

# THE WEEK:

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**Magazine of American History,**

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FREDERIC G. MATHER on "The City of Albany: Two Hundred Years of Progress." In July of the present year the bi-centennial of the picturesque old State capital will be celebrated, thus it is none too early to familiarize ourselves with its varied and significant history.

GENERAL JOHN WATTS DE PEYSTER contributes a brilliant paper on "Anthony Wayne" to the series of prominent men of the Revolutionary Period. This chapter is one of surpassing interest to all military men as well as to historical scholars.

DR. PROSPER FENDER treats of the "Disintegration of Canada," touching upon the political difficulties of our neighbours with a master pen, and giving expression to the idea, which is gaining strength and consequence, of wholesale political change in the Dominion.

MR. A. W. CLASON adds another article to his scholarly analysis of the Constitution, entitled "The Charleston Convention of 1788."

J. McDONALD OXLEY, LL.B., B.A., of Ottawa, writes charmingly of the "Historic Aspects of Sable Island," a theme of unique and thrilling interest, and one which has never before been so agreeably handled.

MR. A. A. HAYES contributes a stirring chapter to the Civil War Studies, entitled "The New Mexican Campaign of 1862."

MAJOR WILLIAM HOWARD MILLS, U.S.A., gives a spirited account of the re-organization of "The Army of the Potomac under Hooker."

GENERAL WM. FARRAR ("BALDY") SMITH writes a noteworthy letter to the Editor, under the title of "Burnside Relieved," furnishing some highly interesting data in connection with Major Mills' article in the January number.

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I. Maryland's Influence upon Land Cessions to the United States. With Minor Papers on George Washington's Interest in Western Lands, the Potomac Company, and a National University. By Herbert B. Adams, Ph.D. (Heidelberg). January, 1885. 75 cents.

II-III. Virginia Local Institutions:—The Land System; Hundred; Parish; County; Town. By Edward Ingle, A.B. (J.H.U.), Graduate Student (Baltimore). February and March, 1885. 75 cents.

IV. American Socialism. By Richard T. Ely, Ph.D. (Heidelberg), Associate in Political Economy, J.H.U. April, 1885. 75 cents.

The Land System of the New England Colonies. By Melville Egleston, A.M. (Williams College).

City Government of Baltimore. By John C. Rose, Assistant Professor of Law, University of Maryland (School of Law). With an Introduction by Hon. George William Brown.

The Influence of the Proprietors in Founding the State of New Jersey. By Austin Scott. The State Department and Diplomatic System of the United States. By Eugene Schuyler.

Maryland Local Institutions:—The Land System; Hundred; County; Town. By Lewis W. Wilhelm, Ph.D., Fellow by Courtesy, J.H.U.

Rhode Island Town Governments. By William E. Foster, A.M. (Brown University). City Government of Boston. By James M. Bugbee.

New York City Government:—(1) Origin and Growth, by J. F. Jameson, Ph.D. (Baltimore), Associate in History, J.H.U.; (2) Present Administration, by Simon Sterne, Esq.; (3) New York compared with Berlin, by R. T. Ely, Ph.D. (Heidelberg), Associate in Political Economy, J.H.U.

Introduction to the Study of the Constitutional and Political History of the States. By J. F. Jameson.

The Republic of New Haven. With Minor Papers on Town Colonies. By Charles H. Levermore, A.B. (Yale), Fellow of History, J.H.U.

Dutch Village Communities on Hudson River. By Irving Elting A.B. (Harvard).

The Constitutional Development of the State of New York. By S. N. Dexter North. Vol. I. (the 1st Series, or "Local Institutions"), bound and indexed, will be sent, postpaid, by the Publication Agency for \$5.00, but only to subscribers to Vols. II. and III.

Vol. II. (the 2nd Series, or "Institutions and Economics"), indexed and bound in cloth, uniform with Vol. I., will be sent, postpaid, by the Publication Agency upon receipt of price, \$3.50.

Vol. III. (the Current Series) will be furnished in monthly parts upon receipt of subscription price, \$3.00; or the bound volume will be sent at the end of the year for \$3.50.

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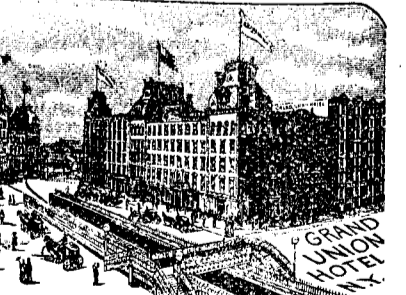
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## CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES—	PAGE
The Indian Question.....	C. A. Boulton. 163
Mr. Gladstone's Return to Power.....	Goldwin Smith. 164
International Copyright.....	Jeannette Duncan. 165
Our Paris Letter.....	L. L. 166
<b>POETRY—</b>	
The Cigarette (Selected).....	167
<b>CORRESPONDENCE.....</b>	
<b>TOPICS OF THE WEEK—</b>	
Trade Unionism in the Toronto Mayoralty Contest.....	169
Woman Suffrage.....	168
Women in Politics.....	168
The Silver Question.....	168
The President and the Senate.....	168
Condition of the Working Classes.....	169
The Riots in London.....	169
The Pope as International Arbitrator.....	169
Danger to Austria-Hungary.....	169
<b>NOTES.....</b>	
DU BIST WIE EINE BLUME (Poem).....	David Reid Keys. 170
THE EXAMINER.....	M. J. G. 170
THE NOD OF THE THUNDERER (Poem).....	171
MR. FROUDE'S "OCEANA"—II.....	M. J. G. 171
THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH IN IRELAND (Selected).....	172
<b>MUSIC.....</b>	
OUR LIBRARY TABLE.....	173
LITERARY GOSSIP.....	174

## THE INDIAN QUESTION.

WE are indebted to the *Mail* for an exhaustive report upon the Indians in the South-Western portion of our Territories; and Mr. Ham, of Winnipeg, who has been entrusted with the commission of inquiring into the condition of the Blackfeet and other tribes there, for the information of the public, has performed his task with ability and wisdom. He has not brought to light any important points beyond the fact that the Indians themselves are not labouring under any serious grievances. Their missionaries have made complaints from a moral standpoint, which cannot fail to shock the sensibilities of our people; but we may fairly hope that even they have been exaggerated in order to stir up a greater interest in the moral well-being of our savage wards. It must not be forgotten that that distant region has only in the last three or four years been opened up to the civilizing influence of the world, and in the process of development thousands of railway labourers have doubtless contributed to magnify the evil complained of.

Heretofore, this district has been so locked up from the eyes of the country that it is a wonder that greater complaints have not before this attracted the public ear, which may be taken as an evidence that the evil has not been so great in the past. The knowledge, however, that the physical power of the Indians is being sapped by the immoral influences of the advancing tide of civilization should be sufficient to cause the Government to institute measures for their protection. Canadians cannot allow the doctrine of "the survival of the fittest" to prevail. As a Christian nation our duty is to throw around our weak brethren our protecting arm, and preserve them for a higher plane of civilization, which they are quite capable of.

From Mr. Ham's account the Indians show no disposition to give trouble, but appear desirous to pursue the even tenor of their way; and it may be safely assumed that the outbreak of last year was the result of the machinations of Riel alone, who for some time had been sapping their loyalty and appealing to their cupidity; and unless some other evil-disposed person sows the seeds of sedition among them, we, apparently, need fear no further organized trouble. That the best mode of dealing with these Indians in the future is a problem, there can be no question; but we have a duty to perform towards them, and cannot shirk the responsibility. A more intimate knowledge of their character on the part of those who are dealing with them will no doubt result beneficially in time, but in order to produce practical results there should be a settled policy in our management of them.

First, we must recognize that the labour of the Indian is of value to the country, and the greatest value that can be obtained from his labour lies in his ability to trap and hunt. The most valuable fur is obtained in the northern part of the territory, and therefore the more Indians that can be located in the north the better, where fish, wild fowl, and fur are plentiful. To encourage them to go north, give them the materials to put up comfortable houses on land that they can consider their own, and give them stock to breed from, that they may become pastoral in their habits and ambitions. Those who prefer to remain on the plains should be settled together on their reserves, on their own land; and a combined

church and school-house erected for their benefit, and the principles of self-government taught them; and through the efflux of time the country will be rewarded by a grateful Indian population, instead of a stain being allowed to rest upon our national character for allowing them to be jostled from off the face of the earth by the more vigorous and ambitious white man. Towards the education of the Indians, according to the blue-book, forty-two schools are already maintained in addition to three industrial schools, but there is no evidence of any practical result having yet been obtained by these schools. Towards the attainment of this most deserving object of education a man of suitable ability should be appointed as a School Inspector, who would devote his abilities to the care of the Indians in this respect. We are wasting precious years in any neglect of the young, through whom alone we can hope to effect a radical change in Indian life and character. A material part of their education should be the learning of trades, the economical preparing of their food, and caring for their health,—matters of far more importance in their future welfare than a smattering of literary attainments. Towards this end the establishment of an institution in the East where fifty or a hundred Indian children, removed from their home influences, could be annually educated, would be a speedy mode of leavening the Indian population.

The Indian Agents should be instructed that they are there to protect the Indians under their charge. Indians are like children, with all the human instincts of a child in realizing the difference between right and wrong, and in placing implicit faith in the promises of their protectors. There is a recognized principle in dealing with children—never to break a promise to them, however trivial: a similar simplicity and cunning exists in the Indian character. They will press for their simple wants, and, once having yielded, don't neglect to fulfil the promise because in our mind it is of trivial importance. Indian Agents should protect the Indians,—not as some nurses do their children, to hide their faults and shield them from punishment,—but protect them in their dealings with the white man, that they may not be wronged morally or commercially.

The Hudson Bay Company, under the old system, had an established plan upon which they acted. Every post had a list of the Indians who traded at the post; their characters were fully set forth in this list, as to their trapping ability, the honesty of their intentions, etc. When a new officer came to the post he was guided entirely by this report, and if any Indian left this post in debt, his name was placed upon every post in the district as a warning to other officers in dealing with him. On the other hand, if there was a sixpence coming to any Indian he might come back ten years after and still find that sixpence standing to his credit. It was by this honesty in minute details that the Hudson Bay Company won the respect and allegiance of the Indians of the Territory: a similar policy on the part of our agents would probably have the same beneficial result. Those who are brought into contact with the Indians should be selected for their character, and they should be married: retired British officers would make good agents and instructors. By their long service they have acquired habits of discipline and training which are essential to the effective working of any system that depends upon the character of its officials far removed from authority.

Last year the Indians received a severe lesson for their attempt to kick over the traces, and for their wanton taking of life, and will not soon forget it; and while there is still a modicum of excitement resulting from last year's campaign, a display of power would have a most beneficial effect, and would be a precaution that cannot be overestimated. It is questionable, however, if it would be wise to march troops through the Indian districts, the object of which the Indians themselves would not understand; and they might be frightened into hostilities which they never contemplated. It would be wiser to assemble a force at Regina or Fort Qu'Appelle, as a guarantee for the protection of the country, and assemble there a number of the Indian chiefs and braves for a pow-wow with General Middleton, as representing the power of the country—to hear a little plain talk from him. It would produce a most beneficial effect upon the peacefulness of the tribes, and upon the country generally. With one hundred and thirty thousand Indians scattered throughout the Dominion, the question of their management and their welfare is of great public interest, and the *Mail* has shown a most commendable spirit in instituting these inquiries among the South-Western tribes, the result of which cannot fail to be of practical service.

C. A. BOULTON.

## MR. GLADSTONE'S RETURN TO POWER.

ONCE more the chief of disaffection in Ireland has been enabled, by leaguering himself with a British faction thirsting for revenge and place, to overthrow the Queen's Government, greatly increasing thereby his own power and the perils of the nation. A noble course was open to Mr. Gladstone. Had he put his country above himself and his party, dismissed from his thoughts the means by which Lord Salisbury had obtained power, scorned at least to imitate him in the use of them, refused to see in him anything but the head of the Queen's Government struggling against Disunion, pressed on him the duty of upholding the law in Ireland, and in the performance of that duty given him a hearty support, his own career would have found a truly glorious close, and he would have won a crown of patriotism brighter than any crown which mere success, however brilliant, can bestow. The conduct of the Tories in intriguing with Mr. Parnell had no doubt provoked retaliation; but the revenge would have been as complete as it would have been generous, and in the end might have led back by a nobler path to power. To choose the better part, self-sacrifice was needed; but where will self-sacrifice be found if it is not found in a man loaded with honours, almost worshipped for his virtues, when his country in extreme peril appeals to his devotion? In spite of his professed longings for repose, Mr. Gladstone craves for power, and above all for the opportunity of dealing with the Irish Question, which, as those who follow his fortunes assure him, and as he believes, only his statesmanship can settle, though the wreck of his all-healing Land Acts and of his whole Irish policy lies before him. Past failure he hopes to merge in a splendid achievement. By this lure he is drawn into alliance with an agitator whose imprisonment he with his own lips proclaimed to an applauding multitude at Guildhall, and whom he denounced as marching through rapine to the disintegration of the Empire.

