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The Week,

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TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

IN our natural objection to having Toronto flooded with pauper immigrants, who have been brought up in a way which almost precludes the possibility of them ever becoming useful citizens, let us keep in view the danger of running to the absurd extreme at which our brothers to the south of us have apparently arrived. Toronto complains of a class of immigrants who wont work, preferring to live at ease upon the charity of the city; and she will do well to guard herself against such undesirable additions to the population. But from this the passage is easy to that state of mind in which all immigrants come to be looked upon with suspicion. It was not because they refused to work, but because the Caucasian inhabitants could not compete against their industry and economy, that the Chinese were denied admittance at the Golden Gates. Had they been shut out on the ground that there was no work for them in the United States, the case would have been altogether different. But no such argument was possible. We read of our forefathers doing strangely inhospitable things;—putting to death ship-wrecked strangers as natural enemies, cherishing a wholesome hatred toward all aliens, and jealously suspecting every unfamiliar face. Like characteristics may be studied now in our domestic animals. Put a strange chicken into the flock, and see with what religious unanimity the flock will set upon it, beat it and hustle it off the premises. Especially is this the case when the stranger is unfortunate enough to be possessed of some prominent peculiarity, a difference in colour, stature, or other characteristic. Of course we would not for a moment insinuate that the hoodlums of the California coast were actuated by any such primitive, not to say animal, instincts. On the contrary, it was from the most enlightened and civilized motives that they found themselves reluctantly compelled to regard the Chinaman as a nuisance. That he indulged in no extravagant excesses, and therefore could live more cheaply and work for lower wages than they could, was a small grievance alongside of the fact that he washed so shockingly seldom. His indifference to ventilation, and his capacity for packing large quantities of his kind into a ridiculously limited space, were also most offensive to the fastidious

hoodlums, who thereupon undertook to improve, expel, or annihilate the meek intruder, by the beneficent agencies of brick-bat and revolver. Now we see the same thing among the miners of Connellsville, Pennsylvania. These immaculate miners have suffered unutterable things. A number of Hungarian emigrants have come between the wind and their nobility. But it is declared that the Hungarians must go. There is no place for them on this hospitable continent. They do not display that regard for the necessities of life and dress which the Connellsville miners have been accustomed to look for in their neighbours. It is complained also that their marriage customs are confusing and irregular, and that they have even been suspected of being immoral at times. Probably no such charge could ever be urged successfully against the Connellsville miners; but the question would be irrelevant. We wish merely to call attention to a fact which intending emigrants from the old world should bear in mind. America does not care to pose any longer as a refuge for the oppressed and miserable of all nations, she no longer extends an open-handed welcome to the industrious poor, but she will permit visitors to become residents if they have made their way to her strictly by their own unaided resources, if they mean to live expensively, whether they can afford it or not, if they agree to prove neither more diligent nor more capable than the native labourer, if, above all, they are alive to the necessity of frequent and thorough ablutions. As immigrants are liable to be sent home again if they do not come up to the standard in the last mentioned respect, it would be well if the standard could be made definite. Intending immigrants could then be notified of the number of baths per month which they would be required to take; and if they considered the requirement too heavy they could remain at home. That these requirements may not be made too stringent however, before settling them finally it would be well to ascertain just how often the Connellsville miners wash themselves.

