

# THE WEEK:

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## The Week,

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY AND LITERATURE.

Edited by W. PHILIP ROBINSON.

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## TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

If a government wishes to get into a mess it can hardly do better than bring forward a franchise bill for which there is no demand. The English Liberals under Lord John Russell did this in 1852. There ensued a series of floundering and miscarriages so mortifying as on one occasion actually to draw tears from Lord John in the House of Commons. At last the Liberals, having, owing to the absence of popular desire, no real force behind them, lost command of the question altogether; and the upshot of fifteen years of their effort was the Tory gerrymandering Bill of 1867. And now the two parties, locked in the embrace of hatred, have rolled together into household suffrage, from which at the outset both of them would have recoiled. Here, the Conservative leader finds that he has gratuitously stirred the question of manhood suffrage; and in manhood suffrage the movement which he has set on foot will probably end; for the Liberals, when power passes into their hands, will no more rest satisfied with his gerrymander than the Liberals in England have rested satisfied with the gerrymander of Lord Beaconsfield. It may be presumed that one of his objects in levelling all the Provincial differences of suffrage by a Dominion Act was centralization, towards which his policy always tends, his impression being that he is thus strengthening Federation. But here, with great deference to his political sagacity he is on a wrong tack. There was a good deal to be said in favour of a legislative union had not the separatism of Quebec put its veto on that plan. But the Federal system once adopted it is in scrupulously respecting the principle of the system that the hope of success lies. So long as each State or Province is assured that its internal independence is secure and that the Federal power will be exercised only for objects strictly Federal, there will be no danger of disaffection; nobody will want to break a tie of which the

advantage is manifest and of which the pressure never galls; but let it be felt that the Federal power is encroaching and trouble will at once arise. As has been said more than once before, Canadian statesmen misinterpreted the example which was so much before their eyes. Secession in the United States was not occasioned by weakness in the central government: it was occasioned by the apprehension that the central government would assume and exercise the power of interfering with the social institutions of the Southern States. It may be said, perhaps with truth, that there was a deeper cause than this, and that the radical antagonism between the two social elements rendered the conflict certain. But so far as political institutions were concerned, it was not defect of power in the central government, but apprehended encroachment, which gave birth to the Civil War. A Federal standing army large enough for coercion would of course have prevented secession in another way. But that was out of the question in the case of the United States as it is in ours.

LORD MELGUND in what he said about the attack on Poundmaker evidently did not mean to criticize Colonel Otter's military operations. What he meant was that he was sorry to see the commencement of an Indian War. Before the affair at Cut Knife an Indian War could not be said to have commenced. The Indians had committed depredations, as they were sure to do when the country was disturbed and plunder tempted. Some of them had joined Riel, attracted by the fighting and fancying that they were going to fight on the winning side. But they had not gone on the war path against us with malice prepense and on their own account. To chastise the offenders and make the whole race feel that authority had force on its side was necessary; but to make a regular war upon them was to open new and a very serious chapter in this history. Lord Melgund's warning was wise and seasonable. In dealing with these disinherited sons of the hunting-ground, the one object is to keep them quiet, which is to be done by satisfying them that to remain quiet is the way to being fed. To treat ignorant and irresponsible savages vindictively or engage in hostilities with them, in deference to a point of honour, would be almost as absurd as to deal in the same manner with the buffalo; and, if they are once got into the state of the Indians on the American frontier, there will for some time to come be no peace or security in the North-West.

IN Bruce the Scott Act people have been proceeding against offenders, and out of six prosecutions four have failed, owing, if we may believe the account in the *World*, to the unwillingness of the witnesses, whose memories conveniently failed them. This is just what might have been expected. When you make that a crime by law which in morality is no crime, and fail, as you must, to carry the conscience of the community with you, evidence will not be forthcoming: and if you drag men into court as witnesses against their neighbours they will shirk, and perhaps palter with their oaths, which is hardly a less evil than the sale of a glass of beer. An informer under the Scott Act is sure to be treated as a sneak. There are more drunken men to be seen on the street in Walkerton, we are told, since the Act came into operation than there were before, and liquor is sold on the sidewalks by people going about with bottles in their pockets. This is hardly an improvement on a licensed and well-regulated trade; but it is the inevitable result of sumptuary legislation which is not backed by the convictions of the people. Then follows a call for better machinery to enforce the Act: that is to say, for still more tyrannical violations of the rules of evidence and the first principles of justice. In the United States, the other day, the court found it necessary to overrule some enactments of the Prohibitionists which it was justly said would have set up a star-chamber in every district. All this is because some worthy people cannot bring themselves in their reforms to keep terms with human nature and allow fair play to the moral influences which have already banished the evil habits of former days and made native Canadians on the whole a very temperate people. In this country, so marked has been the progress of free self-reform that nothing but Prohibition can save drunkenness from gradual extinction.

THE Imperial Federation movement, if it leads to nothing else will at all events have given Canada her place, for the time, in the British Reviews and Magazines. In the *Scottish Review* there is an elaborate and careful study of her political development. The writer's general attitude is Conservative. On the question of connection his conclusion is "that the great forces which are silently at work developing a national character may become more powerful as the years pass than the sentimental feeling which now binds Canada to the parent State"; but that it will be with the greatest reluctance on the part of Canada that the connection will be severed. With regard to Imperial Federation the verdict is that "it is quite evident that, while there is floating through the minds of the advocates of Imperial Federation a vague idea of the desirability and necessity of Imperial unity, no one has yet been able to outline a plan which has a practical basis of action." Not only so, but any attempt to outline a practical plan is deprecated as the sure ruin of the vague idea. The curious fact is stated, as attested by the best authority, that in 1867 a question arose about the title of the Federation, and it was proposed at first that it should be called the Kingdom of Canada; but Lord Carnarvon rejected that name on the ground that it might be offensive to the Government of the United States, which had just been showing its resentment at the establishment of an empire in Mexico. Was there not another voice, besides that of diplomatic delicacy, which, though unrecognized, protested against an attempt to introduce monarchy into the democratic hemisphere? In the diagnosis of Canadian institutions there is one curious sentence—"The permanency of the Executive is a feature of their government which the Canadians have learned to value by comparison with the elective system of the United States." A singular instance of this enchantment still exercised, even over minds politically educated, by surviving forms when the realities have long been dead! The American Executive is elective, but holds office for a term of four years certain. The Canadian Executive, that is to say the Prime Minister with his Cabinet, is elective also, being the nominee of the majority, and may be turned out any day. The Crown, it is true, is permanent, and so are the Lion and the Unicorn on the Royal Arms.

IN *Macmillan*, Mr. Boswell Fisher, a Canadian writer, analyses Canadian Loyalty with philosophic freedom. He dwells with deserved emphasis on that which is now the great fact in our political situation, the growing strength of the French element. Not only is New France increasing in numbers and her territorial extension, edging the British gradually out of the City of Quebec, and even, it is said, out of the Eastern Townships, as well as encroaching upon New Brunswick and Ontario; but she is becoming more thoroughly national than ever and, in spite of her pre-revolutionary character, more actively desirous of renewing her connection with the Mother Country. At the great St. Jean Baptiste Conference in last June, when representative French Canadians met from all quarters both of Canada and the States, unambiguous utterance was given, Mr. Fisher tells us, to the national sentiments and aspirations both by clerical and lay leaders. The people were reminded of their glorious struggle against the heathen Indian and the heretic Briton. All the efforts of England and her statesmen, they were reminded, to amalgamate the races had been shattered by the resistance of what was once a handful of citizens, but to-day was a great nation. They were warned by a prelate not to speak English too well or to allow a foreign tongue to be domesticated at their hearths. The leading poet, in evident opposition to Sir George Cartier's well-known description of himself as an Englishman speaking French, said, "We are Frenchmen who speak English when it suits us." He added that they were grateful to England for their liberties, but that their love and affection were for France, their glorious Mother Country. It does not appear that any Anti-British feeling found vent; on the other hand, in none of the speeches could Mr. Fisher discover a single expression of sympathy with the English-speaking Canadians or any patriotic aspiration for Canada as a whole. This French nationality, growing in extent and intensity as it does, is surely a momentous fact both in itself and as it interposes an ever-widening barrier of matter incapable of assimilation between the Eastern and Western Provinces of British Canada. Moreover, a body of political influence so compact, and amounting already to 30 per cent. of our population, is in a fair way, as the rest is split up into sections and parties, to become politically dominant over the whole. Living on little and very home-keeping, the French race is likely to spread over the poor lands in the vicinity of its own Province while the more enterprising British will betake themselves to the richer lands and the centres of wealth in the United States. After deliberately comparing the forces Mr. Fisher comes to the conclusion that the preponderance is against the perpetual continuance of the present connection. Let us hope he will escape the storm of brickbats which, as

the *Richmond Liberal* says, has been showered on the heads of some who have said precisely the same things and followed exactly the same line of argument. But we are approaching the end of the brick-bat style of discussion. When Imperialism, in the midst of its angry abuse of opponents, itself proclaims the impossibility of believing that our present form of incomplete nationality can be permanent, it must surely begin to see that speculation on the future is inevitable and that all minds cannot be expected to run in the same groove.

WE cordially agree with the *Telegram* in the principle which it lays down in connection with the French officers' libel suit against the *News* as to the responsibilities of journalists. To diminish those responsibilities we can have no desire. The power of the press must, like all powers in a moral civilization, submit itself to law, and only through such submission can it be either useful to the commonwealth or lasting. Let the malicious libeller suffer the penalties of his offence and let them be extended in full measure to the libeller, worse than malicious, who traduces character and wounds personal feeling for the sake of stimulating the circulation of his journal. But to error arising out of misinformation or misinterpretation of facts, when there is no malicious or mercenary motive, the public will find it necessary to be kind. Early intelligence is demanded; a paper which falls behind is ruined; there is little time for scrutiny, none for cross-examination; whatever is received from an apparently trustworthy source must be published, subject, of course, to subsequent correction, and it is impossible to discriminate between pleasant intelligence and that which may give annoyance in some quarters. Gross carelessness is of course culpable, but, apart from this, the motive will generally be found a sufficient criterion; where there has been no malice nor any mercenary object, mistakes are not proper subjects for punishment, and if they are punished either the press will be gagged or a premium will be given to that sort of journalism which, having no character to lose, is ready to run any risks for gain. We speak in the interest of the dailies more than in our own: a weekly journal is seldom placed in any dilemma as to the giving or withholding of news, for which, in common with the rest of the world, we are indebted to the dailies. We cannot help also regarding, like the *Telegram*, with some jealousy the selection of Montreal instead of Toronto as the place for proceedings of this kind. Why cannot a journalist of Ontario be tried in his own Province and in the place where the alleged libel was published?

OWING to the protraction of the Session by the Franchise Bill, the Royal Canadian Society meets this year amidst the din of Parliamentary warfare. Possibly the contrast may have suggested the opening portion of the graceful and sensible address delivered on the occasion by the Governor-General. It can scarcely be doubted that the scientific spirit as it gains ground will extend its influence to the political sphere, and bring the irrational violence of partyism more under the control of reason; though it is curious to see how some of the strongest adherents of Evolution, the English Radicals among the number, when they engage in politics lay aside their scientific theories and decide such questions as that of the franchise by abstract principles of assumed right, or rather by party passion. Literary culture in the case of Lord Salisbury, which is one of those cited by Lord Lansdowne, has unfortunately availed only to furnish forcible and pungent language for the expression of views and sentiments totally devoid of the breadth and calmness which culture is supposed to bestow. It is difficult to understand how a man who has studied history in a comprehensive and practical spirit can behave like a political gamecock. Lord Lansdowne is perfectly right, as it seems to us, in the view which in the latter part of his address he suggests, as to the proper functions of the Royal Society. Let the Society devote itself, mainly at least, to subjects of local research. Let it preserve for ethnology whatever is worth preserving in the history or the lore of the fast-perishing Indian. Let it tell us all that science can tell about our soil, our mines, our forests. General literature needs no assistance from the State.

FROM statistics given in the *New York Nation* it appears that there has been of late years, in the United States, a great substitution of native wine and other light drinks for whiskey. Comparing the quantity of spirits consumed per head in 1860 with the quantity consumed in 1884, it seems that there is a decrease of about fifteen per cent. The consumption of native wines and malt liquors has on the other hand largely increased, that of native wines having risen since 1860 from 1,880,000 gallons to 17,000,000 gallons. Surely this change must, by every one who looks at the matter, be deemed a gain. The same thing might take place in Canada if Canada were only allowed to grow wine. Whiskey notoriously

is the real curse; whiskey it is that maddens and that engenders the fatal craving so often transmitted to the hapless offspring of the drunkard. You may think that it would be better still if, for beer and light wine, people would substitute tea and coffee. Upon that point medical men are by no means agreed; but, at all events, you have to deal with human nature. If there is anything which experience has proved it is, that the tastes and habits of mankind cannot be altered all at once by legislation, whether in the form of a Czar's Ukase or an Act of Parliament. They cannot be altered all at once, but if treated in a reasonable way they may be gradually modified for the better. Repeated trials, both in the States and in Canada, have shown that Prohibition is practically a mode of driving the people from the lighter drinks to whiskey, which is the most easily smuggled, and, at the same time, of substituting a contraband for a licensed and regulated trade. Prohibitionists talk of principle, but can any sound principle bid us of two evils choose the greater?

