

THE WEEK.

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The Week,

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C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

DURING the past week the legislative machine has been going on almost without a hitch, and without even serious fear of a break-down or an explosion. The daily papers have reported in a becomingly dry manner the "debate," and the leading party organs have sought to make political capital out of trivialities, in the vituperative style peculiar to them,

"Which read and read, you raise your eyes in doubt,
And gravely wonder what it is about."

Evening sessions have been the rule, rendered necessary by the wearisome prolixity of many speakers, and the occupants of the front Government and Opposition benches begin to wear the jaded appearance of men sick with constant listening to the weary waste of words which becloud, rather than elucidate, the most trivial as well as the more important topics. It is hoped the business of the House may be got through about the 21st current.

In the Fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of Toronto as a city, which was celebrated after a quiet fashion on Thursday last, the capital of the Province begins, it may be said, to have historic life. Later in the year, the city is to have a more demonstrative celebration of the event. In the meantime, interest was given to the day by the opening of the Public Library and by a reception at the City Hall, which took note of the official fact. Half a century in the life of a city in the New World is crowded with events. What the period has seen of progress and development, of political, social and industrial change, of the passing away of the early settler, the birth and incoming of the present generation, and all the mutations the years have been witness of, we need not recall to the reader. From crude beginnings and a primitive life, Toronto has burgeoned out into an important centre, with a great future before it, and the material, in muscle and mind, in its midst, to give it a prominent position among the cities of the Dominion. Already its influence is great, and this influence, if its citizens are wise, will become increasingly powerful, alike, we trust, for local benefit and for the general good. In this respect, the city, like the individual, has responsibilities as well as duties; and it is befitting that those who direct and govern its affairs shall recognize what Toronto owes to the country at large, in the exercise of a wholesome influence and in the spectacle of a beneficent example. In all that makes a city great—in the sobriety, thrift and industry of her people, in their intelligence and uprightness of character, in the ability, honesty and good repute of her public men, in the purity of her courts and the wisdom of her law-givers—we trust that Toronto will increasingly contribute to her civic fame, and promote peace and prosperity in the nation.

THE proposal to cede over a mile of water frontage to the Grand Trunk and sister railway companies, endorsed by the City Council, is a most dangerous and extraordinary one. That its many objectionable features are well understood by the promoters would appear evident by the satisfactory manner in which the basis of agreement between the city and the railways was smuggled through the Council; and the suspicion naturally arises that Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk influences had much to do with this. Be that as it may, those most concerned have fortunately grasped its real significance in time, and have made known their objections in no uncertain tone in public meeting. It is difficult to retain a conviction of the City Council's shrewdness, and at the same time believe in its disinterestedness in voting away the control of the whole Esplanade—offering the greater portion of the land lying between the city and the bay—to the railway companies virtually as a present for all time, with permission to fence it round, and thus close many approaches to a lake that is so largely used for business and pleasure. No person can say to-day how necessary it may be in future for the city to have easy access to the lake; but everybody may learn how much Hamilton has lost by being to a great extent cut off from Burlington Bay by the Great Western Railway. The Grand Trunk already intervenes its track between Toronto and the water frontage—in itself a huge mistake—and it is to the interest of that huge corporation to further hamper the shipping trade. All this is beside the serious injury that further isolation would inflict upon owners of property on the approaches to the water, on the water-side, on the island, and the almost ruin that would be brought upon ferry-boat owners. To the allegation that the fencing in of lake-approaches is necessary for the safety of human life, the reply is obvious. If the increasing trade of the railway companies renders necessary the acquisition of more land, let them pay for it, and erect bridges—or, better still, construct an elevated railway—over it for the use of the public. The disgraceful condition of the Union Station is not calculated, however, to impress travellers with an idea that the proprietors are unduly regardful of life and limb, since rather than spend \$500 on a foot-bridge across the track, young and old, women and children, infirm and cripples, are left to dodge around the trains, at the imminent risk of accident, in order to get from one platform to another.

CANADA had, according to Bradstreet's, forty-three failures last week, being an increase of five over the preceeding week, and of nine over the corresponding week of 1883. According to the same authority, there were 211 failures in the United States during the same period, twenty-six less than in the preceding week, three more than in the corresponding week in 1883, and thirty-four more than in the same of 1882. About eighty-three per cent. were those of traders whose capital was under \$5,000.

THE slovenliness of giving uncouth, and often vulgar, names to towns in the New World, as well as the pedantry of designating a place in the cheap imitation of classical lands, have been often the subjects of indignant protest, and sometimes of not unmerited satire. Rarely, however, has there been occasion to animadvert on the error and bad taste of discarding an historic name from motives which are purely commercial. At present, the people of the good old town of Niagara, the first capital of Upper Canada, are greatly exercised over the proposal to discard its ancient and honourable name, and to christen the place Fort George. Some half-dozen reasons are assigned for this threatened civic outrage, the chief of which is that there are, it seems, some seven places that rejoice in the name of Niagara, and that confusion is the result. This, we protest, however, is no reason for re-christening the town, as there is but one Niagara, Ont., and though it has somewhat fallen into the eddies of industrial and social life, and in winter is difficult of access, it has a distinctive appellation, and occupies a notable position among the historic towns of Canada. With the stranger, that it should have to bear the sins of Niagara Falls, and be held in execration as a place of extortion and thievery, is of course not pleasant. But this is the penalty of greatness, and like greatness, when it suffers detraction, it should aim to "live it down." If it has no other stain on its civic escutcheon than that flung at it by those who ignorantly confound it with the Sodom and Gomorrah up-stream, there is little to ruffle the patriot's breast, and naught to disturb the village's slumber.

CURRENT EVENTS AND OPINIONS.

WE may safely credit to the genius of the Correspondent the report that Russia, Germany and France have entered into a league for the purpose of arresting the maritime and commercial aggrandizement of Great Britain. That Russia, the one power in which England had, and might always have had, a fast friend, has been embittered, perhaps hopelessly, through the insanity of the Jingo, egged on by the Jewish Press, is too true; but France will not so soon be found in the arms of Bismarck. The report, however, may be taken as prefiguring the swarm of growing jealousies and embarrassments which gather round the course of advancing empire. Bismarck, for his part, is no dupe of reveries about the extension of Germany. He understands well the burdensome weakness of distant dependencies and the value of concentrated power. Egypt is annexed, let Mr. Gladstone disclaim the intention as he will. This was destiny from the hour when the Suez Canal was opened. Reluctantly, not only on grounds of interest, but on grounds of morality, the nation accepts the new burden, and its reluctance has been shown in a hesitating and wavering policy which, though creditable in so far as it is a proof of moderation, has entailed on it disaster and some shame. Yes, under whatever guise or name,—whether dominion, protectorate, or control—Egypt will henceforth be a part of the British Empire in the East. And this great and perilous addition to the sum of Imperial cares is made at the moment when, by the Irish revolt, Great Britain is in some danger of having a hostile republic carved out of her own side.

FRANCE and China, after much vapouring and sparring at each other, seem likely at last to come to blows. What will be the result? The Chinese will no doubt make a much better fight than they did in the old times, when they took the field with bows and arrows instead of muskets, and with tom-toms to frighten the enemy instead of cannon. It is now more than likely that some day a civilized power, while displaying its civilized morality by making filibustering attacks on the territory of these people, will see reason to wish that it had been content with its own. But in this war, if war there is to be, the odds will be on the side of France. Even military civilization is still very imperfect among the Chinese, and their ridiculous self-conceit combined with their ignorance of everything outside the Celestial realm, will prevent them from measuring the force of the foe and adopting the improvements necessary to place them really on a level with him. The Krupp gun and the Martini rifle China has, and with them she probably fancies herself invincible. She has a certain amount of military discipline though, it seems, not good officers. But her Conservatism has rejected railroads, and, therefore, her numbers though overpowering cannot well be brought to bear. The passive indifference to life which characterizes her people affords no assurance of their active valour. The chances are that the Gaul will once more hang up some captured standards, or, in their absence, pigtailed, in his *Invalides*.

It is strange that sensible Americans should be able to persuade themselves that Bismarck has done them wrong in refusing to receive the Lasker Resolutions, and should even be talking of what they would do to Germany if they had a fleet. If any hostile step were taken against the Fatherland, it would quickly be seen that the German vote in the United States is at least as powerful as the Irish. Congress has been guilty, not for the first time, of a breach of international manners, and has received from Bismarck, as it richly deserved, a dignified and effectual rebuke, under which, no doubt, it is wincing. What business had American politicians to be interfering between parties in Germany and telling the head of the German Government that his opponent, the leader of the Opposition, "by his firm and constant expositions of free and Liberal ideas, materially advanced the social, political and economic condition of the people?" Suppose, upon the death of Lord Beaconsfield, the Conservative majority in Germany of which Bismarck is the leader, had sent the Gladstone Ministry resolutions of condolence on the loss of a statesman who had been so successful in checking the progress of Liberalism, and upholding the cause of order against revolutionary innovation, would the Gladstone Ministry have put up with the impertinence? It is probable that the tears shed at Washington over the bier of a German Radical had their source partly in the quarrel with the German Government about pork. But Congress, at least the House of Representatives, is the Anacharsis Cloutz of Assemblies. Happily its ways are not those of the American people. "They are fit for nothing," says somebody in the *Breadwinners* of a set of blatant vagabonds "but to be sent to Congress, and they cannot all be sent from this district."

THE New York *Nation*, a paper which holds its head very high as a public moralist and censor, being owned by an Irish Nationalist, is employ-

ing its superior knowledge of political ethics in providing the Americans with excuses for paltering with their honour on the subject of dynamite and assassination. Being obliged to admit that the United States themselves asserted, in the Alabama case, the principle, that no defects of municipal law can constitute an excuse for the non-performance of an international duty, and that they are now holding a large sum of money (more to their advantage than to their glory) in pursuance of that very plea, the *Nation* suggests that in the present case no proceedings can be taken for the repression of the outrages, because there is no overt act. Public meetings held for the organization of a dynamite war, subscriptions taken up avowedly for that purpose, publications of all kinds advocating the use of dynamite and assassination, even the assassination of particular persons, are not overt acts! In the French Republic a man has just been imprisoned and heavily fined for preaching assassination. A dynamite magazine is now being published in the United States. The Alabama slipped out to sea while the order for her arrest was on its way, and her devastations, though savage, were the acts of belligerents and not of Thugs. Do civilized morality and the sense of international honour prevail in the United States, or do they not? Americans will soon have to give a practical answer to that question. By the answer which they give they will show whether the Republic is or is not the slave of the Irish vote; for nobody doubts what are the real sentiments of all decent Americans. Not but that well-advised sympathy for the Irish would point the same way with international honour. Great Britain is prevented from crushing rebellion and Thuggism like an eggshell only by those restraining sentiments of moral civilization on which savagery relies in playing with her forbearance. If she was once transported with anger at the murder of her citizens by dynamite, or seriously alarmed for her own safety by the junction of the Irish with the enemy in a foreign war, she would speedily settle the Irish question in the same way in which it was settled by the fellow citizens of the *Nation* on the occasion of the Draught Riots in New York.

IN the debate in the Local Legislature on Co-education it was once more asserted by the advocates of the experiment that it had been successful in the United States. Once more it must be repeated that only in a very qualified sense is this assertion true. Female students have been introduced without any bad results of a palpable and serious kind into several American universities. But these students are a mere fraction of the whole number of young women undergoing high and final education, while most of them belong to a special class, as your eye will almost tell you at a glance. The great mass of American parents have positively and, it seems finally, rejected the system after having seen it in operation now for something like a quarter of a century, and after having had it pressed in every imaginable way on their acceptance. For reasons connected with the delicacy of the female character and with the special destination of women, which to nobody but a fanatic can appear baseless, they decisively prefer the separate system wherever it exists and they can afford it. *Vassar* and a multitude of other female colleges are just as full of students as ever. The education at these colleges is as high as that in a male university, though it is adapted to the requirements of the female sex, and trains woman to be the partner and the complement, not the rival and competitor of man. To confound co-education with high education, and opponents of the first with opponents of the second, is therefore a patent fallacy. As well might it be said that people objected to a lady's taking horse exercise because they objected to her taking it on a man's saddle. How many Canadian women really desire co-education will be seen when the experiment which the Local Legislature decrees shall have been made. From what the "Bystander" can glean as to the female opinion in general, he would not be surprised if the number should be small, and confined for the most part to the class of young ladies now under training for the educational profession in the Normal School. He does not expect the popularity of our Ladies' Colleges to decline, while these institutions will have an additional claim on the support of all who cherish the distinctive graces of female character, and desire, as a manly education for men, so a womanly education for women. The number of women who show any active interest in the agitation for sexual change altogether appears to him, both in England and here, to be small. He does not mind so far risking a betrayal of his identity as to say that, as a Liberal, he signed the petition to Parliament in favour of Mr. Mill's measure of Female Suffrage, but was led to reconsider his opinion and refuse to sign a second time, by finding that among the women on whom he had been accustomed to look as examples of female excellence, hardly any were in favour of the change. By far the greater number believed that it would jeopardize, for no adequate object, the position and privileges of their sex. This seemed practically conclusive so far as Englishwomen were concerned. In the United States there is really something like a third sex.

By those who wish to plunge us and our families into Female Suffrage it is argued that property held by women will otherwise be unrepresented. Such of them as propose to confine the suffrage to unmarried women will still leave the grievance of which they complain in great measure undressed. But it is strange that not only private citizens but legislators should sometimes be ignorant of the most rudimentary facts relating to the policy under which they live, and should appeal to principles as constitutional, to which nothing in the constitution corresponds. How much property is really represented? The minimum held in each case as a qualification for the suffrage, and no more. Suppose in a joint stock company the holder of one share and the holder of a hundred shares had each of them a single vote, everyone would say that ninety-nine shares were unrepresented. It is just the same with shares held in that great joint stock company, the State. If the man of one acre and the man of a hundred have each a single vote, ninety-nine acres are unrepresented. Property held by women, therefore, is subject to no peculiar hardship unless it is of a different character from all other property, so as to form a separate interest needing special championship; and this it certainly is not. It suffers no more from the absence of the political suffrage than property held by minors, which nobody supposes to be in any way aggrieved. At least if it is, it has not cried out; nor has the property held by women. Property is not, under our system, whether national or municipal, the thing represented or the basis of representation. A certain amount of it, together with a fixed residence is required by way of qualification, as a pledge of the voter's respectability; just as it is required that he should be of age, and in some communities that he should have received a certain education. Another qualification under the law as it stands at present, in almost all civilized communities, is sex; and there can be no reason in the nature of things why sex should not be a qualification for political duty, as it certainly is for duties equally important. Nobody doubts that it is a qualification for the duties of national defence and of police; few doubt that it is a qualification for the duty of a jurymen; as on the other side it evidently is a qualification for those maternal and domestic duties, which nature, like the "anachronistic fossil" that she is, obstinately persists in assigning to women. There are functions of various kinds which all of us save a few are precluded, if not by law, by inexorable circumstance, from performing, and our exclusion from which implies no inequality or disparagement. Circumstance practically shuts out the whole seafaring population and many of those employed in railroads, or in other migratory callings, from voting at elections, though their aggregate number can hardly be smaller than that of the widows and spinsters who hold property. So long as justice reigns, and the community as a whole is well governed, the sole object of the franchise and of all legislation relating to it is attained.