IN a late paragraph concerning the election of Mr. Carlisle to the Speakership of the American House of Representatives, we expressed our skepticism concerning the adoption of Free Trade, pure and simple, by the Democrats. A recent letter by Mr. Hewitt, in the Albany *Argus*, confirms us in our opinion. Mr. Hewitt courageously and plainly defines the position which his party either holds or should hold on the tariff question. He ascribes the present depression in the iron industry to the fact that owing to the necessities of the war much higher duties were imposed than were needed for protection. The industry was thus stimulated to an unnatural development, from which the present depression is the inevitable reaction. The lesson which Mr. Hewitt, as a practical iron manufacturer, draws from his extended experience is that the duties on iron should not be higher than the lowest that will protect the home market, in times of depression, from being glutted with foreign iron. In laying down the Democratic programme he says that reform must consist "first in freeing raw materials from all duties, and, secondly, in imposing rates of duty on manufactured products not more than sufficient to make good the difference in the amount paid for labour, in the production of any given article in this country, as compared with the amount paid for the same labour in other countries with which we compete. For this purpose the incidental protection afforded by revenue duties will, as a rule, be found sufficient when any protection is needed." Mr. Hewitt's straightforward and wholly committal statement of the doctrines of his party is in striking contrast with the utterances of other Democratic leaders, whose chief care apparently is to be non-committal; and who, if by any chance they have slipped into a definite statement, hasten to disclaim the responsibility of having meant anything serious. They are listening with all earnestness, straining their ears to catch the voice of the people's desires. But Mr. Hewitt says that "the mere politician follows public opinion; the true statesman instructs it."

IN the recent riot in Newfoundland there is furnished a warning against the policy of locating flocks of immigrants saturated with race and religious prejudice in isolated districts. The people of the "North Shore," so called, of Newfoundland, are almost entirely protestant, while along the south and west Roman Catholics predominate. To a lamentable extent among both these classes the densest ignorance prevails, and the seeds of religious hatred which both brought from the mother country have been carefully nurtured; as more than one bloody affray has attested. To the Roman

Catholic in most of the "out harbours" of the island the protestant is a creature doomed to eternal punishment, and the orangeman is looked upon with more horror than a leper; nor can it be said that the Romanist is to his protestant neighbour an object of admiration or love. In the old town of Placentia about a hundred members of a Roman Catholic congregation once followed the remains of a highly respectable protestant to the burying ground, and because they listened to the burial service the priest, one Father Condon, refused them absolution; they were regarded by the rest of the flock as unclean, and they were only restored to grace by the act of the Archbishop who lived in St. John's. It is not therefore surprising to hear of such a riot as that which has just cast another stain upon the colony; nor is there room to hope for improvement among these people so long as ignorance and superstition prevail, and that will be so long as the warring factions maintain the barrier of uncharitableness that now exists between them, and refuse to mix with one another.

THE recent terrible railway disaster lends further emphasis to the fact so often stated, and so little heeded, that there is required either the adoption of some new system of management, or an improvement of the present method, guaranteeing immunity to the public from the wholesale butcheries that every now and again, and unfortunately in an order of increasing frequency, throw the community into a shudder. There is hardly one of the frightful accidents that darken railroad records which is not the result of carelessness; and what the public now are united in demanding is such a rigidity of system as will make these mistakes impossible. Some apologists for the Grand Trunk corporation seek to excuse the conductor on the ground that he had been fifteen or sixteen hours on duty, but this excuse is the condemnation of a company who would expect rigid carefulness of a man so overwrought. There are instances on record where conductors receiving warning of approaching trains have crumpled up the message, put it in their pockets, and only read it after the collision. In Europe on the railroads best managed the guarantees of the safety of the traveller do not consist in the mere caution of the conductor, but in responsibility so divided and interlaced that the dereliction of one official is not fatal to security. It only remains to be said now that if railway companies do not concern themselves sufficiently about public safety, then the Legislatures should compel them to do so. It is possible to conceive of a system guaranteeing a large measure of immunity from accident, and such a system it is the duty of the Government to see established.

MR. LOWELL has done well in deciding to resign the Lord Rectorship of St. Andrews, on account of the technical objections to the office being held by a foreign minister. By his resignation the authorities are relieved from the necessity of deciding the difficult points that have been raised in this connection. A paragraph in the first issue of THE WEEK referring to Mr. Lowell's election seems to have excited some anger in one of our contemporaries, which ascribes our lack of enthusiasm for Mr. Lowell to jealousy of the esteem in which he is held in England. This struck us as exceedingly funny. We do not agree with our critic of *The American*, who regards Mr. Lowell as the greatest of American poets, but it never occurred to us that a frank expression of our slightly unfavourable opinion could be mistaken for an outcome of the natural antagonism between rivals. We had not thought of Mr. Lowell in the light of a successful rival, or of course we would never have placed ourselves in the indelicate position which *The American* has so relentlessly exposed.

