds where muttering thunder roared,
And mounting vapours lurid rushed
While a metallic lustre flew
Upon the vivid verdure's hue,
Before the blasts and rain forth poured,
And slow o'er mighty landscapes drew
The grandest pageant of the Lord."

Two stanzas from the pleasant "River Rhymes" will serve as an instance of excellence and defect. The italicized lines are imaginative. The whole extract is suggestive; but the last line is inadequate and out of tune:—

"Plunged the salmon, waging feud
'Gainst the jewelled insect-brood;
From aerial solitude
An eagle's shadow crossed the wood.

Flapped the heron, and the grey
Haleyon talked from cedar's spray,
Drummed the partridge far away;—
Ah! could we choose to live as they!"

Lord Lorne has little aptness of epithet; and judging from the above quotation he has failed to observe that the peculiar reverberating notes of the king-fisher are not uttered when the bird is perching, but when he is on the wing.

FROM Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia, we receive a volume of Hawley Smart's "Two Kisses." The story is one which aims to be snappy and lively at all hazards. It succeeds in this aim fairly well. It is perhaps fortunate that the author had not a higher ambition, as he gives no evidence that could lead us to suspect he would ever have attained it.

It is a delightfully fair and substantial little volume which comes to us from Messrs. Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. under the title of "Hymns and Spiritual Songs for Every Day." The collection has been made by the Rev. J. C. Ryle, D.D., Bishop of Liverpool. Its poetical quality is not quite as high as that of other volumes of devotional verse issued by this firm, but its religious fervour is simple and natural. Here, as in most of the devotional verse of the day, religious fervour has to compensate for lack of almost all other qualities desirable in song.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

MISS MARGARET MATHER, judged by her performances at Toronto is a graceful, sweet and altogether pleasing actress. More or less it would not be just to say. Her part in "As You Like It" is better suited to her powers than one of high passion. At the Saturday matinée she drew, in spite of adverse criticism, a house so full that many had to stand, and their restlessness made it difficult to hear at a short distance from the stage. *Touchstone* managed to make his good things heard. Anyone who has the part of *Jacques* is rather to be pitied. Shakspeare was a great poet in the general sense as well as a great dramatist, and occasionally he recedes, as it were, into pure poetry. He does this in "Hamlet," whose character is one of reflection rather than of action, and one which he who has sensibility enough to feel, would hardly have nerve enough to represent. The character of *Jacques* belongs to the same class. The soliloquy in "Hamlet" ought to be *thought*, not declaimed, as it almost always is; and the same thing may be said of the musings of *Jacques*. The thoughts and language of Shakspeare, however, are such that, provided the actor speaks clearly, you may be pleased although you shut your eyes.

It is said that Madame Patti's boudoir-car is to cost \$63,000.

THE Abbé Liszt has been engaged for years in the preparation of a great work on the technique of the pianoforte. He has it now nearly completed.

MOLIERE once said: "My life is a sad comedy in five thousand acts. It is very droll to the people in front; but it is bitter to the man behind the scenes."

COL. MAPLESON said to a reporter the other morning, in an interview concerning Patti's performance of "Aida":—"I noticed that one critic used very harsh language in criticizing what he calls the 'abominable cadenza she thought fit to introduce.' I wonder whether it would surprise the writer to learn that the 'abominable cadenza' was written by Verdi himself. Madame Patti has the original manuscript and will, I am sure, be happy to show it to her intelligent critic."

LITERARY GOSSIP.

IN the January number of the *English Illustrated Magazine* Mr. Henry James will have a paper on Matthew Arnold.

"Q. P. INDEX" has published an index to Vols. 193-268 of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and Vols. 1-21 of the *Nouvelle Revue*.

It is reported that a new novel by Mr. F. Marion Crawford was refused by MacMillan & Co., of London, on the ground that it was immoral.

At the meeting of "The Canadian Institute" on Saturday evening last, Mr. T. B. Browning, M.A., read a paper on "England's Oldest Colony."

UNLESS we greatly mistake, William Black's "Judith Shakespeare" is the only serial by a foreign author announced in any of the leading American magazines.

It is rumoured that Mr. George Stewart, jr., will be the next president of that long established and honourable body, the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec.

It is a strange freak of nature to see the tree of science bearing a branch of song. Professor Huxley has a son who contributes verse to a recent number of *Temple Bar*.

MR. W. H. MALLOCK, author of "Is Life Worth Living," and that brilliant "The New Republic," will stand for Parliament this winter. He is a Roman Catholic and a Conservative.