THE *Globe* is perfectly right in enjoining its readers, when they study English affairs, to keep always in view the difference between London opinion and the opinion of the nation. Totally false impressions may be formed from the cable reports unless this distinction is borne in mind. The metropolitan press, so far from representing the nation, has practically less influence than the great journals of the North and West, which are really powerful in their own districts, while the London papers are read by many more for their news than for their editorials, as people in the States read the *New York Herald*. Jingoism is a special product of the London Clubs and Music Halls, which throughout the negotiations with Russia have been hectoring and raving while the country in general has been watching in comparative calm the efforts of the Government to find an honourable mode of averting war. The ruffianism which assails Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons, and sometimes even in the street, is a secretion of the same social glands. Anywhere out of London he would be received by men of all parties with respect. It is remarkable, and has always appeared to us a strong practical argument in favour of an extended suffrage, that the London Clubs should be the chosen rendezvous of unreason. They are full of the very men who ought to be peculiarly endowed with the wisdom of this world, and yet no mob can be much more senseless. The *Times*, under that prince of opportunist journalism, John Delane, recorded their opinions from hour to hour with the fidelity of the finest barometer: and it will be found that the *Times* under John Delane, while upon May Fair and Rotten Row questions it was invariably in the right, was upon all the great questions, national and European, from the Corn Laws to the American Civil War, not less invariably in the wrong. A statesman who had steadily followed its guidance would have committed every serious error both in home and foreign affairs for which an opportunity was afforded by the circumstances of those times.

It is not only by its Metropolitanism that the Cable is apt to mislead; in the circle within which the correspondents move personal likes and dislikes have their influence. We have been reading of late constant disparagement of Lord Granville which comes to us through New York. He is dilatory, weak, irresolute, blundering and responsible for all the humiliations which we are desired to believe, in spite of our senses, that England has undergone. It is a compliment far short of apotheosis to say that in the opinion of impartial judges Lord Granville is of Mr. Gladstone's lieutenants about the best. A great statesman he can hardly be called; at least his mind has not been much given to the political questions which divide parties; but he is a great man of the world, with an element in his character, which perhaps does him no harm, of the sporting man: for his first office was the Mastership of the Buckhounds. In society he is allowed to be delightful, and no man makes an after-dinner speech with more playfulness and grace. As leader for many years of a minority in the House of Lords, engaged in steering Liberal measures through a Tory House, he has shown consummate tact, patience, temper and address. As a diplomatist he is not likely to have been deserted by the qualities which have served him so well in Parliament. In both lines of action the evidence of results is in his favour. The Liberal measures have been carried, while amidst a world in arms, and filled with rivalries, jealousies and sinister combinations, England, with Lord Granville for her foreign minister, has so far preserved peace with honour. It is not always by published despatches that we can best estimate the skill of a diplomatist who ought to look not to a controversial triumph but to the practical object of the negotiations; and the foreign minister of a despotism who is at liberty to pursue the practical object alone has an advantage over the foreign minister of a democracy who has to satisfy his many masters that the case has been effectively argued on their side. Lord Granville, though good-natured and

genial, is high-bred and of the old school: he may not have made himself so accessible as public men of the new school to enterprising correspondents of American journals, and their accounts of him may be coloured by their sense of that defect.

SOME one has been asking John Bright whether England will return to Protection. When America returns to Slavery is Bright's reply. In England what did Protection mean? It meant a heavy tax on food. Can anybody imagine that when food is heavily taxed the people are better fed? Protectionists are always pointing the finger of warning at the temporary depression of this or the other trade or manufacture among the numberless trades and manufactures of Great Britain. Would the sufferers be better off if every loaf of bread cost them half as much again as it does? Would that give them higher power of production or a better market for their goods? There are strikes occasionally in England. There are just as many in the United States: you may see in an American paper the announcement of half-a-dozen in a row; and the other day in the mining country there was a strike which assumed the gravity of a petty civil war. Nothing can be more certain than that the system of Protection, by the artificial stimulus which it gives, aggravates the fluctuations from which industrial disturbances arise. The distress and over-crowding in the low quarters of London are also cited as proofs of the fatal effects of Free Trade. In a city with four millions of inhabitants the amount of misery is sure to be large, though it bears no proportion to the amount of wealth and comfort. Accounts are every day coming to us of destitution in Paris fully as sad as those of destitution in London, though Paris does not like London receive a continual inflow of poor Irish and refugee Jews. Yet France is not a Free Trade country. If the Corn Laws were reinforced, which is what is meant in the case of England by a return to Protection, rentals would again be bloated just as the gains of manufacturers are bloated by protective duties on goods, and the people would sink again into the hunger and despondency which were their lot before 1846.

THE position of the Conservative Party in England offers a curious spectacle to the political observer. Its members in all the periodicals and journals go on debating before an edified world what its principles ought to be. After all the strange births of political history, a party openly in quest of a set of principles to furnish a reason for its existence has still the charm of novelty. In the *Fortnightly Review* Mr. Bartley, lately the chief Tory agent, propounds his views as to the exigencies of the situation. In the first place, he calls for a new set of men, men not of the privileged class—Tory demagogues, in plain words—in place of the aristocratic leaders. In the second place, he thinks it necessary that the impulse for the future should come not from above but from below, that the present relation between the chiefs and the mass should be reversed as unsuited to these stirring times, and that the tail henceforth should move the head. This is enough in itself to give a Conservative county member food for reflection. But it is nothing to what follows. The programme of the new Conservatism, Mr. Bartley intimates, will be a radical change of the land law and a drastic reform of the House of Lords, while he not obscurely hints that the Church must be popularized or abolished, and that the tenure of the Crown for the future will be dependent on the personal merit of the wearer. The Irishman thought that his ride in the sedan-chair with the bottom out, saving the honour of the thing, was very like walking, and a Tory may well think that Mr. Bartley's platform, saving its Conservatism, is very like the creed of a Radical. "The welfare of the country," says Mr. Bartley, "will be the Conservative cry for the future." It will also be, and already is, the cry of Mr. Bradlaugh. Attempts have been made to modernize Judaism and to adapt Mahometanism to the spirit of the times; in both cases with indifferent success; and Tory-Democracy appears to be an undertaking of the same kind. Practically, however, the object is not to compile a right set of principles, but to find or make a ladder by which a certain set of men may mount to power. Let the Tory leaders be once installed in office and the ladder, at least the democratic part of it, will soon be kicked down. The Marquis of Salisbury is not going to reform the House of Lords, to do away with primogeniture, entail and settlement, to give the Church her choice between popularization and abolition, or to make the succession to the Crown dependent upon personal merit.

MR. BARTLEY, however, if his soul is vexed by the continuance at the head of the party of the old men, has no reason to complain of the retention of the old manner. In former days dignity of language, a reserve which denotes a deep sense of responsibility, an avoidance of everything violent and demagogic, were the characteristics of a Conservative statesman.

These, with a scrupulous submission of personal ambition to propriety, marked the representatives of a policy to which, after a certain period of progress, a cautious and highly commercial nation has been generally not unwilling to revert. It was always felt that in calling the Conservatives back to power the nation was putting itself into safe hands. But now the violence of the Tory leaders outvies that of any demagogue, even of the demagogues of the United States. The language of Lord Randolph Churchill borders upon frenzy, and his nervous system has twice given way under his transports of vituperation. Not content with raving in the House, he indites a letter in which he calls Mr. Gladstone "a melancholy personage" and "an incapable, malicious, sneaky Whig." The breach of manners is aggravated by the fact that he has been treated by the aged and illustrious statesman whom he assails, not only with forbearance, but with kindness. There is no decent mechanic, even in a Conservative Workingmen's Association, who can fail to see that the writer of such indecencies is not only a brute but a fool, and totally unfit to be placed at the helm of State. Nor do Lord Randolph's counsels as a party leader fall behind his language; he attempts to stop the supplies at a moment when the nation, in face of a great peril, is straining every nerve to prepare for war, and he proposes to throw out the Government by a coalition with the Parnellites and Radicals against the renewal of the Crimes Act. Lord Salisbury is of course less brutal than his confederate; but he is neither more temperate nor more discreet. In a harangue delivered to the people of Hackney—of all audiences to choose as the confidants of a diplomatic policy—Lord Salisbury, evidently with a view of frustrating the efforts of the Government to preserve peace, denounces Russia as a power who is either bankrupt in morality or a swindler, and with whom, whether she is bankrupt or a swindler, no binding agreement can be made. That is to say peace with Russia is impossible if Lord Salisbury comes into power. The Marquis's admirable command of terse and telling language only makes his indiscretions the more fatal. Who in his senses, above all what Conservative, would put such a man as this at the head of the State?

THE intensity of feeling displayed at Paris on the death of Victor Hugo has manifested once more the loyalty of the French to their great men of intellect, or those whom they regard as great. To attempt an elaborate estimate of Victor Hugo's work on the occasion of his death would be out of place. Great force, great talent, great fecundity, great versatility everybody would admit that he possessed; but there was also much in the foundation of his immense popularity which will probably suffer by the tooth of time. Sainte-Beuve was once asked which he thought the greater man, Victor Hugo or Lamartine. "Of the two impostors," was his answer, "I prefer Lamartine." This was a harsh judgment, but the reasons for it, from Sainte-Beuve's critical point of view, can be understood. Victor Hugo occupied a peculiar vantage ground as the poet of a political cause, and that the victorious cause of his day. He was the troubadour of Democracy. To take a statesmanlike view of the situation and mark the limits and defects of his favourite principle as well as its claims to allegiance was not in his nature. His force was sincere sympathy, and this he had in overflowing measure. One hour of participation in the practical work of Democratic government would have shown him the difference between poetry and reality. It was a thoroughly healthy instinct, however, which led him to declare internecine war against the French Empire. A domination of sharpers such as the Pseudo-Bonaparte and his crew was, at all events, not the right solution of the political problem any more than the domination of Robespierres and Marats.

IN Austria, to which the approach of the elections begins to turn attention once more, the fermentation which, in a somewhat dull and obscure fashion is always going, results not from political aspirations so much as from the jarring claims and tendencies of the different races of which the motley Empire is made up, while the embroilment is increased by diversities of religion more or less connected with those of race. A Slav and clerical Ministry is now in power; a Magyar and German Opposition, of which the German element also tends to religious liberalism, will contend against it at the polls. In former days the Austrian Empire was a confederation of the Christian States of Eastern Europe against the Turk. This was the substantial ground of its existence, while the formal bond of union, in accordance with the political character of those times, was not a federal constitution, but the hymeneal knot by which the House of Austria, proverbially happy in its marriages, connected each principality with its throne. Of political privileges or progress there was in those days little question, military security was the paramount object; and each of the States was content to look upon the Imperial chief of the whole group as its own without concerning itself about its relations to the other States.

That cement has ceased to bind. The terrible Turk is now a shadow. But it is said that the course of events has supplied a new ground for the existence of the Austrian Empire in the danger with which Eastern Europe is threatened by the progress and designs of Russia. Unfortunately in this case the Turk is within the pale. The Slavs of the Austrian Empire, those at all events who belong to the Eastern Church, sympathize with Russia and would rather welcome than repel her arms. There is always reason for lamenting the fall of Poland: a fall it was rather than destruction by enemies from without: for aristocratic anarchy reigned uncontrolled; the elective crown was hawked over Europe by corrupt factions like a piece of merchandise, and the partitioning powers did little more than divide once for all among them what would otherwise have been an apple of perpetual strife. Yet order might in time have emerged from the Polish chaos and an independent Poland would now be an invaluable outwork for Europe, and especially for two of the powers which shared the spoils of the partition. In her old condition of an empire, with perhaps extended privileges of self-government in each of the Provinces separately, Austria might possibly have held together, though the antagonism between Magyar and Slav in Hungary could hardly have failed to break out. But to mould a united nation, with a parliamentary government, out of this huge aggregation of diversities and antipathies seems to be about the severest task ever proposed to statesmanship. It certainly has not yet been accomplished.

MARK PATTISON, of whose memoirs we spoke in our last number, was not only a memorable instance of the reaction from Ritualism to Rationalism, but a type of some other peculiar forms of contemporary thought. As an Academical Reformer he was the great champion of Endowment of Research. The educational duties of a university he wished to see treated as secondary; in truth, he viewed all extensions of activity in that direction with rather an evil eye, and himself as Head of a College seemed to treat his educational functions with disdain. Research, literary and scientific, he regarded as the primary object of the institution; and he wished the endowments, instead of being used as salaries for teachers or prizes for academical distinctions, to be turned into supports for men devoted to inquiry and speculation. How the men were to be selected, or how their industry was to be secured, he never explained, and his new Atlantis remained like that of Bacon in its visionary stage, so far as his own university and country were concerned. The John Hopkins University at Baltimore is an approach to his ideal. But the union of teaching with research is generally beneficial to both: the work of the lecture-room stimulates that of the study, and Niebuhr had good reason for saying that his pupils were his wings. Time must, however, be allowed for the performance of both functions, and the professors in our undermanned colleges who are always kept to the grindstone of teaching cannot be expected to perform the other great duty of a university. This is a strong reason for confederation. Every university worthy of the name, says Dr Nelles in his excellent address, "ought not only to furnish instruction in what is known of the sciences, but to make provision for original investigations." It is impossible that this ideal should be fulfilled unless the staff is sufficiently large and well paid to allow some leisure for investigation to each of its members; and, till our resources shall have been concentrated, no great improvement in that respect will be in our power.