THE study of history, while it makes us sceptical of Utopias, prepares us for change. The hour for a great sexual revolution, such as is proposed in that manual of the Woman's Righter, Mills' *Subjection of Women*, may have come. The "Bystander" does not shut his eyes to the possibility. But he maintains that of all revolutions, a revolution in the relations of the sexes and the constitution of the family is the most momentous, and the one into which society can least afford to allow itself to be hustled, either by the violence of enthusiasts or, by what is still less respectable, the party exigences of gerrymandering politicians. In these democratic communities, the tyranny of majorities is the constant subject of complaint, but there is such a thing as the tyranny of a minority also. Politics infect the general character of the people, and private men, though they are not like politicians in need of votes, dread unpopularity almost as much as if they were. As soon, therefore, as the leaders of any movement can succeed, by well organized agitation, in creating an impression that it is likely to become popular, everybody's moral courage gives way, and all emulously attach themselves to that which they imagine to be the winning cause; while the Press, which ought to act as ballast, and steady the lurching vessel, rolls with everything else to the wrong side. To this general influence is added, on the present occasion, the personal wheedling of the female leaders of the movement, which, as Mr. Meredith said, "mesmerizes" individual legislators and aldermen, who fear that they may offend the sex by refusing anything to a lady, though the fact, if they only knew it, is that they would do nothing of the kind. "There are so many young fools and so many old fools that I think Female Suffrage will be carried"—in that saying of an English Liberal lies much of the philosophy of this movement. In the United States a constitutional amendment is submitted to the people at large, and the influence of personal blandishments is thus in great measure excluded. Here, unfortunately, we have no safeguard of the kind.

THERE can be little doubt as to the motive which leads a Conservative politician like Sir John Macdonald to introduce a measure of sexual revolution. He has taken a hint, as he thinks, from the extreme section of English Tories, who, in opposition to the more moderate section of the party, vote for Female Suffrage avowedly because they think that the women will vote Tory. The assumption on which these Machiavellian tacticians act may be safe in England, but it is more precarious in the New World. We have here no Monarchy or Aristocracy to fascinate the female imagination, nor is the influence of the priesthood so great as it is in lands of long-descended hierarchies and ancient fanes. Mrs. Victoria Woodhull, Mrs. Cady Staunton, Miss Susan Anthony, Miss Lucy Stone, and the others of that stamp, will not vote Tory. Miss Helen Taylor does not vote Tory; in her opinions as well as in her language she outvies the most advanced males. The excitement of revolution fascinates as well as the romance of Royalty, and all the phenomena hitherto seem to indicate that when a woman breaks away from her sex she breaks away from it with a vengeance. The only thing that can be foretold with certainty as to the result of female suffrage is that it will render legislation and government less masculine and more feminine. It will make them more the expression of emotion and less of judgment: for nature, physical nature, must be completely reversed, before the female character can cease to be more emotional and less practical than the male. If people deliberately believe that this will be a gain to the community, they will do right in voting for female suffrage. The sole consideration to be kept in view, in the joint interest of both sexes and that of their children at the same time, is the probable effect of the measure on the character of government. That the question should be decided by the shifts of party strategy would be disgraceful. A lenient judgment may perhaps be passed, from a certain point of view, on the means which Sir John Macdonald has used through a long series of years to maintain himself in power, injurious to political character as they have been. It may be pleaded that they were the least objectionable at his command, and were in some degree redeemed by his own superiority to corruption; but when to gain a few votes for his party, he lays his hands upon sex and the home, the limit of such toleration is passed. This is one of the kind of questions with regard to which, if the Senate in any way corresponded to its ideal, we should look to it to steady the councils of the nation, check the blind precipitancy of faction, and afford us time for mature deliberation. But we might just as well look to Sir John Macdonald's butler.

THE German writer Bluntschli, in his great work on politics, has discussed the question of Female Suffrage in the broadest and most dispassionate manner. He concludes against the change on the general ground that not only law or custom but nature has made woman for the family, and man for public life. He urges with irresistible force, that if women are to be electors, they must also be capable of being elected, and that this would import a radical change of politics and a greatly increased influence of the emotional element in public affairs. He had demonstrated before that no abstract right to the suffrage could be pleaded against the interest of the community, since it is only by and through the community that the suffrage itself exists. He says in conclusion, "As things are, the moral and indirect influence of woman on public life is great and beneficial. The statesman finds peace, repose, and a renewal of his powers in his tranquil home. What would become of these happy effects if his wife were to enter the political lists with him? The statesman often holds converse with his wife as with his conscience; he recounts to her his projects, his dangers, his aspirations, his victories. It is on these occasions that women may represent moral duty in opposition to political necessity or the exigences of statecraft. Let us beware how we take from her this good part to give her one to which she is a stranger. The influence of women on public life would cease to be *pure* when it ceased to be *indirect*." As has been remarked in these papers before, power in whatever form and under whatever name it may be exercised is still power, and there are not only women but men who, without taking any part in elections, have by their writings and their conversation exercised a marked influence over the politics of their day.

Of the truth of Bluntschli's assertion that nature, not merely law or custom, has made woman, not for public life, but for the family, we have just had signal and decisive proof. There is one woman whom law and custom have done all in their power to divorce from the duties and interests of the family and attach to those of public life; whose name is actually cited on all occasions by the advocates of sexual revolution in proof that women are equally fitted with men, or even better fitted than men, for the work of government. That woman is Queen Victoria, long

sovereign of a vast and varied empire in stirring and stormy times. She publishes her diary, and in that diary from beginning to end appears hardly a trace of concern or anxiety in public affairs. Home and the family are all in all. If feeling is shown even about a war, it is because "my daughters and sons-in-law" are concerned, or because "my dear son" is in the field, or because my bosom friend, the ex-Empress of the French has lost her only son in such a shocking way. Everything outside the domestic circle is distant and strange. Surely this is the voice of nature.

THE season of immigration is at hand, and it may be interesting to exporters and importers of pauperism to know that the number of nights' lodgings given to wanderers at a single Police Station in Toronto during the single month of February was no less than 495, while between the first day of December and the last of February three charities, the House of Industry, the Ladies' Relief, and the St. George's Society, relieved in the aggregate 1,532 families. In the city gaol there is an increasing number of people committed for no real offence, but simply to dispose of them and save them from starving. The poor Irish colony has been, as it could hardly help being, a burden on charity throughout the winter. There are also in Toronto not a few young English gentlemen, lured by vague accounts of the boundless openings afforded by Canada, who find it impossible to get employment, and some of whom are on the verge of destitution. Naturally, when the callings suitable for gentlemen are already so over filled that an advertisement for a secretary at \$600 a year brings 72 applications. Control, therefore, ought at least to be exercised over the proceedings of Emigration Agents, and also if possible over the tongues of ex-Governors-General and other well-meaning persons with rhetorical gifts, who may otherwise become responsible for a terrible amount of disappointment and distress.

THE state of the night accommodation for tramps and wanderers also imperatively demands the attention of the City Council. In one of the police stations the room into which the crowd of unfortunates was huddled became so infested with vermin that strong chemical measures had to be adopted for its purification. In another, a policeman caught typhoid fever from the malaria which issued from the room in the basement used as a shelter. A proper casual ward, with labour yard attached, a city officer to relieve urgent cases of distress, and an infirmary to receive the broken down and helpless, instead of sending them to herd with criminals in a gaol, are necessities of a populous city, in providing which no time would be lost if popularity and votes were to be won by activity in such a matter. But here lies the difficulty. Nobody now-a-days suspects the existence of any grave abuses in the City Government. Nobody imagines that members of the council peculate, or even that they job, beyond the measure conceded to human frailty, especially to unpaid frailty, when called upon to exercise patronage, and award contracts. But the ephemeral character of the government and the constant dependence of its members on the popular vote are fatal to administrative excellence. The first precludes anything like forecast or plan, so that the same street is taken up several times within a few years to do, separately, things which ought to have been done at once; whence ensues great waste of money as well as much inconvenience. The second makes it almost hopeless to obtain a hearing for anything, however indispensable, which will cause an increase of the estimates without bringing anybody political capital or causing anybody's public spirit, energy, ability and perseverance, to be glorified in all the journals. So the Queen City of Ontario will probably go on using her gaol as an infirmary, crowding herds of wanderers nightly into her police stations till policemen die of the malaria, and running the daily risk of a case of death from hunger in her streets. If anywhere on this continent one city could be established with a stable and skilled government instead of an annually elected municipality, the benefits which would flow to all classes, but especially the poor, for its superior administration would so preach by their example that all except the ward politicians would give ear.

A RUMOUR has been afloat that the Co-operative Association at Montreal had failed. It appears, on the contrary, that the Association is doing a large and increasing business not only at Montreal, but at Toronto and elsewhere. There is no reason why any joint-stock association of this kind should do better than a private store. The keeper of the private store is, perhaps, more likely to be careful in the selection of his goods and the general management of his business than are the salaried officers of a co-operative establishment. The one great advantage which the co-operative system has, is the principle of ready money payments, inflexibly enforced, so that all who deal at the store can feel quite sure that they get the benefit. In the case of a private store, even though the ready money

principle may be proposed, people never feel sure that it is inflexibly enforced, or that when they pay ready money they are not paying the interest on the debts of others who are secretly allowed to run up bills. Let merchants at Toronto or elsewhere, who deem themselves threatened by the progress of co-operation, lay this truth to heart, and consider whether they cannot adopt the ready money principle, and not only adopt it but give the requisite security to the customer who pays ready money. Long credits are the bane of commerce in Canada, and not of commerce alone, for debt is moral slavery to the working man.

THE *Mail* thinks that in making the remark that nothing has been said about the coal tax, the "Bystander" must have overlooked the "elaborate statement" of the Finance Minister on that subject. Not only did the "Bystander" overlook it at the time, though he always reads the Budget Speech with care, but in the *Mail's* own report, which was the one he used, he cannot find it now. He can find nothing but a reference, comprised in a single sentence, to the increased importation and consumption of coal, which is tendered, truly enough, no doubt, as a proof of the growth of manufactures in this country. There is not a word directly about the tax, of the impolicy and injustice of which the "Bystander" was complaining. The coal burned in the furnaces of manufactories does not warm the people, nor is anything more certain than that within the range of the "Bystander's" personal observation a good many of the people during this hard winter have not been warmed. It was natural to expect that the Finance Minister would have justified the continuance of an oppressive impost on one of the first necessities of life. The "Bystander" said, and he repeats, that the responsibility for whatever the people may suffer rests almost as much on the Opposition, which connives at the tax for fear of offending Nova Scotia, as upon the Government which imposes it. Passive acceptance of the tax is submission to protection in its most pronounced form, and in a case in which its effects are most injurious.

AN allusion made by the "Bystander" to the contradictory accounts of the physiognomy of Robespierre has procured for him a sight of a curious and valuable little work of art which is in the possession of his eminent brother of the pen, Mr. Josiah Blackburn, of London. It is a portrait of Robespierre drawn in crayon by Mlle. Boze, after one by her father, the Court artist who painted Louis XVI. and Louis XVIII., and who though, as became him, a strong Royalist, seems to have taken a catholic view of the province of his art. The portrait differs from that given in the *Tableaux de la Revolution Française*, in being nearly full face, but corresponds in other respects. The face has the cat-like shape said to be indicative of affinity to the cruel feline tribe. There is intellect in the features and in the general aspect. But the expression bespeaks at once the extremes of self-conceit and weakness. As to the livid hue of the complexion all the witnesses are agreed. The dress is neat, almost foppish; it is well known that Robespierre's vanity always prevented him from adopting, like Danton, Marat, and other demagogues, sansculottism in costume. Allusion was made to the description of the terrible dictator given by Serjent, ex-secretary of the Jacobin Club, who, as was mentioned before, ended his days a nonagenarian at Nice. It has not yet, the "Bystander" believes, been published. "Robespierre," said Serjent, "had not been in any way favoured by nature. His figure was small and awkward; all the parts of his body were ill put together. He had also in his hands, his shoulders, and his neck a convulsive movement which made him at times absolutely frightful. His physiognomy lacked expression; there was nothing thoughtful in his look; his livid and bilious complexion, with the frequent contraction of his forehead, indicated a sour and atrabilious temperament. He had in his manner a roughness which, upon the slightest contradiction, broke out into brutal rage. His gait was slow, and when he wished to quicken his step became a succession of jerks. The voice of Robespierre was not less disagreeable than the whole of his person. His intonations and inflexions produced on the ear a sensation of shrillness, with a strong Artesian accent, which strangely disfigured an oratory in itself devoid of grace, life and genius." The weakness of the man seems incontestible; he had not the daring which plans and executes great deeds, good or evil; and Mr. John Morley is right in saying that his general share in the crimes of the Revolution was that of an accomplice after the fact. The question is how such a man can have raised himself over the heads of rivals who were, at all events, men of action; how he can have prevailed in that mortal struggle not only for ascendancy, but for life; how he can have crushed such a Titan as Danton, and remained for a time master of the blood-stained field, of the Convention, and of France. It has been remarked with some truth that his career is a more interesting subject of study than that of Napoleon, inasmuch as it is more unaccountable; every one sees how the successful soldier, being

also a man of unscrupulous ambition, mounted to supreme power. The main solution of the mystery probably is that Robespierre, during the months of his ascendancy, was the incarnation of the dominant idea. But to this it must be added that though fanatical, egotistical and cruel, he was sincere and, unlike Mirabeau, Danton and most of his compeers, free from any suspicion of corruption. Jeer at the "Sea-green Incorruptible" as you will, it was his incorruptibility that gained him the confidence of the people, of whom he was not, and in fact did not know how to be, a great flatterer; and it is something to learn that even such a mob as that of the Faubourg St. Antoine, at such a time as that of the Revolution, is led by what it imagines to be public virtue.