CURRENT EVENTS AND OPINIONS.

AFTER a terrible railway accident, such as that which appalled Toronto last week, the talk is everywhere of the dangers of railway travelling and of the faults of railway management. Yet, on the whole, how immensely has the safety of travelling increased, and how wonderfully good, in the main, is the management of railways! Compared with the percentage of accidents on railways that of accidents in the old coaching days was wholesale massacre. Railway catastrophes horrify more, and like all other disasters are now better reported, but the real decrease of casualties and of danger is immense. In one year the Metropolitan Railway in London carried a million and a-quarter of passengers with almost entire security. Thirteen hundred trains pass Clapham Junction every twenty-four hours; yet we hear of no serious collisions at that point. This vast and complex system depends, it must be remembered, for its regular operation not only on the flawless perfection of work turned out from countless manufacturing factories, but on the faithfulness, intelligence, punctuality and nerve of an immense multitude of men, acting not like soldiers in a regiment, but separately in their different spheres of duty. Each of these liable not

only to a momentary failing of sight, understanding or memory, such as may easily occur amidst frequent changes of arrangement, in the dark night or in the blinding storm, but to physical collapse, which exposure to the extremities of weather may easily bring on. We surely ought not so much to feel indignant at the occasional failures as to marvel at the general success. Cynical absolutists of the Carlyle School, fancying that they live amidst universal anarchy, and that there is no such thing as truth, honesty, industry or moral soundness of any kind left among men, propose, as the only mode of saving society from bottomless perdition, to put us all under military discipline, administered by a despot Hero. The railway system, to which these social Jeremiahs commit themselves, whenever they have occasion to travel, without the slightest misgiving, is a confutation of their pessimist tirades. Here is an army, levied not for the purposes of slaughter and havoc, but for those of peaceful commerce, yet in discipline and in every valuable quality of the soldier, not excepting courage when there is a call for it, superior to any soldiery that ever was led by Frederic or Napoleon. Without uniform, drum or trumpet, without any of the inspiring pomp and blare of war, often beyond the animating and controlling glance of the commander's eye, each man of this immense host, as a rule, punctually and honourably does his duty. Even in the heart-rending instance before us, there seems to have been no defect of general management, nor even any wilful neglect of individual duty, but merely a slip of memory on the part of a subordinate such as cannot always be avoided in ordinary business even by the most methodical of men. Here then are government and obedience, to which the waiting prophet of *Past and Present* would scarcely be able to find anything superior or equal in the ages which he deems heroic. It is true that the power of some of the great Railway Companies, or rather of the speculators and manipulators who have got the companies into their hands, has become too overweening and calls for vigilance on the part of the community. But at the same time we ought to remember what these organizations have achieved for us, and how utterly impossible it would have been for a mere multitude of workmen, with no capital but their muscles and no superior intelligence to guide them, to have achieved or undertaken any thing of the kind.