ANOTHER peculiar theory Mark Pattison had, the offspring apparently in part of the mental sea-sickness produced in him by the waves of theological controversy on which he had been tossed, in part of his somewhat exalted notions as to the vocation and dignity of a man of letters. Men of letters, he thought, should live in a sphere apart, sublime and serene, never degrading their ethereal essence by participation in the movements and controversies of this vulgar world. In his "Life of Casaubon" he berates that scholar for descending from the lofty task of commenting on the details of Greek cookery in Athenæus to the great theological discussions of his time, in which, says Pattison, muscle for muscle, a butcher's arm was as good as his. In these memoirs he speaks in the same strain of the interest taken in politics by Milton, of whose life he wrote a graceful and erudite though perverse sketch for Macmillan's Biographical Series. "Surely," he says, "Milton, who was at one time so carried away by the passion of a party whose aims he idealized that he boasted of having lost his eyesight in bombarding Salmasius with foul epithets, must amid the inspiration which poured forth 'Paradise Lost,' have come around again to the opinion of Goethe that a purely poetical subject is as superior to a political one as the pure everlasting truth of nature is to party spirit." It is curious to compare this with the often-quoted passage in which Milton avows (he

does not "boast") that he had preferred the service of the Commonwealth to his eyesight, and with the subsequent passage, less often quoted, in which he meets the taunt levelled by his adversary against his blindness. "If the choice were necessary, I would, Sir, prefer my blindness to yours; yours is a cloud spread over the mind which darkens both the light of reason and of conscience; mine keeps from my view only the coloured surface of things, while it leaves me at liberty to contemplate the beauty and sublimity of virtue and of truth. . . . There is, as the Apostle has told us, a way to strength through weakness. Let me then be the most feeble creature alive, as long as that feebleness serves to invigorate the energies of my rational and immortal spirit; as long as in that darkness, in which I am wrapped, the light of the Divine presence more clearly shines, my weakness will be strength invincible, my blindness will be clearness of sight. O! that I may thus be perfected by feebleness and illuminated by darkness! And, indeed, in my blindness I enjoy in no small measure the favour of the Deity who regards me with more tenderness and compassion, as I am able to behold nothing but Himself." The subject of "Paradise Lost" can hardly be said not to be political: the poem is the Puritan Epic; if Milton had not been identified with militant Puritanism, we should probably have had a poem on King Arthur. Goethe stands by himself: he took refuge in art, thinking that in the chaos of opinion which weltered round him, no truth was to be found elsewhere, and cultivated a sort of statuesque impassivity: but "Faust" could hardly have been written except under the influences of the Revolution. Dramatists in general must be neutral, yet Æschylus and Euripides are political. Dante is political in the highest degree. Coleridge, Wordsworth and Shelley are all political; at least they all clearly reflect the great movements of their day, in which each of them took the keenest interest. Shelley has been strangely said to be destitute of a subject, and to have missed through that defect the highest place as a poet. But his all-pervading theme is the Revolution. There is an undertone of it even in his most purely lyrical poems, and in his drama. If Mark Pattison himself succeeded in mentally standing aloof from the great controversies of his day, his soul, as his Memoirs and even his "Life of Casaubon" show, was full of petty squabbles and personal animosities, which could not have found a place by the side of interests and sympathies such as those which he condemns in Milton. If he had written an Epic the subject would have been the fight for the Rectorship of Lincoln.

THE REVISED BIBLE.

The great work of revising the authorized English Version of the Bible, begun in the year 1869, is now completed. The Apocrypha will probably follow before long; but in this part of the undertaking the great majority of English-speaking Christians will take small interest. For them the Old and New Testament constitute the Bible. Whatever may be thought of the work which is now in our hands, it is at least certain that never, in the case of any previous translation or revision, has so large an amount of labour or labour of so high a quality been devoted to the task. Whether we consider the number of men engaged, the time over which their labours have extended, the qualifications of the revisers as scholars, the wise precautions taken against ill-considered judgments, the enormous pains taken to prevent one-sided views from prevailing, we may safely say that no such work as this has ever been accomplished in the history of the Church or of the world. Surely these are reasons for giving a very respectful consideration to the volume which is now presented to us as the result of such labours.

It will probably gratify the ordinary reader to hear that the revised Old Testament has a look of being more conservative than the New Testament. But the ordinary reader is not quite an infallible judge on a subject of this kind. And we must earnestly caution him against drawing from the newly published work unfavourable inferences with reference to the revision of the New Testament. It is quite true that the proportion of changes in the revision of the New Testament is enormously greater than in the Old; and if the circumstances were the same, this would prove that, in one case or the other, the principles adopted were indefensible. But the cases are widely different. In the first place, there is practically but one text of the Old Testament original. It is rarely that any weight can be attributed to the Greek Septuagint, or to the ancient versions, when they are at variance with the Masoretic text. Every one knows that it is far otherwise with the New Testament. The Textus Receptus, which is virtually that of Erasmus, was not founded on ancient manuscripts, and has no real authority.

On this point it is necessary to say a few words; for, although we have at present chiefly to do with the Old Testament, yet the whole book is now

given to us for the first time. Many persons will probably now for the first time give attention to the revised New Testament, and it is of the highest necessity that they should not be misled by the exaggerated statements of those who have unfavourably criticized the work of the New Testament company. Dean Burgon, who has been the most violent assailant of the work, while denouncing the English of the revised version (in which denunciation we do not agree with him), pours out the vials of his wrath most copiously upon the revised Greek text which was taken as the basis of the work. The revisers, he said, had no business to concern themselves about the text; and they not only did so, but gave themselves into the hands of Drs. Westcott and Hort, whose text is the very worst ever seen. And Dr. Burgon blames them especially for not adopting the counsels of Dr. Scrivener, whom he regards (and here we are inclined to agree with him) as the most eminent textual critic alive.

But what does Dr. Scrivener himself say to all this? Happily we have his answer in the preface to a recent edition of his work on the "Criticism of the New Testament," published about a year and a-half ago. Dr. Scrivener says: "First, that the task of scrutinizing the Greek text was one which the Revisers could not shrink from without reducing their labour to a nullity: Secondly, that the text as adopted by them, especially in passages of primary interest and importance, is far less one-sided than is generally supposed." This testimony we commend to those who may have been misled by the Dean of Chichester. On the subject of the revised New Testament we will only further add, that it is certainly not revolutionary, that the greater number of its departures from the received text are supported by all the greatest critics of modern times, such as Lachmann, Tischendorf and Tregelles, and that it is nearer to the received text than any of these. We should like to go further into this subject, but we must now return to the Old Testament.

Besides the question of text, there are other reasons for the smaller number of alterations in the revision of the Old Testament; and chiefly two, the comparative simplicity of the language and the much less subjective and abstract character of the thought. This latter difference is illustrated in an interesting manner by comparing together different portions of the Old Testament itself. Thus we find in books in which narrative prevails that the alterations are comparatively small in number, whilst, in the poetical and allegorical books they are much more numerous. In the first Chapter of Genesis, containing thirty-one verses, there are not above twelve distinct alterations—a good many more if we take every separate instance of an alteration, perhaps somewhat fewer if we count every distinct change only once. On the other hand, in the beautiful "Song" of Moses, contained in the thirty-second Chapter of Deuteronomy and comprising forty-three verses, we find more than fifty distinct alterations, rather more than one in each verse. Some of these changes may be here noted. In verse 8, the "sons of Adam" becomes "children of men"; in verse 4, "a God of truth" becomes "a God of faithfulness." In verse 22 "the lowest hell" becomes "the lowest pit," and this is an instance of the principle adopted by the revisers and explained in their preface, to make such alterations as were necessary to prevent a misunderstanding of the meaning, but to reduce as far as possible the number and degree of them. Thus the English word "Hell" in its original meaning represented very well the Hebrew *Sheol*, but from having been used as equivalent to *Gehenna* it can no longer be used in the other sense without a danger of misapprehension. The revisers have therefore substituted "the pit" or "the grave" for it, although in the poetical books, for quite intelligible reasons, they have not hesitated to retain the original *Sheol*. In verse 27 for "lest their adversaries should behave themselves strangely," we have "should misdeem." This is a somewhat extreme instance of the determination of the revisers to retain the archaic character of the translation. Both Companies laid down the rule that no word was to find a place in the new version which was not employed at the time the authorized version was made, in the reign of James I. They also agreed to remove only those words which had become unintelligible or equivocal. It must be confessed that, in introducing the word "misdeem," they have gone to the very end of their tether. It is very likely that "misjudge" would have sounded a little modern in that connexion; but we fancy a good many persons will hesitate for a moment before they attach a definite meaning to this (to them) new word, which, we believe, does not occur in the authorized version.

Turning to another part of the volume, we find a fresh illustration of the simplicity of the narrative compared with the poetical portions. Thus in the first chapter of the Book of Job, containing twenty-two verses, we find about eight distinct changes; in the sixteenth chapter, with the same number of verses, more than double the number. We must say, however, that we are agreeably surprised to find the changes in this book so much fewer than we had expected, judging from the ordinary commentaries, and

from the valuable "Variorum Edition" of the Bible published by the Queen's Printers, a book which can hardly be too highly recommended. It may be prejudice, or even a touch of superstition, but we must confess to a decided emotion of pleasure at finding Job xix. 25 so little altered. We need not quote the older version: it now appears in this form:

But I know that my redeemer liveth,  
And that he shall stand up at the last upon the earth:  
And after my skin hath been thus destroyed  
Yet from my flesh shall I see God.

It is, of course, well known that the words cannot now be quoted with the exact application which gave them their place in Handel's "Messiah"; but there will be no violent shock to the feelings of association which have been so long connected with the words. It is different with another text often quoted in a manner not quite edifying. We refer to Job xxxi. 35: "Oh! that one would hear me! behold my desire is that the Almighty would answer me, and that mine adversary had written a book." Here we have one of the comparatively infrequent instances in which the meaning is considerably altered. The new version reads:

Oh! that I had one to hear me!  
(Lo, here is my signature, let the Almighty answer me!)  
And that I had the indictment which mine adversary hath written.

It will be seen from the two examples foregoing that the poetical portions of the translation are printed in a manner to distinguish them from the prose. This is observed throughout. The average of changes throughout the Book of Job is a good deal higher than in the examples given. Thus in chapter xli. we have rather more than one alteration in each verse.

It will be interesting to note some of the changes in the best known parts of the Bible. In the twenty-third Psalm there is hardly a change that any one would remark, only "guideth" for "leadeth" and "hast anointed" for "anointest." In the hundredth there are scarcely more, but they are of greater importance. For "it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves," we have, "it is he that hath made us and we are his." In the last verse, instead of "For the Lord is good: his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations," we have: "For the Lord is good; his mercy endureth for ever (compare Psalm cxxxvi.); and his faithfulness unto all generations." Psalm cxli. must often have puzzled English Churchmen who use the Prayer Book version. It may be interesting to compare the three forms of the difficult verses (5-8). Prayer Book Version: "Let the righteous rather smite me friendly: and reprove me. But let not their precious balms break my head: yea, I will pray yet against their wickedness. Let their judges be overthrown in places stony, that they may hear my words, for they are sweet. Our bones lie scattered before the pit, like as when one breaketh and heweth wood upon the earth." Authorized Version: "Let the righteous smite me; it shall be a kindness: and let him reprove me; it shall be an excellent oil which shall not break my head; for yet my prayer also shall be in their calamities. When their judges are overthrown in stony places they shall hear my words for they are sweet. Our bones are scattered at the grave's mouth, as when one cutteth and cleaveth wood upon the earth." Revised Version:

Let the righteous smite me, it shall be a kindness;  
And let him reprove me, it shall be as oil upon the head;  
Let not my head refuse it:  
For even in their wickedness shall my prayer continue.  
Their judges are thrown down by the sides of the rock,  
And they shall hear my words for they are sweet;  
As when one ploweth and cleaveth the earth  
Our bones are scattered at the grave's mouth.

Every one can see how, by progressive stages, the meaning of this passage has emerged into greater clearness; and it is the case with many others that might be cited.

For another example we turn to the ninth chapter of the Book of the Prophet Isaiah, in which the changes are numerous and important. Our readers will probably refer to the two versions: we have room for only one example. How often has this passage in the first lesson for the morning of Christmas Day puzzled the listener: "Thou hast multiplied the nation, and not increased the joy; they joy before thee according to the joy in harvest." All becomes clear when we read: "Thou hast multiplied the nation, *thou hast increased their joy.*" In the great fifty-third chapter of this book the alterations are not very numerous nor perhaps very important, but they are interesting. Without quoting the well-known originals, we will introduce two or three of the variations. Verse 3, we read "A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, and as one from whom men hide their faces; he was despised and we esteemed him not." Verse 7: "He was oppressed, yet he humbled himself and opened not his mouth; as a lamb is led to the slaughter, and as a sheep that before her shearers is

dumb; yea, he opened not his mouth." Verses 8, 9: "By oppression and judgement he was taken away; and, as for his generation, who among them considered that he was cut off out of the land of the living? for the transgression of my people was he stricken. And they made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death; although he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth."

Here we must pause. There are multitudes of points to notice. In some respects, here and there, the revisers seem to have been a little too conservative. Sometimes they have been bolder than those of the New Testament, e.g. in putting *demons* for *devils*, which the others refused to do. We have, however, said enough for the present. It is only after repeated perusal, and after hearing the assailants and the defenders of the new version that we shall be able to arrive at a settled judgment. In the meantime our readers should carefully study the admirable "Revisers' Preface," and give good heed to the rejected emendations of the American Company which are printed at the end of the text. C.

### LIGHT WINES AND BEER.

It is one of the silliest of the Prohibition fallacies that, because alcohol is poisonous in large quantities and concentrated form, it must be, and is of necessity, harmful in small doses. This Samsonian reasoning is paraded and made to do duty on every possible occasion as an infallible argument against the moderate drinking of light fermented liquors—man's favourite beverages since prehistoric times. If this reasoning were good and could apply in parallel cases then we might abandon all foods at once, for it would be difficult to obtain anything in the nature of an alimentary principle which could not be shown to be harmful in excessive quantities. Salt, a necessity of animal life without which we should miserably perish, is in large quantities a most powerful poison. Orfila, indeed, mentions several cases of death occurring through its agency. How comes it that this substance, poisonous in large doses, is not only harmless in small quantities but absolutely beneficial? We might name dozens of alimentary principles of a like nature, but the above will amply serve to expose the absurdity of such reasoning.