A BYSTANDER.

HERE AND THERE.

In another column a correspondent calls attention to the increased and increasing amount of talk in the Legislative houses. The age we live in is one of rapid movement in every department of life. We do our business at high pressure, and we even hurry our pleasures as though we were impatient to have done with them. It is an age of short books, terse colloquies, brief entertainments, of letters written and answered in a single line, bargains proposed and accepted in a telegraphic word. Yet it is at the same time, unfortunately, the age of long Parliamentary debates, of much talk, and many speakers. And there are numberless causes which diminish the excuse for Parliamentary prolixity. Most questions are threshed out by the press before ever a debate commences, and hence—not to mention the exceeding mediocrity of some public speakers—the indifference with which the public turns away from the protracted display of Parliamentary speechmaking with which we are deluged. And there is the less necessity for all this talk when it is remembered that most questions are made party issues, and no speaker hopes to influence one vote, though he talk to the Greek Calends. Mechanical majorities are at the beck and call of party chiefs, and debates are but useless preliminaries to foregone conclusions. It is not the true stability of consentient opinion, but the artificial cohesion produced by external pressure, which at present keeps majorities together.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *New York Sun* has drawn some interesting pen pictures of remarkable persons and places he saw in Ottawa. Of the Parliament Buildings he was most impressed with the Library, which Lord Dufferin thought was unequalled in the world. "The central figure in Parliament," says the critic "is also the greatest figure in Canada."—

He is Sir John A. Macdonald, the real ruler of Canada, with but a short interruption, for twenty-five years, and the greatest man British North America has produced. Knight Commander of the Provincial Order of St. Michael and St. George, Knight Commander of the Bath, member of the Imperial Privy Council, a distinction enjoyed by no other man in Canada. For forty years he has been in Parliament, and during all that time Canada has noted his remarkable administrative ability. His service on intercolonial commissions, as, for instance, on the one regarding the Alabama claims, have given the English also chances to admire his genius. He is about seventy years old, and looks like William Davidge of Daley's Fifth Avenue Theatre company. His face is big featured and rough hewn. He is democratic, easy going, good natured, and unaffected. He lolls about in his chair, which is like all the other chairs, with his knees up against the edge of his desk or his limber legs twisted under the seat, and twists this way and that, to listen to the speakers in his party, to pass an approving word to them, or to exchange glances or witticisms with the men around him. He is a politician of the smartest sort.

Of Sir John's rival, the leader of the Opposition, the same writer says:—

Mr. Blake looks like Senator Bayard, but there is in his face an indefinable touch that betrays his Irish origin. He is smooth shaven and wears black, and, if he had a choker, might easily pass for a priest; but he prefers to put on a big slouch hat and to wear clothes that don't fit him, so that *Grip*, the Canadian imitation of our *Puck*, has made a hit by always portraying him as a farmer. He is considered the best orator in the House. His Irish softens and beautifies his pronunciation, gives him ready wit and a smooth flow of language; but he is better than a good talker. He has a broad and logical mind, has a lawyer's training, is predisposed to figures and accounts, and is absolutely and mathematically accurate. It is his business to want to know, and he has a great capacity for disturbing complacent and shiftless officeholders, exposing public extravagance, if any there be, and demanding official figures that may be hidden in sly, Ministerial poke-holes. He does not compare with Sir John as a politician. When one of his followers is speaking he is as likely as not to bury his head in his arms on his desk, or to read a newspaper, or go out and take a walk. The Premier will never be caught making such mistakes.

AMERICA is going to do everything. It is now preparing to give the world dried figs. A fig orchard is to be planted in Los Angeles, California, and it is expected that the Smyrna variety will soon go out of popularity, and be replaced by the American sort. What a pity it is that the United States cannot grow cathedrals dating from Saxon times, old English churches, and famous abbeys. If they could, there would be nothing left in the old country to be proud of any longer.

THE progress made by women during the last ten or fifteen years in England and America has been very great. In many respects our neighbours of the States have made more extensive and rapid progress than

others. We hear of wealthy, cultivated women in Boston, New York and other cities of the Union, devoting time, money and personal labour to the advancement of sound education, morality and religion, to the relief and raising of the cast down, the "beaten ones" in life's battle, and the tending of the sick and afflicted. Among many noble examples of this kind who have come to the front during the last few years, two appear preëminently worthy. For several years—though one of them is still in the early prime of life—they have been performing their beneficent work quietly and unostentatiously. One of them is Mrs. Quincy Shaw, of Boston, daughter of the late Professor Agassiz, who, as we read in the *Home Journal* and know from private sources, spends yearly more than \$50,000 in supporting schools, kindergartens, nurseries for children of the poor, and other benevolent institutions. This accomplished Christian lady does not merely thus devote a large yearly income to these objects, but personally superintends and watches the good work. Daily she may be seen in her unpretentious one-horse brougham passing through some of the poorest parts of Boston to inspect her schools, and cheer and advise her managers and teachers, paid by herself. The other lady—Miss Ellen F. Mason, recently made known as the author of two excellent translations of Plato—is also setting a noble example to ladies of high position and fortune, without renouncing any of the duties incident to her position as a member of one of Boston's oldest and most honoured families, grand-daughter of the late Hon. Jeremiah Mason, celebrated orator and jurist, daughter of the late Mr. Robert M. Mason, and near kinswoman to Hon. Robert C. Winthrop. Mr. Winthrop has maintained, in advanced life, the reputation early won by him as a statesman and orator. He has often been the guest and host of the mother country's most distinguished men, among others our late Governor-General, Dean Stanley, and Chief Justice Coleridge. Miss Mason devoted six years of her life, after finishing a lady's usual education, to the study of the classics, especially under a well-known able instructor, who, during his twenty years' residence in Boston, has fully maintained the high and solid reputation he had won at a very early age in Scotland and England as a classical scholar and teacher. Besides all this, she and a sister are devoting a large portion of their means and personal superintendence to the advancement of sound education, the assistance of deserving but poor students, and the helping of worthy distressed persons to help themselves. When Plato's philosophy is united with such practical and beneficent work as this, it wins from us a love and admiration we should never have given to the old Greek Philosopher alone.

INTERVIEWED on board the steamer when on the point of departure to England, Lord Coleridge is reported to have declared "American women far excel their English cousins in beauty and intellect," and since that moment the press has not ceased to discuss the question: In what does female beauty consist? With pardonable pride Americans cried "content" to Lord Coleridge's definition, and are doubtless honestly convinced that their women are the most beautiful in the world. Sir Lepel Griffin, however, on the other hand, boldly declares his conviction that "more pretty faces are to be seen in a single day in London than in a month in the States," and he very truly adds that this is the opinion of travelled foreigners. "The average of beauty is far higher in Canada, and the American town in which most pretty women are noticeable is Detroit, on the Canadian border, and containing many Canadian residents"—this also is the opinion of Sir Lepel, expressed in the *Fortnightly Review*.

BUT there is beauty and beauty—that of mind and heart, as well as that of face and form. If the question were asked, what is the greatest, most potent, and most enduring charm of female beauty, Shakspeare has given us the answer. It is the charm of variety. Of his wonderful presentation of what a late critic has called "the perfect and everlasting woman" in Cleopatra, we are told as her secret of retaining her powers in spite of the effects of time,

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety."

It is certain that women lose much of their influence by their readiness to forego their charm of variety. The idea of every fashionable woman is not to develop herself, but rather to stifle down her originality, and to cram herself into the one conventional world. Victor Hugo tells us of those infamous persons who form human monsters for exhibition, that they put a child into a huge earthen pitcher, let it grow there, grow into the mould of the pitcher. When it stops growing the pitcher is broken, and you have not a man, but a living jug. Something such is the idea of self-formation entertained and acted upon by the fashionable women, with such results as we see. That they thus surrender the chiefest of the spells by which man's feelings are wrought upon by female beauty it would be

useless to attempt to show. No woman would regard such an exhortation, and men know its justice already. However, beauty is a rare gift, and what is to be said for the multitude of plain women? The answer to this is given by Mr. Ruskin. He tells us "No girl is plain who is well bred, kind, or modest. All real deformity means want of manners or of heart. All real ugliness means some kind of hardness of heart or vulgarity of education." But George Eliot is a better guide here.

"Bless us," she says, "Things may be lovable that are not altogether handsome, I hope? I am not at all sure that the majority of the human race have not been ugly. Yet there is a great deal of family love amongst us. . . . I have seen many an excellent matron, who could never in her best days have been handsome, and yet she had a packet of yellow love letters in a private drawer, and sweet children showered kisses on her sallow cheeks. And I believe there have been plenty of young heroes, of middle stature and feeble beards, who have felt quite sure they could never love anything more insignificant than a Diana, and yet have found themselves in middle life happily settled with a wife who waddles. Yes! thank God, human feeling is like the mighty rivers that bless the earth; it does not wait for beauty—it flows with resistless force, and brings beauty with it."

However, no woman will consent to think that it is her part to dispense with beauty. And kindly mother nature gives some to all of her children. Where beauty of face is absent there is sometimes seen a slender willowy grace of form, or a rich abundance of wavy shining hair, or there is a tender sympathetic thrill of voice, or there is a subtle charm of manner pervading the whole person, which language has no words to define. Beauty is multi-form, and it is seen at its best when it is the outward form and expression of a beautiful tender soul, full of life and grace and affection.

POSSIBLY no question has given rise to more disputation than the antiquity and probable authorship of our "National Anthem." A leading German newspaper again brings forward the subject, claims the "Anthem" as a German production introduced into England at the time of the Hanoverian succession (1714), and affirms that such is now the accepted date by even would-be English authorities. But this is by no means generally conceded. Our National Anthem has been popularly handed down to us as the conception of an Englishman, John Bull—sufficiently national that, at all events—written on the occasion of the discovery of the gunpowder plot, which would make the date 1605, and the words seem to tend towards a confirmation of this assertion, though unfortunately reliable proof as to its authenticity is wanting. John Bull afterwards retired to Antwerp, where he was named organist to the cathedral, and where he died.

Macaulay, in his description of the battle of La Hogue, describes the victorious flotilla, when retiring after the fight, with the thundering chant of "God save the King." The date of La Hogue is 1692. The German authority to which we refer, in acknowledging the allusion of Macaulay, asserts that the "thundering chant" was simply sounded as a battle cry. But what would seem more completely to fix the first introduction of the "Anthem" in England prior to the date claimed by our German contemporary, is an extract from the letters of David Garrick, containing a copy as chanted at the Royal Chapel for James II., when the Prince of Orange landed in 1688:—

O Lord our God arise,
Confound the enemies
Of James the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King!

Another verse written about the same time, and now to be seen engraven on drinking cups which belonged to distinguished Jacobites of the time, is as follows:—

God bless the Prince of Wales,
The true born Prince of Wales,
Sent us by thee!
Grant us one favour more,
The King for to restore,
As thou hast done before,
The familiee.

In France the air of the English National Anthem has been alternately ascribed to Hadyn and Sully, and is supposed to have been written in honour of Louis XIV.

NOTHING more pitiful than a lady once in the full swing of society, faithless to a husband, and deserted by her lover and by all the world, left lonely and desolate, with a child and her dogs, in a cottage by the roadside, near a forest in the country, can be imagined. Such is Lady Aylesford, whose case was recently before the courts. It will be remembered this unfortunate lady ran away from her husband with the Marquis of Blandford, who deserted his victim when the scandal became public. She is suing her husband for the £500 a year upon which she has been living, while the duke for whom she forfeited her position in the world, and who is the reputed father of her child, is selling the pictures which were the pride of his family to have money to spend upon his pleasant way. Beautiful, bright, accomplished, graceful in movement, kindly-hearted, Lady

Aylesford has lost everything which makes existence precious to most women, tenderly nurtured as she has been; and now she is called into court to confess publicly her offences, under penalty of being left in poverty. She is still comparatively young, but her husband and she are tied together, and he refuses to maintain her because she has had a natural child. It is an awful picture of modern society. Balzac himself could not have added one melancholy imaginative touch to make it more sorrowful and sad.

UNDER the title "Public Life in England," M. Philippe Daryl, a Frenchman who has spent ten years in Britain, has published a study of public life, free from jealousies, affectation of superiority, or national prejudices. It will hardly attain so remarkable a success as the satirical "John Bull and his Island," of M. Max O'Rell, but will be welcome as the work of a more serious man, written in a more forcible style. Englishmen will hesitate to accept all M. Daryl says, because he admires so much and sees so few faults. He praises the literature, the press, and recognizes the high motives of most English publications. Of public men he writes freely.

"Mr. Bright," he says, "is perhaps the only living man in whom are united the supreme gifts of the orator, the most brilliant imagination, the most exquisite sensitiveness, the finest humour, the surest judgment, the most upright conscience, and the most elegant, pure, and vigorous language. To hear him is a pleasure for the gods. He is a Bossuet, a Pascal, and a Franklin all in one."

Mr. Gladstone is described as a "vocal conscience"—a phrase characteristically French in its comprehensiveness, force, and appositeness.

"He is the orator who exhausts all sources, who puts together the smallest fragments of his subject, and who is unequalled in grouping them, and arranging them into files which march past before his astonished audience in battle array. If his eloquence is of a less Æolian kind than that of Mr. Bright, his authority over the House is of the same order. The House relies on his evident honesty, on the respect which all parties feel for firm and sincere opinions."

Sir Charles Dilke is commended. Lord Hartington is portrayed as a dilettanti politician, and even Mr. Bradlaugh receives a passing word:

"Advocate? No, certainly he is not that. Imagine the genius of cavil personified, with the muscle of a tiger, crouched down in the jungle of the most tangled legislation in the world. A Blackstone and a Montesquieu perpetually occupied, not with extricating the spirit of the law, but with trying to discover its weaknesses. Then, treasuring up his discovery, and even allowing himself to be condemned in the first or second instance, accumulating the expenses, heaping up the procedures, he, at a fitting moment, terminates the affair by a leap or a bite."