AMONG the ecclesiastical events which have been making a noise is the ejection of an Anglican clergyman from his office for joining the Salvation Army. No Church has ever shown itself so little capable of finding room for irregular enthusiasm as the Church of the Tudors. Macaulay has noted this; he says with truth that had John Wesley appeared in the Church of Rome, instead of being disowned and cast out as an alien, he would have become, like Francis of Assisi, the founder of a new monastic order and a source of fresh strength to the Church. Moreover, the communion of the English hierarchy is the communion of the genteel. To it everywhere gravitate those who have grown rich and desire to add social grade to their riches. In Scotland it is remarked that a Presbyterian trader, who has made his fortune, is very apt to turn Episcopalian. The strength of the Episcopal Church on this continent is in truth largely social. In the United States, at the time of the Civil War, when the cannon ecclesiastical were thundering from the pulpits of all the other Protestant churches against slavery and in support of the Union, the Episcopal Church, standing neutral, with an unavowed leaning to the side of the South, received a considerable accession of Copperhead converts, one of whom is said, when asked the reason of his conversion, to have replied that there was no church which meddled so little as the Episcopal with politics or religion. It must be owned that Dr. Wilson seems to have gone great lengths, and that the doings of the Salvation Army are about as uncongenial as anything can possibly be to Anglican dignity and decorum. On the whole, perhaps, so long as the churches remain divided, more good will generally be done by keeping within the lines, and propagating the spirit of evangelical union at home, while at the same time the hand of Christian fellowship is held out in a quiet way to members of other organizations, than by sallying separately forth and launching into individual manifestations of a startling kind, which inevitably produce acrimony and are followed by revulsion.

As to the Salvation Army, supposing all that is said by its adversaries about its coarseness, its extravagance, and the questionable character of part of its soldiery to be true, it presents, at all events, two distinctive and most important features of Christianity. It tries to set the world right not by revolution, but by self-reform, and it breathes good-will, not ill-will, to man. Jacobinism may some day put on a gentler and more benevolent character than Christianity; its philosophic professors assure us that it will; but so far, its appearances on the political scene, from Robespierre and Marat down to the Nihilists, the Communists, and the Invincibles, have been of a less winning kind. Enmity of class to class, envy and

malice erected into principles of social and political action, confiscation, guillotines, assassination, petroleum and dynamite are the modes of regenerating mankind with which the Jacobins have made us most familiar, while in all their deliverances, Rousseau's teachings among the rest, self-reform is left entirely in the background and the panacea for every malady is revolution. So far, it may safely be said that, as a constructive agency, the Gospel has done more than the guillotine. Of the two sorts of fanaticism, supposing the name to be applicable in both cases, many of us will prefer that of the Salvation Army to the mild reverie of the atheistic philanthropist who only wanted a thousand men armed with muffs and dirks to remove all the obstacles which stood in the way of universal felicity.

ARTISANS, like the rest of us, are very apt to think that those who will not go all lengths with them, through right or wrong, must be criminally lukewarm, if not apostates from their cause. But any one who can say that he stood by Unionism in the days when it had scarcely ceased to be under the ban of the law and was still generally regarded as conspiracy, and that he bore without flinching his share of the storm of obloquy which followed the detection of the Sheffield outrages, if he deserves the name of "a candid friend," at least cannot be called a fair weather friend; and unless it appears that he has ever sought the suffrages of working men or had any other object than industrial justice in view, what he says, even though erroneous, may fairly be accepted as sincere. In the proceedings of the late Trades Congress at Toronto there were some things which will be generally approved, other things which more or less create dissent. The citizens of Toronto at all events are heartily ready to concur in the proposal to put a check on assisted emigration, and from some words which fell from the Mayor at the Press dinner, there is reason to hope that he intends to move the council to take, through our representatives in Parliament, the action which has become so urgently needful for the protection of this city. Against the special injustice done by the system to mechanics and others whose bread depends upon the labour market the "Bystander" has never failed to protest. The exclusion of Chinese labour is a more questionable demand. If a Chinaman, by his own resources, makes his way to this place and here sets up a laundry, why is he to be turned out, and why is the community to be deprived of the benefit of his labour? That the Chinese are incapable of being converted to Christianity, as one of the Trades delegates declared, if true, would be rather an ecclesiastical than an economical or social consideration; besides which it is contradicted by the success of missionaries in China, though we may be very sure that nobody will be converted to a religion the professors of which treat them with contumely and injustice. That these people are not easily assimilated to our civilization, especially to certain moral parts of it, is a substantial reason for viewing with misgiving any prospect of their settlement among us in large numbers; but if we would avoid hypocrisy as well as confusion of thought, we must be careful to keep the moral motive distinct from the desire of confining the Canadian labour market to ourselves. One of the delegates frankly avowed that the object which they all had in view was to obtain the greatest amount of wages for the smallest number of hours of labour; he might have added, for the smallest amount of work. This object, though very manifestly that of a class, is perfectly legitimate, provided the Unions will pursue it by fair means, and not attempt to defeat by conspiracy, intimidation, or violence, the action of the influences equally legitimate by which the interest of the rest of the community is guarded. Non-Union men as well as Union men have their rights, which society must steadfastly uphold, if it does not wish to fall under an industrial tyranny which would not only be most oppressive to the employer and consumer, but in the end ruinous to the artisans themselves, whose deterioration in skill and in the power of work would be the inevitable result. Some of the manufacturing towns in the North of England are believed to have owed their origin to the secession of trade from older centres which were under the cramping dominion of the Guilds; and now we hear without surprise that manufactures are beginning to depart from the great cities where the yoke of the Unions is strong, to the rural districts which are comparatively free. There would be a similar exodus of wealth if the violent counsels of municipal demagogues could take effect, and as a consequence all those artisans whose trades minister directly or indirectly to luxury and refinement, including a great body of printers, would be at once thrown out of employment and, with their families, deprived of bread. Above all things, let every unionist fix in his mind the vital truth that he and his brethren are members of a community, from the interest of which they cannot sever their own, and which they cannot stab without themselves feeling the wound. They are all consumers as well as producers and cannot, as a rule, raise their own wages all round without raising the price of goods against themselves. By strikes they often scatter ruin among their own mates whose work is dependent upon theirs; as the other day in Eng-