The true position of alcohol has been, in its relation to the animal economy, ably and finally defined by the late Dr. Anstie in his work on "Stimulants and Narcotics." He shows it to be a true food stimulant in moderate quantities: toxic and narcotic in excessive doses. Moreover, he points out that all foods invariably act as stimulants when used in moderation, but that taken in excess they exert marked toxic and narcotic effects. Who has not noticed the tendency to sleep after the taking of a heavy meal, and the headache, biliousness, and general disinclination to exertion experienced upon awaking from such a slumber? Indeed the difference between delirium tremens and the nightmare caused by a lobster supper is only one of intensity, while the ultimate effect upon the system will not be greatly dissimilar.

The chief argument put forward by total abstainers against the moderate use of the milder alcoholic beverages is that their effect after a time diminishes, and that thereupon the dose has to be increased to produce a like effect. If this were true then it would be wise to let all alcoholic drinks severely alone; but Dr. Anstie has shown that the idea is entirely erroneous, that it is only those who have *habituated* themselves to the narcotic effects of excessive quantities who are obliged of necessity to increase their daily allowance. More recently also, as if to deprive the teetotalers of any argument being based upon the possibility of medical authority of the present day being against Anstie, the London *Lancet* has expressed a similar opinion. The nearer we get to absolute alcohol (a substance, let me here remark, only met with in the laboratory) the greater the danger becomes of taking an excessive dose; hence a reason for excluding ardent spirits from the list of ordinary beverages. On no account should spirits be taken simply as beverages, and when used for medical or dietetic purposes should have the sanction of the physician.

With the primary fermented liquors, however, it is very different; in these are associated ingredients which give rise to modified and additional effects upon the system. The beverages, for instance, which are rich in extractive matter, such as beer, stout, and porter, have a nutritive and fattening power not possessed by a simple alcoholic liquid. Nor is the intoxication produced by their excessive use so harmful as that occasioned by spirits. Its bitter principle renders it a good stomachic and tonic. "A light beer," says Dr. Pavy, "well flavoured with the hop is calculated to promote digestion, and may be looked upon as one of the most wholesome of the alcoholic beverages." There is no eminent authority on dietetics who has not pointed out the many benefits accruing to the system by its moderate

use. It is not all classes, however, who can take beer with advantage. With those of a plethoric tendency it is apt to produce headache, heaviness and other sensations described as "biliousness." The majority of wines, more especially the natural unfortified grades, are free from this tendency, and there is scarcely any condition, whether of health or disease, in which they are likely to disagree.

Were our light native wines, many of which compare favourably with the clarets of Europe, to be used in place of much of the vile stuff vended under the name of tea and coffee, it would conduce greatly to the general health of the community. Much less would be heard of those intricate nervous diseases of women and children which baffle the skill of our best physicians, and which are mainly induced by inordinate tea-drinking. The dyspepsia of the Americans, due to the destructive action of the tannic acid of the tea upon the coats of the stomach, is almost unknown in wine countries. *Tabes mesenterica*, which annually carries off thousands of our children, is rare in France, where light wines diluted with one-third of water take the place of tea.

It is amusing to note the ingenious shuffles by which Prohibitionists seek to evade the natural consequences of their false position, even going so far as to pervert the plain words of Scripture in an endeavour to maintain their position. For instance, they claim that the wine of Scripture was unfermented, and insist that it was therefore the pure juice of the grape. It would be a bad day for all the doctrines taught in the Bible if they were subjected to the same kind of reasoning which is supposed to prove the above. The wine used in the Eucharist, being typical, needs to be red. Now chemistry tells us that it is impossible to obtain a red unfermented wine, without the aid of foreign ingredients or by boiling. Except in a very rare variety the flesh of the grape is colourless. The colouring matter resides in the skin, and is in a fixed or insoluble condition, in which state the natural acids of the fruit fail to extract it. The moment alcohol, produced by fermentation, is present it becomes soluble, and yields its colour to the wine. It is possible, however, to obtain this colour by boiling with sugar to a thick syrup, but those who may fancy that this was the way the Hebrews prepared wine should remember that sugar is a modern invention, and was quite unknown to the Jews.

The following are some of the methods pursued, according to chemical analysis, of preparing the so-called unfermented wine. In the majority of instances poor thin clarets were subjected to distillation to get rid of the alcohol, sugar was added to sweeten and thicken, and elderberry to restore the colour partially destroyed in the boiling. In others the juice had been boiled with sugar to a thick syrup, and *salicylic acid* added to prevent fermentation. It should be noticed here that *salicylic acid* has injurious properties, and that chemists have condemned its use in any article of food as an adulteration. In not a few instances which fell under the writer's own observation, *cider* sweetened and coloured has been sold under the name of unfermented wine, and these samples contained a notable quantity of alcohol. The above will give a fair idea of the sophisticated abominations that are being forced upon the public under the cloak of religion and philanthropy.

The only possible way to obtain a wine that will not change, that will have the fine colour and exquisite bouquet, together with the invigorating and beneficial qualities that a good wine should possess, and all these without adulteration, is to permit the grapejuice to ferment naturally by its own fermentive principle—its lovely bloom, that invariable concomitant of a properly-matured grape, and which an ever beneficent nature has evidently designed for the very purpose to which man is so much indebted, viz., the production of a wholesome, beneficial, stimulating, invigorating, pure, natural wine. Because a few abuse this gift (what good gift of God has not been abused?) mis-called philanthropists seek to deprive mankind of a beverage sanctioned by Scripture, the usage of our Saviour, recommended by St. Paul, and extolled by the learned and good of all ages. The great chemist Thudichum,\* in the close of a recent address on wine, said :

'So trinkt ihn denn, und lässt uns alle wege,  
Und freun und frölich sein,  
Und wüsster wir wo jemand traurig läge,  
Wir gäben ihn den Wein.'

Aye, wine is a sure cure for melancholy; and if there were more good wine in the world there would be less of melancholy. All factors which promote happiness promote health, and as wine promotes happiness it promotes health. But it does so on condition that it be æsthetically used, viz., in accordance with the dictates of feeling, reason and science."

C. GORDON RICHARDSON.

## OUR FUNERAL SYSTEM.

AMONGST the many social customs sanctioned by time-honoured observance there are few in which reformation is more urgently required than in our present expensive funeral system. That the system is a bad one all must acknowledge. But the courage to brave the fancied sneers of neighbours, and the ever-present idea that the last earthly journey of the departed should be marked by an utter absence of the slightest semblance of meanness, causes the poorer portion of the community to shun with an unaffected honour the nearest approach to a shabby funeral, whilst the somewhat natural ostentation of recently-acquired wealth, common in a mercantile country like ours, renders a portion at least of our wealthier classes unable to deny itself the melancholy satisfaction engendered by the indulgence in an expensive burial.

As far as the wealthy are concerned it would not be so bad if the matter went no further. Unfortunately, however, for society generally, the matter does not rest at this stage. The number of carriages, the costly flowers, crosses, immortelles, almost covering the handsome "casket" of the dead Cæsar, are all duly remembered and gossiped over by poorer spectators, and when their relatives have paid that debt which nature demands with equal exactness from the rich and the lowly, is it surprising that their hearts seek to offer a last public tribute to the departed which the shrunken purse of poverty can but little afford?

The foolish custom which demands that friends, and even acquaintances, shall attend our funerals is a potent factor in the encouragement of display and expense on these occasions. Real grief shuns publicity, and yet how often are we shocked by the sight of a funeral train largely composed of followers whose conversation and bearing mark only too well the utter absence of grief, and too often even of respect. If a large funeral be the proper outward manifestation of inward grief, what a deeply-lamented race are our much-abused tavern-keepers. Every one knows that this class, though exposed to constant vituperation in life, have in death, as a general rule, the most largely attended funerals—for the same reason, one would suppose, that the wife who has been most abused when living almost invariably rests beneath the finest tombstone and the most touching epitaph after being driven to her last long sleep.

Let us be thankful that we are spared that wretched travesty on grief, the now almost obsolete "mute" system, which used to be so prevalent on the other side of the Atlantic, where the man with the most rueful countenance and the ready tear, born of frequent intoxication, was considered more worthy of hire than his less indulgent companions in grief.

The writer was for some years secretary to one of the largest of our benevolent associations, composed almost entirely of the humbler classes, and it has oftentimes been his lot in the discharge of his official duties to be brought face to face with the funeral question. The society paid one hundred dollars to the widow or nearest relative of a deceased member, and when handing over the benefit allowance it has occasionally been his manifest duty to suggest an economical funeral for the sake of those who are left; but almost invariably without the desired effect. One case in particular will illustrate the utter repugnance with which the masses regard the idea of a cheap and quiet funeral. The beneficiary of the association was a woman with several children, none of whom were able to offer any assistance, and, in addition to this, her old mother had for years been an inmate of an English workhouse. When handing to her the "death allowance" the question arose as to what sort of funeral would be best under the circumstances, and the writer suggested "by all means as quiet and cheap a one as possible." He ought to have known better. The dictionary has never yet been compiled which contained words sufficient to properly describe the supreme contempt with which this well-meant proposal was received by "the relict" and her sympathizing neighbours. The further suggestion that "sentimental regard for the dead should not be allowed to interfere with our manifest duty to the living" was but the pouring of oil on the flames of outraged grief. The "sense of the meeting" decided that "a good send-off is the least we can do for poor Jack," and the result was a funeral that cost \$95. There were hacks employed at \$2.50 each, and not a soul occupied them. But this is the custom, and of what value is a funeral that is not according to the mode? Doubtless the funeral alluded to would be copied at some future date by some even poorer neighbour on that street. If the late Mr. Patsy O'Rourke's remains have been honoured with a first-class wake and funeral, does not the to-day bereaved widow of Mr. Flannigan yearn to give that departed home-ruler an equally imposing "send-off?" Of course she does; and so it is with all of us. The "missing link" is not the only imitative race.

Some people blame the undertakers for much of the unnecessary expenditure by the almost unlimited credit which "the trade" offers. They say

\* Health Exhibition Lit. "Æsthetical Use of Wine." Thudichum.

that if the latter would only deal on a cash or short credit basis people would think more seriously before entering into the obligations engendered by an expensive interment. The undertakers on the other hand, when spoken to on the subject, say the fault is not theirs. They say when relatives come to order a funeral they are almost invariably regardless of expense. One undertaker went so far as to say that there is just as much profit in a \$40 funeral as there is in one which costs \$100. This assertion, however, is more than doubtful and should be taken *cum grano*. Society itself is the chief offender, for it has created the demand which the undertaker but supplies with his gloomy skill.

Here, then, we have the disease and its principal causes. Where is the remedy to be found? As far as the writer's judgment goes, the clergy and the wealthier classes are the ones who can do the most towards stemming this flood of undue waste and expenditure which is daily overwhelming the already limited resources of the needy and the comparatively poor. The clergyman, in virtue of his office, is generally an old and privileged friend of the family; none can know so well as he the circumstances of the bereaved, and the advice which would be bitterly resented in any other is heard with attentive ears when falling from the lips of an honoured pastor. The general example of the wealthy and fashionable is even more powerful than the special influence of the clergy. None may deny that our wealthier class, as a rule, is fully alive to its obligations towards the poor, but in this matter it has been weighed in the balances and found wanting. When the opulent and the leaders of fashion have learned that a simple funeral is more in consonance with good taste, then we shall find that costliness will be more honoured in the breach than in the observance at the funerals of the poor; but not till then.

EUSTACE KIRBY.

### HERE AND THERE.

VISITORS to the Ontario Jockey Club May Meeting on Saturday and Monday last made up in enthusiasm for their lack of numbers. Considering that, apart from a passing thunder shower on the second day, the weather eventually turned out to be all that could be desired, that Woodbine Park is very convenient to the city—seeing, moreover, that these meetings increase in attractiveness year by year—it is surprising that the contests for the Queen's Plate and the Railway Steeplechase did not attract larger gatherings. Those events, and the remaining nine items which were included in the official cards, produced some excellent racing, a remarkable and commendable feature being that the favourites generally justified the support given to them by "punters." It was noted, too, with satisfaction, that there was an entire absence of those rowdy and lawless elements which are concomitants of too many race meetings in England and the States, and which deter ladies from patronizing a sport in itself not only innocent but directly beneficial as tending to encourage the cultivation of thoroughbreds. The Jockey Club is entitled to hearty congratulation on the sportsmanlike efficiency to which they brought their May Meeting, which may justly be termed the Canadian Derby.

TORONTO has within her municipal limits so few public breathing places that all movements having for their object the supplying of such resorts, and all efforts to bring existing ones within easy access of the city, merit hearty encouragement. High Park, the scene of many a pleasant picnic, has not hitherto been accessible from the water by any regular service of boats. The Humber Steamship Company, however, have just constructed an iron pier at that place, and their boats plying between Toronto and the Humber will call there at stated hours during the summer months. The pier is an ingenious construction. Ordinary wooden piles are subject to damage in winter by the action of ice, whilst the usual iron pillar is too expensive to be placed in a wharf so infrequently used. Mr. Hicks devised a plan by which ordinary metal rails, or H iron, could be adapted, and the result is a neat light structure which, whilst offering the minimum of resistance to heavy seas and ice, possesses great strength, being firmly screwed into the "hard-pan." This pier was formally opened last week in the presence of a number of prominent citizens who were the guests of the Humber Company upon the occasion.