M. Daryl is inclined to laugh at the English aristocracy. "The fact is," he remarks, "that a lord is a strange anthropological phenomenon, a human fossil straying in our century, of which there is no specimen to be found in French Society." But even though the Crown should go, our critic thinks England would preserve its lords, because the cultivation of "blue blood" has been so fostered as to have become a national idiosyncrasy. M. Daryl is a close observer, and probably understands the English character better than most Frenchmen, but in the rôle of prophet his speculations will go for what they are worth.

APROPOS of the *Petit Cercle* rookery scandal referred to last week, the London *Spectator* points out that gambling has two inevitable ends—men don't pay, and men take to cheating. The former disaster always occurs as "paper" is admitted as a legal tender over the green baize. The latter—known as "correcting fortune"—is almost an invariable sequel to the former. The "Philosopher," "Chevalier d'Industrie," "Greek," has reached the very lowest depth to which civilized man can descend. No one can defend a man who has cheated at cards. No, a man may do many shady things; his accounts may be difficult to unravel; he may decline to fight a duel in a foreign country; he may find that urgent private business calls him to Europe when his regiment is in the Soudan or Nova Zembla, and people will make excuses for him. But he really must not cheat at cards. An English correspondent says: Baccarat has been stopped at most of the gaming clubs, though it is not yet decided whether a gaming club is illegal. Instead of baccarat, however, *ecarté* and poker are being played. In morality the change is hardly such as to be worth very much, though there may be all the difference in the world as to legality. And the result seems likely to be that a legal sanction will be given to every form of gambling such as only professional gamblers would play.

M. CLEMENCEAU, the eminent French physician-philanthropist, whose good works are so well known to the sick poor of Paris, is studying the social question in London, believing that light from England can help him at home. He it was who carried against the French Ministry the other day a resolution for a committee of enquiry into industrial distress, and he is perhaps, at present, the most conspicuous figure in French politics, though his party is too small to command the Chambers. M. Clémenceau will find the treatment of the poor in England very different from the French state of affairs. In the former case it is as though an affluent territorial aristocracy desired to make compensation for their monopoly of the soil, by giving

their disinherited vassals the organized alms of parish relief. In France, on the contrary, the owners of the soil are numerous, and many are needy. There is no legal right to relief; the workhouse is unknown. In Paris, even the vagrant occupants of the street are largely subject to police surveillance; in English cities almost absolute freedom to seek subsistence is allowed. If a cab is wanted or stopped, a ready boy finds his chance of a penny springing up like a blade of grass between the flags from beneath his feet. Jobs for idlers arise at every railway station or street corner. To girls, London and places like it offer much worse opportunities of gain. No wonder then, that the surplus of the fields is poured into the cities; and the stream, pure at its source, becomes muddy, sometimes black, in the centre of the towns. No check is placed on any calling, even if it leads to danger, or becomes professional vice. The State says to the whole population, "You are free; fight the battle of life as you like; if you fail the Poor Law will pick you up." In France there is neither the same initial freedom, nor the ultimate help. Instead of the benefit societies, which a spirit of self-help has encouraged English workmen to found, the French have individual economy; but the absence of State relief has bred enmity towards the rich. It will be curious to note the commentaries of M. Clémenceau on the social contrasts of the two nations.

THE printing world is much disturbed by the discovery of a new process which enables any number of copies to be taken of the oldest book without setting a line of type. A compound has been discovered which may be spread upon a page without in the slightest way injuring the paper and which refuses to rest upon ink. It can be easily removed to a stone, and there become the matrix for stereotype, or can be used for printing from at once. You hand your best beloved Aldine to the inventor of this new process, and he will return it to you without a stain or a mark, uninjured and only cleaned, and he will give you along with it an exact facsimile, letter for letter and broken stop for broken stop, of the volume which he has had in his possession for only a few days. Mr. Quaritch, the second-hand bookseller, is said to be thirsting for the blood of this too-clever inventor; but practical printers are already moving to see whether they cannot save the cost of re-setting old editions, and, if certain difficulties can be got over, we shall see a change not only in the production of fac-similes of old books, but in the reproduction of modern books. It will no longer be necessary to keep type standing. A proof will be as good as a stereotyped plate. No book will ever really be "out of print" so long as a copy of it remains. It will be nearly as cheap to reproduce a volume as to print an extra copy of a volume passing through the printing machine. Certainly we are progressing. Already water-colour drawing can be so well lithographed as to deceive the very artists. The time is not far distant when we shall photograph colours. And now that a book may be reprinted from itself, we may reasonably hope to find a method whereby oil colours may be multiplied from their own canvases.

THE proposal to replace the time-honoured red coat of the British army with a grey tunic is causing much comment in military circles. "Tommy Atkins" in particular is very sore about it, and recruiting-sergeants with some show of reason prophecy that such a change would materially reduce the numbers joining the colours. The handsome feather bonnet of the highland regiments is also to be abolished by the army reformers. The bear-skin of the Guards, and the "tin-pots" of the heavy cavalry, will probably soon follow suit, and the whole army after such "reforms" will present an appearance of delightful uniformity in gray frocks and forage caps. A *communiqué* was sent to the morning papers by the War Office, extolling the merits of the new gray uniform, and announcing that it will probably be the future dress of the British infantry. It is not yet certain, however, that the Queen will indorse the recommendations of the dress committee at Aldershot. It is well known that all its members, with one exception, were chosen from corps not wearing the red uniform which it is now proposed to abolish. And even if there were abundant evidence of the disadvantages of wearing red in the field—which there is not—it would be a moot question whether they were not more than covered by the *esprit* which the soldier feels in wearing a uniform associated with so many glorious traditions.

"If there is anything the President enjoys," says a Washington correspondent, "it is giving dinner parties. He revels in a handsome table, and gives the finishing touches with his own fingers, so to speak; that is, he inspects the board, presumably to see that everything is complete. The most effective designs seen this season were on the table at the dinner given to the judges on Thursday evening, and the state dining-room never looked handsomer. The central ornament was an open floral temple,

with Greek columns and a dome, the latter wholly of pink and white azaleas, in separate colours, the other parts being of roses, smilax and acacia blossoms. In this Temple of Justice, as it was called, was an open book with the words Law, and Constitution, in gilt letters. On either side of the temple were scales, the lever of pink and white azaleas, and the balance of heliotrope and carnations. There were fifty covers, and the table was extended with cross tables at the ends. On these, large circular baskets of roses, shaded by parasols of lilies-of-the-valley and fine ferns, were the centre pieces. The effect was pretty and graceful. The windows of the room were filled with dark-green palms bending over the snow-white azaleas, giving an exquisite mingling of green and white. The President spent some time in the room, giving directions, and the guests say it was in every detail a faultless entertainment."

A CORRESPONDENT of one of the Worcester papers relates a characteristic anecdote of the late Lord Hertford and the Prince Consort. Lord Hertford told the writer that the most interesting part of his life was when he was thrown into constant contact with Prince Albert; and the Prince spoke more freely to him than to anybody else, because he knew that he (Lord H.) did not keep a diary in which every remark would be carefully recorded. He added that he was much with the Prince when the Osborne estate was bought, and when the grounds were subsequently laid out under the Prince's direction. Upon one occasion the Queen and the Prince Consort were crossing to Osborne together, and he was surprised to find the Prince on deck enjoying the breeze while the Queen was below. He expressed his surprise to the Prince, saying he thought he was a bad sailor. The Prince replied that "he knew that he had that reputation, and that the Queen was thought not to suffer from sea-sickness;" and he added, "I know the English laugh so much at sea-sickness that I am quite willing that it should be so, and that the laugh should be directed against me rather than against the Queen."

THE time spoken of by Mr. Matthew Arnold, the prophet, when we shall all yawn in each other's faces, and the whole air shall be filled with the roarings of journalistic young (and veteran) lions, seems to have arrived. At least, so thinks the *Saturday Review*. We are suffering, our contemporary thinks, from "the burden of actuality"—of a prodigious dreary earnestness which is quite capable, unluckily, of occupying itself with the most trivial things. The newspapers are the prophets of actuality. They have naturally no time, space or inclination to waste on literature and art, and the leisurely essay in which our idle ancestors contemplated life and plucked the flower of humorous meditation. A book may get a hasty half-column while the appearance of the book is an "actuality" or an item of news. A picture gallery is actual till people have had time to see it, after which it falls back into the dust-bin of forgetfulness. The iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth his poppy over every play after the first night unless, perchance, a quarrel full of very pretty actuality can be got up on a charge of plagiarism or on a trifle of costume. The worst of this state of things is that all literary organs and their editors seem as athirst for actuality as the evening newspapers themselves. The result is that the roaring of the most majestic lions fills the larger monthly magazines. Instead of being devoted to literature, art, fiction, and general entertainment, with a dash of lively politics, as in the old days of the *Quarterly*, the *Edinburgh*, and *Blackwood*, the monthly magazines have become bulky collections of signed, and, if we may say so, stodgy leading articles on topics thrilling with the actual.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER and the Duke of Argyle are at loggerheads. In his theological books the duke has been laughing at the notion of an ideal evolution which would produce progress without struggle and pain; and attributing this proposed improvement on the divine order to Mr. Herbert Spencer. The great thinker is as angry as a philosopher can be; charges the duke with making quotations which do not exist; and explains that he was describing a future of humanity in which men would not fight one another, or interfere with one another's liberties, or hurt others in pleasing themselves. He wants to see no wars, no legislation touching liberty, no attempted interference by the State with individuals, and very little State organization save for the purpose of protecting liberty. He never imagined that there could be an end to competition in the lower ranks of life, or an abolition anywhere of death.

THE Waterloo Cup—the Dog Derby of coursing men—which was decided on the 20th ult. and two following days, was, as last year, won by a rank outsider. Whatever may be the future of horse-racing or the lamentations over the present supposed degeneracy of the turf, followers of

the leash can have no reason to bewail the lack of interest shown by the general public in coursing events, for never before in the records of the meeting has so large a gathering thronged the classic flats of Altcar. The nominator of the winner netted the nice sum of \$30,000. "Mineral Water," this year's victor, was within an ace of being an absentee from the cup altogether, as only a short time previous to the event did his owner, Mr. Maher, receive the returned nomination of Mr. Marfleet, whose kennel was unable to furnish a representative at all up to Waterloo form. "Mineral Water" is a third season black-and-white dog, whose past performances have partaken rather of an out-and-in character, yet last year he showed excellent form for the cup; and though at no time can he be called brilliant, yet without being a flyer he possesses that amount of durability and resolution which are a *sine qua non* over the trying course at Altcar. Being English bred, his victory is a decided triumph for the English brigade, whose success in carrying off the blue ribbon of the leash has not of late years been so frequent. As the turf this year loses one of its brightest adornments in Lord Falmouth, so, too, will coursing circles regret the announced retirement of the Earl of Sefton, patron of the Waterloo meeting, and a keen lover of the greyhound.

Possibly no event in the aquatic world has of late occupied so much attention in public circles, both on this side the Atlantic as well as on the other, as the race over the championship course between Bubear and Ross, in which the latter, conceding a start of ten seconds, won, on Monday last, with comparative ease. The result was not altogether unexpected, for though in the early period of training Bubear was the most fancied, still the Canadian representative, who by most is thought to be only second to Hanlan himself, showed such marked improvement that he started first favourite, a position fully justified by his easy victory. The best man undoubtedly won on his merits, though there is no disguising the fact that the easy defeat of the Thames representative has been a sad blow to English patrons of the river. They fondly hoped they had discovered in Bubear, whose style is said to resemble Hanlan's, an oarsman who might have proved fit to be matched against the "Champion" and have brought back to England the supremacy on the river which they thought no nation or colony could ever wrest from her.

NOT THE UNIVERSITY, BUT THE PUBLIC SCHOOL.

Is there not abroad at present, it may be asked, just a trifle too much noise on the subject of University education, and would not a little agitation in regard to primary and technical training be more to the purpose? There is, of course, no call to find fault with the enthusiasm or with the objects of alumni associations. On the contrary, there is need of sympathy with these student unions, and, in the interest of higher education, the public voice would bid them go further in their work, and if possible secure inter-collegiate action in all that will advance the cause of culture, and, at the same time, enable graduate opinion to assert itself in the necessary affairs of academic management. The fear, however, is that in this matter of University education we are not only in some measure in advance of our needs, but there would seem to be a necessity to get back to more thorough preparatory study. If any one will look over the reports of the school Inspectors throughout the Province, or will confer freely with some of the more thoughtful and intelligent teachers, he will find that our vaunted system of education falls very far short of accomplishing the work expected of it, in the essential matter of a sound and useful elementary training.

With the eager haste which is characteristic of the methods of the New World, our educational system would seem to be too much in a hurry to get to the goal. "From the Public to the High School, thence to the University" is the watchword passed along the line, and shoals of immature, uninformed minds are driven forward at a pace that allows of little deliberation and no settling of thought throughout the brief and forced stages of the cramming process. What wonder, therefore, that pupils leave the schools, and that even graduates are turned out, with no intelligible command of the resources of education; with little power to make good and staying use of the crumbs of information they have been able to pick up; and worse than all, utterly lacking sympathy with culture or interest in literature and the intellectual life?

That we are not taking too pessimistic a view of matters, or speaking at random on a subject of which, it may be charged, we practically know little, let us quote one or two sentences from the current report of the Minister of Education, which direct attention to the defects and deficiencies of school instruction and management in the Province. The opinions cited are those of a few school inspectors whose criticisms on the schools are

permitted to appear in the Departmental Report for the year. As the reports of but six out of a total of seventy-five inspectors are published in the present Blue Book, there is a fear that the authorities have little else to boast of in the way of commendation of Provincial school-work. Hence, matters may be worse than we are permitted to see. Here are a few sample quotations:

"I find a want of thoroughness in teaching and a disposition to push pupils on too rapidly to be one of the greatest defects in school work." [p. 127.]

"In many cases teaching has not advanced beyond the dull routine of study and recitation, of telling children to learn instead of teaching them." [p. 137.]

"Frequent change of teachers, want of professional devotion to the work, and, in consequence, a lack of energy and inspiring zeal are but too often manifest in the practical working of our schools, and, therefore, neglected schools and ineffectual work are the result." [p. 124.]

"In Public Schools, as in High Schools, it seems to be thought that only that study is of any value which is worth an examination, and that to give attention to a subject not on the examination list is a reckless dissipation of energy." [p. 139.]