It is evident that as soon as Mr. Gladstone found he had not a majority of his own, he determined to obtain the assistance of Mr. Parnell. Openly and directly this could not be done; but it was allowed to transpire that Mr. Gladstone was prepared to give Ireland a Parliament of her own, and further, that in his opinion it was only through party warfare that Ireland could obtain justice. The uproar which followed extorted from Mr. Gladstone an ambiguous disclaimer. But in the debate on the Address he conveyed to the Parnellites a broad hint that he was their man. The hint was taken; the Parnellite forces passed into the Radical camp; Mr. Gladstone was reinstated in office, and Mr. Parnell ordered his political vassals in Armagh to vote for Mr. Gladstone's candidate. This a German journal, with Teutonic bluntness, calls intrigue. It is, at all events, a startling instance of the influence of party even over minds deemed by all the world the purest and the most exalted; nor has any defeat or loss that England has ever undergone touched the soul of her greatness so nearly as this moral catastrophe. Macaulay's prediction that Mr. Gladstone would, by the stiffness of his Toryism, make himself the most unpopular man in England has been curiously belied; possibly a determination to belie it may have subtly mingled with antagonism to the landed aristocracy, philanthropic ambition, and the other influences which have turned the Tory late in life into the most unlimited, if not the most extreme, of Radicals, and left of his old Conservatism only a sufficient trace to render him an inestimable deodorizer and stalking-horse for Revolution. Completely loosened from his moorings, he floats from one advanced position to another on the everflowing tide of his rhetoric, and to his progress, unless Nature ends it, there is no apparent end. He now takes office on the platform of agrarian Socialism, embodied in Mr. Collings's motion, as well as on that of Home Rule. Instead of being the most unpopular man in England on account of the stiffness of his Toryism, he is idolized by the multitude as the angel of boundless change, yet is in danger of leaving his name written not in letters of light on one of the most disastrous and shameful pages of his country's history.

The Cabinet which Mr. Gladstone has formed appears to be pronounced by candid critics as strong as his materials could permit. But there can be no doubt as to its Radical character. The seceding Liberals—the name Whig is now utterly obsolete and senseless—such as Lord Hartington, Mr. Goschen, Lord Selbourne, Sir Henry James, and Mr. Courtney, are men of principle, whose refusal to join the Government is full of significance. The Liberals who remain are for the most part either men notoriously desirous of office or, like Lord Spencer and Lord Granville, personal friends of Mr. Gladstone, and especially under his influence. The following, by whose wishes the policy of the chiefs must be determined, is mainly Radical and Parnellite; perhaps it may become exclusively so when the situation is defined and the policy of the Government is disclosed, though there are Liberals who cling tenaciously to the party, hoping, now surely against

hope, that they may yet succeed in modifying its course. Agrarian Socialism has a distinct representative among the holders of minor office in Mr. Jesse Collings, on whose amendment in favour of compulsory allotments the party rode into power. Mr. Parnell has wisely refrained from taking the Irish Secretaryship in his own name, but he has taken it under the name of Mr. John Morley, of whose unswerving fidelity to his cause and constant zeal in furthering his designs he has received, as he gratefully acknowledges, conclusive proof. From the outset Mr. Morley's skilful pen and eloquent tongue have been assiduously and effectively employed in the service of Irish disaffection. He vied with the rebel press and platform in the bitterness of his attacks on Mr. Forster when the representative of the national Government was struggling not only with the domestic, but with the foreign enemies of the nation. In stating the case between England and Ireland, his sole aim apparently has been to justify disaffection by an exaggerated statement of Irish wrongs, while he must well have known both what efforts British statesmanship has been making during the last fifty years, and the inability of any statesmanship to cure evils which arise from the reckless multiplication of the people on a niggard soil, from defects of Irish character, which are the same on both sides of the Atlantic, or from the paralyzing influence of the Roman Catholic religion. If among fair-minded Americans, or fair-minded foreigners anywhere, there is any feeling against Great Britain or sympathy with Irish Secessionism, to the utterances of Mr. Morley and his political partner, Mr. Chamberlain, it is mainly due. Mr. Morley now says that the loss of Ireland would be a disaster and a disgrace; but all that could be done to make such disaster and disgrace possible he and his associates have done. To the Loyalists of Ireland the appointment is almost hostile; for they have been treated by Mr. Morley with a contemptuous aversion, which perhaps Agnostic dislike of their Protestantism conspired with political antipathy to produce. It is curious and instructive to see the Nationalist Archbishop Walsh, when he sees Mr. Morley coming, stand with arms half-extended, doubtful whether he ought to embrace the Nationalist or to recoil from the Agnostic. He is destined, perhaps, if Disunion gains the day, to experience the same embarrassment on a larger scale. The extirpation of Protestantism from the Isle of Saints, which Roman organs are beginning to proclaim as the happy sequel of Separation, has on memorable occasions proved a programme, in spite of the disparity of numbers, not easy of fulfilment; but should it be fulfilled his Grace the Archbishop may chance to find himself in the arms not of Ultramontane Ascendency, but of the Red Republic. Of this the Pope himself, a cool-headed Italian statesman, appears to be not unaware.

Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy is announced as Social Order, Land Reform, and Self-government. Mr. Trevelyan, however, declares, apparently in the name of his chief, that there is no use in coercion. Does he pretend that there is no use in asserting the supremacy of law over lawless terrorism, or that Government is not bound, above and before all things, to afford protection to the lives, property, and liberty of its loyal citizens? Mr. Parnell would turn out the Ministry if it dared to do its first duty to Ireland; that is what Mr. Trevelyan means; and this is the depth to which from its height of majesty British government has fallen. The land reform will probably prove to be a scheme for buying out the landlords, the Land Act having done nothing, as might easily have been predicted, but whet the appetite for agrarian spoliation. It is to be tacked, we are told, to a measure of Home Rule, so that the Peers will be obliged to pass the measure of Home Rule if they wish to get anything for their Irish land. The estimate of patrician patriotism which this manœuvre implies is, unhappily, not belied by experience: ill-starred is the nation which has to rely for its preservation from Dismemberment on the self-sacrificing constancy of a body of men nursed not in labour and duty, but in idleness and pleasure. It remains, however, to be seen whether the people of England and Scotland will allow thirty millions to be added to their burdens at a time of commercial distress for the purpose of paying blackmail to disaffection, with the certainty, established by the experience of the past, that the result, instead of gratitude, will be increased hatred and more savage abuse. All bribes will go, and with justice, to the credit of Mr. Parnell; all political concessions will become leverage for Separation, which, with the destruction of British power, is his constant and avowed aim. Nor is there any hope of improving by political or agrarian change the condition of a country in which terrorism paralyzes the hand of lawful industry, in which no contract is binding, in which no investment can be made. In propounding his new scheme Mr. Gladstone will confess the failure of his former legislation, of the sovereign efficacy of which he has hitherto admitted no doubt.

From the language of the most powerful and respectable organ of the party, it appears that the Conservatives are now conscious that by their

alliance with the Parnellites they brought upon themselves weakness as well as dishonour. Whether Jacobinism can afford to indulge in cynical intrigue or not, to Conservatism it is clearly fatal. There could be no doubt from the beginning that as soon as the Tory Government talked of restoring order in Ireland, Mr. Parnell's treacherous support would be withdrawn. The Conservatives will now, if they are wise, return to the path of principle which they have quitted, discard Tory-Democracy and all the fancies which Disraeli borrowed from Bolingbroke, and Lord Randolph Churchill has borrowed from Disraeli, take the primroses out of their button-holes, and stand by all who will stand by them in resisting Disunion, Agrarian Communism, and Jacobinical domination. Parties henceforth, if the party system continues, will be divided by a new line. On one side will be the party of property, on the other that of Socialistic confiscation. The issue is too serious for the nonsense of the Primrose League. Reform of the House of Lords and of the Church cannot be long delayed: in these, Conservatives, if they would avoid total shipwreck, will find it necessary to acquiesce. Act as wisely as they will, they are at present the weaker side, and they can make themselves the stronger and avert ruin only by formally welcoming the alliance of Moderate Liberalism, which has the mass of the commercial classes on its side, and is probably still the greatest of all the political forces in the country. Lord Randolph Churchill has been pleased, with his usual grace of language, to style a junction with Whigs "serofulous and unwholesome"; if he persists in opposing it, after the pitiable catastrophe of his Tory-Democratic and "Celtic" policy, to put him under hatches will be the most urgent duty of the commander.

A good deal has been said on this occasion about the interference of the Queen. Her unwillingness to take back Mr. Gladstone may have arisen partly from aversion to his foreign policy, especially in regard to Germany, the relations with which are probably viewed almost as a family affair by the English Court. But if she was resisting Disunion, surely she was doing her duty to her people. She is bound as well as entitled to keep the crown upon her head and to guard the national unity, of which the crown is the symbol and the pledge. This is not one of those matters of policy in which the Sovereign is required by established usage to act under the advice of Ministers on whom the whole responsibility rests: it is a question of the integrity of the nation. The Cabinet, after all, is a body unknown to the law; it is merely a committee of the party majority in Parliament, and its almost unbounded powers have been acquired by gradual and tacit usurpation. The only body known to the law is the Privy Council. If the Queen in the last extremity would throw herself on the Privy Council, and with its support put a suspensive veto on any measure of Dismemberment, so that the nation may at least have a fair opportunity of voting on the vital issue, her action will be constitutional in the only rational sense of the term, and she will merit the gratitude of Englishmen in all parts of the globe.

The spectacle presented to us is a sad one for all to whom England is dear, and who have been accustomed to look up to British Statesmanship, not only as the object of national respect and confidence, but as a guiding light of wisdom and an example of public character to the world. A collapse so sudden, so ignominious, and so disastrous has few parallels in political history. But the situation has one redeeming feature. It must impress with decisive force upon the minds of the British people, and of all free communities, the truth that faction is not to be divested of its evil nature by calling it party, or to be prevented, by any philosophic drapery which its devotees may fling round it, from bringing the power and pride of a great nation to the dust. GOLDWIN SMITH.

### INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS BEFORE THE U. S. SENATE COMMITTEE.

It occurred to Dorothea the other day to take an immoderate interest in the affairs of this nation as they are affected by the prospect of international copyright. Dorothea is a small, agreeable person from New York. Neither her present nor her future happiness depends upon international copyright to any degree perceivable with the naked eye. She has never guided a quill to her own destruction. The aroma of printers' ink is unfamiliar to her small, pink *insouciant* nose. She is neither an author nor the wife of an author. Her enthusiasms had, up to this time, been invariably crimped and trimmed with real Valenciennes. I was glad to encourage a new variety; and we betook ourselves, by means of the unspeakable herdic, to the Capitol to hear a debate upon the subject.

The Capitol is the grandest conception in America. It is mighty; it is classical; it looms up through a gray mist with its great, swelling dome,

like an Athenian temple. It materializes the dignity and strength of an advanced democracy. To live in sight of it is to dwell within the shadow of a sublime thought. Inside, the classical parallel is seriously interfered with. They didn't have "cuspidores" in Athens, for which Athenian shades probably thank Pluto. And I fancy the classical mien was more unruffled, the classical step more leisurely, than that of the wild Western delegate who guided us through the labyrinthine interior to the room where the Committee on Patents considered the advisability of a copyright law.

A number of gentlemen had endeavoured to illuminate the views of that honourable body. Mark Twain was in the act of contributing a ray or two as we entered. Our arrival didn't appear to disturb him. But Mark Twain is notable for his equanimity under all circumstances. At least that is Dorothea's theory of the nonchalance with which he continued his unemotional drawl, while she tripped over her umbrella and precipitated herself into the arms of the venerable Senator from somewhere. Mr. Clemens was dressed in a suit of pepper and salt. I couldn't hear what he said, so I devoted my attention to an analysis of his personal appearance. And his identity will be henceforth to me inseparably associated with a suit of pepper and salt. I can't conjure up the Clemens personality clad in evening dress. There's an incongruity about even a Prince Albert in this connection. His figure resembles a small rectangular cruet, his hair and complexion decidedly remind me of the condiments aforesaid; indeed, if Mr. Whistler will pardon me, I should like to label Mr. Clemens in my memory a symphony in pepper and salt.

Here and there somebody laughed, and Mark looked so grieved and astonished, that the unfortunate offender blushed to his collar, and everybody looked at him. Of course, Mr. Clemens talked in favour of a copyright law, but, judging from the expression upon the rough-hewn countenance of the Senator from Colorado, his arguments were not particularly convincing.

In the pause that followed, I surveyed the Committee, the authors who had come to expostulate for their rights, and the small fraction of the outer body politic that had gathered to see and hear. The Committee looked bored mostly. The chairman, Senator Platt, of Connecticut, appeared to be extremely alert, and asked the most irrelevant questions imaginable. Senator Chase, of Rhode Island, a little yellow gentleman, who vastly resembles a roll of mediaeval parchment a good deal creased, made a point or two and seemed wrapped in an intelligent contemplation of the subject; the rest, with one keen exception whose name I couldn't find out and can't embalm, gave the matter the benefit of good-humoured tolerance to all appearance. One or two of these queries clearly indicated the attitude of the average senatorial Philistine toward questions of national honour, unsupported by any consideration of national interest. Dr. Howard Crosby had talked eloquently for half an hour about the lack of integrity involved in the present state of affairs, had appealed to every sentiment of justice and principle of right to remedy the flagrant wrong inflicted every day by the unwarrantable appropriation of foreign works by American publishers, and its prejudicial effect upon the interests of native authors; but without exciting a perceptible ripple of interest. This was the argument of a class—a comparatively poor and politically uninfluential class. These were Quixotic considerations to which the honourable gentlemen were begged to direct their attention. Such views were admirable as private theories, but hardly proper data for practical legislation. How would the people be affected by the correction of the system of thieving by which they at present reap the educational benefit of foreign genius at twenty or twenty-five cents per genius? I record as a matter of observation the fact that, until this question was satisfactorily answered, no perceptible progress was made in the interest of the bill under consideration. Yet this is not the affair of the people, save as they have dishonourably profited by the laxity of their representatives!