land a strike of two hundred operatives in a particular branch of manufacture threw three thousand of their fellows out of work. The physicians and surgeons have just as good a right to strike for higher pay as any other trade; and if they did, what would be the fate of the artisan whose limb had been mangled by the machine?

In the International Congresses of Europe, the English workingmen have been generally distinguished from those of France and other countries by their wise resolution to confine themselves to industrial questions, and refrain from tampering with social or political chimeras. At the Toronto Congress one delegate propounded the political axiom that every one who was called upon to obey the law must have a right to vote. This would give a vote to children as well as to the wildest of the Red Indians whom the Dominion calls upon to obey its laws. That to which, and to which alone, every man, woman and child has a right is the largest attainable measure of wise and just government; and this manifestly can be secured only by confining political power to those who are duly qualified to use it. Another delegate proposed to limit all grants and holdings of land under the Dominion to 320 acres, without regard to the quality of the soil, to the nature of the products, whether grain or cattle, or to the local conditions and requirements of agriculture. In the North-West, as was pointed out in the last of these papers, the summers being short, and the full power of labour and machinery being needed to save the harvest, farming on a large scale and with abundant capital may be the most productive. A farm of several thousand acres with machinery and a staff in proportion, and with ample sheds for cattle and sheep in the winter, might be as hopeful an experiment as agriculture could try in that region. At all events procrustean limitations imposed by reformers who are really governed not by their views of farming, but by their social fancies and antipathies, cannot possibly do anything but harm. Nothing but harm could be done, as every artisan must see, if rural jealousy of manufactures were allowed to impose procrustean limitations on the size of factories and the number of hands to be employed in them. What the interest of the whole community, apart from class jealousies, requires is that the land shall yield as much as possible, so that bread may be plentiful and cheap. This the land will do if it is freely owned, freely transferred, and freely tilled as the rules of good farming may dictate.