"Feeling the importance of the subject I have taken especial pains to learn in how far reading has been a mechanical act pronouncing the printed words, in how far it has been an exercise of the mind in getting at the thoughts and feelings of the author. My experience has been that, in too many instances, pupils have not been trained to go beyond the mere black and white page of the book, and that the exercise has often been a hindrance instead of a help to their grasping the author's ideas." [p. 135.]

"Literature is taught * * * at times, with no end in view but the preparation of certain details for examination: it has degenerated to mere parsing, derivation, and the conscientious learning of every appended note, to the complete exclusion of broader and more intelligent views of the subject." [p. 136.]

"In very few high schools is there an adequate supply of ordinary books of reference; in some, even the standard dictionaries are wanting." [p. 147.]

"The spirit of criticism and enquiry into all methods and results is just now unusually active. Who shall say that in all cases the schools have come out blameless? When it is found that the teaching of grammar has made the pupils neither speak nor write good English; that years of arithmetic have failed to make them compute quickly and correctly; that empty words are used instead of ideas, there must be grounds for the harsh and severe criticisms, there must be weak points that require strengthening." [p. 137.]

In these extracts we have an indictment from official sources more severe than any the Education Department would be inclined to justify had we penned the criticisms. But, as we have already hinted, the worst is not told. In the remarks of other inspectors we find statements and opinions with regard to the condition of the schools and the work done in them that go far to prove that elementary education in Ontario is confessedly a failure. Not only do we find that there is inaptitude and a want of thoroughness and enthusiasm in teaching, which are the bases of educational success, but there is failure in achieving results which the most perfunctory work might be expected to produce. The essential requisites of good reading, correct speaking, legible writing, and accurate computing, are admittedly not gained by the average pupil in the Public School. In regard to reading, it is notorious, that, first in importance as it ought to be in the school curriculum, in the High Schools at least, it has scarcely a place assigned to it on the time-table. This is explained by the fact that it is not made a test of proficiency in the Intermediate Examination, and is therefore not one of the "paying" subjects. In the Public Schools, though it receives attention, the lessons are rarely made intelligible, the matter is read mechanically, and mistakes in emphasis and inflection are too often passed over, either from indifference or want of knowledge on the part of the teacher. That reading, under the circumstances, fails to develop a taste for good literature is not to be wondered at, and when literature is reached the same deplorable results are manifest. Literature, we are told, is taught in the main as the pedants teach it, and mental unfolding and any intelligent delight in the beauties of our best authors never come into play. To some extent the school reader itself is responsible for this, as the selections too often lack interest for the pupil, and in the old, undiscarded books there are no aids to the teacher in making the lesson attractive. But the root of the evil clearly lies in the defective methods of teaching. The senior inspector himself, in the report we have quoted, practically gives us the clue when he urges that Normal School masters should have the power to exclude for illiteracy the would-be teacher who presents himself for professional training. If the men who come up and are admitted for a few months to the Normal School, to acquire the art of teaching, belong in any degree to the class of "illiterates," it is not difficult to account for much of the bad work of the schools. "Keeping school" may seem to these callow youth the easiest and most delightful of vocations; how far they are from ever attaining the ideal of the bright, pliant-minded, well-equipped schoolmaster one shudders to think.

Besides the poor material, however, there is an acknowledged inadequacy of professional training which should bear its share of censure in reviewing the shortcomings of our Provincial school system. Our two Normal Schools draw no infinitesimal portion of the half million the Province annually expends upon education. If these institutions are not up to their work, or if politics or intrigue conceal the truth when enquired into, the administration must be held responsible and the fact made public. The time has gone by alike for executive leniency and public

indifference. With the issues at stake both are now criminal. If our university "wranglers" will for a time intermit their clamour, public concern may be profitably aroused to look into the work of the schools.

G. MERCER ADAM.

REPORTING IN NEW YORK.

ALTHOUGH in some respects a very tiresome and lonely life, a reporter's life has a certain amount of fascination about it that renders it a hard one to give up. There is endless variety and excitement in it; it gives a very rare and peculiar insight into one or two phases of human life, and it is daily crowned with that rarest of triumphs—the triumph of seeing the immediate fruits of one's efforts. It is no bad compensation after a day of unceasing journey, effort, unrest and contention, to see the next morning how far one has beaten one's rivals, and hear one's clever journalism commended as the sensation of the hour.

There are five large papers in New York which are recognized throughout journalistic America as the schools of the profession. These are the *Sun*, *Tribune*, *Herald*, *Times*, and *World*. Of these the *Sun* has more exclusively a city circulation (140,000 a day), and hence relies more on reportorial news than any of the others. The consequence is that the *Sun* reporters are acknowledged to be the flower of the profession. Several of them make \$50 a week, and upon occasions more. Most of them have been on the paper for years, and only one or two of them are New Yorkers. Their skill in obtaining information is amazing, and I have seen a story told in the *Sun* with a dash and literary ability that is quite unrivalled in journalism.

The *Tribune* relies more on its politics and its excellent correspondents to fill its columns than on the city staff. The staff is composed almost exclusively of university men.

On the *Herald* the reporting staff is large, but the men have the reputation of being the most reckless and illiterate reporters in New York. The strength of the paper is in its cablegrams.

The *Times* reporters are rather envied by the others, as being the only ones whose jokes are allowed to get into print, the *Times* rather pluming itself on being a witty sheet. It pays well, rather better than the last of the five, the *World*, which has lately, under Mr. Pulitzer, of St. Louis, rather amused New York by its attempt to introduce a Western style of journalism into the metropolis: an attempt which rather fortunately has not met with success.

A reporter's daily life on one of these papers begins about midday, when he is supposed to be at his office to meet his city editor and learn from him his afternoon's work. Having learned what he is expected to do, he is not expected back in the office till late in the afternoon, when he returns to write up his afternoon's work and receive a second assignment for the evening. About midnight this is completed, and he is henceforth free to take recreation.

All around Printing House Square there are any number of eating houses of varying grades of respectability. Some are underground, some in upper stories, and some on the ground floor. Here between 6 o'clock and 7.30 in the evening one may generally run across a party of reporters dining together by threes and fours, and generally to be known by their happy unconsciousness of the presence of other diners. They behave rather like German students, and the post-prandial bottle of claret and cigar with which they finish up do not lessen the resemblance. They are Bohemians, most of them, and their reckless leaps from a five dollar to a twenty-five cent dinner, according to the day of the week and its remoteness from pay day, is characteristic. There is a charming little French restaurant in Fulton Street, where, for the first three days of the week, a number of those who habitually dine down town are fond of congregating. The *table-d'hôte* is slightly Americanized; but the coffee, wines and liqueurs are all orthodox. Here the reporters brew their brandy aristocratically, tip the waiters recklessly, and generally conduct themselves like millionaires. This for the first three days of the week. On Wednesday they emigrate. The restaurant is still French, but it is in a regular cellar. Boxes of groceries are piled up around the rooms. The tables have no cloths. Here one can get dinner for twenty-five cents. The dinner consists of soup and bread, a small square of meat with a villainous sauce smeared over it, and some mouldy cheese. Here the scribes dine with unflinching resignation until their purses admit of better quarters.

They do not all, however, live in this fashion. After one has served for six or eight months on a paper, one's work becomes somewhat more regular, a certain kind of work, perhaps, falling to one's share. Such, for instance, as falls to the theatrical and operatic reporters (those are not by any means the theatrical critics, who are generally well-known artists), the society

man, and departmental men (shipping news, stocks, market, railway, City Hall, or police headquarter reporters). When a man comes to get work regularly, of a certain kind, he is able to adopt more regular hours and a more regular style of living. He is able, perhaps, to get all his meals at his boarding house, or, if married, at home. This is a great saving to him. A good sized bed-room in 22nd Street, East or West or anywhere up town, with excellent board, is to be had for \$10 a week. If, on the other hand, he is compelled by the irregularity of his work to take his meals at restaurants, he will scarcely live under \$15 a week. A man, however, no matter what his regular work may be, is never altogether free from irregular work. He must always be, as it were, in call.

To take an instance: It is 8 o'clock in the evening, and no one is in the reporter's room except a couple of fresh hands who have had no work for the evening. The telephone rings and the city editor jumps to his feet. The call is from the night reporter at police headquarters. News has just come in of a railway accident on Long Island. Instantly the office is in a bustle. The fresh hands cannot be entrusted with a heavy accident, especially at night; they would not know how to get the news. One of them is detailed to police headquarters temporarily, while the regular man there, who is generally one of the sharpest men on the paper, is sent off to Long Island. The other fresh hand is sent to take a lecture from the hands of an older man, and despatch him to Long Island. The telephone is brought into requisition and regular men are re-called from all parts of the city and sent over to Long Island. Within half an hour six or eight men are at the scene of the accident, where they put themselves under the orders of the oldest of them, and proceed to work. One interviews the station men, another the conductor and engineer, another the wounded and the passengers, others go to the hospitals and wait till the ambulances arrive. Meanwhile, at the office all is excitement; the night desk men are ordered to cut all copy short and leave room for the accident. The "ed. head" men now look up parallel cases and consult as to the proper commentary to make. The reporters, as they come in one by one, are told there is no room for ordinary news until the men arrive from Long Island. About midnight the first man returns from Long Island. He tells his story to the city editor. A dozen men are killed and so many wounded, and the accident happened so-and-so. He is told to write up a general account of the occurrence, and while he dashes off sheet after sheet the night desk men hover over him, and despatch his copy to the compositors as it is written. By-and-by the other men straggle in, one by one, from Long Island. They each write up the part they were detailed to investigate. A list is made of the dead and wounded. Fresh hands are sent off to interview relatives and obtain obituary accounts, and so the hurry and excitement go on till 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning. Next day the papers are teeming with accounts, and woe to the unhappy man who has let another paper get a better story than he has got. The place that knew him will not know him again till he has retrieved himself. Next day, and perhaps for a week after, the men are engaged gathering up the loose threads of the story, and presently everything that is to be known is known, and the jury has nothing to do subsequently but confirm the newspaper accounts. If this thorough system of reporting were carried on in England, those absurd dynamite panics they have over there would soon be traced to their sources, and many things would be made plain that now are shrouded in the mysteries of official reticence.

Many a new reporter has made a reputation for himself by having to take a leading part in investigating a "case," on account of the absence of all other available men, and many a man has slept to a Byronic awakening and found himself famous. These are the chances that all the men wait and pray for.

Sometimes news comes in in an irregular way, and one paper gets the start by several hours of another, and scores a "beat." Such a case occurred at the time Cornelius Vanderbilt shot himself. A reporter heard it accidentally at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and immediately went to police headquarters, telephoned to his office, and proceeded to the hotel where the occurrence took place, to investigate. Curiously enough two other reporters at headquarters belonging to other papers took it into their heads to follow him and see what was up. They all entered the hotel about the same time, and the following dialogue took place between the pursuers and the hotel clerk:

"Anything up?"

"No."

"Anybody dead?"

"No."

"So long." And the two went out, satisfied they were on a wrong scent. Meanwhile the other man had casually been looking through the register, and now looked up. "I want to go up to room 124," he said,

with a knowing smile. The hotel clerk winked and had him shown up to where the dead millionaire lay stretched out. A suicide among the Vanderbilts in New York is like a suicide in the royal family in England. This reporter got the news six hours ahead of any other reporter and scored a "beat" for his paper, which is still referred to as one of the stories of journalistic New York.

R.

NORTH-WEST NOTES.

THE only plank of the Provincial platform on which the local politicians agree is that the weather is extremely severe in its Arctic-like severity. This concession is however made at home; it is unnecessary to say that it is not made in the local press, nor admitted to outsiders. Whether it is the pleasure derived from the circumstance of seeing others disappointed, or whether it is a "rule of business," is not easy to determine, but it is only a fresh arrival in the Provinces who would be guilty of such a breach of North-Western etiquette as to say "it is cold" when the temperature is actually registering Arctic severity. The "typical" Manitoban will not "give the climate away," though this is the fourth winter in this country that I have seen a Fahrenheit thermometer register 57° degrees, which is within thirteen degrees of the coldest weather ever experienced by Arctic navigators. It is about time that the *suppressio veri* in the matter of Manitoban writers was exposed. All the rhetorical descriptions of our winter temperatures are deceptive, and on that account they should be discontinued.

It is better that the intending immigrant should be previously informed that this country in winter is intensely cold, that the mercury goes down at odd times to fifty-seven degrees, that winter begins in earnest about the tenth of November, and lasts, with only a slight break, until the first of April; that there are three months in mid-winter when it is hardly fit for man or beast to remain exposed; that winters known as "blizzardy" are very severe, and render travelling and all out-door work next to impossible. The prairies are bare; there is little or no shelter, and during the severe months travelling is not only nearly impossible, but it is very dangerous. It would be better to instruct the intending immigrant as to the facts, so that none but the hardy and the venturesome may come. It is a paradise for the Scandinavian and the hardy races of the far north, but the Anglo-Saxon, and even the Canadian will find it "too far north" for permanent occupation. Those who understand the winter climate of this country best are the "old settlers," and the half-breeds. It is, after all, the country that makes the people, and not the converse, though this may be disputed.

When Principal Grant travelled through this country, it was during summer, and he travelled fast, and perhaps on a gauge somewhat narrow; for what can any one tell of a country from a couple of hasty trips taken through it with all the comforts, and even luxuries, of a government expedition? Had the distinguished professor taken both his trips in mid-winter he might have modified his enthusiasm. It is the fancy pictures of the artist who has been shot through the country in a Pullman car, that too often do a great deal of harm. A comparison of these pictures with nature herself shows that imagination has entered largely into the artist's mind as he stood at his easel.

We Canadians boast of being a matter of fact, reliable people. This claim is doubtful since the annexation of the North-West. The Government pamphleteer has endeavoured to outdo the speculator in the magnitude and brilliancy of his exaggerations. Since the advent of the Canadian North-West pamphleteers the Munchausen of the Western States has disappeared.

By this time the people of the Eastern Provinces have become thoroughly acquainted with the political maladies (I say political for convenience) of this aspiring Province.

The return of the "Farmers' Union" delegates from Ottawa without having accomplished anything was the signal for additional clamour, and another manifesto was issued, which, besides calling a general convention, breathed some defiance and contained a hidden purpose which is now being made known in clarion tones. So say some of the chiefs of the agitation. Whatever may be the grievances of the farmers, it is clear that most of these grievances have been self-imposed.