"Lots of *litterati*!" remarked the irreverent Dorothea. So there were. Horace Scudder, a gentlemanly little Bostonian, with a charming English accent, brown eyes, and beard also *à l'Anglaise*. R. W. Gilder, the editor of the *Century* and author of "The New Day," a volume of exquisite verselets, dainty and fine as Arachne's spinning when the dewdrops are on it and the moon is looking through it—and about as durable, I fancy. Mr. Gilder has a typical poetic physique and physiognomy. He isn't too well fed. A fat poet is an abnormal creation, and to be shunned by all lovers of the truly consistent in nature. He is thin, with a pale face and a shock of dark hair that stands out in wisps like a schoolboy's. His big, deep eyes are dark too, and have a peculiar dull glow that makes one think of poetic fire smouldering. And his clothes are quite Bohemian, not jaunty, like Mark Twain's, or soberly elegant, like James Russell Lowell's. "A lovely man," remarked the secretary of the New York Copyright League

to me—one Greene, a blonde young man of literary aspect,—“a perfectly lovely man.” I suppose a sonnet under a pseudonym of the youthful secretary is on its way towards publication in the *Century*. But the author of “The New Day” looked as if he might be, in justifiable feminine phraseology, quite a “lovely” man.

James Russell Lowell talked delightfully for half an hour. It is not marvellous that he was appreciated in fastidious England. One is often—the frequency is melancholy—utterly mistaken in the personality of an author as guessed by his works, but Mr. Lowell's is expressed in every line of his. He is a gentleman first, I think,—an author afterwards; and the authorship by no means suffers from the order of precedence. I heard what Mr. Lowell said; everybody did. The pleasant, measured, unaggressive accents fell with a charm on every ear. Mr. Lowell advocated international copyright on both moral and material grounds. He embellished his forcible argument by one little story illustrating the peculiar aggravations of the author as things are. An English firm had “cribbed” a book of his, without even the formality of consultation. As an *amende honorable*, however, they sent him a presentation copy of the volume. For reasons pertinent to the twenty-five per cent. demand of American customs, the book was marked “value sixpence”! Mr. Lowell's blue eyes twinkled as he related this blow to his vanity. It was amusing, doubtless, but it must have failed of any remedial effect. The conditions of egotism were absent. Mr. Lowell is refreshingly unconscious of himself. Foremost among living American authors, he wears his laurels with a simple grace that greatly heightens their value. A gentleman and a genius; but a gentleman first!

Then came the voice of the publisher crying in the wilderness; and if the way of the American author is not straightway prepared for him, and his paths made straight in the land of his nativity, it will not be the fault of the forcible Henry Holt or the impressive Dana Estes. American publishers are not all pirates. Members of the fraternity who still indulge their moral sense by the payment of royalties to English authors naturally desire protection from dishonourable firms who cauterize their consciences and help themselves; the benefit of honest advertising falling naturally to the same contemptible individuals.

The pressure brought to bear upon the Committee in consideration of international copyright appears to be about as strong as possible. All classes urge it—the authors, the publishers, the workmen, stipulating for the privilege of manufacture here of all books copyrighted here, and the intelligent and honourable masses of the people.

The pirates and Philistia alone stand armed against the measure. “Now Barabbas was a publisher,” said Byron. Naturally Barabbas will object. But it is to be hoped that Congress will for once prove itself superior to the arguments of Barabbas.

JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 1.

### OUR PARIS LETTER.

PARIS, Jan. 3, 1886.

It is a real pleasure to pass any *fête* in Paris. Amusement with the Frenchman is not a mere word. To the theatre he goes to listen, not to snooze; and it is quite pathetic to see him, the night before New Year's Day, commencing then to form *la queue* for the free performance which will not take place till the next day; *il va s'amuser*—we will not say how much his patience is sustained by the thought—*et sans rien payer*. For the past fortnight theatres, *étrennes*, and visiting have been the order of the day. With us, New Year's Day is but an aftertaste of pleasure; here, Christmas is the foretaste. *Le jour de l'an* is the day of days, looked forward to, prepared for, and remembered. All may beg on this day, and all must be “tipped”—the concierge, the servants, the postman, the cocher, the bus conductor, the street-sweep; even the creature who has exasperated you all through the year by bringing you advertisements expects a *pour boire*. It is said the confectioners and florists gain enough money on New Year's Day to support them for the remainder of the year. There are gratuitous performances at the theatres, so that the poor have at least an intellectual feast. Every one pays visits, receives presents, and is happy.

Christmas, however, did not pass altogether unnoticed. At the Hippodrome, that large summer circus, the Association Général of the expatriated Alsace-Lorrainers organized a charming *fête*. A huge tree was loaded with presents for the children of the Alsatian schools; the “Marseillaise” was sung, and the gymnastic society of Alsace-Lorraine performed various exercises, tactical and gymnastic, showing their never-ceasing preparation for the final day of vengeance, when they may regain their lost fatherland.

At this season the grand boulevards present an appearance more

comical than picturesque. Either side of the road is lined with funny little white *barraques*, that stare impertinently in the faces of the magnificent shops *vis-à-vis*, much like a party of chiffonniers who had invaded a St-Germain parlour. Permission to erect these stalls was first given after the War of 1870, and it has never been retracted. All really necessitous persons, on applying to the Commissaire of Police, may obtain a space of two and a half square yards, free of charge, where they may either erect their *baraque* themselves, or, if they be sensible, put the thing into the hands of a contractor, pay down thirty-five francs, and have a waterproof, snug little shop for fifteen days, from the week before till the week after New Year's Day. All sorts of *bibelots*, and the newest inventions, are to be had in these stalls. Among the latter, one of the most useful seems to be a whistle of unearthly tone, loudly advertised all day long as “an infallible means of getting rid of one's mother-in-law; five centimes!”

In the theatrical line the latest *nouveauté* is the “Reprise of Marion de Lorme,” at the Porte St. Martin. Last played at the Théâtre Français in 1873, it was first brought out at the former theatre in 1831, when Victor Hugo was delighted with the interpretation of his play, speaking of the troupe as one of the best, the most intelligent, and the most lettered of Paris. It is well he cannot see it to-day, for he might modify his opinion. Whether it is because it comes so directly after Sardou's “*Théodora*,” that stupendous success, or whether the actors have exhausted themselves in this former play, I know not, but the critiques on all hands are very adverse. The public is most lenient, but there is no denying their disappointment.

Every one knows of the beautiful Marion de Lorme; her love for the noble but obscure Didier; the law of Richelieu prohibiting duelling; the breaking of this law by Didier, who fights with the Marquis de Savorny, and the condemnation of these youths to death; Marion's fruitless interceding with the King to save her lover's life; the crime she is driven to commit as a last resort; the failing of this final attempt; Didier's jealousy, ceding at length to his overpowering love; their parting, his death, and her despair.

The manager of the Porte St. Martin has spared nothing to make the *mise en scène* and costumes, down to the merest details, marvels of accuracy and magnificence, much of the material being in reality of the time of Louis XIII.

The part of Marion de Lorme is played, of course, by Sara Bernhardt, that of Didier, by Marais. The former seemed ill, preoccupied and listless, not till the fourth act did she show the slightest fire; a great contrast to the passionate *Théodora*, her utter indifference was almost comical. All through his role Marais seemed like one of those still, leaden days, his expression was almost unchanging. But the fifth act compensates in great measure for all the former *ennui*, and explains the previous tameness. Marion had been conserving all her force for this final scene. Her prayers to Didier to fly, her agony at his refusal, her passionate appeals for mercy to the obdurate judges and to the people, her mad despair and death—she alone could have acted so grandly.

Having in his possession a very precious engraving of the execution of Cinq-Mars and De Thou, the manager was thus enabled to organize a funeral cortège for this final act in absolute conformity with the usages of the time of Louis XIII. First, the guards of the Cardinal in red uniform, with halberds and lighted torches, the Cardinal himself, invisible in his enormous curtained sedan chair—that immense vehicle in which, according to tradition, he never travelled without a bath—and the cages of his inseparable cats; then the brotherhood of gray penitents, who chant the *Miserere*, and whose duty it is to bury the executed; behind these are carried the flag and drums veiled in crape, and the procession is closed by the King's archers. All file solemnly by, then is heard behind the scenes that lovely *Miserere* of Massenet—*Le Chant des Morts*, interrupted by the booming of cannon to announce the Cardinal's arrival, the tolling of the bell, and the sinister rolling of the drums.

It is a singular thing that at each of the three principal boulevard theatres, the subject of the plays now being acted should be the same. “Georgette” by Sardou at the Vaudeville; “Sappho” by Daudet at the Gymnase; and “Marion de Lorme.” “Shall we pardon these outcasts of society?” Only in the last piece does the question receive a worthy answer, worthy of the great, beautiful soul who gave it—“Au nom de Dieu je te pardonne.”

PATRIOTISM is a laudable thing, but should it not rather take the form of love of one's own country than hatred of another's. All preparations have been made for the production of that glorious opera “Lohengrin” at the Opera Comique. At this last moment it cannot be—Wagner was a German!

MONSIEUR PASTEUR's discovery having now been declared a scientific fact, it has been proposed to establish an institution where people bitten

by dogs can be treated. Here will be kept numbers of mad rabbits, so that there may be a constant supply of *virus rabique*. Further, that the mode of inoculation should be made generally known, and, as Monsieur Pasteur thinks dogs may eventually be inoculated as a preventive, a veterinary surgeon should be appointed per arrondissement to perform the operation.

THE assembly at Versailles last week to elect a President of the Republic was lacking in none of the features which might distinguish a meeting of Kilkenny cats. It is only to be regretted that some of the politicians did not meet the same fate as their feline prototypes.

PARIS, January 18, 1886.

"PARIS herself again!" The boulevards have assumed their normal aspect. There is a general selling-off in all the *grands magasins*, and the festive look has faded from all faces.

On Thursday last the Senate and Chambre des Députés re-opened their doors. In his address, the President of the Republic thanked the National Assembly for having re-elected him, assured the members that his devotion to France was unabated, and expressed his very natural opinion that a republic was the only form of government suited to the French. "Twice," he continued, "has a monarchy and twice an empire fallen within the century." He did not add that a republic had also met the same fate—some think the time not far distant when they may write a three instead of two. Alas! that the proverb should be so applicable to governments as well as to individuals—"On n'est bien que là où l'on n'est pas."

Poor M. Jules Grévy, they ridicule him unmercifully, though he has some decidedly laudable qualities. Thus he has pardoned all political offenders since 1870. Prince Krapotkine and Louise Michel are free, with several others. The former was sentenced on January 8, 1883, to five years' imprisonment, a fine of 2,000 francs, ten years' surveillance, and five years' deprivation of civic rights. Louise Michel was condemned to six years' imprisonment and ten years' surveillance.

PAUL BERT has been elected envoy extraordinary to the Court of Hue, with the functions of Resident General of Annam, Cambodia, and Tonquin. "The French Government," he says, "has asked me to try the system I precognized—to accept my own colonial doctrines. I accept, and I go." Monsieur Bert's said doctrines seem to be of the most peaceable nature—no military parade. He is not to tyrannize over the natives, but to convert them. Their hearts are to be won by clever play upon their intellects. In the Protectorate, the new envoy is going to attempt the realization of a dream similar to that of Buonaparte in Egypt, viz., the establishment of an institute, but an institute where he will reunite the appointed representatives of commerce, of industry, of the bank, and of the civil rights of the country. There they will study questions of economy, of reform, and indicate all new public works to be accomplished. This grand idea seems to draw forth M. Bert's warmest enthusiasm. It remains to be seen how docile the heathen Chinese may become under the rule of this erudite governor.

IN a surprisingly illogical letter Madame Juliette Adam combats the scheme of producing "Lohengrin" at the Opera Comique. Unfortunately a little personal pique tarnishes the dazzling patriotism which this epistle is meant to express. Daniel Sterne's *salon*, where Wagner, Mme. Adam, and other artists and *litterati* were wont to reunite, and "to listen to those parts of the German master's operas which are supportable," was forgotten when he cried in 1870, "We must burn Paris!" Madame Adam acknowledges the consoling influences of art, so long as it does not awaken eternal souvenirs. This is all very well; but is Paris to be deprived of that glorious "Lohengrin" because the too vivid imagination of French matrons perceives the tramp of Prussian feet in that divine prelude to the first act? But do not imagine this foolish comprehension of patriotism exists among all the French. At the famous "Concerts l'Amoureux," the best in Paris, no works are more enthusiastically received than Wagner's. To hate the man who exults over our fallen country is one thing; but to close our eyes and ears to divinest works of art is another. In the latter case patriotism ceases to be anything but an absurdity.

IT is a pleasure to see that it is at last dawning upon the Parisian mind that the "essentially Parisian," however essential it may be to the Parisian, ceases at a certain point to interest the stranger. A still greater step—this opinion coming from the most "essentially Parisian" of Parisian papers. The "e. P." novel-play mode of life may satisfy to all eternity the youthful boulevardier; but to gain the sympathy of foreign readers the heroine of modern French romance must *sometimes* put on a different guise to that of "Sappho" (Daudet), sometimes overstep the narrow limits of the essentially Parisian *quatre* of Paris.

BEFORE her departure for America Sara Bernhardt, it is said, will

create a new rôle—that of *Ophelia*—in a translation of "Hamlet" by MM. Samson and Cressonnois.

THE Count of Launespin has generously put 40,000 francs at the disposal of M. Pasteur, to be employed by him in his treatment of the poor attacked or threatened with hydrophobia. L. L.

THE CIGARETTE.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MRS. ARTHUR ARNOLD.  
(Mrs. Arnold has written against ladies smoking.)

LET me unfold the awful fate  
Of William and Matilda Walker.  
He was a man of good estate,  
And she a most delightful talker.  
They had a house on Richmond Hill,  
And lived—believe me, I'm not joking—  
In love and harmony until  
They learnt the vicious art of smoking.