ON Queen's birthday the Toronto "Sons of England" celebrated their annual festival and displayed their increasing numbers. The objects of the society, as its chaplain in his eloquent sermon emphatically stated, are purely benevolent and social; from political party it stands aloof. Yet a politician, beholding the long procession might have moralized on what he saw, and have said to himself that it would not be prudent by publicly courting the support of the enemies of England to rouse into activity the English Vote.

THE Montreal *Herald* persists in soliciting THE WEEK to reply to its peculiar effusions. We can only repeat that they admit of no reply. The man who cannot discuss public questions without indulging in venomous personalities must be an ill-tempered snob. This is the only thing we have to say, and it is so obvious as to be scarcely worth saying.

THE Montreal *Herald* is considerate enough to take care that those whom it maligns shall not be put to much trouble in pointing out the real

character of their maligner. The Montreal *Witness*, it seems, has failed sufficiently to puff the region through which runs the line and in which are situate the lands of the Pacific Railway Company, and has even represented a passenger as being snowed up upon the road. For this the *Herald* assails it in an article headed "Montreal Lying Witness," calls it "an industrious and most persistent perverter of the truth," and says that "its lying is malicious, clumsy and transparent, deceiving only those who have not found out its hypocrisy." It is needless to say that the journal thus bespattered is one of the most reputable in the Dominion.

THE popularity of roller-skating appears to be on the wane in the States—notably in New York, where, a correspondent says: "If anyone wants evidence of this let him make a round of the rinks in this city and see the gloom which prevails. No more high-priced orchestral music or brass bands. The carnivals are of the things past. The lack of interest manifested at the six-day contest at Madison Square Garden is another instance, and there is no doubt the death of the two winners at the last contest has caused a reaction in the community in its admiration of athletic sports. It was a mushroom ebullition among the young people." However this may be, roller-skating has lost none of its attraction for Torontonians. Not only do its votaries continue to gyrate at the Adelaide Street Rink, but a much larger rink has been constructed in the west of the city, and a small one is in course of erection at the Humber.

THERE seems to be some ground for suspicion that the gang of thieves who attempted to "operate" the Canadian banks were generalised by a man known best to the police by the name of Wilkes, a clever and most dangerous "smasher." Under various aliases this man has made a tour of two continents. In company with two others Wilkes was taken red-handed in Milan four years ago, and was then sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. But in return for a full and elaborate confession the Italian police liberated him, and he retired to New York. A copy of his confession was given to the American press. Originally Wilkes was an employé of the Erie Railroad Company, but became afterwards a gambling-house keeper in New York. He was arrested for forgery in 1870, but was discharged for want of evidence. He then entered a "brandy ring," the object of which was to cheat the Customs. After several other American forgeries, he did business in Central America, not without profit. Then he returned to New England, and afterwards came to Canada. Whilst in America he and his confederates spent much time and some money in learning the various *minutiae* of the banking business, and acquiring secrets connected with international transactions. When their education was complete they set off for a European tour in the "bond business"—that is to say, in the sale of forged railway bonds; but the police got wind of their errand, and they had to make a rush back to America. After this affair had blown over, the whole company entered into partnership with another gang of forgers in England. Several years of successful work followed, when they commenced operations on the Continent, where they were joined by a "baron." France, Belgium, Germany and Italy were worked, and enormous profits were netted, till they were obliged to settle accounts with the Italian police. In all its striking details this career of villainy is probably without a parallel, and the versatility and various accomplishments of this daring gang are certified by their success in swindling bankers and experienced business men in almost every town in Europe and the United States.

THERE were twenty-six failures in Canada reported to Bradstreet's during the past week, against twenty-two in the preceding week, and twenty, twenty-four and five in the corresponding weeks of 1884, 1883 and 1882, respectively. In the United States there were 185 failures during the week as compared with 164 in the preceding week, and with 183, 155 and 124 respectively, in the corresponding weeks of 1884, 1883 and 1882. About eighty-four per cent. were those of small traders whose capital was less than \$5,000.

THE display of bunting in Canada on Queen's birthday would astonish some of our friends in England. There the celebration of that anniversary is so changed about from date to date that the event is lost sight of by the generality of people.

THE well-known saying "As happy as a king" would almost appear to be an ironical expression, and a paraphrase of the words "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," if we are to judge by the fact that one monarch out of every three, comes to grief in some way or other. From the investigation of a French statistician, it appears that up to the present time 2,540 emperors and kings have ruled over sixty-four nations. Of this number of crowned heads, 300 have been driven from their thrones, sixty-four have abdicated, twenty-four have committed suicide, twelve have become insane, one hundred have been killed in battle, 123 made prisoners, twenty-five died as martyrs, 151 have been assassinated, and 108 legally condemned and executed. These figures certainly convey the idea that sovereignty is about the most risky business in which any one can engage, and ordinary mortals should be thankful that they have not been born in the purple. It would also be interesting to know how many millions of their fellow creatures these 2,540 potentates have slain to gratify their licentious desires, or their thirst for power and conquest. It is very certain that the world could have done without any one of them, and in that case very likely it would have been a more pleasant place in which to dwell.



MR. GLADSTONE is taking a well-earned rest at Hawarden. Meanwhile, there is considerable anxiety in the ranks of his supporters as to his intentions whenever the present Parliament may be ended. The Premier's desire is to leave public life, and this course is strongly urged by his physicians. The Liberal Party, on the other hand, is somewhat like Sir John Macdonald's following—composed of the most diverse elements, and there is no person capable of holding them together as Mr. Gladstone has done. He has, however, sacrificed so much for England that there is hope of his consenting to lead English Liberalism once more to victory.

APROPOS of Mr. Gladstone's personal habits, the following cutting from the letter of a regular attendant at the House of Commons, and published in the *London Dispatch*, possesses interest: "There is one infallible sign that the Premier intends to make a long and ambitious effort. This is a small bottle filled with yellow liquid—presumably the yolk of an egg in sherry. This is known in the House as his "pomatum bottle." On the occasions when the pomatum bottle appears, if one looks up to the Speaker's portion of the Ladies' Gallery one is sure to see the faithful helpmate whose hands have probably composed the decoction for the Prime Minister. Mrs. Gladstone always comes to hear a great speech by her husband. Disraeli's wife was never in the House of Commons except on the night when he took his seat as Prime Minister for the first time."

AN unwary writer in a morning contemporary—probably influenced by some unscrupulous partisan—the other day spoke of the *Dispatch* as a "pot-house journal," and as being generally of no account. This was done to belittle an extract in *THE WEEK* copied from that source. It is not given to us all to know what sort of literature is affected by "pot-house" habitués; on that point we defer to the experience of our critic. Probably, however, the journal he adorns would not be severely condemned even if a copy were seen in a saloon, nor would it necessarily be reckoned of no account if its editorial page were perchance used by some inappreciative storekeeper to envelop a pound of butter. In his undue haste to discount an unpleasant fact, he is guilty of an indiscretion. The *Dispatch* is owned by a member of Her Majesty's Government, numbers amongst its contributors many able Metropolitan writers (including, besides its editor, "The Workhouse Casual" and "Dagonet"), has a very large circulation, and is recognized as the most powerful popular Reform weekly in London.

It is worthy of note, as indicative of slovenly journalism, that the newspaper which sneered at *THE WEEK*'s quotation from the *Dispatch* within a few days after reproduced as "special" matter an editorial extract from the same source. Needless to say that in the one case the opinion expressed was palatable and in the other antagonistic to our contemporary politics.

THE Philadelphia *Progress* complains that the Sabbatarians are reforming all pleasure out of the "Poor man's Sunday" whilst their own pursuits remain undisturbed. "Society at home and away," we are told, "take good care that Sunday does not depress it. There is no gloom in its religion. At the summer resorts it does not silence the bands, and at home it taboos very few of its other days' pleasures." "Their Sunday is of their own manufacture, without regard to law, for law does not open the doors of private houses or peep in through window blinds. When they accept as all right the arguments that everything but the church should be closed on Sunday, that the masses may be more inclined to go and hear some preacher, they do so careless of the solemn fact that Sunday is the one day of the week upon which the workingman is truthfully his own master, and that he is entitled to the right to do with that day as he pleases. They would keep shut even the picture galleries and the libraries in order that the church may have no competition. They say aye to all such propositions when they say anything at all. . . . The earnest Sabbatarian will not see that it is because the workingman may not enjoy himself openly in innocent pleasures that he will enjoy himself as best he may, even though his enjoyment trenches sometimes beyond the respectable. He is driven into holes and corners to seek his amusement, and he takes what he discovers. As he must play in semi-secrecy, and his play is branded as illegal, what more natural than that he should care little what the sport is. By having picture galleries and libraries closed on Sunday that they may not lead to Sunday theatres, people are turned into paths leading to worse places. The meanest feature of this heavy-handed Sunday government of the poor is its utter selfishness. . . . It is outrageous that the American poor man should be compelled to sneak to his Sunday amusement. It is in obedience to nature that he craves amusement on his one holiday of the week." This is quoted, of course, without prejudice.

A SOCIAL journalist at Toledo, for assailing private and domestic character has been tarred and feathered. This was a highly irregular proceeding, but how is society to defend itself when the purveyor of slander has neither money wherewith to pay damages nor any character to forfeit by a legal conviction?

THE glib warriors who have every confidence in their power to fight campaigns from editorial rooms, and who, for instance, have scornfully protested against Gladstone's "skeddling" and Wolseley's "failure" in Egypt, might with profit read Mr. Burleigh's letter on "The Scorching Soudan" in the *London Daily Telegraph*—which journal he represented in the capacity of war correspondent. He is "deeply thankful for his own escape from that terrible country," and tells his readers how he was peti-

tioned by hundreds of soldiers to "tell the public the truth about the situation" and assist to get the troops speedily withdrawn. "Widespread sickness and death" prevail amongst the British soldiers in the Soudan, and Mr. Burleigh thinks a computation made by the medical staff in March—that from forty to fifty per cent. would be invalided or die during the summer if the men were left there, while the remainder would be quite unfit for active service during the autumn—is being literally fulfilled. From May to September temperature in the Province of Dongola ranges from 120° to 126° Fah. in the shade, and the nights are so insufferably hot that no opportunity is afforded for recuperation from the exhaustion following the day. "From Korti to Abu Fatmeh," says Mr. Burleigh, "the troops, officers, and men openly expressed their detestation and dread of the climate, their discontent at being left in the country, and a fervent wish to be for ever rid of the Soudan."

APROPOS of the artifices used by American office-seekers to gain their ends, an American correspondent tells a story of a military man who applied to President Garfield for a position in the Custom House. During one of his visits the President turned upon him and said, "I notice that whenever you come to see me about this office you always take out your eye, but when you leave the White House you put it back again. I have great sympathy with you in the loss of your eye, but that fact is not sufficient for you to get office over men who are quite as good soldiers, but have not lost an eye." It ought not to be necessary, after this speech, to explain that the eye with which the applicant made so free was a glass one. There is a clerk in one of the departments, says the same correspondent, who tried last autumn to get a Republican nomination for Congress, but failed. He now sits at his desk without the wooden arm which he formerly wore, thus mutely reproving his superiors for their ingratitude to a wounded servant of the State.

THIS is an age of exhibitions. Early in May an international exhibition was opened at Antwerp by King Leopold. It is largely of an industrial character, and contains specimens of the leading products of the principal countries of the world. On the same day the Hungarian National Exhibition was inaugurated at Buda-Pesth by the Emperor. The display is intended to reflect the recent progress of Hungary in the peaceful arts. A week later, the International Exhibition of Inventions and Music was opened in London by the Prince and Princess of Wales. It is upon an immense scale, and promises to be as popular as the "Healtheries" and the "Fisheries." The name coined for it is the "Inventories." The exhibition is said to be wonderfully complete. It will tend to show England's position relatively with other countries in mechanical ingenuity and the application of science to industry. The musical section may be expected to render some service to musical art. Next year London will have a great Colonial and Indian Exhibition, besides an exhibition of American manufactures and products.

LADY JOHN MANNERS in a contribution to the *Queen* on "The Art of Doing Kindnesses in the Kindest Manner," makes the following observations, which may be commended to those who have dealings with busy men and women: "As I have mentioned overwork, I must say how much kindness we can all show to very busy men and women, by letting them alone when they are intent on their special pursuits. If we are obliged to approach them at such times, let us transact our business as speedily as possible. The statesman who is about to make a great speech, the artist preparing for the Royal Academy, the editor who must note every passing event and guide public opinion, the physician on whose skill and judgment hang many lives—all need every moment of time they can secure. Let us show them true kindness by refraining from troubling them needlessly, with letters requiring answers especially. The quantity of applications of all kinds received by persons of eminence in their respective avocations is really distracting. The unfortunate recipient of about forty letters a day probably spends weary hours bending over a desk. He is lucky if he does not get writers' cramp, in addition to that dull feeling produced by long protracted formal letter-writing. George Eliot pathetically refers in her life to the trial it was to her to sit down to answer notes."