It must be admitted, so far, that local self-government in this Province has been a great failure. This is as much due to the class of men which has come to the surface as it is to the expensive governmental machinery with which the Province has been furnished, and to have furnished less would not have satisfied the settlers in 1871, to say nothing of the camp followers and the local aspirants for legislative honours. If Provincial legislation in this country has been a failure, municipal government has undoubtedly proved itself to be most disastrous. The municipal condition throughout the Province is most deplorable.

Added to rural and local municipalities is the county council system and judicial districts, imported from Ontario. The machinery was cumbersome as it was, but the last legislation made it so cumbersome that it is now clogged, and work it cannot. In a wide range of municipal experience in the Eastern Provinces, covering many years, I have never seen such a complete muddle as that in which municipal affairs exist in this Province at the present time. One would suppose that the farmers, who are largely interested in direct taxation, would have given some attention to these matters entirely within their control; but it may be relied upon as an absolute fact, that within the range of the whole discussion of grievances the matter has never been touched. The platform which the Union have adopted refers to Provincial Lands, C. P. R. Monopoly, Boundary Extension, and the Hudson Bay Route questions, which are wholly, or almost wholly, Federal in their character. This feature shows that there is some-

thing wrong within the Province itself, and that something is not hard to find. With few exceptions, the legislature is scallywag. No special property qualification beyond being that of a voter is necessary to be eligible as a candidate for the local legislature. Instead of Mr. Speaker Murray presiding over a body that is, for the most part, composed of responsible residents, he sits in an Assembly composed for the greater part of boomsters, insolvents, men of straw, and some who are birds of passage. True, the speaking talent and the ability of the legislature have increased of late, but it is doubtful if its respectability or honesty of purpose has advanced since the time when Speaker Bird refused to put the motion for the incorporation of Winnipeg, and for which some indignant residents ventured to anoint him with a pail of Stockholm tar.

The people of the Eastern Provinces have, doubtless, become accustomed to the sounds of war preparations which the leaders of the "Union" are now making, but as there is no *cash* for the purpose of carrying on hostilities, it is not likely that the services of the Dominion artillery will be required.

Brandon, Manitoba.

G. B. E.

OTTAWA NOTES.

WITH little but the Budget Debate going on, politics have been decidedly dull this week. Even the prospect of secession resolutions being passed at the Manitoba Convention in Winnipeg, and the shoutings of the Liberal Press of the province, have aroused much less interest than might have been expected. It is very difficult to understand why there should be such a feeling of apathy in the presence of, what seems on the face of it, national peril. But there are several things which may, to some extent, account for it. In the first place, Manitoba has never shown any determination to break with the Dominion Government. The Premier, Mr. Norquay, has come here several times to demand the rights of his Province; he has remained to seek favours, and at last gone away without securing anything but a pleasant reception and a kindly farewell. It is thought that he will remain as subservient now as he has always been, and that he will be able to bring his followers into line, also. Further, it is felt that the Liberals, however just may be their contentions, are backing the agitators for merely party purposes, and that they would be grievously disappointed should the Government make sufficient concessions to pacify the malcontents. Among a large class of the back-bench members, who have found their level through natural lack of intelligence, there is a belief that the Canadian Pacific is being built for the benefit of the North-West, at the expense of the older Provinces, and that therefore those older Provinces have purchased a right to oppress the North-West as they please. And besides—a most important consideration—in the ranks of the agitators are some men of unsavoury reputation, politically. People here, instead of allowing for the fact that agitation always attracts such men, and almost always makes them prominent, refuse to consider the grievances at all, but condemn the agitation as the work of the few. Should Premier Norquay throw himself into the arms of the Liberals and conduct that party as the party of Concession or Secession, it will be decidedly awkward for the Dominion Government. Sir John Macdonald's followers may shout "treachery!" as loud as they please, across the floor of the House, and the organs may grind to that tune, but that will not do away with the agitation. The Government's hope is to ward off this trouble until Spring. The agitators, however great their grievances, will then have to resume work, and they cannot organize again for six months to come, at least. What may turn up in six months who can tell? The situation can hardly be worse then, and it may be much better.

Apropos of Sir Richard Cartwright's speech in reply to the Finance Minister's statement, in which he made a strong indictment against Canadian political morality, it is true that there is in the country the "remnant" of which we have heard so much since Matthew Arnold came amongst us. That remnant has its members in every constituency, and in a majority of the constituencies these men hold the balance of power. But they are not to be won by the present course of the Reform party. They see that that party does not know its own mind, that while prating about purity, it has not the honesty to condemn the corruption shown by the court records to exist in its own ranks; that its Maritime Province Contingent is for the greater part made up of sore-heads who have yet to admit that Confederation is a thing to be worked for with enthusiasm, and who have not the manliness to denounce Confederation and work against it; that the Reform party's programme covers no reform to arouse the enthusiast or the patriot. The men who are looking forward to a destiny for Canada, and are anxious to work for that destiny, find in the Reformers a party of men who do not know and apparently do not care to enquire what that destiny is to be. They find that the sole aim and object of the Reform party is to attend to the details of legislation, and to trip up the other side. If Reformers are aroused to enthusiasm at all, it is in making much of their petted leader, and in denouncing as knaves and fools a people who will support even a bad Government that shows signs of believing in and honouring Canada.

The Railway Committee holds three meetings a week now, and some of the bills brought before it are very important. Among the most important are a series affecting the Ontario and Quebec, the Credit Valley, and the Toronto, Grey and Bruce. These bills embody the scheme, which has been so long preparing, of securing for the Canadian Pacific a separate system of roads in Ontario to compete with those of the Grand Trunk. The Credit Valley is authorized to extend its line to the Detroit River, and both that road and the Grey and Bruce are authorized to amalgamate with the Ontario

and Quebec, the last named being authorized to lease itself to the Canadian Pacific for nine hundred and ninety-nine years. The Grand Trunk Railway Company is also before the House asking for extensive powers for the re-organization of its debt. Now that the Canadian Pacific is basking in the noontide sun of Government favour, sympathy is naturally aroused for the Grand Trunk, once the lordly monopoly, now hardly able to command a friendly voice in Parliament. The difference in the position of the two roads is most marked before the Railway Committee. The C. P. R. solicitor, Mr. J. J. C. Abbott, elected an M.P., is always present to watch the legislation as it passes, with full liberty to address the Committee when he pleases. Mr. Abbott is always sure of an attentive hearing, because he is on the Government side, and one of the very ablest men in Parliament. On the other hand, when a bill affecting Grand Trunk interests comes up, there comes up also Mr. John Bell, solicitor of the Company—like Mr. Abbott, an able man, but unlike him, an outsider, who can speak to the Committee only when he is called upon to do so. Notwithstanding natural sympathy for the Grand Trunk, however, it must be confessed that some suspicion attaches to the measure now submitted to Parliament, for the reason that it appears to have been the outcome of some hasty decision come to among the leading men of the Company since the last annual meeting. The bill covers a scheme for taking up existing securities by new ones at a lower rate of interest, wiping out many complications which have necessarily followed the issuing, in past years, of many classes of securities. The scheme covers also the raising of additional capital—without increasing the annual interest charge—to double track the road from Toronto to Montreal, and for other purposes.

Visitors to Ottawa generally spend a little while in the model room of the patent office. The place should be one of absorbing interest, not merely to inventors and those specially interested in improved contrivances in the physical world, but to every person who makes the slightest pretence to keeping abreast with the times. But to the general public it is dreary and disappointing; to the amateur or professional mechanic it must be painful; to the inventor seeking knowledge and inspiration, it must be disheartening and discouraging to the last degree. Two close ill-ventilated rooms in the top flat of a three-storey building contain the results of work of brain and hand continued under, who can say what, discouragements and disappointments. The models are in good glass cases, except some which have been crowded out and are left upon the floor. System in arrangement seems to have been attempted in years gone by, but the attempt was evidently a feeble one, and is completely set at naught by the neglect of later times. If any member of Parliament wants to work a valuable reform he cannot do better than devote his attention to a re-organization of the system of displaying the models in the patent office. ED. RUTHVEN.

Ottawa, March 7th.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- T. B. B.—"England's Oldest Colony" crowded out.
S. G. C.—The subject is exhausted.
A CANADIAN.—The "Grant and Julius Caesar" controversy must cease.
HERBERT C. JONES.—Too late for this issue.
J. S. M.—"A Protest" came too late for insertion this week.

LONG SPEECHES.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—I hope it will not be considered improper on my part if, without mentioning a name or saying one harsh word, I through your columns ask members of Parliament if they consider what they are doing by stretching out their speeches to the length they do.

1. If any debating character remains in Parliament, this is the way to destroy it.

2. Such speeches can exercise no effect out of the House. Life is short; I would suggest that every member, other than a Ministerial leader, who speaks for more than one hour shall be compelled to supply the Hansard publisher with an analytical index. Otherwise the money spent in publishing these speeches is lost. It is easy to make the most comprehensive speech on any question. All you have to do is to cover sufficient ground; not so easy, apparently, to make a subject luminous, so that the points shall stand clearly out, and be easy of comprehension by the mass of men, for whom, after all, parliamentary reports are printed.

3. There is an idea that a long speech is a great speech. Members begin to ask, not "did I drive my points home, so as while I did not weary, I left my adversary on his defence?" but "how long did I speak?" The great speech is that which compresses thought while making a question plain. But it requires genius for that sort of speech. A scissors, a paste pot, and newspaper files are not equal to it. Parliament—at least the House of Commons—has become a cave of Æolus, if a classical allusion is permissible. Sir John on the one hand, and Mr. Blake on the other, impersonate the god. Bags of wind lie around on all sides. But the stern discipline of the suave Premier and the severe Blake keep down many a fierce ventosity. On given occasions, however, a certain number of bags have to be opened. When a Budget speech is made, it may be in dulcet tones by some Minister; the sky is calm and the sea mirrors the peaceful arch above. Probably, though not necessarily the case, a speech equally calm is made on the other side. Serenity is still the order of the day. But the time comes when the Æolus of the moment opens a bag, and then for the rest of the debate we have that, compared with which a storm is an edifying spectacle. Wind! wind! wind! wind!

It must be confessed the thunder of the storm is of the penny gaff order, and the scene is not redeemed by any displays of lightning. A windy day with newspaper scraps tossed to and fro is what would represent it. For

the next week Mr. Eurus, and Mr. Notus, and Mr. Africus receive the congratulations of their friends on their respective efforts, and they feel they have secured a place in the immortal pages of Hansard! And this is what Parliamentary Government has come to! Such another display of miserable mistaken vanity it would be hard to find on this vain earth.

Ottawa, March 4, 1884.

FATHER TIME.

THE C. P. R. SUBSIDY.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—I belong to a class which seems to occupy a very peculiar position in Ontario. I am a farmer, and have noticed that no matter what or whose interest is advocated by the patriotic and cultured gentlemen who control the press or the party machines of Canada, the interests of the unfortunate agriculturists are never considered. I am told that loyalty and patriotism require that I should submit to buy all or nearly all my supplies at an increased price, and sell the products of my farm at about twenty per cent. less than their natural value, and I do so without a murmur.

I am next told that I am to practically mortgage my farm (a second mortgage, unfortunately) to build a railway across the Rocky mountains, in order to have communication on British soil with ten or eleven thousand whites (mostly Yankees), about half as many Chinamen, and a few Indians, and I admit the necessity at once.

A few years pass, and I am informed that a further contribution of as near as I can make out, about \$150 per family is to be levied on the farmers of Ontario, to hasten the completion of the railway, as the Indians of British Columbia are getting impatient. I now see poverty staring me in the face, and I ask my neighbour, who is a Grit politician, if there is no help for this continual drain on my almost exhausted means. He tells me that he very much regrets the necessity, but does not see what can be done about it, as Messrs. Blake and Mackenzie had admitted that the road should be built, and consequently the Reform party were not in a position to say anything effective against it.

I write to the editor of a paper which has boldly advocated almost Democratic principles, and has had an article per week for the last ten years in favour of "free trade" with Switzerland, and ask him if the time has not arrived for us to throw over our connection with Vancouver's Island and get up some scheme for reciprocal trade with New York and Pennsylvania. He not only refuses to publish my article, but writes me a private letter rebuking me for my presumption, and cautioning me not to talk that way, as the party might be accused of disloyalty, and it may burst them at the elections. I have in the last few months come across a few numbers of the *Bystander*, and understanding that its former editor was connected with a popular paper in Toronto called THE WEEK, I send for that, hoping to find someone to take the part of the unfortunate agriculturist.

I find its columns taken up with criticisms on poetry, and powerfully written articles on scenery, which is about the only thing that I can get enough of.

I try the *Telegram*, having heard that it is an independent journal, and find in the first number a powerfully written denunciation of the *Globe* and the Grits for their temerity in opposing the grant to the C. P. R.

In fact there is no paper in Canada, if you except one country weekly, (the *Bobcaygeon Independent*), that even pretends to take the part of the farmers of Ontario. As for the politicians, we see enough of them at election times, but even then the arguments most of them advance are insults to the intelligence of the farming community.

The great railway corporations and the manufacturers control the press, and the public men of our country, and we have absolutely no way of making ourselves heard.

The only consolation left us is that the present course of events will bring national bankruptcy in a short time, and that in the new deal that must then take place, the position of the farmers may be improved and cannot possibly be made worse. I remain, etc., F.

THE IRISH PROBLEM.

THOSE who are connected with Ireland, as so many of our citizens, both Catholics and Protestants, are, may read with interest the following extract from a letter from one who is watching on the spot the working of the Land Act:—

"I ardently desired to see a numerous occupying or peasant proprietary in Ireland, but would have it created without breach of public faith and honesty. From my long experience as a Conveyancing Solicitor in Leinster and Ulster, I should say that the majority in number of Irish landlords were purchasers for money, under the sanction and on the faith of the laws of the state. On the other hand, many of the tenants were new men who came in without purchase, on improvements made by other people, and beyond the terms of their contracts of tenancy had no more right to claim an interest in the soil without purchase than their labourers or any other lacklands.