MRS. SHULTE, of Newark, N. J., formerly Miss Mary MacColl, of Kingston, Ont., and so well and favourably known to Canadians as the author of "Bide a Wee, and other Poems," is engaged in writing a novel.

THE December number of that excellent periodical, the *Magazine of American History*, contains four historical essays on Christmas and its observance in various parts of America. One of the papers is "Christmas-tide in Canada," by Mr. John Reade, of Montreal.

MOST skilfully has the anonymity of "The Bread-winners" been preserved, and employed to advertise the story. Col. John Hay has been suggested as the author, also Mr. Charles DeKay, Mr. Horace Scuddon, and lastly Mr. L. E. Curtis, of the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*. "The Gossip" will be surprised if any of these guesses prove correct, unless it be the last.

MESSRS. DAWSON BROS. have in press a new volume, by Mr. J. G. Bourinot on "Parliamentary Procedure." Its scope is said to be different from that of Dr. Alpheus Todd's work, in that it is strictly practical and designed for the use of Members and all who require acquaintance with Parliamentary usage. It will apparently be something after the fashion of Sir Erskine May's work.

"THE GOSSIP" cannot but hail with pleasure the information that the same firm is about to issue a new edition of Mr. S. E. Dawson's delightful "Study of 'The Princess.'" This edition is to have a new preface, and will also contain a long letter from Tennyson himself, in which he sets the seal of his emphatic approval upon Mr. Dawson's critical judgments. The work has received very cordial attention from the English and American press.

THE *Critic* tells of Whittier's colour-blindness. A fire having somewhat damaged the wall-paper in one of the rooms at Oak Knoll he thought to match it with a new piece which was neatly pasted on the wall to his great admiration and the amusement of his family. He had matched a delicate green vine with one of gorgeous crimson hue. Owing to this defect of vision, light and shade please him better than variety or depth of colour.

No. 42 of the "Rose Library" Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co. purpose making a premium number. It will contain a sketch of the life of Lord Lansdowne, by Mr. J. E. Collins, and will be accompanied by a large and well executed lithograph of His Excellency. "The Gossip," bearing in mind the attitude of Mr. Collins toward Governors-General, as displayed in his late work on Sir John Macdonald and his times, is somewhat curious to observe from what standpoint Lord Lansdowne will here be viewed.

Two devotees of the Lake School, just returned from a pilgrimage to the lakes, met recently and began to compare impressions. One asked the

other which of the lakes had most pleased him. "Oh, Keswick, certainly," was the answer. "Well, for my part," said the first speaker, "I don't think nearly so much of that as Derwentwater." "But the two are identical," said his companion. "I know they are," returned the other, testily, "but one is much more identical than the other."

MESSRS. HUNTER, ROSE & Co. have in press a complete edition of the poetical works, in English, of Mr. Evan MacColl. It contains "The Mountain Minstrel," or poems of early life, and Mr. MacColl's later volume of "Poems, Songs and Sonnets," written in Canada. The complete edition is in one handsome 8vo volume of about 400 pages. Mr. MacColl is also bringing out, through the same firm, a third edition of his "Clarsack Nam Beann," or poems and songs in Gaelic. Hugh Miller has said of Mr. MacColl's verse—"In point, glitter, polish, he is the Moore of Highland song."

It is said by a writer in the Boston *Transcript* that Mr. G. W. Cable forfeited his first literary position (on the New Orleans *Picayune*) through conscientious scruples against attending a theatre and critically reporting the performance. "It seems, too, he had conscientious scruples against putting his thought into stories till a perusal of George Macdonald's work converted him without injuring him as a good member of the Presbyterian persuasion, to which he still belongs." Mr. Whittier has written a cordial congratulatory letter to Mr. Cable, whom he thinks to be the writer long expected and desired from the South.

"THE GOSSIP" does not offer the following extract as being in the smallest degree connected with literature, but for the purpose of calling attention to its sacriligious freedom of tone. It is taken from the New York *Independent*. "Queen Victoria's particular vanity in comestibles is the baked apple, of which healthful dish she eats almost daily. To English walnuts, prepared in a particularly delicate style, Her Majesty is also partial. So far as we recollect, the Queen has never yet had a photograph taken of herself while regaling the inner sovereign with either a fresh baked apple or a large walnut. Undoubtedly such a picture would give great delight to her loving subjects and a royal excuse for a sitting."