## 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.

## EGYPT EXPLORATION FUND.

To the Editor of the Week:

SIR,—To some of your readers the active English society of the above caption is known by its achievements the past year or two in the Delta. The recovery of Pithom (of which an interesting memoir has recently appeared), the discovery of Naucratis (the Greek emporium before Alexandria), and the labours at Sān (the site of Biblical Zoan) are among the "results" which scholars, archaeologists, and the Christian public have received with such marked favour. In sympathy with these invaluable explorations, I have consented to act as the Honorary Treasurer for America, and Mr. James Russell Lowell is Vice-President (with Mr. C. T. Newton, C.B., of the British Museum). Thirty-two American bishops and the Lord Bishop of Montreal, over thirty heads of colleges, a hundred gentlemen of distinction in science and learning, are already on my list of donors. Subscribers of not less than \$5 receive the elaborate report of the season, and, in addition to my own acknowledgment by receipt and in the press, Miss Amelia B. Edwards forwards an

acknowledgment from England. "Zoan No. I." is in the press, detailing Mr. Petrie's work at Zoan. I ask that our Canadian friends join us in aiding what Mr. Curtis, in *Harper's Weekly*, so well called "a varied and most interesting series of labours for archaeology and art Hellenism, Egyptian history, Biblical confirmations and elucidations, and for the important object of furnishing materials for a reliable, classical, and Biblical atlas." There is no endowment, and the death last August of Sir Erasmus Wilson, LL.D., F.R.S., our president, left us without a wealthy patron. We depend more than ever on the generosity of the public. I will furnish circulars, a list of contributors, and other information when desired.

WM. C. WINSLOW.

429 Beacon St., Boston, U.S.A., May, 1885.

#### CONJUGAL AFFINITY.

MR. JOHN CARRY, writing in response to "W. F. C.," says:—"Now, Sir, I do not mean to enter upon any discussion of this matter with 'W. F. C.' or any one else; but I do seriously beg the attention of your readers to one point. The present English Marriage Law has a definite principle, viz., that affinity bars marriage just as consanguinity does. The Marriage Law of Canada breaks down that principle, and the question is, Upon what principle does it proceed? Does it not abandon principle in abolishing the bar of affinity in one instance and maintaining it in all others? Is this consistency? and are we prepared for a consistent extension of the law? I have found in respectable quarters but one example of this thoroughness—the London *Spectator*—who 'is prepared to legalize all marriages of affinity.' 'There are, so far as we know, no reasons for forbidding marriages of affinity on any grounds except those of feeling.' Here we have definiteness and consistency; and we might well be content to have no laws on the subject if all men were on a level with the writer in the *Spectator* in moral delicacy and spiritual refinement. 'But the law is not made for a righteous man,' etc.

"Are the maintainers of the traditional marriage laws of the Church unreasonable in expecting that those who would legislatively alter them should be consistent and act on some definite and understood principle? If that principle be the abolition of the bar of affinity, then let the Christian public see with open eyes what that means."

Your obedient servant,

JOHN CARRY.

Port Perry.

'85.

Lo! The rag of treason flaunted!  
Hearts of iron all undaunted,  
Let the battle hymn be chaunted,  
While you strike for hearth and home!  
Ho! for honour of the nation,  
Though but blood be the libation,  
And our bodies the oblation—  
Cry "For Heaven and Home."

Fling our brave old banner over!  
Marshal round it, son and lover,  
Man of peace and prairie rover,  
It hath floated long and well  
Over turret, over tower,  
Where the mists of battle lower;  
'Neath its folds no cravens cower—  
So the battle ages tell.

We who wait and watch and wonder,  
Fearful of the battle thunder,  
While our ranks are rent asunder  
By the havoc of the field:  
Shall we falter at the story  
Of the battle grim and gory?  
Better die the death of glory  
Than to traitors' malice yield.

Victory! So let it quiver  
On the lips. Shall not the Giver  
Then be thanked? O Lord forever  
Thine eternal name we bless.  
Ring the bells in every tower,  
Count them heroes from this hour,  
Who shall win us peace—the dower  
Of a nation's joyfulness.

We will greet you, O my brothers,  
Who have fought the fight for others,  
We will greet you, O my brothers,  
Who have fought the fight for us;  
We will greet you well and gladly—  
Greet you well who fought so gladly—  
Though our hearts are yearning sadly  
For the brave who died for us!

HORATIO GILBERT PARKER.

THE only way to be loved is to be, and to appear, lovely; to possess and display kindness, benevolence, tenderness; to be free from selfishness, and to be alive to the welfare of others. When Dr. Doddridge asked his little daughter, who died so early, why everybody seemed to love her, she answered: "I cannot tell, unless it be because I love everybody." This was not only a striking, but a very judicious reply. It accords with the sentiment of Seneca, who gives us a love charm. And what do you suppose the secret is? "Love," says he, "in order to be loved." No being ever yet drew another by the use of terror and authority.

#### ANTI-JINGO SONG.

I AM going to make allusion  
In my topical effusion  
To a subject which engrosses our attention;  
Need I say I mean the Jingo,  
With his fierce and warlike lingo,  
Though to fight he never has the least intention;  
No, to fight he never has the least intention.

#### CHORUS.

He can fight, "Yes, by Jingo, don't you know,"  
And could crumple up creation in a wink;  
So you'd think to see his face with ardour glow,  
As he seals his declaration with "a drink."

He's a match for all the Russians,  
The Austrians and Prussians.  
For Frenchman and Italian, for Spaniard and for Turk;  
You might put them all together  
And he'd never question whether  
To beat them out of time is not the easiest of work;  
Yes, he'd beat the lot, and reckon it the easiest of work.

But he's lately fared quite badly,  
And he surely must feel sadly  
That the Soudanese are better than he thought them;  
And his notions of the Boers  
Who proved such steady goers,  
Must have altered very greatly since he fought them;  
Yes, he's altered his opinion since he fought them.

He has caused both blood and treasure  
To be wasted past all measure,  
Has this boasting, loud-voiced, mischief-making elf;  
But there's one way to disarm him  
Which would certainly alarm him—  
That's to make him do the fighting for himself;  
Yes, we'll make him do the fighting for himself.

—*Weekly Dispatch.*

T. H. BURGE.

#### THE SCRAP BOOK.

##### INTELLECTUAL CHARMS OF WAR.

WE suspect the truth to be that it is the variety of the excitements offered by war which, when the details are visible, so rapidly diffuses interest in them through classes the most diverse or far apart. Some, perhaps the majority, are attracted almost solely by the dramatic effects of a campaign. The sense of surprise which lies so deep in human nature is constantly being evoked, as it is evoked by nothing else. No battle is ever quite certain, nor was there ever a campaign in which it was not possible that individual genius might create situations, or cause catastrophes of the most entirely unexpected kind. History itself seems modified when the old army is beaten by the new one; and when Napoleon crushes the Austrians, or Von Moltke crushes the French, there is as much of material for amazement as if new forces from Heaven had descended into the field. Men love surprise; and no surprise could be greater than that of the skilled onlooker when Koeniggratz revealed the powers of the needle-gun, and Speicheren showed to what kind of dreadful discipline the Prussian Army had been wrought-up. Many spectators, again, who care less for dramatic effects, feel intensely the historic aspect of war, the light it throws on the martial capacities of the different peoples, on their organization, and on their aspirations. "These Germans, then, are not dreamers." "These French are only great when they win." "These Russians die in heaps uselessly." "These Arabs are heroes." Such revelations as these, palpable and unmistakable, beyond argument as beyond alteration, enchant observers with historic minds, and seem to them to throw on the past a stronger light even than on the present. Then there is the passionate interest excited by great individualities. Nothing arouses this like war, because no human being is so visible as a great General. His strokes, his ideas, his shifts, are studied like those of a superior being, and whole nations wince if he has made a palpable mistake, or is cut-off before he has executed his plans. It is Wellington who interests, not the British Army; it is the fate of Gordon that attracts, not that of Khartoum. And finally, there is the interest in the mighty "game" itself. If the faculty of strategy is not much more widely-spread than is believed the interest in strategy is; and it is one of the most absorbing kind. Of the thousands who watch the turns of a campaign, hundreds, whether qualified or not, form an opinion as to the merits of the last move, and the necessity for the next. One rarely meets the mute, inglorious Milton; but the non-fighting Jomini is at every corner. Add to the lovers of great drama, to the lovers of history, to the enthusiasts for ability, and to the men who delight in chess with a country for table and brigades for pieces, the uncountable crowd who only feel alive when emotions are strong and dangers great, and events cataclysmal, and we shall understand pretty fairly the wide diffusion of the interest in war which develops in some minds, often belonging to sedentary people, into a consuming passion.—*Spectator.*

"-AROLOWS AND -OFFSKIES, -EFFS, AND -OFFS AND -VITCHES."

Up till now the names of the Russians figuring in despatches from the frontier have been comparatively simple. Komaroff (accent on the first syllable) is almost as simple as Lumsden, and Alikhanoff is no worse than Ridgeway. But unless the incident is ended, there will be many an unhappy Briton who will appreciate the groan of the Boston poet, who has vented his feelings in the following Russian war song:—

We're coming, Alexandrovitch, at least a million more,  
From Kanineshaeja's bay and Obskalagouba's shore,  
From Karakouski's frozen wild, from Tymskaia's plain,  
We're marching, Alexander, with all our might and main.  
From Gatmonsckino's forest, from Tschernorbeskoi's vale,  
From Wassiagourbska's blooming fields, from Olymskia's dale,  
From Kakamajosa's villages, from Meidouscharaki's isle,  
We're coming, Alexander, the weary rank and file.  
From polysyllabic villages we're marching gaily down,  
Perchance to rot in Afghanistan to gild anew your crown;  
We're on to Berg-el-Murghab, and Penjischidych we seek;  
And we're headed by some generals whose names no tongue can speak.  
From provinces and villages whose names before the eye  
Look like a heap of consonants shovelled into "pi."  
We, -arolows and -offskies, -effs and -offs and -vitches,  
For Holy Church and Pious Czar will die in Herat's ditches.

—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

THE DARK SEANCE AND "FLIRTATION."

"AND now," continued Mr. Maskelyne, "I come to a much more serious matter, and in stating my opinions I am guided by absolute knowledge of facts and conclusions drawn from them. It is my firm and dispassionate conviction that if it were not for that miserable subterfuge and abomination—the dark seance—spiritualism would fall to the ground, for without it it would not be sufficiently lucrative a pursuit for the professional medium to keep it up. I have no hesitation in stating publicly that it is the opportunity offered for what I will call 'flirtation'—not to use the right and stronger term—during its hour and more of darkness which has rendered it so extremely popular with the spiritualists, who are made up chiefly of dupes and rogues. I don't mean to say that there are not honest men among them; I am talking about the majority. I am perfectly well aware that in saying this I shall bring a perfect whirlwind of abuse about my ears, but the truth had better be told; and mine are not groundless charges. I could tell you of visits paid to me by fathers and husbands, begging me to expose the vile 'faith' and its professors who, under cover of its dark seances, had insulted their wives and daughters, and I could tell you of occurrences within my own knowledge which your paper could not publish. Now, why are these proceedings permitted to go on and flourish? Simply because people will suffer almost anything rather than make a scandal upon the subject. It is not a fortnight ago since I received a visit from an indignant gentleman on the same painful subject, and inculcating a medium whose name is a very familiar one just now. I do not say that dark seances are got up solely for this purpose, but I do say that that is what they are used for, and that the spiritualists know it and trade upon it; yes, and fatten upon it too. The dark shows at the Polytechnic caused quite a scandal at one time, and even in my own seances at the Egyptian Hall I received some complaints of the same nature; but ever since then I have always kept the electric light flashing during the few minutes of darkness, and as a consequence the complaints have discontinued. At a spiritualistic dark seance I once heard a young lady crying out—not at all crossly, I assure you—"If you don't behave I'll never come to a seance with you again! If you do that again I'll beat you!" Of course, the guilty as well as the innocent will give the lie direct to what I have told you, as is only to be expected, but there are scores upon scores of indignant persons whose feelings have been cruelly outraged, who will thank you for having allowed me to speak out frankly on this painful and unsavoury subject."—*Mr. Maskelyne, in Pall Mall Gazette.*

FOR years, as every one knows, not only the Half-breeds but the white settlers of the Saskatchewan have been complaining of their wrongs. They have represented, they have petitioned, they have begged, they have implored, they have threatened, they have rebelled. They are shooting down our soldiers. To say that the Government were not aware of the true state of affairs on the Saskatchewan is to bring a severe accusation against them; but it is not true. They did know. They had the repeated communications of the settlers. They knew how their neglect of those communications were affecting the authors of them.—*Manitoba Free Press.*

THERE are indications that the Salvation Army does not attract the interest it did. This may perhaps be accounted for by reason that the masses are fully impressed with a feeling that instantaneous salvation is a deception, an impossibility. The doctrines of Salvation by Faith alone, and instantaneous Salvation through mercy, have wrought illimitable evil, totally abolishing, as they must necessarily do, all true religion. It is felt that the mere repetition of "I believe in the Lord" is nothing more than so much empty breath. To be saved, or for a man to be reformed, he must shun evils as sins. A reformed man may be compared to a dove as to the understanding, and to a sheep as to the will. Therefore instantaneous reformation, and hence salvation, would be comparatively like the instantaneous conversion of an owl to a dove, and of a serpent to a sheep. The transition that is now taking place in the religious world is from Faith alone, to Charity with Faith, and when the transition is past, all such ignorant travesties of religion as Salvation Armies will find their occupation gone.—*Bobcaygeon Independent.*

A MEETING was held in Exeter Hall, under the Bishop of London's chairmanship, extremely characteristic of the hysterical excitement which we are suffering from. A set of busybodies calling themselves "enumerators" have been counting the numbers of visitors to public-houses on Saturday nights. On the average between 400 and 500 persons entered each house watched during the three hours before midnight. Whether one drunken rascal went into a house a dozen times, and was each time told to be off, does not appear. Of course the enumerators would count each fruitless application a visit. Again, the spies related with horror that children were among the number of those who entered these wicked places. Hence, if Sally fetches a pint of beer for her mother, who has just finished a long day's work, it is put down in letters particularly black in the ledger of sin. And so the bishops and members of Parliament, with footmen at their command and credit with their wine merchants are in favour of a law to render it illegal to send a child to a public-house. We shall expect next to see a statutory list of the good little books that children are to read, or even of novels allowable for young ladies to peruse. Interest in the condition of the poor, and a desire to improve them mentally and physically, are excellent motives; but it is to be hoped the hysterical philanthropy and hypocritical professions which are encouraged by intemperate temperance will not drown a little good in a great evil.—*Weekly Dispatch, London, Eng.*

CANADA.