THERE is something saddening, it must be confessed, about the tone of many labour congresses. It is that of a council of war held by a militant tribe encamped in a hostile territory rather than that of a body of men who are themselves members of the community. The Guilds of the Middle Ages became at last, as has been said, a cramping tyranny, from which Trade fled to seek in other homes the liberty without which it cannot live. Yet their spirit was never so anti-social as is that of trade conferences in the present day. They were real brotherhoods in themselves, and the masters belonged to them as well as the men. A religious character pervaded them, and by the encouragement which their corporate devotion gave to the religious architect and painter they touched and promoted the highest art and civilization of their time. Moreover, they were schools—in their early day indispensable schools—of industry; they took a generous pride in the improvement of their several crafts and, in their way, they taught the duties of labour as well as its rights. In the councils of modern unionists not a word about the duties of labour is heard, nor is much said about the quality of work, or the progress of skill. Almost the only serious subject of deliberation is the best method of putting pressure on the community for the purpose of raising wages, and the assumption of almost every speaker is that the employer is a natural enemy, against whose oppression the life of the workman is a perpetual fight. Upon maltreatment of employers, breaches of contract with them, strikes against them without notice, malicious injury to their property or business, no declamations are heard, though these things touch the honour of labour, and will infallibly touch its interest in the end. This is not a wholesome state of feeling, or one which can be cheerfully accepted as final; but we can hardly hope to alter it unless we can in some way alter the conditions of industrial life, especially the relations between the employer and the employed. Productive co-operation, as it is somewhat pedantically called, that is, the association of workmen for the purpose of carrying on a factory without the aid, or the guiding head of capital, has been tried and has failed. But there are ways of giving the artisan a share in the profits of the business, and thus identifying his interest with that of the employer, which have been adopted with a fair measure of success. We have also had instances of large establishments so organized and conducted on so liberal a scale as to attach the workman by the prospect of promotion. But the professional demagogues of industry well know that peace with justice, though a blessing to both the parties in the labour conflict,

would spoil their trade; they will prevent a reconciliation if they can, and the venom of their journals has been everywhere too successfully instilled into the breast of labour.

THESE are troublous times in the commercial and financial world, let the optimistic champions of National Policy say what they will. Times of trouble are also times of temptation, and warnings against looseness of principle are now in season. It seems to be a settled opinion of our social and commercial circles that if wealth is safe all is well, no matter what may have become of honour. Of this prevailing laxity we have had too many proofs in the past. Steal enough and you are honest. Nobody would admit to himself that he acted as a member of society on this principle; everybody flatters himself that he is determined to act on the opposite principle; but when the case actually presents itself, and the question arises how a man who has been convicted of dishonourable practices but has kept his money shall be treated by the community, virtuous resolution oozes away and the knee is once more bowed to Mammon. There is no use in spurring a dead horse or preaching to the utterly apathetic. But if our commercial men shrink from upholding morality and excommunicating knavery in the higher regions of commercial life, they must not expect that in the lower regions the stricter code will prevail, or wonder if their subordinates do on a small scale that which, when it is done on the large scale, the cowardice of society condones. What is the guilt of a single theft committed by a clerk who cannot pay his board to that of fraud systematically practised by a wealthy trader, for the purpose of adding to an already inordinate pile? Equality before the tribunal of opinion is as essential to social justice as equality before the law.

EARL SPENCER, as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, has been receiving the only sort of compliment which honour and loyalty can receive from the lips of Mr. Biggar, who tells him that if he had not derived hereditary wealth from a prostitute, he would probably be a drunken horsebreaker. The historical allusion is enigmatic. Perhaps Mr. Biggar fancies that the Spencers of Althorp are one of the families founded by the mistresses of Charles II. The rest is a gracious presentation of the fact that Lord Spencer is a first-rate horseman, as he is also a first-rate marksman. A Biggarism would not be worth notice, if it did not direct attention to a figure as noble in its way as that of the platform reviler is ignoble. To Lord Spencer, his country house in England, with the sports in which he excels, and his historic mansion in London with the society of which his personal qualities, no less than his wealth and rank, make him a leader, offer all the enjoyments which the lot of man can afford. Nor is his home less happy than his social position. Yet at the call of public duty he is willing to leave all these pleasures, to take the most arduous, anxious, and odious of all offices, and to live not only under a constant storm of abuse but in hourly peril of his life. He needs no addition to his income, and if he did, he would get none by being Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, for the social expenses of the place greatly exceed the salary. It is pleasant to see that not only is his courage unbroken, but that he retains lightness of heart enough still to be the winner in a rifle-match. Amidst all the selfish factions, greedy ambitions, mean intrigues, and canting imbecilities which are dragging England down to the dust, there are still some men whose characters are sound, and whose hearts are true to the country. There are, perhaps, more of these than the exulting enemies of England fancy. The collapse undoubtedly is miserable, but it is chiefly by the stump orators, high and low, that the weakness has been shown. It has not yet been shown by the civil service, by the army or navy, or even by the police of Ireland, who have hitherto been perfectly staunch under great discouragements and temptations. Nor has it been shown by the bulk of British citizens, perplexed and disheartened though they are by the feebleness of their leaders. The life of a great nation does not go out like a lamp-wick, and a crisis sufficiently violent to sweep stump oratory out of the way and propel real worth and strength to the front may even now completely change the scene.