No husband, since the world began,  
Was more attentive and devoted:  
His neighbours all admired the man:  
Indeed, his character was noted.  
No wife was ever more attached:  
No mother ever kinder-hearted;  
And yet the pair, so nicely matched,  
Fell out, too soon, alas! and parted.

One day, when Thomas came from town  
—It was his wont to go there weekly—  
He laid a little packet down,  
And thus addressed Matilda meekly:  
"My love, to-day I met a friend  
Who thinks that in my hours of leisure  
I may consistently unbend  
And give myself a harmless pleasure.

"Tobacco, he declares, corrects  
Full many ills that flesh is heir to;  
And he suggests that he suspects  
That I can soothe them if I care to.  
Upon the strength of this I bought  
These cigarettes—I let him choose them—  
And, at some inconvenience, taught  
My unaccustomed self to use them."

"I cannot grudge," Matilda said,  
"Such fragrant joys to you, my dearest;  
The brains, as I have somewhere read,  
Of those who smoke are best and clearest.  
But would you leave me while you try  
This blissful spell so sweetly scented?  
Dear William, tell me, why should I  
Not also smoke and be contented?"

"My love," quoth he, "I don't desire  
To quit you for a single minute:  
We'll sit beside the study fire,  
And see what nicotine has in it."  
And thus the poor misguided pair  
Departed from the ways of virtue.  
Take warning, friend, and never dare  
To play with what is sure to hurt you.

They smoked, and liked the deadly weed;  
They smoked again, and liked it better  
Yet, while exulting in the deed,  
They forged themselves a cruel fetter.  
The cravings for tobacco grew  
On both—the victims seldom lack it—  
And after lunch next day the two  
Went out and bought another packet.

If I could end the story here  
I should be very glad to end it;  
But I am bound to persevere,  
And so I really can't suspend it.  
The Walkers loved their vicious ways—  
Such folly ought to make all men rise—  
The husband took to Broseley Clays;  
The wife became a slave to Henrys.

William, who previously had been  
A cheery man and energetic,  
Grew in a month extremely lean,  
Imperious, and apathetic.  
Matilda, whose voluptuous hair  
Had once been long enough to stand on  
One wretched day became aware  
That she had none to put her hand on.

She smoked cigar upon cigar,  
Scorning the outraged world's objection,  
And gave herself a bad catarrh  
And an indifferent complexion.  
His indiscretions with his pipe  
Led first to lingual inflammation,  
And then to the severest type  
Of cancer, and an operation.

William, who in his youth had used  
No oath or vicious exclamation,  
Now swore, and openly excused  
Such words as d . . . l and d . . . n.  
His wife who had been always mild  
And little given to gusts of passion,  
Tried to impale her youngest child  
Quite in the good old Turkish fashion.

The house where peace of yore had reigned  
Became a scene of daily quarrel:  
Matilda would not be restrained,  
And William's habits grew immoral.  
It could not last: and I regret  
To have to add the information  
That William's harmless cigarette  
Has brought about a separation.

—St. James's Gazette.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

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

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

SCHILLER'S NADOWESSIERS TOTDENLIED.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—In your last issue the translator of Schiller's *Nadowessiers Todtenlied* asks for the derivation of the name. I believe it is to be found in the Odjibwa (Chippewa) term for a Sioux, *Nadowāsoo*. And this word is derived from *Nālowāō*, an *Iroquois*; so *Nadowāsoo* means a little *Iroquois*. The letter *r* is foreign to the genus of the Algonquin family of languages, the poet having Germanized it to suit the grammatical inflection. It is from the Indian word *Nadowāsoo* we get our term *Sioux* for the Dakotahs (their proper name); the *courriers du bois* having found the word irksome, elided all the syllables, except the last, *soo*, or *Sioux*.

Of the etymology of the word itself I am not so confident. But the root probably is *nat*, to go in search of, to hunt; *natowāō*, he goes after. The Crees and Saultens gave the Iroquois this name from the way in which they were employed by the Hudson Bay Co., the word not being a much older word, very likely, at any rate. Yours truly,

HARRY HUGHES BROWNE.

342 Jarvis St., Toronto, February 2, 1886.

## The Week,

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

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C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher.

THE Knights of Labour of Ingersoll have passed a resolution "congratulating the Trades and Labour Council of Toronto on the manner in which they worked and carried to a successful issue the recent election held in their city by electing Mr. W. H. Howland as Mayor over the *Mail's* candidate, Mr. Manning." This is just what we said. The solid Unionist vote was cast against Mr. Manning, who was thereby defeated, because he had advertised in the *Mail*, with which one of the Unions had a quarrel. If a body of intelligent men, who must know very well what is the duty of a citizen, can make such a use of the franchise, what are the prospects of elective institutions?

THE Prohibitionists at their Convention the other day resolved to support Woman's Suffrage. They are undoubtedly wise in their generation. Arbitrary and sentimental legislation, such as that which they are promoting, will be sure to receive the woman's vote; all the peculiar virtues and peculiar weaknesses of the female character alike point in that direction. The women, moreover, as we have recently seen, are greatly under the influence of the preachers, and are easily persuaded that the cause approved by the preacher is that of "Christ" and the opposite cause is that of "Barabbas." After prohibition of drinking perhaps will come prohibition, by the woman's vote, of smoking, against which the drum ecclesiastic is already being beaten, and of other objectionable male habits, besides violent legislation on the subjects dealt with in the Charlton Bill. But when the women have legislated, will the men obey? There is the practical question. All law rests at bottom upon the force of the community, and the force of the community is male. Women, when they have made an enactment, can do nothing to carry it into effect. As Gail Hamilton quaintly says, with every ballot there must be a bullet, otherwise the ballot will have no force. The men clearly would not allow themselves to be voted by the women into a war of which they disapproved. Nor would they allow female legislation to interfere in any way with their industrial and commercial pursuits. If they know that a law restricting their tastes and habits, which is very irksome to them, has been passed by the women, will they enforce it upon each other? We suspect that they will not, and that the disregard which is shown to the Scott Act, which is known to have very little force behind it, will be shown to any repressive or sumptuary Act which is believed to be the work of the women. The question, then, is whether women had not better rely for such reforms as they desire on the social, domestic, and moral influence which they have, rather than on the force which they have not, especially as their influence will certainly be impaired by the attempt to make use of force.

RESPONSIVE to the call of the Prohibitionists, Mr. Waters again brings forward his Female Suffrage Bill in the Local House. So long as there is anybody without a vote, philanthropic legislators, or, in their default, vote-hunting demagogues, will be found to take up the case and advocate concession. This will go on till the constituency on which government is based has been so enlarged in number and deteriorated in quality that strong and stable government will become impossible; when, as society cannot put up with anarchy, the process will probably be reversed, perhaps in some unexpected and unpleasant way. What legislators in dealing with the subject have to consider is whether government is likely to be improved either for the men or for the women by putting it under the influence of feminine emotion. It is not a question of relative intelligence or virtue, in regard to which nobody denies the claim of the women, but whether political government is not the proper sphere of men, as domestic management is that of women, and whether mischief will not be done to both sexes by attempting to confound their parts in life. A right to the suffrage or any other power no one can have unless it be for his or her own good and for the good of the community at large. Women are not an unrepresented class. They are a sex, identified in interest with the other sex, and virtually represented by their husbands, brothers, and kinsmen. Property held by women in no respect differs from property held by men; there is no reason to fear that male legislators will

do it injury, or to think that to guard its interests it stands in need of a special representation. With regard to divorce and the property of married women, male legislatures have surely gone as far as any woman who does not wish for the total dissolution of the marriage tie can desire. Probably they go further in these matters out of chivalrous sympathy for women than they would go if female members of the Legislature were fighting them on the floor of the House. Experience shows that those women who are the best representatives of their sex, and would be likely to make the best use of the franchise, listen to the voice of nature and keep aloof from the political arena; while those who throw themselves into public life, like Miss Helen Taylor, become political termagants, and do their sex incomparably more mischief, by impairing the grace and dignity of the female character in the eyes of the other sex, than they can do it good by any political reforms. Nobody doubts that if the present measure passes an agitation for the enfranchisement of married women will commence; indeed, what is given to a spinster can hardly be denied to the wife who is performing the highest duties of womanhood: and the family will then be thrown, like everything else, into the political cauldron.

THE perpetual discussion of the Silver question in the States seems to be at bottom merely a party weapon, which is used, like the Tariff question, to put an edge on this or that political axe. Both sides have brought forward their arguments, but neither has succeeded in defeating the other; and the Silver Interest, having succeeded in preventing a decision by the present Congress—which, perhaps, is all they have been lately fighting for—the fruitless battle will go on for another year. It is impossible, however, to believe that bi-metallism will ever be accepted by the country. The thing is so evidently wrong that if the personal interests of the Silver men were shut out of the question there would be absolutely nothing to say for it. For there cannot be two units for a system of measurement of value, unless one be a multiple of the other. The unit of measurement in a given country must be either silver or gold. It may be the one in one place and the other in another; but it cannot be both in the same place. If America were engaged largely in international trade with a silver-using country, such as China for instance, it might use all its silver there; and in like manner if a country could be found where pig-iron was used as currency, it might use there all its pig-iron; but the standard of value in America would still be gold, and both the silver and the pig-iron, though they might be standards of value in the foreign countries, would in America be—as, indeed, they are, the one and the other—mere commodities. To attempt to make the pig-iron a legal tender at home would be no more absurd than the present attempt to make silver a legal tender. Silver—or, rather, silver coin—has its use in making change, and it may conveniently be legalized as such and made a legal tender to a restricted amount; but when the requirement of change for the currency is filled the utility of silver coin ceases. Silver in fact is merely, we repeat, a commodity produced in abundance in the States, just as are pig-iron and wheat. It happens that silver passes as money in some foreign countries—a fact which has seemingly blinded the public to its true function at home; but whatever Congress may do with these countries, if it should ever legalize silver at home, or, as has been proposed, resolve to pay in silver Government bonds held by gold-using countries, the act will be precisely similar to fixing the price of a bushel of wheat at a dollar and then paying obligations abroad in wheat, and forcing people at home also to take it at that price.

THE point in dispute between the President and the Senate, over the presidential removals from office, has been formulated on the one hand by a Republican declaration that the Senate has a right to demand of the President any papers bearing upon the case of removed or suspended officials, and that it is the duty of the President to comply with that demand; and on the other hand, by a Democratic resolution defining the respective prerogatives of President and Senate in the matter of appointments and removals, and sustaining Mr. Cleveland in his refusal to furnish information as to his motives for exercising his power to remove or suspend officials. The issue thus joined will come up presently for debate in the Senate; and it appears to be altogether likely that the President's position will be upheld. Speaking the other day about the Edmunds Resolution, which demands the reasons for removing a certain District Attorney—a demand which it is intended to deny—the President stated that he is concealing nothing the Senate or anybody has any right to know; in exercising the power of suspension he has in every case been governed by a sense of duty and a regard for the public service; any and every proper inquiry made in good faith, and with a regard for the courtesies that have always heretofore obtained between the two branches of the Government would be answered; but in



fact the aim here is to harass and embarrass the Administration and to raise false issues out of which to make party capital. Really it does seem to an impartial observer that the great moderation shown by the President in making removals entitles him to more confidence than this attitude of the Senate indicates; and it appears to us that it ought to be taken for granted that he is acting in good faith. But, moreover, the assumption of the Senate that it has power to exercise a supervisory authority over the President is, we think, clearly a mistake. The advice and assent of the Senate is indeed necessary to the validity of every appointment, and so that body is under a moral obligation to inform itself thoroughly upon the fitness of each nominee; but in the case of removals and suspensions, the Senate has absolutely no control over Executive action, no responsibility for it, and consequently no moral right to interfere with it. And in maintaining the independence of the Executive as a branch of the Government, co-ordinate with and not subordinate to the Legislature, the President will have the people with him. The tendency of legislative bodies is always to enlarge their powers at others' expense. The great weight and dignity of the Senate is due in no small measure to power absorbed from the Executive; and for the sake of stability, at any rate, the balance ought to be now kept even, if not redressed.

THE *Globe* the other day had an article on Dr. Giffen's paper, in which it fully accepted the statement that the incomes of the working-classes of the United Kingdom have, during the last fifty years, increased on an average 100 per cent., while with the exception of rent and butchers' meat prices are not higher. "Fifty years ago the working masses of the United Kingdom amounted to nine millions, and they earned in all about 171 millions of pounds, or about \$95 per head. Now, the number of these workers has increased to thirteen millions, and their united incomes to £550,000,000, or nearly \$210 per head, considerably more than 100 per cent. This is a far higher increase than has taken place in the earnings of all other classes. The earnings of capital have increased from 190 to 400 millions; of the upper and middle class of workers, from 154 to 320 millions, while the income of the 'working-classes,' as the phrase is popularly understood, has increased from 171 to 550 millions. In other words, of the 755 millions of increase in income in the United Kingdom which has taken place in fifty years, the manual labour classes have secured 379 millions, or rather more than the half." If it were not for drink the *Globe* thinks there is no saying to what height the prosperity of the working classes might have risen. To drink it might add strikes, which have been another cause of enormous waste and proportionate retardation. But after this we trust our excellent and respected contemporary will no more proclaim that "while the rich have been always growing richer, the poor have been always growing poorer," or encourage in any way the propensity of people miscalled poor to cherish malignant and envious hatred of people who are often with as little truth called rich. Industrial society is in a highly volcanic state, and we cannot afford to overlook the propagation of false impressions which are calculated, if not intended, to bring on an eruption.