BRAVE men and true, let's name the land  
Where freedom loves to dwell,  
Where truth and honour firmly stand,  
Whose children love her well.

Chorus—Canada! Canada! Canada!  
Fair land, so broad and free,  
Oh! give me then, fair Canada,  
Aye, she's the land for me.

When o'er the sea the war-cry rings,  
And mourned are deeds of woe,  
The true Canadian's brave heart springs  
And longs to meet the foe.  
(Repeat chorus.)

Come peace or war amid us then,  
We'll join the rank and file.  
If war must be, we're ready, men,  
Content with peace the while.  
(Repeat chorus.)

*Mrs. Frances F. Moore.*

MUSIC.

ON Friday Evening, 22nd instant the Arion Club gave their second concert in Victoria Hall, London. Excellent as was their performance a few months ago, a very marked advance is now perceptible. Firmer attack, more even crescendo, and more distinct simultaneous pronunciation of words. The concert opened with Mrs. C. G. Moore's national song and chorus "Canada," the solo taken by Mr. J. I. Anderson. The other selections sung by the club were, "Forth to the Meadows" (Schubert); "The Image of the Rose" (Reichardt); soprano solo by Miss Inez Mecusker, "Onward Roaming" (Müller); "Slumber Sweetly" (Eisenhorfer); "The time for Song" (Ries); "When the hues of Daylight" (Reissiger); "Sleeping" (Stirling); "Arion Waltz" (Vogel). All good music, and all well sung and heartily applauded. The solo vocalists were Miss Inez Mecusker and Mr. Whitney Mockridge. The former is already a favourite here, and in the "Staccato Polka" displayed considerable flexibility and clearness of tone. "Regnava nel silezio" (Lucia), and several English ballads were highly appreciated, and especially an encore, "Tit for Tat." Mr. Mockridge was accorded a flattering reception. His first song, "Salve Dirnora" (Faust), was carefully sung, and displays his voice to much advantage. "Ah! Non Credea" (Mignon); "Let me like a Soldier fall," and "When other lips," were all received with rapturous applause. Mr. Mockridge most good naturedly responded to several encores, although evidently suffering from a hoarseness and over fatigue. Mr. C. E. Saunders in a flute solo ("Etude-Caprice," by Terschak) was very successful. He was deservedly encored. Mrs. C. G. Moore played Mendelssohn's "Andante and Rondo Capriccioso," and (as an encore) Rubinstein's "Melody in F." Miss Raymond's artistic accompaniments merit high praise. Mr. Birks has reason to be justly proud of the rapid progress made by the Arion Club, which is fortunate in possessing so able and painstaking a leader. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club is expected shortly.—*Marcia.*

THE Anglo-Canadian Music Publishing Company send "To-Morrow will be Friday," song by Molloy, and "Bid Me Good-Bye Valse," by Henry W. de Camars, after Tosti's beautiful ballad. The first-named composition has words by Weatherley, the music being in Molloy's own quaint style. For want of a better term, it might be called a rollicking monkish song, and is well suited for a florid baritone. It ought to become as popular in Canada as it is in England. The waltz, which has four movements, is catching and pleasing, and—a not unimportant consideration with amateurs—moreover, easy.

## THE PERIODICALS.

WITH its June issue *The Eclectic* completes vol. xli. In addition to "Literary Notices" and the "Miscellany" there are twenty reprints from great reviews and magazines, in the selection of which considerable tact has been shown.

DR. SUTHERLAND concludes his arguments against College Confederation in the current *Canadian Methodist Magazine*. There are also prominent papers from the pens of Dr. Withrow ("Good Literature"), Mr. J. M. Oxley ("Convictions versus Opinions") and several others, as well as much valuable editorial comment.

BRIGHT, artistic and charming, as usual, the June *St. Nicholas*, by a capital list of contents and innumerable illustrations, well sustains its high reputation as a young folk's magazine. Devotees to tennis, even though they have long left boyhood behind, will find much to interest them in a paper on the royal game by Charles L. Norton.

The *Art Interchange* bearing date May 21st has for an extra coloured supplement a beautiful "Simple Study of Pansies," the ordinary supplement being an embroidery design for applique with darned background. It is pleasant to be assured that our contemporary is meeting with the success which the enterprise of its proprietors merits, and that still further improvements are contemplated.

THERE is no more difficult question to answer than that discussed in the June *Lippincott's Magazine*: "What Shall a Woman Do when her Husband Fails in Business?" The writer exposes many fallacies, and wisely concludes that more real assistance can be given under such circumstances by studying domestic economy than by attempting to earn an income. A correspondent of the *New York Herald* supplies some reminiscences of the Franco-Prussian War; John Heard, jr., is the writer of a paper entitled "Letters from the Isthmus"; biography is represented in an account of Johann Wilhelm Preyer, artist; there are several short complete stories and instalments of serials. This number completes Volume IX.

THE June *Atlantic* is a pleasant number with which to usher in the summer. One of the most entertaining articles in it is called "Dime Museums; From a Naturalist's Point of View," by the Rev. J. G. Wood. Kate Gannett Wells gives a picturesque description of Passamaquoddy Island and its hermit; there is an account of six months spent at Astrakhan, by Mr. Edmund Noble, who has just published "The Russian Revolt;" and a paper on "Modern Vandalism," by Elizabeth Robins Pennell, about Staple's Inn, London, and the church of Ara Coeli, Rome, both to be destroyed. A statement as to government by committee, at Washington, by J. Laurence Laughlin, and "The Forests and the Census," by Francis Parkman, will interest students of politics. The three serials—Mrs. Oliphant's "Country Gentleman," Miss Jewett's "Marsh Island," and Charles Egbert Craddock's "Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains," have all their usual interest. Dr. Holme's "New Portfolio" is also as bright as ever. The literary papers of the number are led by a sterling piece of criticism upon Mrs. Oliphant, by Miss Harriet W. Preston, and there are reviews of Baird's "Huguenot Emigration," Allen's "Religious Aspect of Philosophy," and recent novels. Celia Thaxter contributes a poem, and there is also some other good verse, together with the usual departments.

## BOOK NOTICES.

LOUIS PASTEUR, HIS LIFE AND LABOURS. By his Son-in-law. Translated from the French by Lady Claud Hamilton. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

In an introduction almost as attractive as the whole work Mr. Tyndall writes of M. Pasteur as "one of the most conspicuous scientific figures of the age"—a position which will not be contested. M. Pasteur's labours cover many fields in science, the most recent researches to bring his name prominently before the public being those directed to discover the cause and cure of hydrophobia. Valuable as were his discoveries in other directions, his name will ever be most dear to those of his fellow-countrymen and others who were saved from ruin by his localization of the silkworm disease and his discovery of a cure. His enquiries in this direction had been preceded by a study of microcosms eminently fitting him for a dissemination of the germ theory of disease—which did so much to spread his already wide reputation to other lands than France. It was not without hesitation, his charming biographer tells us, that the chemist was induced to contribute his quota to the discussion of what he looked upon as a physicians' quarrel, but once engaged he maintained his theories with an intelligence and pertinacity characteristic of his self-taught pugnacious nature. His conclusions on the fermentation theory in wine and beer are of the utmost value. M. Pasteur's biographer is too modest. From no other pen could we expect so close a study of his life and work; from few pens would the public exact better work. Devoid of all technicality, in the words of Mr. Tyndall, "the virtues of science are endowed with the interest of romance."

A TEXT-BOOK OF HYGIENE. By George H. Rote, M.D. Baltimore: Thomas and Evans. Toronto: Hart and Company.

Most medical books, even those intended for popular uses, are much too technical. Dr. Rote's treatise is simplicity itself, the whole subject being viewed from common-sense principles. He explains in a sub-title that his book is based on the principles and practice of preventive medicine from an American standpoint, and the result is a trustworthy guide to the principles and practice of preventive medicine. In common with the majority of his confrères Dr. Rote thinks that wool ought to be worn next the skin all the year round—a point worthy of notice by Canadians, who usually substitute cotton for wool in summer. General notes on air, water, food, soil, the removal of sewage, and the construction of habitations, are followed by valuable hints on personal habits—on exercise, bathing, clothing, the various theories of disease, on anti-septics and disinfectants, concluding with vital statistics. Half the diseases flesh is heir to are preventible, and there would be no need for half the doctors if we lived up to the advice given in this valuable hand-book.

THE RUSSIAN REVOLT. Its Causes, Conditions and Prospects. By Edmund Noble. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

AFGHANISTAN AND THE ANGLŌ-RUSSIAN DISPUTE. By Theo. F. Rodenbough. With three maps and other illustrations. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Mr. Noble covers much of the same ground as is traversed by Stepniak in his last book; but he writes by no means in the same reckless strain, and readers of "Russia Under the Czars" would do well to think out the Russian problem in the light of facts and opinions given in the well-digested volume now alluded to. Mr. Noble is by no means sanguine that political emancipation for the Russ is so near as Stepniak declares it to be.

Mr. Rodenbough is Brevet Brigadier-General in the United States Army, and bases his theory of the Russian advance upon "the reports and experiences of Russian, German and British officers and travellers." He is persuaded that the Czar's troops are steadily working with a view to the conquest of India, and thinks it is necessary for the safety of that country that Afghanistan should be defended against the Russian hordes.

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE new and promising translation of "Don Quixote," of which the first volume has just been published by Macmillan and Company, will consist of four volumes, to appear monthly.

The *Varsity* Company announce a volume of miscellaneous selections, prose and poetry, compiled from their organ. The book is now in the press, and is expected to be published early in June.

AT a recent sale of autographs, in London, thirteen letters by Dean Swift to Alderman Barber fetched about \$820, and the original manuscript of Burns' "Tam O'Shanter" and "The Lament of Mary, Queen of Scots," about \$760.

MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND Co. have in preparation for publication at an early day: "The Riverside Parallel Bible," containing the Authorized Version and the Revised Version of both the Old and New Testaments in parallel columns.

THE Poet Laureate has helped Mr. F. T. Palgrave in his selection of "Lyrical Poems, by Alfred, Lord Tennyson," which Messrs. Macmillan are publishing in the "Golden Treasury Series," by supplying some of the material for the notes.

"London of To-day," an illustrated handbook of the season, by Charles Eyre Pascoe, is the title of a delightful little guide of which Roberts Brothers will import a limited edition. The illustrations are very dainty, and the style, far removed from the hackneyed guide-book form, is that of a chatty "man-about-town."

GENERAL GORDON'S Diaries will soon be published simultaneously by Messrs. Kegan, Paul and Co., of London, and Houghton, Mifflin and Co., of Boston. The volume, which is edited by Egmont Hake, a cousin of the murdered General, includes letters from General Stewart and the Mahdi, together with other important documents and maps.

AN announcement of much interest has recently been made in England by Mr. Henry J. Wharton, who is about to publish a small volume, printed with fastidious care, containing the poems and a memoir of the Greek lyrical poet Sappho. Mr. J. Addington Symonds assists him in the preparation of the work, and it will contain an ideal portrait of Sappho after Alma Tadema.

PORTER AND COATES, of Philadelphia, announce a new "Elementary Physiology," by Dr. Richard Duglison, in which special attention will be given to the effects of alcohol and tobacco on the human system. From the same press, early in July, will appear the following new books and reprints:—"Camp, Fire and Wigwam;" the second volume of the "Log Cabin Series;" "Hector's Inheritance; or, the Boys of Smith's Institute;" "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room;" "The Children's Book of Poetry;" "Smith's Bible Dictionary;" and "Young Wild Flowers."

"As Mr. Lowell's declension of the Professorship of English Literature at Oxford was based upon considerations of a purely domestic character," writes one who should know whereof he speaks, "the electors do not despair of making him reconsider his decision. What will President Eliot say to this? Behold what we get for sending England a clever Minister! But it's always the way. Give John Bull an inch, and he'll take an ell every time—and a Low-ell at that, if he can get it!" "But in this case," says the *Critic*, "he will take two ells—unless we can persuade Mr. Russ-ell Low-ell to return to his native land!"

BANGS AND Co. sold at auction recently the Ely collection of autographs. A letter from George Washington fetched \$75; one from Benedict Arnold to the Duke of Portland, referring to Arnold's petition for waste lands in Canada as a compensation for his losses and services, \$18; one from Charles I. to Prince Rupert, written shortly after Naseby, \$35; a receipt for pensions, bearing the autograph of Prince Rupert, \$16; a letter signed "Abraham Lincoln," \$16; one from John Adams, \$12.50; one from Fenimore Cooper, \$11; from Washington Irving, \$10.50; from Jefferson to Lafayette, \$7.50; from Franklin, \$6; Henry Clay, \$6, Lord Beaconsfield, \$1.75.

NOBODY in all probability is more astonished than Lord Malmesbury himself at the unexpected pecuniary success of his memoirs. The book was originally set up in type at his own expense, and six months since he would gladly have sold the venture outright for £50. As it is, the net profits already exceed £2,000; the first French edition is nearly exhausted, and even Mr. Tauchnitz has paid handsomely for the right of reproduction. The author seems to have dictated the whole work to a shorthand writer, and this accounts for the curious errors in the spelling of proper names which crept into the earlier editions. Lord Malmesbury will probably shortly issue an additional volume, bringing his narrative down to the death of Lord Beaconsfield; and in the interests of posterity and contemporary history-making, he still writes up his diary every day with praiseworthy diligence.—*The London World*.