MR. CHARLES E. PASCOE, writing of London publishers, in a late number of the *New York Critic*, thus outlines the present possessor of the famous name of Murray:—"Every one who has read Byron knows of Mr. Murray. The present gentleman of that name is a very great personage in the London publishing trade. For some years he has managed to hold so completely aloof from his fellows in the same business that he now enjoys a splendid reputation. The majority of the publishers of London have never set eyes on Mr. Murray, nor he on the majority of London publishers. In manner he is polite and dignified, in appearance exceedingly correct and gentlemanlike, and in speech a man who never says two words when one will do. If not exactly by the will of his rivals, at least by their tacit consent, he is chief of the London publishers. He governs from afar, taking no part in the occasional petty warfares of his tribe, and discovering no more interest in the welfare of London publishers than if such persons never existed."

"R. KEMBLE, of London," in a letter to *Harper's Weekly*, laughs at the blunder, which was certainly rather rich, of a writer in a recent English review, who argued the superiority of Browning over Tennyson from the beauty of Tennyson's lines beginning "Flower in the crannied wall," etc., under the impression that the lines were by Browning, and he adds:—"I only remember two examples of such a complete fiasco as this; a notice in *The Quarterly*, by Hallam, of some rival scholar's book, in which there was some Greek poem, of which, taking it for the author's own, he fell foul most unmercifully: 'a bit of modern stucco,' etc., when, unfortunately, the poem was Pindar's. Then in comparatively late times, I recollect, in another quarterly, a notice of 'In Memoriam,'—written, let us hope, in haste, and 'as we were going to press'—in which the book is described as a volume of verse written by a widow to her deceased husband; the poem beginning

Strong son of God, immortal Love,

was set down as 'an invocation to Cupid!'"

"THE GOSSIP" thinks that Mr. Andrew Lang's opinion of Academies of Literature may be of some interest to Canadian writers, especially those who have not been admitted to the august circle of the Royal Society of Canada. Mr. Lang declares that he is made uncomfortable by the very mention of an English Academy of Literature. He has no faith in Sir Henry Taylor's plea that an Academy giving salaries to members should be instituted to save men of letters from meddling with journalism, which, as that venerable author asserts, "injures the moral dispositions and debilitates the understanding" more than most professions. Mr. Lang scouts this idea and conjures up a harrowing picture of the possible English Academy. "As Dr. Johnson said, speaking of Swift's vision of an English Academy,

everyone would make it a duty to break its decrees. Yet, withal, everyone would pine and pant to be of the sacred number, and so long as he failed, would eat his own heart, like Bellerophon, in anguish and envy. How the Scotch members would stand shoulder to shoulder, and help each other in! How the Kensington members would make up one set and the Hampstead members another! How doubly edged and doubly venomous would be the weapon of literary criticism, how rich the 'mutual tubs' of literary 'butter,' how keen the feuds of literature and science! In clubs of a purely social character it is found, I have been told, that (when it comes to an election) the literary members have never even heard of scientific gentlemen of European reputation. And the scientific members remain equally ignorant of the names of literary candidates whose fame is in all literary societies, and who are mickle of might in the circulating libraries."