To other things which cover the social and political horizon in England with gloom is now added a very serious riot in London. The disturbance is ascribed to the Socialists; and Socialist agitators seem to have collected the mob and given it the signal for violence; but the mass of the men were probably impelled by hunger. In a city with four millions of inhabitants there must always be many out of employment, and much distress of all kinds; and any adverse accident of trade, or even of weather, is enough, where everything is on so large a scale, to produce a terrible volume of destitution. London, moreover, is the central receptacle into which streams of low population and pauperism from all sides are constantly flowing. It has of late been receiving many thousands of Jewish refugees from Poland. Still, the state of things is evidently dangerous, and the nation urgently needs as its head, not an eloquent politician, but a really ruling man.

THE interchange of compliments between the Pope and Prince Bismarck has been followed by an expression of profound regret in England at the news of the sudden illness of His Holiness. Unquestionably the Pope has come to be held in high regard in Protestant countries; for the whole tendency of his administration has been to develop the purely religious function of the Church, placing less emphasis than formerly upon its temporal rights and aspirations. The ideal he has set before himself appears to be a church holding aloof from political interference, whose head should come to be regarded as arbiter of national disputes. The reference of the Carolines dispute to his decision by the German Chancellor was, as the Chancellor stated, first suggested to his mind by the Pope's words that

the Papacy meant to practise works of peace. This may be a most useful and beneficent function in Europe: it is at any rate a noble ambition; and if His Holiness has, as we suppose, succeeded in converting the College of Cardinals to his views, and can control the priesthood everywhere, the Church of Rome may, as the non-political representative of devotion and moral justice, by the faithful exercise of such a function, win the confidence and friendship of all rulers, and serve as a most precious link for negotiation and reconciliation among them.

WHILE the Hungarians are growing discontented at the absorption by Austria-Hungary of Slav nationalities, the national feeling of the Germans of Austria has been excited by the recent speech of Prince Bismarck on the expulsion of the Poles. Universal attention is now turned in Austria among these to the great creator of German unity; and a number of congratulatory letters have been addressed to him by Austrians, which, ominously, have been allowed to be published in Berlin papers, to the great concern of Austrian statesmen. "Never," says one of these, "had the House of Hapsburg such a cause for alarm as when the great welder of German unity gave terrible voice in the Landtag to the sentiment, 'Germany for the Germans.' The Germans of Austria sigh for the leadership of their great race kinsman. Alas, that we cannot call him countryman. He it is who will open new provinces, expelling aliens, and giving homes to Germans. How different the Hapsburg, seeking new Slav provinces in Bosnia, Servia, and Herzegovina. We are overwhelmed with these foreigners. Our brethren across the border have a father, we only a master. Oh, Unifier! speak the word of Pan-Germanism." That is a most dangerous state of feeling to be held by the subjects of so loose-connected an empire as Austria-Hungary. We read that in Hungary, so intense is the Hungarian national feeling, an Austrian flag must not be unfurled—not even in the presence of the Emperor; and if the Austrian half of the Empire-Kingdom is growing as intensely German, what, except loyalty to an Imperial House, stands in the way of the disruption of the State? But it may be doubted if loyalty to the Hapsburgs is of strength sufficient to overcome the disintegrating force of the national aspirations that are drawing the Empire-Kingdom asunder. And in estimating the gravity of the danger that overhangs the House of Austria, it must be remembered that anything that will weaken that Empire will, though secretly perhaps, receive the aid of Russia. We are accustomed to think that it was the English fleet in the Dardanelles that prevented the entry of the Russians into Constantinople, when in the last war Turkey lay at the feet of Russia; but in reality it was not the English fleet solely or perhaps mainly. From the point where Russia crossed the Danube her flank had been all along threatened by Austria; and exhausted as Russia was when she arrived at Constantinople, it was the armies of Austria, not the ships of England, she feared most. And anything that may avert the danger of a future similar check in the hour of victory will surely be promoted by Russian diplomacy.

THE *Montreal Herald* has reproduced from the *Hamilton Spectator* the baseless report that Mr. Goldwin Smith has sold his house, has severed his connection with this journal, and is about to leave Canada and reside in England. Once more we beg leave to give the report an authoritative denial. Mr. Goldwin Smith is going to England in April, but will return in October. That his connection with this journal has not been severed any one who looks at a number of it can see.

WHEN workingmen are led by men of their own class they seldom reach the goal aimed at: the leaders know, perhaps, what is wanted, but seldom have they the wide knowledge and business habits requisite to success. But bad as this is, it is not so bad as when the unfortunate artisan falls for guidance into the hands of the "workingman's friend," whose mission it is to get up associations and organize demonstrations. This person is usually a variety of the professional politician, and all sorts of stories, some of them almost ludicrous in their nature, are current as to the corruption and maladministration that accompany the activity of these self-constituted tribunes of the people. In a case that was tried the other day in London a jury declined to say that it was a libel to accuse one of these workingman's friends and his friends of using for political or other purposes certain funds subscribed for a purely charitable object. And, says the *St. James's Gazette*, seeing that of some £460 collected for the families of distressed gas-stokers it was impossible for Mr. Howell (the complainant) to prove that more than £204 had gone to them, it cannot be said that the jury were not justified in their finding. The whole affair ought to make workingmen scrutinize more closely the conduct of their political mentors and guides.

A CORRESPONDENT of a London paper thus describes a dinner in an Egyptian harem:—"The tables are always circular, and about a foot and a half in height. The women sit like dolls around them on cushions. The old, inactive, and fat once down have to be pulled up. They serve but one dish at a time, and that in a large circular salver of silver, brass, or sometimes gold. They have no forks, knives, or spoons, but each dips two fingers of the right hand into the dish and takes out a bit, the meat having previously been cut into small pieces in the kitchen. If they wish particularly to distinguish a visitor, they select a dainty piece and place it in her mouth. It would be an insult to betray any feelings but delight at such a mark of favour. A great dish for a feast, and one which few Christian women have ever tasted, is that of a lamb roasted whole. After the manner of a nest of Chinese boxes, each smaller than the other, the lamb is stuffed with a whole turkey, the turkey with a chicken, the chicken with a pigeon, the pigeon with a quail, the quail with a becafic, the smallest bird known except the humming bird. It resembles our reed bird in taste, and makes only just one mouthful. The lamb is roasted over a slow fire, until it is cooked into shreds and melts into one as it were."

M. WORTH complains of the absence of a leader of society in either Paris or London. There is no one, he says, to set the fashion. The Princess of Wales no longer figures as the leader in modes, and Eugenie, he declares, never did so, even at the Tuileries. She refused to make innovations in prevailing fashions for fear of being called giddy and frivolous, and always advised him to persuade other ladies of the Imperial court to wear his new costumes first. Then she would willingly follow, and add her influence to their success.

It is announced that all Mr. John Morley's speeches on the Irish question and his series of bitter attacks on Mr. W. E. Forster in the *Pall Mall Gazette* are being republished by the *Gazette*, no doubt with a view to propitiating the Irish Nationalists on his behalf. Considering that Mr. Forster is lying on what is believed to be his deathbed, the good taste of this proceeding seems questionable, to say nothing about its patriotism.

THE general protest that has gone up from all the States concerned in the fisheries against the appointment of any Fishery Commission has astonished Secretary Bayard; and the President, also taken by surprise, is inclined to think he made his recommendation of a commission without sufficient information. The impression is that the subject will not be pressed by the Administration, but will be allowed to drop.

### "DU BIST WIE EINE BLUME."

[Translated from Heine into the metre of the original.]

THOU art as is the flower,  
So winsome, pure and fair,  
I gaze, and lurking sadness  
Oft fills my heart with care.

Meseems I should on thy forehead  
My hands in blessing lay,  
Praying to God that He keep thee  
Pure, winsome, fair, away.

DAVID REID KEYS.

### THE EXAMINER.

THE principal fault of most modern books on political economy is a want of directness of treatment. The writers go round and round the questions at issue, approaching, retiring, circling, but never, or seldom, exhibiting confidence of treatment or directness of aim. The chief characteristic of most of the new books is the critical attitude of the writers towards accepted systems, if any systems can be said to be accepted. From the writer of the article in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" to the writer of the latest essay, the critical attitude is maintained with significant defiance of what is called the orthodox school.

PROFESSOR SEDGWICK's book has been out too long now for any but the merest mention to be made; but in his essay, read at the last Dublin meeting of the British Association, he repeats with some additional emphasis his protest against accepting the "accepted" theories for all that they claim to be worth. When doctors so differ, he is a rash man who claims to have special and precise and tenable ground for his structure of economical belief. Professor Sedgwick says in his essay:

I think it erroneous to maintain, on the ordinary economic grounds, that temporary Protection must always be detrimental to the protecting country, even if it were carried out by a perfectly wise and strong Government able to resist all influences of sinister and sectarian, and to act solely for the good of the nation. The decisive argument against it is, rather the political consideration, that no actual Government is competent for this difficult and delicate task; that Protection, as actually applied under the play of political forces, is sure to foster many weak industries that have no chance of living without artificial support, and to hamper industries that might thrive independently by the artificial dearness of some of their materials and instruments; so that it turns out a dangerous and clumsy as well as a costly instrument of industrial competition, and is not likely, on the whole, to bring the desired victory, though it may give a partial success here and there.

To this, of course, the advocate of Protection replies by insisting on the capacity of any Government to deal with the question, and by denying the allegations of dearness and hampering.

ONE of the newest books of this sort is "The Premises of Political Economy," by Simon N. Patten, Ph.D. (Halle), in which the author attempts what he calls a "re-examination of certain fundamental principles of economic" science. A "re-examination" in these cases generally means some species of revolt or recantation. In his introduction Professor Patten says he endeavours to prove "that many of the leading doctrines now accepted by most Economists must be discarded to give place to other doctrines more in harmony with the real phenomena." His general conclusion, so far as can be gathered from his verbiage and confusing technicalities, is that "a nation has only one means to protect its people from the high price of food caused by the unequal distribution of wealth in a neighbouring nation, and that is by duties levied either on the importation of commodities or on the exportation of food. If neither of these means is resorted to, nothing can prevent such an approximation of the value of manufactured commodities as will produce a low rate of wages." The conclusion seems quite consoling to one form of belief; but of the volume as a whole it may be said to remind us of what an auctioneer once said of Emerson: "At once beautiful and not understandable."

A MORE attractive and apparently more practical treatise is one entitled "The Distribution of Products," by Edward Atkinson. It consists of three essays: "What makes the rate of wages?" "What is a bank?" and, "The railway, the farmer, and the public," with various appendices containing tables and statistics. Its general drift is in favour of the theories of Bastiat, but the critical spirit is present and prominent. The following propositions he calls fallacies:—

1st. That the cost of production of any given article can be ascertained by finding out and comparing the rates of wages, paid in its production in different places, here or elsewhere.

2nd. That low rates of wages are necessary to low cost of production; high rates of wages can only be paid consistently with high cost of production.

3rd. That inasmuch as labourers work for wages, wages enter directly into the cost of production, therefore, cheap labour can only be assured by the payment of low rates of wages.

4th. That an employer must of necessity be able to hire labourers at low rates of wages in order to make goods at low cost.

To dispose of these fallacies, Mr. Atkinson devotes himself with much aptness and energy. His views on the Tariff question are thus given:

The Tariff question, the protection of women and children in factories from overwork or from injury, or other like subjects of legislation, are questions of expediency varying with the time and circumstances of each country. They are not, like slavery, or inconvertible paper money, moral questions upon which no compromise can be tolerated; but on the contrary they are subjects for reasonable consideration and for reasonable compromise among honest and fair-minded men. When the whole direction of domestic industry has been in some measure altered by the continued imposition of high duties upon foreign imports, which were the necessity of war, nothing could be more injudicious than to adopt revolutionary changes. It may have been bad policy to impose the high duties; but it does not follow that it would be good to remove them all at once, or that he is a spoliator who asks time to adjust his capital and the labour which he employs to alter conditions.

In dealing with the land question, Mr. Atkinson defends the land policy of the United States, admitting its obvious weaknesses, but insisting that, on the whole, it has tended to populate and develop the West. He looks forward to a long period of continued constructive enterprise, though, at the same time, he points out the low general rate of profit on railway investments. All of these volumes are worth looking at, and as they are not generally noticed in the press, and are not books of a "popular" character, the attention of students and public men may fitly be directed to them.

M. J. G.

## THE NOD OF THE THUNDERER.

NUTUS JOVIS GLADS-TONANTIS.

*Homer revived [and revised] in the Nineteenth Century.*

"One highly significant incident occurred when Mr. Sexton was speaking of the attitude of the Irish party. He turned to face the centre of the front Opposition bench, and indicated Mr. Gladstone with his open hand. Complete silence fell upon the House. 'Perhaps the chief reason,' continued Mr. Sexton, slowly, 'why the hon. member for Cork (Mr. Parnell) refrained from moving an amendment to the Address upon the present occasion was that the right hon. member for Midlothian had repeatedly affirmed that he was favourable to a settlement of the claims of the Irish nation to a national Legislature.' Then, in view of the whole House, Mr. Gladstone deliberately nodded three times. Everybody saw it, and wild, prolonged cheers broke from the Irish party."—*Press Despatch.*

[The amended readings are printed in italics, those of the received text being placed in foot-notes.]