MESSRS. CHAS. SCRIBNER'S SONS favour us with a slip copy of the preface to "Russia under the Tzars," which was omitted from the edition forwarded for notice. It is dated "London, April 26," and "signed S. Stepniak":—"I readily comply with the kind desire of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, of New York, in declaring that I authorize this American reprint of my 'Russia Under the Tzars.' It is among Englishmen that my attempts to expose the truth about Russian conditions found the most indulgent ear, and my appeals in favour of Russian liberty the most touching sympathy. And I was extremely pleased and proud to learn that on the other side of the ocean, the people of the great nation to whom Europe owes so much for its present liberty, has shown also an interest in my modest efforts. I can only congratulate myself with the new proof of inducing the public opinion of the great American nation to unite its powerful voice in favour of Russian liberty, and in condemnation of the Tzarism. This will be one of the guaranties of the prompt cessation of the horrors, one small part of which the reader will find described in this volume."

THE following verses may throw some light upon the true meaning of the word mugwump. The names used for birds or bats are not found in the dictionary, but Judge Bennet says they are all to be found in the swamps of Eastern North Carolina:

The mugwump roosts in the hollow log,  
The sagwag sits in the tree;  
Whenever I hear the hogwig sing  
My heart is sad in me.

Whenever the snagpop toots his too  
To the wail of the nipwag hen,  
And the migfunk chirps in the stilly night,  
You bet I'm lonely then.

Would it not be singular if the original mugwump proved, after all, to be an inhabitant of the dreary lowlands of North Carolina, roosting in the hollow logs?—*E. I. H. H., in Literary World*.

"WHERE MUSIC DWELLS."

"THERE'S music in the sighs of a reed," says a writer whose name stands foremost in the bead-roll of poets; and whether "the great god Pan," "when down in the reeds by the river," or Apollo himself, was the discoverer of the fact, it remains to this day one of the most noteworthy in the science of melody. While the origin of instrumental music, going back as it does to a period preceding authentic history, will always remain a matter of doubt and speculation, it is interesting to note that the Chinese, in claiming for their nation the honour of its invention, attribute it to the act of blowing the pith out of the bamboo. Moreover, the harp which is named after the "god of the winds" was undoubtedly, in its primitive form, an instrument of reeds rather than of strings. All these and many other kindred facts arise in the mind when, for the first time, the interior construction of a reed in contradistinction to a pipe organ is disclosed to one's view. But in the modern manual organ—at once the most elaborate and the most effective of musical instruments—reeds survive but in name, it being by means of small slips of brass fitted with delicately moulded tongues that sounds are herein produced.

Reference has already been made to the antiquity of musical instruments; the same remark applies to the organ, a name which, among the Greeks, signified the instrument *par excellence*. Among the Hebrews and Romans the organ was no less known than esteemed. It was not till the seventh century, about which time the instrument was enlarged and brought to greater perfection, that it was introduced into England. In the tenth century there were several organ-builders in Italy, and within the next hundred years organs were built in the churches belonging to the monasteries. In the sixteenth century, organs were made with two claviers or rows of keys, comprising four octaves, and with a greater number of stops. Since that time it has become not only one of the principal factors in religious ceremonies, but it has also contributed to the perfection of the musical art.

" . . . Let the pealing organ blow,  
To the full-voiced choir below,  
In service high and anthems clear,  
As may with sweetness through mine ear  
Dissolve me into ecstasies."

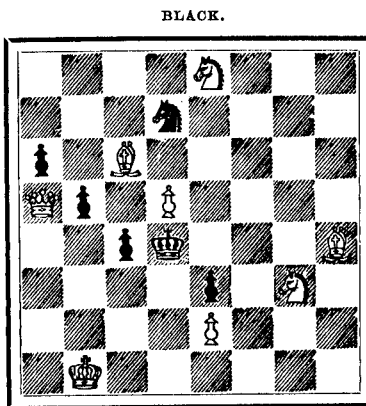
But so long as organs continued to be built on the lines first laid down—sounds being produced by forcing air through long tubes or pipes—their use was necessarily restricted to churches, concert rooms, and places of a similar character, where the space is large and where the instruments are fixtures. With the invention, however, of reed organs, in their smallest size half the dimensions of a cottage piano and as portable as an arm-chair, an important step was made towards the popularization of this instrument. In its initial stages the attempt to imitate the sounds produced by pipes by means of brass reeds proved, as was to be anticipated, far from fully successful; but in the course of time, and by the introduction of various improvements—notably that of Scribner's qualifying tubes—the original defects were overcome, until now the modern reed organ is to be described as exhibiting in the most striking manner, the very highest skill of the musical-instrument maker. We venture to assert, taking the community as a whole, that it is but very few indeed who understand and appreciate the merits and capabilities of an organ. It is the common practice to rank this instrument as immeasurably inferior to the pianoforte, whereas the fact is that effects of the most varied and moving character may be produced on an organ that with any other instrument are simply impossible.

To go into no other particular, the one fact that the instrument built by W. Bell and Co., and known as their "Concert Organ," is constructed with as many as three hundred and fifty-three reeds, representing an equal number of distinct and different notes, illustrates conclusively the comprehensive musical capabilities of this piece of mechanism. Moreover, the number of reeds above mentioned is by no means the highest complement an organ may possess, Messrs. Bell turning out certain instruments having no less than six hundred reeds. To the firm here referred to organ-players are deeply indebted. Established rather more than twenty years ago, the firm has within that period not only supplied to buyers in all parts of the world upwards of thirty thousand instruments, but they have loyally and successfully striven to perfect in every possible direction the manufactures turned out of their works. The result attending these painstaking labours has been satisfactory in the extreme. At all the world's fairs Bell's organs have demonstrated their superiority, and in the Old World, no less than in the New, the name of these makers is rapidly becoming synonymous with artistic merit and excellent workmanship.—*Keighley (Yorkshire, England) Herald, April 17, 1885.*

CHESS.

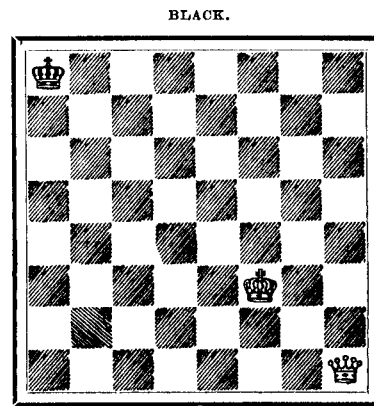
All communications intended for this department should be addressed "Chess Editor," office of THE WEEK, Toronto.

PROBLEM No. 101.  
Composed for the WEEK.  
By E. H. E. Eddis, Toronto Chess Club.



WHITE.  
White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 102.



BLACK.  
White to play and mate moving only the Queen.

BLINDFOLD GAME.

Played by both sides blindfold, at St. Petersburg, on the 22nd February, 1885, Black conducting besides nine other games.

From the Chess Monthly.

| White.          | Black.         | White.           | Black.           |
|-----------------|----------------|------------------|------------------|
| Herr Arnold.    | M. Tschigorin. | Herr Arnold.     | M. Tschigorin.   |
| 1. P K 4        | P K 4          | 16. Kt Kt 5      | R takes Kt (d)   |
| 2. Kt K B 3     | Kt Q B 3       | 17. B takes R    | Q Kt 3 (!)       |
| 3. B B 4        | Kt B 3         | 18. P Q R 4      | P Q 6 ch         |
| 4. Kt Kt 5      | P Q 4          | 19. K R 1        | P R 3            |
| 5. P takes P    | Kt Q R 4       | 20. Kt B 4       | Kt takes Kt      |
| 6. B Kt 5 ch    | P B 3          | 21. B takes Kt   | B K Kt 5 (!)     |
| 7. P takes P    | P takes P      | 22. P R 5        | Q R 2            |
| 8. B K 2        | P K R 3        | 23. Q R 4 (e)    | B K 7 (!)        |
| 9. Kt K B 3     | P K 5          | 24. R K 1        | Kt Kt 5 (!)      |
| 10. Kt K 5      | Q B 2 (a)      | 25. P R 3        | Q B 7            |
| 11. P K B 4     | B Q (3)        | 26. B Q 2        | B B 4 (f)        |
| 12. P Q 4       | Castles.       | 27. B takes P ch | R takes B        |
| 13. Castles (b) | P B 4          | 28. Q K 8 ch     | K R 2            |
| 14. P B 3       | R Kt 1         | 29. Q x R        | Q takes P ch (!) |
| 15. Kt R 3 (c)  | P takes P      | 30. Resigns (g)  |                  |

NOTES.

- (a) In our opinion much stronger than 10 . . . . . Q to Q 5 which furnishes but a short-lived attack.
- (b) The Handbuch advocates here as best P B 3.
- (c) The same authority continues with 15 P Q Kt 3.
- (d) A sound sacrifice; Black's centre Pawns are more than a match for the exchange. Black carries on the attack in his well-known vigorous style; every move tells.
- (e) We do not think that White has any continuation that will equalize matters, nevertheless the useless sally of the Queen hastens his defeat. He should continue with 23 Q K 1.
- (f) The Russian Master saw very well we are sure that he could force the game with 26—Q Kt 6, but the next move prepares one of the prettiest endings we have seen for a very long time.
- (g) A neat little problem: After 30 K takes Q, B B 6 ch and 31 B or Kt mate accordingly.

CHESS NOTES.

THE May number of the English *Chess Monthly* is replete with interesting matter. The games, problems and new games are a rich feast for the chess epicure. We clip the following account of the annual love-feast of England's strongest club: "CITY OF LONDON.—The thirty-third annual dinner took place, on the 13th ult., at the Salutation, Newgate Street. The Rev. John J. Scargill, President, was in the chair, and Messrs. Gastineau and Pilkington occupied the vice-chairs. Between fifty and sixty members were present. After the cloth was removed the President proposed the "Queen and the Royal Family," which was followed by "Prosperity of the City of London Chess Club," congratulating the members on the circumstance that the club was steadily growing in numbers and Chess strength. The toast was coupled with the name of Mr. Manning, the senior member present, who, in responding, said he looked back with unmixed pleasure to his connection for nearly a quarter of a century with the City of London Chess Club. Mr. C. G. Cutler then delighted the company by reciting an exceedingly clever Homeric poem, which he had composed for the occasion. The poem was descriptive of a recent Chess battle between the City and West-end. The next toast, "The Health of the Secretary," Mr. G. Adanson, was drunk with musical honours, and a similar compliment was paid to the treasurer, Mr. H. F. Gastineau. Mr. Pilkington then proposed "The Health of the Honorary Members," and coupled with the toast the name of Mr. Zukertort. The latter, who is personally very popular, was received with prolonged cheers. He said: "I look back with pleasure to the day when, some thirteen years ago, at a garden party, I first made the acquaintance of Mr. Gastineau and other members of your club, and since then I have spent many a pleasant evening among you. In a few days I shall be leaving England to pay a short visit to friends on the Continent. I shall then pass through London on my way to Liverpool, where I propose to embark for the other side of the Atlantic, to play a match with Mr. Steinitz. I cannot say that personally we are very dear friends, but I have decided to give my challenger the meeting he professes to desire, and I hope that it will be a fair contest on a fair field." The other toasts were "The Chess Press" proposed by Mr. Cutler, to which Mr. Duffy, Mr. Hoffer, and Mr. MacDonnell responded. Mr. Duffy, in an able speech, alluded to "the concord which reigned now between the representatives of the Press and the Chess-players in this country. This is as it should be, and Chess is flourishing in consequence." Mr. Hoffer "quite endorsed the previous speaker's remarks, and in mentioning the several Chess events which will take place during the coming season gave some explanations about the British Chess Association, pointing out that nine members, including the hon. sec. of the Association, out of twenty-one forming the council, are members of the City Club, and trusted that the City Club will soon join the B.C.A." The Rev. G. H. MacDonnell concluded on the same toast in his usual humorous vein. Then followed "The Prize-winners of the Winter Tournament," to which Mr. B. G. Laws responded, and finally "The Chairman, the Rev. Mr. Scargill," which was proposed by Mr. Gastineau and drunk with musical honours.

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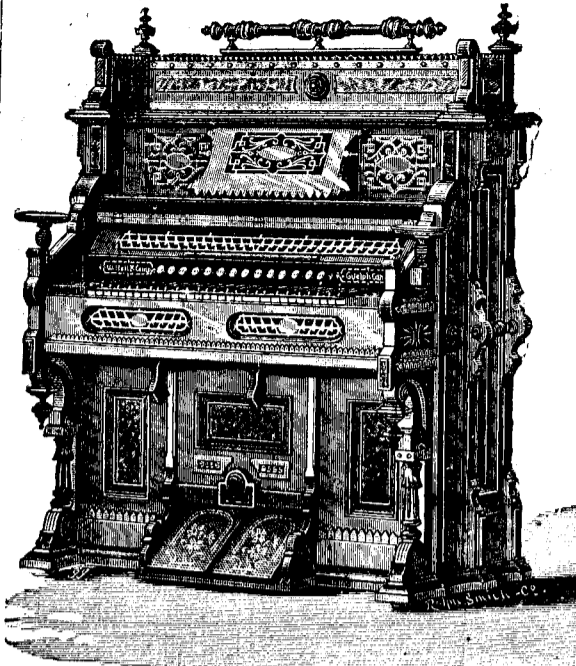
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