CHRONICLE OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.—Montreal has had a \$100,000 fire.—The usual post-election dissatisfaction has arisen in Lennox, and a recount of the ballots will be demanded.—The Provincial Alliance held its meeting on Saturday.—Part of the escheated Mercer property has been sold by the Ontario Government. It will be remembered that the Canadian Supreme Court awarded this property to the Dominion Government, but the law officers of the Imperial Privy Council declared that it belonged to Ontario.—A local Alumni Association has formed itself at Toronto University.—The Welland Canal has been closed to navigation since Wednesday last.—The Hudson Bay Company have made mutual compromises, and difficulties are at an end.—A lad named Wilson died from the stroke of a file on the head by a woman.—Measures are on foot in British Columbia to restrict Chinese immigration.—The commissioners have formally located the site of the international park at Niagara.—Picton had a \$2,500 fire on Monday, the 10th inst.—On Monday last the *Enterprise* foundered on Lake Huron, and seven men perished. It appears that the *Enterprise* four weeks ago had gone ashore near Cockburn Island, and that a wrecking outfit on the tug *Balize* left Detroit to release her. The steamer was lightered and pulled off, and extra care was taken by placing two large canvas jackets under her bottom. This being done the boat did not leak enough to keep one of the two steam pumps going. All went well until the *Balize*, towing the *Enterprise*, arrived off Point au Barques light, when Capt. J. J. Rardon, who had charge of the outfit, heard the steam whistle from the pumps blowing. He answered the call, and had the mate of the *Balize* stop the tug. All hands were called to get the boat down; the towline was cut from the tug, and every effort made to get alongside of the wreck before she went down. Just before they could get around the barge sunk from sight. Every line on the tug was made ready to throw to the men clinging to parts of the wreck floating. Pat Quinn, of Detroit, well-known on the lakes, was first to reach the side of the tug. The poor fellow had been at work on the steam pump, and had grease on his clothes and hands. The rope slipped through his fingers twice; the third time one of the crew of the *Balize* reached down to pull him up, Quinn holding to the rope with his teeth until he was in the hands of this man who had hold of his jacket, when a sea struck Quinn and he slipped through his grasp, fell back into the lake, and was seen no more.—Montreal is now engaged testing underground telegraph wires.—Millais, it is said, is painting a head of Lord Lorne.—A rag vendor in Montreal was found carrying dynamite cartridges.—Efforts are on foot to establish a ladies' coffee house in Toronto.—The establishment of a Canadian National Athletic Association is spoken of.—A sail boat containing the dead bodies of Capt. Zeneas Quick and his son, of Pelee Island, has been found floating on Lake Erie.—Dr. Wilson, curate of St. George's Cathedral, Kingston, has been notified of his dismissal, which is to take place on the 28th of February.—Four young tourist huntsmen, late from Germany, and travelling over the continent, were drowned in Niagara River on Monday last by the capsizing of their boat.—Mr. J. G. Ross, of Quebec, has been elevated to the Senate.—Pressure is being brought to bear on Sir Leonard Tilley to increase the duty on steel.—The election of M. Belleau, M.P. for Levis, has been protested.—Montreal is being sued for \$470,000 for expropriated land.—The Bishop of Algoma names a successor to Bishop Baldwin at Christ Church, Montreal.—The Guelph Fat Stock Show opened on Wednesday last.—Nearly three thousand Canada Pacific Railway hands have struck in Winnipeg.—January 23rd is set for the hearing of the Langtry-Dumoulin case.—Another charge of bribery against M. Senecal comes from Vercheres.—The Agricultural Council of Quebec recommends the establishment of an agricultural college.—The Women's Medical College, Toronto, has made formal application for affiliation with Trinity College.—M. Senecal has entered two suits

for libel, setting the damages in each case at \$100,000.—The Jacques Cartier link railway, joining the C. P. R. with the G. T. R., has been completed.—The recent by-elections have resulted as follows: Mr. Phelps retained his seat in West Simcoe, Hon. Mr. Ross was returned for Middlesex, Mr. D. M. Cameron was elected for the same constituency to the Commons, and Mr. Hammill was triumphant in Cardwell. The three first-named candidates are Reformers, the latter is a Conservative.—In the case of *Hodge v. the Queen* argued before the Privy Council the validity of the Crooks Act has been affirmed.—A man in Belleville was attacked on Friday night and wounded seriously.—Traffic on the London, Huron & Bruce Railway has been impeded by snow-storms.

FOREIGN.—The French have destroyed several forts in Madagascar.—There is dire consternation among Mormons and their wives about the decree of the United States Government.—Tennyson has been raised to the peerage with the title Baron Tennyson D'Eyncourt.—General Howard thinks it would be a good way to brand U. S. deserters with a red-hot iron.—The Crown Prince of Prussia scattered presents over Spain ere taking his leave.—The Imperial Government has no objection to the Turkish squadron going to the Red Sea, provided that any action taken will be in concert with the British ships.—Arthur's proposed nomination is popular in New York.—The *Standard* thinks that England must put down El Mahdi.—The Boers have caught and hanged an African chief.—It is reported that Indian troops will be sent to the Soudan.—Spain proposes to enfranchise all who can read and write and pay taxes.—Logan is now looming up as a Presidential candidate.—Mr. W. E. Fowler favours an extended franchise for Ireland.—The *Times* says that Parnell has flung defiance in England's face.—A rumour is circulated that the King of Annam has been killed.—It turns out that the French gave no notice before bombarding the Madagascar towns.—It is now rumoured that Hicks Pasha is safe at Hirkett, and that a third of his army still exists.—The Khedive now threatens to abdicate.—The Annamites threaten an invasion of Cochin China.—President Arthur's chances for the nomination are said to be slim.

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S ESTIMATE OF EMERSON.