"What the landlords—many of them poor, small people—purchased was the right to themselves, their heirs and assigns, to occupy the land or let it for the best rent that could be obtained on the determination of present tenancies, if any, with the mesne right to receive the rents of these. The Act of 1881 stripped them of everything they purchased, and compelled them to take in exchange a rent to be fixed by contentious proceedings before a tribunal that refused from the first to state the principle on which it would act, except that it was to be 'a rent which would enable the tenant to live and thrive.' Rents which were regularly paid for half a century by tenants who remained solvent have been largely reduced; many a person

depending on those rents has been left destitute; and some, as I have heard, have been consigned to lunatic asylums. Surely they have a right to say to Parliament: 'We took that coin your laws made current; you clipped that coin and spoiled its currency; now take it from us at the price we might have obtained before you did that, or give us a clearing-house instead of a prating-house in College Green to make and maintain communal distribution of all the real and personal property in the kingdom.'

"It seems to me that the British Parliament has given the communist or socialist his first great victory, and that it will not do here to rely on the distinction between real and personal property, the question being one of keeping or rectifying a breach of public faith with private citizens who in that faith invested *their* personal property in land.

"For the present one patent effect is, that competition between farmers seeking to rent land having been extinguished, competition between farmers seeking to purchase the estates of tenants carved out of the estates of landlords is intensified. In Leinster, where nothing corresponding with the Ulster custom obtained, I heard a tenant farmer say, 'It is the worst act that ever was passed for Ireland; no man will ever get a bit of cheap land again, as the interest on the price he pays for stepping into the tenant's shoes will exceed the rent clipped from the landlord.' It must be so, the farmer reasoned well. Here in Ulster from £20 to £50 an acre is being paid for tenants' estates, and money is being borrowed on mortgage to complete purchases."

DULCE DOMUM:

A LEGEND OF WINCHESTER COLLEGE.

There is a beautiful custom, still in vogue, at Winchester College, whose students assemble at "Evening Hills," towards the close of term, and awake the echoes with the touching song of "Dulce Domum."

DULCE DOMUM! Sweetly Homeward! Loud the old familiar strain
Rolls its wondrous tide of sweetness o'er the hills, adown the plain,
Bearing happy thoughts of school-work, soon—oh bliss—to be resigned
For the pleasant, dear home-coming—hall and studies left behind;
And the gentle night-wind wafts it, over mountain, vale, and lea,
Whispering softly to the white cliffs, and the white cliffs to the sea
Echo back the glorious anthem; once again, and yet again,
O'er the woodland slopes of Hampshire, roll the gladly sweet refrain:
Dulce Domum! Sweetly Homeward!

Dulce Domum! Sweetly Homeward! But each word with anguish thrills
One lone heart beneath the shadows of the grand old "Evening Hills,"
One, whose melancholy features likeness to his dead sire's bear,
Round whose young life beams the halo of a sainted mother's prayer,
And the scorching tear-drop glistens, rising nigh beyond control,
For the iron of his sorrow pierces to his boyish soul,
Whilst the memories of his childhood o'er his recollections throng
As he listens, in his sadness, to his schoolmates' gladsome song:
Dulce Domum! Sweetly Homeward!

Dulce Domum! Sweetly Homeward! Homeless he, with none to bless;
Not for him the hearth of welcome, nor sweet sister's warm caress;
Chill his classmates' careless good-bye on his heart despairing falls,
Doom'd to linger, through vacation, in St. Mary's dreary halls,
Dreaming of his happy childhood, and his gentle mother's love,
Wondering, if she now beholds him, from her home in realms above.
But forever, and forever, through the dreary nights of pain,
In his orphan ears are ringing bitter echoes of the strain:
Dulce Domum! Sweetly Homeward!

Dulce Domum! Sweetly Homeward! Soon the "long vacation's" o'er,
One by one, the lads come trooping back to college life once more;
But a face they've known is absent, and they hear, with bated breath,
That their sad-eyed little comrade sleeps the unbroken sleep of Death.
Yes; an angel voice had whispered at the hour of midnight, "Come,"
And the dear Lord, in His mercy, took the little orphan Home.
Bright and glad his parents' welcome, who had waited for him long,
But the brightest, the most joyous, was the *youngest* angel's song:
Dulce Domum! Sweetly Homeward!

Toronto, 1884.

H. K. COCKIN.

THE ADVENTURES OF A WIDOW.

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

VII.—Continued.

They were presently strolling along the stone-paved esplanade, with its granite posts connected by loops of one continuous iron chainwork. To the south they had a partial view of Brooklyn, that city which is a sort of reflective and imitative New York, with masts bristling from her distant wharves and more than a single remote church spire telling of the large religious impulse which has given her a quaint ecclesiastical fame. But westward your eye could traverse the spacious bay until it met the dull-red semi-circle of Fort Columbus, planted low and stout upon the shore of Governor's Island, and the soft, swelling, purplish hills of Staten Island, where they loomed still further beyond. Boats of all shapes and kinds were passing over the luminous waters, from the squat, ugly tug, with its hoarse whistle, to the huge black bulk of an Atlantic steamer, bound for

transpontine shores, and soon to move majestically oceanward through the fair sea-gate of the Narrows. A few loiterers leaned against the stone posts, and a few more lounged upon the seats ranged further inland along this salubrious marine promenade. Back among the turfy levels that stretched broadly between the flagged pathways, you saw the timorous green of hardy grass, where an occasional pale wreath of unmelted snow yet lingered. People were passing to and fro, with steps that rang hollow on the hard pavement. If you listened intently you could catch a kind of dreamy hum from the vast city, which might almost be said to begin its busy, tumultuous life here in this very spot, thence pushing through many a life-crowded street and avenue, sheer on to the rocky fields and goat-haunted gutters of dreary Harlem.

"What a glorious bay it is!" exclaimed Kindelon, while he and Pauline stood on the breezy esplanade. "There never was a city with more royal approaches than New York."

"That fort, yonder," said Pauline, "will perhaps thunder broadsides, one day, at the fleet of an invading enemy. This is still such a young city compared with those of other lands... I suppose these waters, centuries later, will see grand sights, as civilization augments."

"Perhaps they may see very mournful ones," objected Kindelon.

"But you are an evolutionist," declared Pauline, with a priggish little pursing of the lips that he found secretly very amusing. "You believe that everything is working toward nobler conditions, though you laughed at Leander Prawle, the optimistic poet the other evening for his roseate prophecies about the human race."

"Oh, I'm an evolutionist," answered Kindelon. "I believe it will all come right by-and-bye, like the gigantic unravelling of a gigantic skein... But such views don't prevent me from feeling the probability of New York being reduced to ashes more than once in the coming centuries."

"Oh, yes, I remember," said Pauline. "There are often the apparent retrogressions—rhythmic variations of movement which temporarily retard all progress in societies."

Kindelon burst into one of his mellowest and heartiest laughs. "You are delicious," he said, "when you try to recollect your Herbert Spencer. You make me think of a flower that has been dropped among the leaves of an Algebra."

"I am not at all sure that I like your simile," said Pauline, tossing her head somewhat. "It is pleasant to be likened to a flower, but in this case it is rather belittling. And if it comes to recollecting my Herbert Spencer, perhaps the process is not one of very violent effort, either."

"Oh," said Kindelon, ruefully, "I have offended you!"

A sunny smile broke from her lips the next moment. "I can't be offended," she replied, "when I think how you rebuked my absurd outburst of pedantry. Ah! truly a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and I am afraid I have very little... How lovely it all is, here," she proceeded, changing the subject, as they now began to move onward, while they still kept close to the edge of the smooth-paven terrace. "And what a pity that our dwelling-houses should all be away from the water! My grandparents—or my great-grandparents, I forget which—once lived close to the Battery. I recollect poor mamma telling me that I had an ancestress whom they used to call the belle of Bowling Green."

"That was certainly in the days before commerce had seized every yard of these unrivalled water-fronts," laughed Kindelon. "Babylon on its Euphrates, or Nineveh on its Tigris, could not eclipse New York in stately beauty if mansions were built along its North and East rivers. But trade is a tyrant, as you see. She concedes to you Fifth Avenue, but she denies you anything more poetic."

"I wonder who is the belle of Bowling Green now?" said Pauline, looking up at her companion with a serio-comic smile.

He shook his head. "I am afraid your favoured progenitress was the last of the dynasty."

"Oh, no," dissented Pauline, appearing to muse a trifle. "I fancy there is still a belle. Perhaps she has a German or an Irish name."

"It may be 'Kindelon,'" he suggested.

"No—it is something more usual than that. If she is not a Schmitt I suspect that she is an O'Brien. I picture her as pretty, but somewhat delicate; she works in some dreadful factory, you know, not far away, all through the week. But on Sunday she emerges from her narrow little room in a tenement-house, brave and smart as you please. The beaux fight for her smiles as they join her, and she knows just how to distribute them; she is a most astute little coquette, in her way."

"And the beaux? Are they worthy of her coquetries?"

"Oh, well, she thinks them so. I fear that most of them have soiled finger-nails, and that their Sunday coats fit them very ill... But now let me pursue my little romance. The poor creature is terribly fond of one of them. There is always one, you know, dearer than the rest."

"Is there?" said Kindelon, oddly. "You're quite elucidating. I didn't know that."

"Don't be sarcastic," reproved Pauline, with mock grimness. "Sarcasm is always the death of romance. I have an idea that the secretly-adored *One* is more of a convert than all his fellows to the beautifying influences of soap. His Sunday face is bright and fresh; it looks conscientiously washed."

"And his finger-nails? Does your imagination also include those, or do they transcend its limits?"

"I have a vague perception of their relative superiority... Pray let me continue without your prosaic interruptions. Poor little Mary... Did I not say that her first name was Mary, by-the-bye?"

"I have been under the impression for several seconds that you called her Bridget."

"Very well. I will call her so, if you insist. Poor little Bridget, who

steals forth, *endimanchée* and expectant, fails for an hour or two to catch a glimpse of her beloved. She is beginning to be sadly bored by the society of her present three, four, or five admirers, when suddenly she sees the beloved approaching. Then she brightens, and becomes quite sparklingly animated. And when her Ideal draws near, twirling a licorice cane—I insist upon having her Ideal twirl a licorice cane—she receives him with an air of the most unconcerned indifference. It is exquisite to observe the calm, careless way in which she asks him . . .

"Pardon me," interrupted Kindelon, with a short and almost brusque tone, "but is not this gentleman coming towards us your cousin?"

"My cousin?" faltered Pauline.

"Yes—Mr. Courtlandt Beekman."

Pauline did not answer, for she had already caught sight of Courtlandt, advancing in her own direction from that of the South Ferry, which she and Kindelon were now rather near. She stopped abruptly in her walk, and perceptibly coloured.

A moment afterward Courtlandt saw both herself and her escort. He showed great surprise, and then quickly conquered it. As he came forward, Pauline gave a shrill, nervous laugh. "I suppose you feel like asking me what on earth I am doing here," she said, in by no means her natural voice, and with a good deal of fluttered insecurity about her demeanour.

"I shouldn't think that necessary," replied Courtlandt. His sallow face had not quite its usual hue, but nothing could be steadier than the cool light of his eye. "It's very evident that you are taking a stroll with Mr. Kindelon." He then extended his hand, cased in a yellow dogskin glove, to Kindelon. "How are you?" he said to the man whom he entirely disliked, in a tone of neutral civility.

"Very well, this pleasant day," returned Kindelon, jovially imperturbable. "And you, Mr. Beekman?"

"Quite well, thanks." He spoke as if he were stating a series of brief commercial facts. "I had some business with a man over in Brooklyn, and took this way back to my office, which is only a street or two beyond." He turned toward the brilliant expanse of the bay, lifting a big silver-knobbed stick which he carried, waiving it right and left. "Very nice down here, isn't it?" he went on. His look now dwelt in the most casual way upon Pauline. "Well, I must be off," he continued. "I've a lot of business to-day."

He had passed them, when Pauline, turning, said composedly but sharply:

"Can't I take you to your office, Court?"

"Thanks, no. I won't trouble you. It's just a step from here." He lifted his hat—an act which he had already performed a second or so previously—and walked onward. He had not betrayed the least sign of annoyance all through this transient and peculiarly awkward interview. He had been precisely the same serene, quiescent, demure Courtlandt as of old.

Pauline stood for some little time watching him as he gradually disappeared. When the curve near Castle Garden hid him, she gave an impatient, irritated sigh.

"You seem vexed," said Kindelon, who had been intently though furtively regarding her.

"I am vexed," she murmured. Her increased colour was still a deep rose.

"Is there anything very horrible in walking for a little while on the Battery?" he questioned.

She gave a broken laugh. "Yes," she answered. "I'm afraid there is."

Kindelon shrugged his shoulders. "But surely you are your own mistress?"

"Rather too much so," she said, with lowered eyes. "At least that is what people will say, I suppose."

"I thought you were above idle and aimless comments."

"Let us go back to the carriage."

"By all means, if you prefer it."

They reversed their course, and moved along for some time in silence.

"I think you must understand," Pauline suddenly said, lifting her eyes to Kindelon's face.

"I understand," he replied, with hurt seriousness, "that I was having one of the pleasantest hours I have ever spent until that man accosted us like a grim fate."

"You must not call my cousin Courtlandt 'that man.' I don't like it."

"I am sorry," he said, curtly, and a little doggedly. "I might have spoken more ill of him, but I didn't."

Pauline was biting her lips. "You have no right to speak ill of him," she retorted. "He is my cousin."

"That is just the reason why I held my tongue."

"You don't like him, then?"

"I do not."

"I can readily comprehend it."

Kindelon's light-blue eyes fired a little under their black lashes. "You say that in a way I do not understand," he answered.

"You and Courtlandt are of a different world."

"I am not a combination of a fop and a parson, if you mean that."

"Pauline felt herself grow pale with anger, as she shot a look up into her companion's face.

"You would not dare say that to my cousin himself," she exclaimed, defiantly, "though you dare say it to me!"

Kindelon had grown quite pale. His voice trembled as he replied. "I dare do almost anything that needs the courage of a man," he said. "I thought you knew me well enough to be sure of this."

"Our acquaintance is a recent one," responded Pauline. She felt nearly certain that she had shot a wounding shaft in those few words, but she

chose to keep her eyes averted and not see whether wrath or pain had followed its delivery.

"A long silence followed. They had nearly reached her carriage when Kindelon spoke.

"You are in love with your cousin," he said.

She threw back her head, laughing ironically. "What a seer you are!" she exclaimed. "How did you guess that?"

"Ah," he answered her, with a melancholy gravity, "you will not deny it."

She repeated her laugh, though it rang less bitterly than before. She had expected him to meet her irony in a much more rebellious spirit.