THERE, far apart, and high above the rest,  
The THUNDERER sat,—where old Olympus shrouds  
His hundred<sup>1</sup> heads in heaven, and props the clouds.  
"Father of Gods! if ever"—SEXTON<sup>2</sup> said—  
"My words could please thee, or my actions aid,  
Some mark of honour on *Paruëll*<sup>3</sup> bestow,  
And pay to *Ireland* what to *her* you owe.<sup>4</sup>  
Avenge her wrong, Oh ever just and wise!  
Be *Albion* humbled, and let *Erin* rise!<sup>5</sup>  
Till the proud *Throne*,<sup>6</sup> and all the *English*<sup>7</sup> race,  
Shall heap with honour *her*<sup>8</sup> they now disgrace."  
Thus *Sexton*<sup>9</sup> spoke, but *Jove* in silence held  
The sacred counsels of his breast concealed.  
Not so repulsed, *our Sexton*<sup>10</sup> closer prest,  
*Stretched forth his hand*,<sup>11</sup> and urged the dear request.  
"O Sire of gods and men! thy suppliant hear!  
Refuse or grant! for what hath *Jove* to fear!  
Or oh! declare—of all the powers above  
Is wretched *Erin*<sup>12</sup> least the care of *Jove*!"<sup>13</sup>  
He said, and sighing, thus the god replies,  
*Silent, yet speaking with his lightning eyes*,<sup>14</sup>  
"What hast thou asked? Ah, *now must*<sup>15</sup> *Jove* engage  
In foreign contests and domestic rage—  
*England's*<sup>16</sup> complaints and *Erin's*<sup>17</sup> fierce alarms—  
While I, too partial, aid the *Irish*<sup>18</sup> arms.  
But 'part in peace, secure thy prayer is sped—  
Witness the sacred honours of my head:  
The *NOD* that ratifies the will divine—  
The faithful, fixed, irrevocable sign!  
This seals thy suit, and this fulfils thy vows."  
He spoke, and awful bends his lordly brows,  
Shakes his ambrosial curls, and GIVES THE NOD,  
The stamp of Fate and sanction of the god!  
High heaven with trembling the dread signal took,  
And all Olympus to the centre shook.

—Pope's *Homer: Iliad*, Book I., 646, etc.

<sup>1</sup>Rather, 658. <sup>2</sup>"The goddess." <sup>3</sup>"My son." <sup>4</sup>"And pay in glory what in life you owe." <sup>5</sup>"Let Greece be humbled, and the Trojans rise." <sup>6</sup>"King." <sup>7</sup>"Achaian." <sup>8</sup>"Him." <sup>9</sup>"Thetis." <sup>10</sup>"The goddess." <sup>11</sup>"Still grasped his knees." <sup>12</sup>"Thetis." <sup>13</sup>"Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted skies." <sup>14</sup>"Why should." <sup>15</sup>"The gods." <sup>16</sup>"Juno's." <sup>17</sup>"Trojan."

## MR. FROUDE'S "OCEANA."—II.

HAVING delivered his soul of the weight of oppression caused by the remembrance of past Colonial Policy, against which he has previously protested in vain, Mr. Froude sets out, in a Scottish steamer, on his long ocean voyage. There is a family likeness about the description of ocean voyages, and one generally skips a good deal. But Mr. Froude does not write matter that one skips without remorse, and so he catches one's attention and keeps it from start to finish. Those who remember Macaulay's heroic preparations for, and still more heroic performances during, his long voyage to India will recall the lists of classic writers that he carried with him; and how, at the end of the voyage, by determined efforts and splendid spurts he had come in ahead of all ancient literature, and beaten the Greek and Latin classics, every one of them, by several "laps." It was a glorious effort, but one never reads of it without a shudder. There were fond mothers who sent their young sons out with Macaulay so that they might be in the same ship with a Member of the Council, who might, by good luck, take the youngsters into favour. But what luck was theirs to find the Member of Council shut up from sunlight and starlight, from sea-breeze and storm-blow, reading the classics against wind and tide and time. Mr. Froude is much more humane and agreeable; but he will give a gentle shock to the persistent classic students by his attitude towards the classics. He tries Ovid, and flings him under his pillow. He finds that the pious Æneas was only a prig. He talks recklessly on the Sunday question, because he finds the day intolerably dull. He drops into metaphysical speculation, and confesses he gives it up. He flounders into patristic theology, and gives up the whole case for private judgment, and agrees to the principle of authority—except when authority is wrong—which is not

good logic. And all this is partly to save him from writing about the voyage and the sea, and partly to relieve him from *tedium vite*. To change the mood he interviews an Irish emigrant, who settles the Irish question by denouncing "them banks"—as if interest ought not to be paid as well as rent. But there is some good writing about the voyage, too, as any one who has read his papers on salmon fishing will be prepared to hear. And we have enjoyed the voyage as much as he has when at length we find ourselves at Cape Colony. If there is a trifle of melancholy in the remembrance, it is simply the natural melancholy of an educated mind which cannot cross the Southern Ocean without thinking of the generations of the mighty dead who crossed it long ago, and which must necessarily be moved to seriousness by companionship with waves that tire not and stars whose light does not pale:

The history of old nations and peoples comes down to us in ruined temples, in parchments venerable from age, in fading portraits, in models of antiquated war-ships, to be smiled at in modern museums. The generations of man are but the hours of a season a little longer than a single year. The memory of them is trampled on by the million feet of their successors, themselves in turn to be trampled on as swiftly, and cared for no more. But the stars which they saw are the stars we see. Time has not dimmed their brilliance, nor age made them loiter on their course. Time for them is not. They are themselves the measurers and creators of time. Have they too their appointed end? "They shall perish but Thou shalt endure. They all shall wax old as doth a garment. As a vesture Thou shalt change them, and they shall be changed. But Thou art the same, and Thy years shall not fail."

It is not the most merry thought to cross the ocean with, but it is one which every man, who is not a hopeless fribble or idiot, must at times entertain; and perhaps the wisest entertain it most constantly.

Chapters two and three deal with the voyage and the Cape Colony; the Dutch claims; the transfer to England; the history of British policy in South Africa; the former visit and political speeches of Mr. Froude; the expedition of Sir Charles Warren, and so on, with which the average reader is probably not very familiar. Mr. Froude leaves us at the close of his fourth chapter with the impression that South Africa is in a semi-ruined condition. We are fortunate in having a later authority, in the shape of two very valuable papers in the *Times*, which tells us that the Cape has turned the corner, and that the bad times are over and gone. Next we have a vivid description of the voyage of 6,000 miles across the Indian Ocean, during which he reads Pindar, "the purest of all the Greek poets," and gives us a very beautiful description of the movements of the albatross, which of course recalls Coleridge and the "Ancient Mariner." Beginning the voyage with Pindar, he concludes it with "Œdipus Coloneus," and congratulates himself that he has arrived at last among a people whose national life, like that of the old Greek tragic days, is still in its infancy. The whole of the Victorian part of the book is charming. One whose physical vigour is not wholly equal to the task of sustaining the spirit undepressed through the rigours of a Canadian winter falters a little in the patriotic wish to think his own country best, as compared with the sun-blessed provinces of Australia. Mr. Froude does not help one much, if at all. He finds in Australia, as indeed he would find in all the colonies, men who only want the imperial field to show imperial capabilities. And socially he finds Australia as cultivated as the best English society, with some charms of freedom and of interest, which the older society lacks. The best people everywhere, the educated and cultivated classes, are much the same. The luxury and stateliness of life in Australia is made clear to us in a series of very pleasing pictures. But the pictures are marred by a flaw which seems to have been committed by some enemy, and which is one of the most remarkable instances of mistaken taste one has ever met with. Between Melbourne and Ballarat, Mr. Froude was brilliantly entertained at a "Squatter's Station"—that is, at a very luxurious and beautiful home-stead of a millionaire sheep farmer, which was temporarily inhabited by some of the gentleman's friends. The family were high-bred and intellectual, and they devoted themselves to him; and on leaving them he says of the son of the family, a fine young man of brilliant parts, "I have ungratefully forgotten his name, and even the name of the family. It was the type that struck me." If he goes that way again, it will not strike him so favourably. Fancy the feeling of these hospitable people on reading that sentence! He gives us a fact about wine, which is probably new to most people as it was to him, viz., "That if fine wine is wanted the human foot is still in requisition"; so into the Australian scenery we can put a new picture of village maidens, as of old, treading the vine—

Their milk-white ankles splashed with red.

Mr. Froude had a "good time" in Australia. He had free passes, special cars, luxurious appointments, viceregal invitations, social triumphs, public banquets, cabinet ministers to travel with him; and if he did not see Australia "from a balloon" he saw a good deal of it through the bottom of a champagne glass, and any scenery would look well under these con-

ditions. He was able to gather many opinions of many men, and he gives them with great clearness. He does not give an encouraging view of the harbour defences provided under Imperial pressure at Adelaide; for instance:—

The harbour was full of ships; great steamers, great liners, coasting schooners, ships of all sorts. Among them a frigate newly painted, and seeming to be intended rather for show than use, like a suit of armour with no one inside it. My guide growled out, "There is our harbour defence ship which the English Government insists on our maintaining. It is worth nothing, and never will be. Our naval defences cost us £25,000 a year. We should pay the £25,000 to the Admiralty and let them do the defence for us. They can manage such things better than we can." This seemed likely to be true; and I heard more of it afterwards, as will be told in its place.

A writer the other day, in the *Times*, asks for a closer examination into the state of Colonial armies and navies, and perhaps the result would not be consoling. Our own force has had a training and an experience that have been valuable, and an examination now would be less to be dreaded.

He gives us one more reminiscence of old Colonial policy, which is worth quoting as an example of the value of change:—

I am an old man now, and my memory goes a long way back. I remember asking a noble Duke why Lord — had been made Governor of a certain colony. He answered, "Because he is a bankrupt peer." "They asked me," the Duke continued, "whether I would undertake such a thing. I said I was not qualified, I was still solvent."

George the Third used to say that any gentleman in England was good enough for any position he could get. This was defence enough for such appointments. After all, a bankrupt peer might be a man of education and ability and genius, and though the Empire paid his poverty and not his skill, he might pay back the Empire in the skill which had not been considered. Men of the first rank of fortune find great careers at home. The Empire has reason to thank the happy bankruptcy which sent some of them abroad, with their genius for rule and their strength of will for domination.

As it will take some time yet for this book to reach the general reader, another paper may be devoted to summing up what remain of the points of interest in it.

M. J. G.

### ICE SKATING IN CANADA.

It is a glorious winter afternoon, and, having left the smoke and din and dust of the city far behind, we are standing together at the foot of the first of the Dartmouth lakes. Straight before us, and spreading far out on either hand, lies a glistening expanse, whose polished surface flashes back the cheerful sunshine. Three unbroken miles in length, and more than one in width, this icy plain awaits us in its virgin purity. It were strange then did not our fingers tremble with impatience and our "acmes" snap with feverish haste. They are on at last, and now for the supremest luxury of motion. The crisp, cool air is charged with electricity; every answering nerve tingles delightfully, and the blood leaps responsively through the throbbing pulses. Once out upon the ringing ice, and we seem to have passed from the realm of solid flesh and blood to that of "tricksy, dainty Ariel." We have broken loose from the bonds of gravitation, and, as with favouring wind we speed away to the farther shore, every stroke of our steel-shod feet counting good for a quartette of yards, the toiling and moiling of the work-a-day world seems to have found at the margin of the lake a magic barrier beyond which they may not follow us, and with spirits light and free we glide off into a new sphere where care and labour are unknown. Mile after mile flashes past, yet our muscles weary not; nor does the breath grow short. But what is this? Is our flight already ended; and must we turn back so soon? The fir-clad shores, which were a little while ago so far apart, have drawn together, until they seem to meet not far ahead, and put a bar to farther progress. A cunning turn, a short, quick dash over the dangerous spot, where the current runs swiftly, and the ice bends ominously, and, behold! we are out again upon a second lake, still larger than the first, and dotted here and there with tiny, ever-green islets that look like emeralds in a silver setting. For three miles more our way lies before us smooth and clear, and then at last, as, having reached the limit of our enterprise, we throw ourselves upon a fallen tree to rest our now tired limbs and catch our diminished breath, I ask, which, of wheelman, horseman, yachtsman, sculler, or skater, enjoys the finest exercise?—J. MACDONALD OXLEY, in *Outing* for January.

CURRAN, when informed that a dirty and stingy barrister of his acquaintance went on a journey with a shirt and a guinea, the comment was, "He will not change either till he comes back."

### THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH IN IRELAND.

THE humiliation with which thoughtful Englishmen regard their failure in Ireland may be lessened, if they reflect that an organization greater and older than the British Empire has equally failed to secure its own objects in the same country. In the many strange circumstances of Ireland, none is to us so amazing as the apparent position of the Roman Catholic Church. It is a position of utter humiliation. That Church has in Ireland enjoyed advantages which she has possessed in the same degree in no other country of Europe. The long and atrocious persecution from which she suffered bound to her the hearts of the people as they were bound in no other land, except, perhaps, the Tyrol. Among Irishmen, the love of country and the love of Catholicism identified themselves with each other until in Ireland the priesthood became the idols of the people, and their teaching was received with an enthusiastic approval such as, unhappily, is seldom bestowed on the exponents of any Christian system of thought. They became in the fullest sense the "directors" of the popular life. Irish literature, Irish poetry, Irish rural tradition, are full of their popularity. No Church ever enjoyed such an opportunity of rendering its teaching effective, and of making of a whole people true disciples. Yet, after generations of effort honestly pursued by men, often of ability and sometimes of genius—Father Mathew, for example, was something of a prophet, in the true sense of that word—the Church has failed to instil into Irish minds the most elementary principles of morality. The largest section of her people either approve, or justify, or condone acts condemned by the Catholic Church, and even repugnant to the instinctive conscience—acts of murder, acts of maiming, acts intended to strike terror into the innocent, and acts of the cruel tyranny known as boycotting. There is not a Catholic Doctor in the world who would not pronounce the criminal incidents of the agrarian struggle to be sins; nor is there one who knows Ireland who can honestly assert that her Catholic people view them even in theory with abhorrence, or that the Catholic clergy do their duty in denouncing them with sufficient zeal. The conscience of the people is paralyzed, and that by a vice which, of all the Churches, the Catholic Church has least extenuated,—the debasing passion of greed. It is not Catholicism which preaches the "gospel of getting on," yet it is Catholicism which in Ireland tolerates that especial excuse for crimes as offensive to Catholicism as to any Protestant system ever taught. That is a terrible failure for a Church which claims not only to be Christian, but to be, of all Christian Churches, the one which least conceals or distorts the cardinal doctrines of Christianity in deference to any expediency whatever. The claim, too, is not without justification. Rome has repeatedly defied all the Powers of the world in defence of her tenets, but in Ireland she shrinks; and the spiritual power which risked and encountered the greatest of secessions rather than decree that a marriage she had sanctioned could be dissoluble, hesitates to preach to peasants that boycotting is a sin against the Christian law.—*London Spectator*.