MILTON says that poetry ought to be simple, sensuous, impassioned. Well, Emerson's poetry is seldom either simple or sensuous or impassioned. In general, it lacks directness; it lacks concreteness; it lacks energy. That poem which shall be a plain, forcible, inevitable whole he hardly ever produces. Such good work as the famous stanzas on the Concord monument is the exception with him; such ineffective work as the "Fourth of July Ode" or the "Boston Hymn" is the rule. I do not, then, place Emerson among the great poets. But I go further, and say that I do not place him among the great men of letters. Who are the great men of letters? They are men like Cicero, Plato, Swift, Voltaire—writers with, in the first place, a genius and instinct for style, whose prose is, by a kind of native necessity, true and sound. Emerson has passages of noble and pathetic eloquence; he has passages of shrewd and felicitous wit; he has crisp epigrams, he has passages of exquisitely touched observations of nature. Yet he is not a great writer; his style has not the requisite wholeness of good tissue. You will think I deal in nothing but negatives. I have been saying that Emerson is not one of the great men of letters—the great writers. He has not their quality of style. He is, however, the propounder of a philosophy. Emerson cannot, I think, be called with justice, a great philosophical writer. He cannot build; his arrangement of philosophical ideas has no progress in it, no evolution; does not construct a philosophy. Some people will tell you that Emerson's poetry, indeed, is too abstract, and his philosophy too vague, but that his best work is his "English Traits." But I insist on always trying Emerson's work by the highest standards. I esteem him too much to try his work by any other. Tried by the highest standards, and compared with the work of the great masters and recorders of the traits of human life—of writers like Montaigne, La Bruyère, Addison—the "English Traits" will not stand the comparison. Emerson's observation has not the disinterested quality of the observation of these masters. It is the observation of a man systematically benevolent, as Hawthorne's observation in "Our Old Home" is the work of a man chagrined. Not with the Miltons and Grays, not with the Platos and Spinozas, not with the Swifts and Voltaires, not with the Montaignes and Addisons, can we rank Emerson. His work of different kinds, when one compares it with the work done in a corresponding kind by these masters, fails to stand the comparison. No man could see this clearer than Emerson himself.

PROSPECTUS OF THE WEEK.

There appears to be in Canadian journalism a field still unoccupied, which can be filled only by a periodical enabled to furnish at the requisite outlay literary matter of the best quality. This field is the aim of the proprietors of THE WEEK to fill. They will appeal particularly to the Canadian public; but they crave no indulgence on this score at the hands of Canadian readers. They are willing that THE WEEK shall be judged by comparison with other periodicals, English and American, of similar scope and price, hoping to gain the favour of a body of readers not limited by the bounds of Canada.

THE WEEK will appeal by a comprehensive table of contents to the different tastes which exist within the circle of a cultured home, and will endeavour faithfully to reflect and summarize the intellectual, social and political movements of the day. The man of business, whose hours for reading are limited, will, it is hoped, find in this periodical the means of easily keeping himself acquainted with the chief events and questions of the time.

Fiction, in the form both of serials and short stories, will occupy a prominent place, and will be regularly and liberally supplied. For this purpose the assistance of acknowledged talent has been secured. Verse will be welcomed as often as it is found possible to procure it of the right quality. Sketches of travel and papers descriptive of places interesting from their scenery or their associations will from time to time appear. Critical essays and short biographical papers will also form features of THE WEEK. Current events, both at home and abroad, will be closely watched, brought carefully into focus, and impartially discussed. It will be the Editor's constant aim to keep his readers well abreast of the intellectual progress of the age.

In politics THE WEEK will be thoroughly independent. It will be untrammelled by party connections, free from party leanings, unbiassed by party considerations. The rule which it will adopt, of requiring every article to bear either the writer's name or some note of individual authorship and responsibility, will enable it to allow liberal scope for the expression of individual opinion, and to present, as far as possible, the best advocacy of the best cause. In Canadian politics its desire will be to further, to the utmost of its power, the free and healthy development of the Nation.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

The following are among the attractions which will be offered the readers of THE WEEK in the earlier issues:

"A BYSTANDER"

will contribute, at intervals, reviews of current events, especially of events in Great Britain and on the Continent of Europe.

MR. EDGAR FAWCETT,

the well-known author of "A Gentleman of Leisure," "Tinkling Cymbals," "An Ambitious Woman" (just completed in the *New York Tribune*, and attracting wide attention), "A Hopeless Case," etc., is writing for THE WEEK a new novel, entitled "The Adventures of a Widow." This novel deals with New York Society, a field which Mr. Fawcett has made peculiarly his own. The columns of THE WEEK will also, from time to time, be enriched with some of Mr. Fawcett's exquisite verse.