"I don't like to have my blood-relations abused in my hearing, she said. "I am in love with all of them, that way, if that is the way you mean."

"That is not the way I mean."

They were now but a few yards from the waiting carriage. The footman, seeing them, descended from his box, and stood beside the opened door.

"I shall not return with you," continued Kindelon, "since I perceive you do not wish my company longer. But I offer you my apologies for having spoken disparagingly of your cousin. I was wrong, and I beg your pardon."

With the last word he extended his hand. Pauline took it.

"I have not said that I did not wish your company," she answered, "but if you choose to infer so, it is your own affair."

"I do infer so, and I infer more. It is best that I—I should not see you often, like this. There is a great difference between you and me. That cousin of yours hated me at sight. Your aunt, Mrs. Poughkeepsie, hated me at sight as well. Perhaps their worldly wisdom was by no means to blame, either. Oh, I understand more than you imagine!"

There was not only real grief in Kindelon's voice, but an under-throb of real passion as well.

"Understand?" Pauline murmured. "What do you understand?"

"That you are as staunch and loyal as ever to your old traditions. That this idea of change, of amelioration, of casting aside your so-called patrician bondage, has only the meaning of a dainty gentlewoman's dainty caprice. . . that—"

His voice broke. It almost seemed to her as if his large frame was shaken by some visible tremor. She had no thought of being angry at him now.

She pitied him, and yet with an irresistible impulse her thought flew to Cora Dares, the sweet-faced young painter, and what she herself had of late grown to surmise, to suspect. A sort of involuntary triumph blent itself with her pity, on this account.

She spoke in a kind voice, but also in a firm one. She slightly waved her hand toward the adjacent carriage. "Will you accompany me, then?" she asked.

He looked at her fixedly for an instant. Then he shook his head. "No," he answered. "Good-bye." He lifted his hat, and walked swiftly away.

She had seen his eyes just before he went. Their look haunted her. She entered the carriage, and was driven up-town. She told herself that he had behaved very badly to her. But she did not really think this. She was inwardly thrilled by a strange, new pleasure, and she had shed many tears before reaching home.

(To be Continued.)

A SUPPRESSED BOOK.

A PAMPHLET on "Berlin Society" was recently issued in Germany which was so malicious and slanderously indecent—which contained such outrageous attacks upon the Royal family and prominent Berliners—that the German and French Governments united in suppressing it. Seeing that the *brochure* is accessible in other countries, and that its very extravagances minimized its power for evil, people wonder that it was thought needful to further advertise it by an impotent suppression. Enough truth underlies the malicious statements made to give vim to what would otherwise be beneath notice. The author is said to be a Frenchman who had been engaged as reader to the Empress Augusta—a man so lost to decency as to slander the benefactors whose salt he had eaten. It will be necessary to remember the vitiated source from which these cynical abuses come, in perusing the following more moderate cuttings from the pamphlet which for a few days so exercised the Royal family and the *haut ton* of Berlin. The stronger passages are unfit for the eyes of ladies and gentlemen:—

THE EMPEROR WILLIAM.

The Emperor William is, without contradiction, among his people the most popular prince living. Without having remarkable intelligence, he possesses a talent for discovering people who may become useful to him, and pushes them forward. He has no vanity, disappears at the right moment, keeps in the background behind his Chancellor, and whatever he may suffer from the imperious will of the latter, he has too much dignity to let the world behold it. He is brutally ambitious, through a sentiment of covetousness; morally he has the same appetite as physically; he would always have more than he already possesses; and even to this day he cannot console himself in thinking that he did not take Saxony in 1866. He busies himself about the Government more than anybody suspects; when it is something that concerns himself, he is stubborn and persistent in the determination to triumph; in any other event he leaves everything to others. The army has in him a stout champion, and it is the only thing which he has not permitted Bismarck to meddle with. He has never

approved the conduct of the Crown Prince during his short regency in 1878. The treaty of Berlin displeased him; he would have liked to see a smaller Bulgaria, and was indignant at the emancipation of the Jews in Roumania. That these two points have always displeased him is what he assured one of my friends one day in a moment of expansion. Perhaps it was out of spite for not having been consulted in so grave a circumstance. Perhaps it was truly his political conviction which was the animus of this plaintive recrimination. Above all, he has been very happy in his life, and he knows how to appreciate this blessing. In public he never speaks of politics, but is essentially a man of the world. His courtesy is extreme and unaffected. He knows that he owes everything to others, and does not disdain to be grateful; but, on the other hand, he allows nobody to forget the fact that it was his name that covered all that was done. In fine, he is really kind, truly frank, of medium intelligence, of a somewhat narrow mind; a very well-developed, good common sense; an excellent heart. He is an individuality which can only inspire sympathy and respect in his people, and he will hold a place among the great sovereigns, without ever having been a great man.

THE EMPRESS AUGUSTA.

The Empress Augusta has had some ardent friends, some passionate admirers, and some bitter detractors. Those who attributed to her a great intelligence were wrong; those who said she was vicious and malicious were equally wrong. She has no intelligence; she is not wicked; but she is treacherous and affected. She exerts herself to persuade the world that she is learned, literary, *au courant* of all that passes in the world of science and arts, and also to make herself popular. But she lacks dignity; she confides her secrets to her maid of honour. She surrounds herself with courtiers and with favourites who are the first to speak ill of their protectress. Her heart is excellent, her kindness is unbounded; but she is ignorant in the art of giving. Tire-some from amiability, she produces the impressions just contrary to what she desires. They believe neither in her philanthropy, her charity, nor in any of the qualities of which she really is possessed. An unhappy creature, but unhappy, above all, through her own fault.

THE CROWN PRINCE.

The Prince Royal is not a man of action; he is a *paterfamilias* in the fullest sense of the word. He lives only for his wife, and he adores his children with the exception of his oldest son, whose bold mind excites his fears. His passionate admiration for the Princess has made his heart entirely English. The Emperor and Bismarck look upon the Prince as utopian in his views; he loves the arts, encourages *belles-lettres*. When he ascends the throne politics will undergo a transformation. Therefore those who differ politically, in secret or openly, with the reigning Emperor, put their hopes in the heir apparent. Here in my opinion is their mistake. The Prince will never know how to make a decision, or he will only decide when the time for decision is passed. His manner is cold; notwithstanding his courtesy one does not feel at ease when in his presence. He has no other ambition than the legitimate desire to reign. Notwithstanding his kindness, which is unbounded, he never forgets an injury. Under his reign Germany will have peace, and the greatest happiness for France will be in the prolongation of his reign. He is not popular with the army. His father fears him and endeavours to keep him in the shadow as much as possible.

THE CROWN PRINCESS.

The Princess is a woman of much versatility of mind; she writes political memoirs, maintains a correspondence with philosophers, is something of a sculptor, paints pictures, composes sonatas, draws plans of architecture, etc. Society is an annoyance to her; she has no affection for it, and without a doubt she looks with contempt upon it, for one meets at her *soirées* certain people not to be seen in any other place, and who frequent society only as it is to be found at her house. She interests herself in politics and has upon this subject peculiar opinions not always orthodox or compatible with her immediate surroundings. In consequence of these opinions she makes frequent little journeys to Italy, ostensibly artistic pilgrimages; in this way she escapes the necessity of feigning an approval and is not obliged to relinquish her standpoint. Her relations with the Empress are very constrained; they are less so with the Emperor. She exerts through her affection and through her knowledge an unbounded sway over her husband.

THE HEIR OF THE CROWN PRINCE.

The Prince William, her oldest son, is but twenty-four years old; it is difficult therefore to foretell what he may become eventually. It is an incontestable fact that he is a young man of mind, of goodness of heart. He is the most intelligent among the princes of the royal family; he is brave, enterprising, ambitious, somewhat flighty, but has a heart of gold; sympathetic to a fault, fiery, active, and so vivacious in conversation and possessed of such quickness of repartee that one sometimes finds it hard to believe that he is a German. He adores the army and the army returns his love. He has found, notwithstanding his extreme youth, the road to popularity with all classes of society. He is educated, well read; he forms plans for the well-being of his country and is possessed of a keen political insight. His greatest fault is a pronounced susceptibility to feminine blandishments. His wife is a person of too much insignificance to exercise any restraint upon his spirited nature; even now she is neglected by him.

A LOW VIEW OF BERLIN SOCIETY.

Berlin society does not welcome strangers; the men of prominent position are very reserved, the women prudish or dissolute, the young men for the greater part *mauvais sujets*. They dance a great deal there. They do not talk at all. Berlin is essentially provincial. There is more slander there than in any other place. There are no lectures, little opportunity for instruction, and no interests other than local ones or those having a direct influence upon Berlin itself.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

TENNYSON'S new book, "The Cup and the Falcon," contains much matter that is already familiar to the public, "The Cup" having been produced at the Lyceum theatre, and "The Falcon" at the St. James.

THE fever for the *édition de luxe* has begun to affect the publishers of newspapers. The proprietors of *The Graphic* announce that hereafter an *édition de luxe* of their illustrated newspaper will be issued at ninepence a copy.

MAYNE REID, in his story, "The Land of Fire," now appearing in *St. Nicholas*, brings to light the curious fact that white, the colour universally elsewhere regarded as a sign of peace, is by the natives of Tierra del Fuego used as a signal of hostility.

ROYALTY is actively entering the field of authors' life. We have lately had "More Leaves" from the Queen's journal; now we are to have a translation, by the Princess Helena (Christian), of the Princess Alice's "Memoirs," lately published in Germany.

MILLAIS at last has devised a plan for getting rid of his recently painted portrait of red-headed Lorne. The National Gallery would not accept it, and so the painter will present it to the Dominion, which will hang it up in some hall or hallway in Ottawa.—*American paper*.

THE *Foreign Eclectic Magazine*, Philadelphia, has just made its appearance in the form of a monthly magazine of selections from current French and German literature. It will commend itself to all readers of these two languages as furnishing a résumé of the best contributions to both tongues.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," is about to publish a life of Emerson, for the American "Men of Letters Series." The previous volumes of this series embrace biographies of Washington Irving, Noah Webster, Henry D. Thoreau, George Ripley, and J. Fenimore Cooper.

THE fifth volume of Stanford's "Compendium of Geography and Travel," dealing with North America, has just been issued in London. The first part of the work, treating of the United States, is written by Prof. F. V. Hayden, while the second part, dealing with Canada and the British Dominions in North America, comes from the pen of A. R. C. Selwyn, of the Geological Survey staff of the Dominion.

HERE is consolation for the writers of "Rejected Articles," contributed to the periodicals. A magazine has just been started in London called *The Scribbler's Monthly*, which is designed to give persons with a taste for writing an opportunity of seeing and showing their work in print, and of thus graduating for more ambitious pages. What a field for the gratification of revenge, not only upon an unappreciative public, but upon insensate editors!

JULIUS BENEDICT went to New York in 1850 with Jenny Lind; he was in the prime of life, just forty-six. He is eighty now, and poor. He is poor old Sir Julius, for he was knighted, not baroneted, in 1871, and his friends are getting up a benefit for him which is to be a testimonial fund. Lord This and That, with many well-known commoners, are subscribing sums ranging from £20 to £100, and the old man's few remaining years will be smoothed and softened for him.

THE April *Century* contains two architectural papers, one on the New York City Hall and another on the White House. In the May *Century* will begin Mrs. Van Rensselaer's articles on the present movement in American architecture. The first of a unique series of humorous stories by "Ivory Black" will appear in the May *Century*. These stories are about artists, and the names of the characters are adapted from the pigments with which painters are familiar.

THE trio biographies of the great Broad Churchmen of the present generation are now nearing completion. We have already had the life of Canon Kingsley, edited by his widow; now comes the life of Frederick Denison Maurice, edited by Lt.-Col. J. F. Maurice; and soon we are to have the Memoirs and Remains of Dean Stanley. A new and somewhat cheaper edition of the latter's "Lectures on the Eastern and Jewish Church," in three volumes, has just appeared.

OWING to the abolition, in the United States, of the tariff of twenty-five per cent. on periodicals, a well-known art publisher in New York advertises a great reduction in the subscription price of fine art serials. *L'Art*, the great French art journal (bi-weekly), is reduced from \$32 to \$12; Philip G. Hamerton's *The Portfolio* (monthly), from \$10 to \$7.50; *The Gazette des Beaux Arts* (monthly), from \$15 to \$12; and *Le Livre, Revue du Monde Littéraire*, from \$12 to \$9 per annum.

THE publication of Mr. Thorold Rogers' long-expected "Six Centuries of Work and Wages," rightly named "A History of English Labour," is just announced. Mr. Rogers has been over twenty years collecting the material for this noble work. No reviews are yet to hand, but it is understood that the result of Mr. Rogers' inquiries has been to convince him that artificial laws are the cause of the deterioration of the market value of labour, and that the remedy must be sought in perfect freedom, not yet, as regards land, attained.

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S paper on "Literature and Science," which will appear in *The Manhattan* for April, has some of the matter contained in the lecture with that title, which he delivered here and in the States, but differs from it in important respects. It has some sharp thrusts at those who clamour for a "practical" education for youth. Since the newspapers criticise the magazines, it is but fair play that the magazines should criticise the newspapers; and so in *The Manhattan*, E. V. Smalley will give his view of "Recent Tendencies of American Journalism," pointing out what, in his opinion, has been the effect of the reduction in the price of leading journals.

THE posthumous work, now ready, of the late John Richard Green, entitled "The Conquest of England," has had a pathetic preface written for the work by the author's widow, in which she alludes to the last hours of her husband's life and his earnest wish to live for the completion of his work. Mrs. Green remarks that "the single aim that guided all his (her husband's) work till the end came, was the desire to quicken in others that eager sense which he himself had of how rich the inheritance of our fathers is, with the promise of the future, and to bring home to every Englishman some fact of the beauty that kindled his own enthusiasm in the story, whether old or new, of the English people."

THE passage in Queen Victoria's book respecting Dr. Norman Macleod's sermon on the war in October, 1870, when he obliquely applied to France the denunciation of Isaiah, is not pleasing to French leaders. One Paris newspaper says:—"Her most gracious Majesty has revealed her political sympathies, and shown that she is still a German by birth and breeding." Another speaks of the stupid but wide-spread prejudice which made the cause of Germany that of justice and morality against corruption, and adds: "We have always considered that Prince Bismarck's greatest adroitness at the time of the war was his creating a belief in German virtue and French vices. There was never greater success in defaming before assassinating."