### MR. GLADSTONE ON GENESIS.

I do not suppose it would be feasible, even for Professor Huxley, taking the nebular hypothesis and geological discovery for his guides, to give, in the compass of the first twenty-seven verses of Genesis, an account of the cosmogony, and of the succession of life in the stratification of the earth, which would combine scientific precision of statement with the majesty, the simplicity, the intelligibility, and the impressiveness of the record before us. Let me modestly call it, for argument's sake, an approximation to the present presumptions and conclusions of science. Let me assume that the statement in the text as to plants, and the statement of verses 24, 25 as to the reptiles, cannot in all points be sustained; and yet still there remain great unshaken facts to be weighed. First, the fact that such a record should have been made at all. Secondly, the fact that, instead of dwelling in generalities, it has placed itself under the severe conditions of a chronological order, reaching from the first *nisus* of chaotic matter to the consummated production of a fair and goodly, a furnished and a peopled world. Thirdly, the fact that its cosmogony seems, in the light of the nineteenth century, to draw more and more of countenance from the best natural philosophy; and, fourthly, that it has described the successive origins of the five great categories of present life, with which human experience was and is conversant, in that order which geological authority confirms. How came these things to be? How came they to be, not among Accadians, or Assyrians, or Egyptians, who monopolized the stores of human knowledge when this wonderful tradition was born, but among the obscure records of a people who, dwelling in Palestine for twelve hundred years from their sojourn in the valley of the Nile, hardly had force to stamp even so much as their name upon the history of the world at large, and only then began to be admitted to the general communion of mankind when their Scriptures assumed the dress which a Gentile tongue was needed to supply? It is more rational, I contend, to say that these astonishing anticipations were a God-given supply, than to suppose that a race, who fell uniformly and entirely short of the great intellectual development of antiquity, should here not only have equalled and outstripped it, but have entirely transcended, in kind even more than in degree, all known exercise of human faculties.—*January Nineteenth Century*.

In a debate in the House of Commons, Curran stated that he needed no aid from any one, that he was proud to be "the guardian of his own honour." "Indeed," exclaimed Sir Boyle Roche, "I congratulate Mr. Curran on his holding a sinecure."

## MUSIC.

## TORONTO MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE programme of the instrumental music performed at the eighth concert of the series last Monday night was specially attractive and calculated to please the most fastidious taste. The string quartette numbers included excerpts from three magnificent specimens of chamber music, namely the C minor, Op. 18, quartette by Beethoven, the D minor quartette by Schubert, and the Haydn quartette, Op. 76, No. 1. The piano solos included Liszt's "Rhapsodie," No. 12, Chopin's "Nocturne" in C minor, and Rubinstein's popular "Valse Caprice." The interpretation of the string numbers was most artistic, the quartette playing with a delicacy of execution and a sympathetic *ensemble* that showed a marked advance in their performance as a Club. The Schubert "Andante" was the most attractive to the audience, the exquisite and yet mournful beauty of the theme holding the listeners entranced.

The occasion was remarkable for the first appearance of Mme. Dorz Burmeister-Petersen, the solo pianist, a pupil of Liszt, who arrived in the United States from Hamburg only a few months ago. This lady was a most pronounced success. She is a genuine *artiste*, a skilful executant, and possesses delightful delicacy of touch. She excels in the performance of both *cantabile* and the *legato* style. She was most enthusiastically recalled and encored after each of her solos. The vocalist was Miss Kate Percy Douglas, who first sang in this city in 1875 with Brignoli and Ferranti. This lady was a disappointment to the subscribers, who have been given a succession of singers of so high a standing at these concerts that they expect to hear nothing but vocalists of the first rank. Miss Douglas has grave defects of method, and moreover attempts music beyond her powers. At the next concert, on the 22nd, Miss Juliette Corden, one of Colonel Mapleson's *prime donne*, will make her first appearance here.—*Clef*.

It will be observed from Mr. Syd. Ashdown's advertisement elsewhere that M. Ovide Musin and his Concert Company, who gave so much pleasure here to lovers of music a few weeks ago, do not appear, as has been prematurely announced, at the last Monday Popular Concert, on April 5th, but at an independent concert on Monday, March 1st.

## HAMILTON.

SOME months of rehearsal by the Hamilton Musical Union (R. Thomas Steele, director,) of Gilbert and Sullivan's two-act comic opera, "The Sorcerer," culminated on Tuesday evening of last week in a performance of the opera at the Grand Opera House to an immense and very kindly disposed audience. The chorus numbered about forty, was evidently well-drilled, sang with spirit and considerable expression, and often posed in such a way as to make a pretty stage picture, very little of the awkwardness usually shown by an amateur opera chorus being visible. The orchestra was small, but for the most part quite effective, owing principally to the capable and firm leadership of Mr. MacDuff, the first violin. The principals engaged were:—Sir Marmaduke Pointdextre, an elderly Baronet, J. H. Stuart; Alexis, of the Guards, his son, T. D. Beddoe; Doctor Daly, Vicar of Ploverleigh, E. W. Schuch; Notary, T. H. Stinson; John Wellington Wells, of J. W. Wells & Company, Family Sorcerers, Fred. Warrington; Lady Sangazure, a lady of ancient lineage, Miss Marie Strong; Aline, her daughter—betrothed to Alexis, Mrs. Geo. Hamilton; Mrs. Partlet, a pew opener, Miss Maud Walker; Constance, her daughter, Mrs. McCulloch; Chorus of Peasantry. Of these performers, Miss Strong, Mrs. McCulloch, T. D. Beddoe, and F. Warrington, had all had experience in comic opera, and certainly in addition to singing well, acted their parts as well as the ordinary professionals. Mrs. Hamilton, who is a very capable soprano, surprised many by the excellence of her acting. Mr. Schuch was the only failure of the cast. He did not know his lines, has a most awkward stage stride, and betrayed the inefficient amateur in everything except his singing, which was good enough for the part, though his voice was harsh. The fact is the opera is unworthy the abilities of most of those who took part in it, and it is astonishing that so much time was consumed in rehearsing a production which taxes neither singer or actor to any appreciable extent. The performance was repeated Thursday night to another large audience, and as it is evident the Musical Union concerts are certain to be well patronized, the managers will, of course, seek for a more important work for the next performance. Mr. Warrington deserves special commendation for his excellent comedy work in "The Sorcerer." He is quick to see a point and clever to make the best use of it, and when in the future circumstances debar him from participation in another class of work, he will surely find a field in parts like unto that of John Wellington Wells. Mr. Steele, the conductor, has reason to congratulate himself upon the excellent work done by the chorus, and deserves and gets credit for the great amount of work he accomplished in putting the opera upon the stage; but he is scarcely a success in the conductor's chair, as was shown by his occasional lack of control of his chorus and orchestra. However, Mr. Steele is not too old to improve.—*C Major*.

## LONDON.

THE first of Mr. Thomas Martin's series of piano recitals was given at Victoria Hall on Tuesday evening, 4th inst. The programme was as follows:—"A minor Prelude" (Bach), "Nocturne" (Reinecke), "Soirée de Vienne" (Schubert-Liszt), "Concerto" (Xaver Scharwenka), "Andante con Variazioni," two pianos (Schumann), "Andante Spianato and Polonaise" (Chopin), "Gavotte" (F. J. Hatton—Mrs. Moore), "Valse, 'Le Bal'" (Rubinstein). Perhaps the most important work was the Schar-

wenka Concerto. It was magnificently played; the orchestral second piano part being admirably performed by Miss Elwell. This concerto, however, is almost lost without orchestra. The Schumann two piano duett was a treat, Mr. W. C. Barron justly sharing the honours with Mr. Martin. Of the solos, the Chopin "Andante and Polonaise" was undoubtedly the *chef-d'œuvre*. Mr. Martin's splendid technique and delicacy of expression seem more apparent on every fresh hearing. Songs were contributed by Misses Elwell and Watkins, which were much appreciated.

On the 25th Jan. the Courtney Company concert completed the series inaugurated by Mr. Birks. This concert was somewhat disappointing. The voices appeared over fatigued, and through an unforeseen accident some of the music was not on hand, which rendered necessary a few changes in the programme. Miss Raymond was, as usual, an admirable accompanist.—*Marcia*.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

PROGRESSIVE ORTHODOXY. By the Editors of the *Andover Review*. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company.

With comparatively unimportant exceptions, this volume comprises a series of short papers that appeared in the *Andover Review*. The editors of that advanced theological monthly have discussed the vital doctrines of the Christian system from their own standpoint, which is one of greater freedom and independence than is usually assumed by strictly orthodox theologians. The discussion of these important religious questions is thoughtful and earnest, the outcome of careful study and profound conviction. The publication of this volume marks the progress of doctrinal discussion, and indicates that a larger, more tolerant and comprehensive, view of sacred truth is superseding the narrow dogmatism that has had its day. The volume, from the Cambridge Riverside Press, is, typographically, one of great beauty.

THE GLASSE OF TIME. By Thomas Peyton. New York: John B. Alden.

This is the first modern edition of the rare poem which is supposed to have inspired Milton's "Paradise Lost." It is prefaced by a good introduction, part of which has appeared in the *North American Review*, from which we get a view of the striking similarities between the two poems. The "Glasse of Time," though not at all equal to Milton's work, of which, however, it probably formed the germ, is a sound-hearted English poem, well worth reading; and the present edition is a neat, well-printed and bound, and extremely cheap one (fifty cents). Readers of Milton would find it extremely interesting to trace the growth and transformation of the earlier poet's conceptions into the form they are more familiar with.

THE *Canadian Methodist Magazine* is a very excellent periodical; and always contains matter of interest and entertainment. The number for February takes a broad and catholic survey of the world, in trips to the Yellowstone National Park, the Rocky Mountains, and the Great North-West; in articles on the Final Outcome of Sin, by Dr. Sutherland; The Four Gospels, by Canon Farrar; The Christian Soldier, Sir Henry Havelock, by Dr. Luthern; The Christian Doctor, Thomas Slade Robinson, by Dr. Potts; and a chapter or two of fiction, examination of current topics and events, and exposition of religious and missionary intelligence. It is a magazine for a Christian family of any denomination.

WE have received also the following publications:

ART INTERCHANGE. January 30. New York: 37 and 39 West 22nd St.  
 OUTING. February. New York: 140 Nassau St.  
 ANDOVER REVIEW. February. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.  
 LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. February 6. Boston: Littell and Company.  
 ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. February. New York: Macmillan and Company.  
 OVERLAND MONTHLY. February. San Francisco: 120 Sutter St.  
 FRANK LESLIE'S SUNDAY MAGAZINE. February. New York.  
 LIBRARY MAGAZINE. February. New York: John B. Alden.  
 CANADIAN SCIENCE MONTHLY. Oct.-Nov. New Kentville, Nova Scotia.  
 MUSIC. "A Kiss Through the Telephone." Arranged for the pianoforte. Music by H. F. Sefton. Words by John Imrie. Toronto: Imrie and Graham.

As will be seen by a reference to another column in this issue, the Western Canada Loan and Savings Company has just issued its twenty-third annual report. The figures show that on a paid-up capital of \$1,300,000 there is a Rest of fifty per cent., or \$650,000, and accumulated contingent funds of \$72,878. The Company has done a brisk business during the past twelve months, having lent on mortgage the sum of \$1,391,948, and received nearly a million back from borrowers in interest and payments on account of principal-money. The total of mortgage loans is now \$5,598,618, of debentures \$2,236,397, and of deposits \$1,155,785. The profits of the year divided among the shareholders in two half-yearly dividends amount to \$123,521, and besides this \$35,655 has been put aside to strengthen the already ample Rest and Contingent Funds. Examination of the Balance Sheet will show that Mr. Walter S. Lee and his Board have just reason to be satisfied with the result of their energetic and judicious management of the affairs of the Company.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

HENRY JAMES'S "The Bostonians" will be published in America and England by Macmillan and Company.

COPIES of the new *English Historical Review* are said to present a particularly handsome appearance, and a look of prospective prosperity.

IN their new series of American novels, Cassell and Company have just ready "Without Blemish—To-day's Problem," by Mrs. J. H. Walworth.

IT is rumoured that Mr. C. B. Patten, of State Street, Boston, is the "American Banker" whose "England" is attracting so much notice at present.

ROSE G. KINGSLEY, a daughter of Canon Kingsley, will have an Alpine paper in the *March Wide Awake*, "Stoned by a Mountain," that botanists will enjoy.

THE latest of the series of supplements issued with the *Art Interchange* (January 30), is a very artistic study of Jacqueminot Roses. The effect is extremely rich.

JOHN HYSLOP, of New York, contributes an important paper to the February issue of *Outing*, entitled, "The Lesson of the America's Cup Races," in which are discussed some interesting points on yacht construction.