PRINCIPAL GRANT,

in a series of papers, will describe a tour taken by him, in company with Mr. Sandford Fleming, during the past summer, over the route of the Canada Pacific Railway. Dr. Grant and his party traversed entirely new ground, by crossing the Selkirks, which have hitherto been considered impassable. These interesting papers will be entitled "Down the Kicking Horse and across the Selkirks." Dr. Grant will also contribute articles on various important subjects, such as Indian Affairs, Progress in British Columbia, etc.

Contributions in prose and verse may be looked for from J. E. Collins, Joaquin Miller, Louis Honoré Frechette, Dr. C. P. Mulvany, George Stewart, jr., John Reade, Mrs. Kate Seymour McLean, Miss Machar (*Fidelis*), Dr. Daniel Wilson, John Charles Dent, Wm. Houston, F. Blake Crofton, G. Mercer Adam, J. Hunter-Duvar, R. W. Phipps, Wm. F. Clarke, Professor Murray, Sir Francis Hincks, R. W. Boodle, O. C. Auringer, Mrs. J. F. Harrison (*Seranus*), J. M. LeMoine, Frederick A. Dixon, J. G. Bourinot, W. D. LeSueur, and many other writers of note. Art, Music and the Drama will receive abundant and careful attention. There will also be a series of critical essays on "The Younger American Poets," by the Editor.

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WHAT IS CATARRH?

From the Mail (Can.) Dec. 15.

Catarrh is a mucous-purulent discharge caused by the presence and development of the vegetable parasite amoeba in the internal lining membrane of the nose. This parasite is only developed under favourable circumstances, and these are:—Morbid state of the blood, and the blighted corpuscle of uhercle, the germ poison of syphilis, mercury, toxo-mora, from the retention of the effeted matter of the skin, suppressed perspiration, badly ventilated sleeping apartments, and other poisons that are germinated in the blood. These poisons keep the internal lining membrane of the nose in a constant state of irritation, ever ready for the deposit of the seeds of these germs, which spread up the nostrils and down the fauces, or back of the throat, causing ulceration of the throat; up the eustachian tubes, causing deafness; burrowing in the vocal cords, causing hoarseness; usurping the proper structure of the bronchial tubes, ending in pulmonary consumption and death.

Many attempts have been made to discover a cure for this distressing disease by the use of inhalants and other ingenious devices, but none of these treatments can do a particle of good until the parasites are either destroyed or removed from the mucous tissue. So no time since a well-known physician of forty years' standing, after much experimenting, succeeded in discovering the necessary combination of ingredients which never fail in absolutely and permanently eradicating this horrible disease, whether standing for one year or forty years. Those who may be suffering from the above disease, should, without delay, communicate with the business managers, MESSRS. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King St. West, Toronto, Canada, and inclose stamp for their treatise on Catarrh.

What the Rev. E. B. Stevenson, B.A., a Clergyman of the London Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada, has to say in regard to A.H. Dixon & Son's New Treatment for Catarrh.

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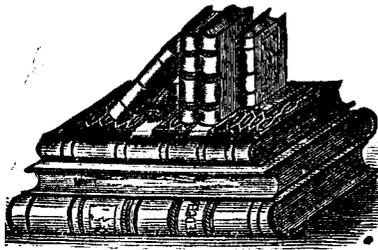
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It may be briefly described as a purely literary review. Each number opens with quite lengthy notices of the freshest and most important books, frequently from the hand of a specialist, followed by minor notices of works of fiction, or those of less importance. Editorials on a great range of current topics of literary interest next follow, succeeded by departments of Literary Personalities, sketches of noted authors of the time, News and Notes, etc. Of chiefest value among these departments, perhaps, are those of "Notes and Queries," upon a great variety of topics of interest to writers and readers, usually extending to two or three columns; and "Shakespeareana"—the latter edited by Mr. W. J. Rolfe, the eminent Shakespearean scholar, and frequently occupying a whole page.

Often articles of much historical value are given, as notably those by Mr. Justin Winsor, on the public and private libraries of the early days of American letters, of which several have appeared in late issues. The journal seems admirably well balanced in all its departments, and it is always a pleasure to open its bright, modest pages, so abundant of good scholarship, careful editing, a choice variety of contents, and with no sign of pedantry, no "slashing" criticisms, and no unkindly tone.—Maine Farmer.

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