WE observe from a valedictory in the *Educational Weekly* that Mr. John E. Bryant severs, with the current number, his editorial connection with that excellent periodical. He is succeeded by Mr. T. Arnold Haultain, a gentleman well known to our readers as a writer and journalist of experience, a scholar, and an educationist. Mr. Haultain will devote his whole time to the *Educational Weekly*.

MR. GLADSTONE, in acknowledging the receipt of the first volume of Cassell's National Library, writes:—"I have received with pleasure your attractive reprint of Lord Macaulay's article on Warren Hastings. This reprint, at the low price of 3d., affords a new and gratifying indication of the place which the enterprise and capital of this country may hope prospectively to occupy in the great book trade of the world."

THE *Illustrated Book Buyer*, published by the Scribners in its new form, is just out. The February number contains a newsy London letter, an interesting article on "Some American Book Plates," by Mr. Laurence Hutton, with illustrations, an illustrated review of Mr. Koehler's book on etching, a notice of Lieut. A. W. Greely's new book, "Three Years of Arctic Service," by ex-Judge Charles P. Daly, a sketch of Japanese and Korean life from Mr. Morse's and Mr. Lowell's recent books, with many pictures, and a general survey of current literature treated from a descriptive standpoint and not a critical one. The frontispiece is a portrait of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett; there is also a sketch of her manner of work.

THE numbers of the *Living Age* for January 30 and February 6 contain Frederi Mistral, *National Review*; Oaths: Parliamentary and Judicial, *Contemporary*; My Contested Election, *Fortnightly*; The Little Ones and the Land, *Nineteenth Century*; Moss from a Rolling Stone, and Reminiscences of an Attaché, *Blackwood*; George Borrow, *Macmillan*; Samanala and its Shadow, *Cornhill*; Suns and Meteors, *Longman's*; An Irish Wit, *Temple Bar*; Tibet and its Trade, *Pall Mall*; Reading to Kill Time, *Spectator*; The Primate of All Ireland, *Saturday Review*; South American Bird Music, *Nature*; Arctic Relics, *Times*; Oil Wells of the Caucasus, Nantch Girls, *Cheerfulness in Life and Art*, Snow Tracks, and Job to Ecclesiastes, a Sermonette, *St. James's Gazette*; with instalments of "Oh—Madame!" "Fortune's Wheel," "A Strange Temptation," and "My Strange Mother-in-Law," and Poetry.

ALDEN'S "Cyclopedia of Universal Literature" is the outcome of many years of planning and preparation. It will be an almost indispensable work of reference for every library, large or small, a trustworthy guide to what is most worth knowing of the literature of all ages and all nations. Occupying a dozen or more volumes, and yet issued at a price so low as to be within the reach of all, a familiarity with its contents will constitute a liberal education to a degree that can be claimed for few other works in existence. Dr. Loosing, the eminent historian and author, says of it: "I am strongly impressed with the great intrinsic value of the work as a popular educator in a high department of learning. The plan is admirable. Combining, as it does, a personal knowledge of an author with specimens of his or her best literary productions gives it an inestimable power for good among the people." The work is being published in parts of 160 pages each, paper covers, at the price of fifteen cents, also in very handsome cloth-bound volumes, gilt tops, 480 pages, for sixty cents.

IN the opening article of the *Antover Review* for February, Rev. Dr. Adams, of Fall River, begins a discussion of "The Spiritual Problem of the Manufacturing Town." Dr. Adams presents facts obtained by very careful and thorough studies, and deals in this first paper with the factory system in its influence upon the operatives and their conditions. Professor Ely, of the Johns Hopkins University, contributes a vigorous appeal for a more intelligent consideration by Christian men and churches of Socialism. Under "Religious Intelligence" the very comprehensive and instructive tables of Missionary Statistics, compiled by Dr. Grundemann, are completed in Rev. Mr. Starbuck's translation. The general summaries are all given in this number. These tables cover the missionary work in heathen and nominally Christian lands of all branches of the Protestant Church. They are of very special value to clergymen and others who desire to communicate information respecting this work. The first editorial takes occasion, in connection with the recent publication of Bishop Lightfoot's masterly volumes upon Ignatius and Polycarp, to point out some practical results of a remarkable and protracted controversy. The second shows the significance of the English elections as respects the progress of Liberalism, and the near political future of England. A third points out the undue sway exerted over some minds, in theological discussion, by "The Fear of Inferences." The number closes with careful book reviews and a list of new works received. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston.

Western Canada Loan & Savings Company, Toronto.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the above Company was held yesterday at the offices, No 70 Church Street, Toronto, the President, Hon. Geo. W. Allan, in the chair. The manager, Mr. Walter S. Lee, acted as secretary, and read the annual financial statements and report of the directors:—

The directors have much pleasure in laying before the shareholders the twenty-third annual report, which they hope will be found to contain a satisfactory statement of the financial results of the year's operations.

The profits of the year, after deducting all charges, amount to \$159,177.38, out of which have been paid two half-yearly dividends at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, amounting, together with the income tax thereon, to \$123,521.98. The sum of \$25,655.40 has been added to the Manitoba Guarantee Fund, and the balance, \$10,000, has been carried to the Contingent Account.

The amount of the Company's debentures now held by investors in Great Britain and in Canada is \$2,236,397, and the amount of money placed on deposit with the Company is \$1,155,785, making a total entrusted to the Company of \$3,392,182.

At an early period in the year it became apparent to the directors that, in consequence of the increasing and continuous demand for the Company's debentures, both in Great Britain and Canada, the limit of the Company's borrowing powers, in proportion to their Capital, as prescribed by law, would very soon be reached. Under these circumstances, one of two courses was open to the directors: either to curtail the sale of debentures, and so run the risk of losing clients whose investments would be diverted into other channels, or by issuing new shares of capital stock to enlarge the Company's borrowing powers, as provided by law, to such further extent as might be deemed desirable.

An opening which presented itself very opportunely for the employment of additional capital, by the purchase, on very favourable terms, of the Canadian mortgages of "The Omnium Securities Company," of the City of London, England, decided the directors, after very careful consideration, upon adopting the latter of the two courses referred to, and they accordingly, in October last, offered to the shareholders *pro rata*, 10,000 new shares of stock of \$50 each, upon which \$10 per share was called up. These new shares were issued at a premium equivalent to the proportion of Reserve Fund to capital, and this whole issue was speedily taken up.

The subscribed capital of the Company now amounts to \$2,500,000, the paid up capital to \$1,300,000, and the Reserve Fund to \$650,000.

The demand for money, though at a somewhat reduced rate of interest, has been sufficient to keep the funds of the Company actively employed. The amount loaned on mortgages during the year is \$1,391,948.81, and there has been paid back by borrowers the sum of \$983,856.40.

The repayments on mortgage loans, generally, have been satisfactorily met, both in Ontario and Manitoba, and in regard to Manitoba, the directors believe that the provision made by the Guarantee Fund will be amply sufficient to meet any diminution which may occur in the value of securities in that Province.

The balance sheet and Profit and Loss Account, together with the Auditor's report, are submitted herewith.

WALTER S. LEE, Manager. G. W. ALLAN, President.  
Statement of Liabilities and Assets of the Western Canada Loan & Savings Company, Dec. 31st, 1885.

LIABILITIES.		
TO SHAREHOLDERS.		
Capital Stock		\$1,300,000 00
Reserve Fund		650,000 00
Contingent Fund		30,000 00
Manitoba Guarantee Fund		42,878 42
Dividend, payable 5th Jan., 1886		61,495 58
		\$2,084,374 00
TO THE PUBLIC.		
Deposits and interest		\$1,155,785 39
Debentures and interest		2,236,397 17
Bank of Toronto		200,849 30
Sundry accounts, chiefly amounts retained from loans to meet incumbrances		\$3,593,031 86
		6,655 03
		\$5,684,060 89
ASSETS.		
Loans		\$5,598,618 56
Office premises		16,013 76
Cash in office		637 24
Cash in banks		34,535 75
Cash in bankers' hands in Great Britain to meet interest and debentures maturing January, 1886		34,355 58
		\$5,684,060 89
PROFIT AND LOSS.		
Cost of management, including salaries, rent, inspection, valuation, office expenses, etc.		\$26,767 88
Directors' compensation		3,040 00
Dividends and tax thereon		123,521 98
Interest on debentures		102,591 87
" deposits		46,953 52
Agents' commissions on loans and debentures		10,656 66
Carried to contingent account		\$10,000 00
" Manitoba Guarantee Fund		25,655 40
		35,655 40
Interest on Mortgages, etc		\$349,807 81
		\$349,807 81

WALTER S. LEE, Manager. January 30th, 1886.

TO THE SHAREHOLDERS OF THE WESTERN CANADA LOAN & SAVINGS COMPANY: GENTLEMEN,—The undersigned have the honour to state that they have checked the vouchers, mortgages and books of the Western Canada Loan & Savings Company, and find them correct, agreeing with the annexed statement, which is a true exhibit of the affairs of the Company, as on 31st December, 1885.

W. R. HARRIS, } Auditors.  
FRED. J. MENET, }

The PRESIDENT then said:—In fulfilling the duty which devolves upon me as President, of moving the adoption of the report, which will be seconded by the Vice-President, I think I may congratulate the shareholders upon the satisfactory statement which it presents of the Company's affairs.

Since our last annual meeting our paid up capital stock has been increased from \$1,200,000 to \$1,300,000. This increase enabled us to extend our borrowing powers and thus avail ourselves of the very favourable rates which the standing of our bonds in Great Britain now secures for us, while, at the same time, we found immediate employment for the funds which the new issue placed at our disposal, in the purchase on very favourable terms, as mentioned in the report, of the Canadian securities of the Omnium Securities Company, of London, England. All these securities were subjected, before taking them over, to a most careful valuation and rigid scrutiny by our inspector and solicitors, and we have every reason to be entirely satisfied with the investment.

The repayments upon our mortgage loans, generally, have been most satisfactorily met, and the result of the whole year's business has been as you have heard read, that the profits, after deducting all charges, amount to \$159,177.38, out of which we have paid our usual dividend, while we have carried \$25,655.40 to the Manitoba Guarantee Fund, and \$10,000 to our contingent account.

Of course in common with all other institutions for loaning money, as our mortgage loans continue to run our profits are liable to be more or less affected by the lower rates of interest which are now ruling in Canada. This is a contingency which I may safely say the directors have always kept steadily in view, and while the Company has its compensation to some extent, for lower rates of interest received, in the extremely favourable terms upon which we are now able to obtain all the money we require upon our bonds in Great Britain and this country, the directors have all along been endeavouring to prepare for any possible diminution of profits, from diminished rates of interest, by building up an ample reserve fund, and so strengthening the position of the Company that we may be able to maintain the same unvarying rate of dividend which has given to this Company so high a standing in the financial world.

I am sure that in continuing to carrying out this policy of providing for all contingencies, we shall have the support and approval of all our shareholders, and this leads me to refer to present will remember the allusion I made at our last annual meeting to this subject, and the reasons then given for opening a special guarantee account.

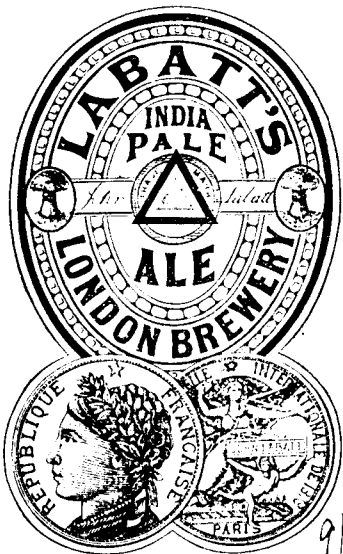
I may refer to them briefly again, as being our desire to take the precaution in entering upon a new field of business, to provide for any possible fluctuations in the value of property arising from unforeseen circumstances affecting the general prosperity of the country, and so we could draw without in any way interfering with the other fund of the Company.

We believe, as stated in the report, that we have made ample provision for any such contingencies, and while our Manitoba business generally continues most satisfactory, we are fully prepared to meet any shrinkage which may occur in the value of particular securities.

In connection with this subject, I may mention that in the course of some six weeks spent in Manitoba and the North-West last autumn, I had the opportunity of learning something of the capabilities and resources of that wonderful country, and as both the Vice-President and I, as well as most of the Directors, had upon previous occasions in more than one visit enabled to form a better judgment and to speak with more confidence in regard to the prospects of our business than if we were all strangers to the country.

I do not think that I need to detain you longer. Should any of the shareholders present desire any additional information or explanation on any particular point we shall be very glad to give it. Meanwhile, I shall conclude with expressing the hope that the policy which has hitherto been pursued, of writing off all ascertained losses at the end of each year; of strengthening the position of the Company year by year, has commended itself, and will continue to commend itself, to the judgment and hearty approval of all our shareholders.

Scrutiny having been appointed, a ballot was taken, and the retiring Directors, Messrs. The Hon. Geo. W. Allan, Thomas H. Lee and Sir David Macpherson, K.C.M.G., were re-elected. George Gooderham, forin the Board of Directors. At a subsequent meeting held by the Board the Hon. Geo. W. Allan and George Gooderham, Esq., were re-elected President and Vice-President.



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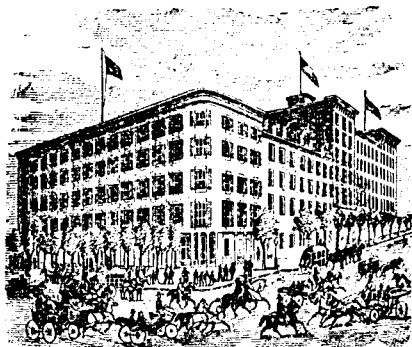
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William C. Russell, A.M., LL.D., formerly Brown University.  
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