The language of Mr. Biggar is coarser and more brutal than that of his confederates, Messrs. Parnell, Sexton, Healy and the rest, but it is not a whit more venomous. One and all, they breathe an almost delirious hatred of England, the country to which, as their names show, their own ancestors belonged, and in which, at this hour, two millions and a half at least of Irish Catholics are finding employment and bread. One and all avow that their aim is not extension of the franchise, improvement of local institutions or any constitutional reform, but the dissolution of the Union and, if it were possible, the destruction of the British nation. Some of them openly declare that if they had force enough they would raise the standard of civil war. Even the land question, which alone interests the great mass of the Irish peasantry, is, in their speeches, thrown quite into the background, and if they fan the flame of agrarian agitation it is mainly to keep boiling

the pot of political revolution. Can anybody seriously pretend that these men would be turned into loyal citizens of the United Kingdom, or made less dangerous to the State by any measure which would swell the number of their followers and increase their political power? Can anybody doubt that if they had State Right, they would at once use it as a lever for total separation? What is meant by giving Ireland American State Right? How can State Right, on the American footing, be given to a portion of a nation, which as a whole is not, like the American Republic, Federal in its structure? Canadian politicians want the Catholic vote, that is the meaning of all their effusions of sympathy with Disunion. They want the Catholic vote, and to gain it they are willing to bear a hand with savagery and superstition in tearing down the famous polity to which they owe their own liberties and a large measure of their civilization as well as all their historic glory. Once more party shows its meanness, and once more we see the difference between the craft of the vote-hunting politician and the sentiments of the Canadian people.

IN Newfoundland if the fury of the storm is over, the waves are still running high. The exact origin and circumstances of the affray are matters for further investigation, but it seems hardly possible to doubt that an Orange procession was fired on by the Catholics, while the fact of a deadly collision between the two parties is entirely beyond dispute. The conflict is evidently beginning along the whole line, and the responsibility for it rests mainly on the British Parliament, which, divided and enfeebled by faction, failed to show at the commencement of the disturbances in Ireland that firm and united resolution which would at once have quenched the flame. Orangeism has not a record clear of offence, nor is it, or any association of the kind, the sort of agency by which the lovers of law and order would wish to see the Commonwealth preserved. But it is at least superior to an organization, the methods of which are terrorism, dynamite and murder. In repelling Disunionists from Ulster it is not, as the friends of Disunionism pretend, crushing opinion, but barring the gate of loyalty against rebellion and civil war. It is acting strictly in self-defence, for everybody who has read Irish History, or who listens to Fenian harangues must know that from the moment when power passed into the hands of the Irish Catholics, no man of British blood or Protestant religion would ever dwell in safety on the soil of Ireland. Unless its hands are tied by Mr. Chamberlain, Orangeism will hold its own, even against overwhelming numbers, as it has, before this, held its own against overwhelming numbers on more than one terrible and memorable day. A strange turn of affairs has taken place, and an association, which seemed to have sunk into a relic of bygone feuds, appears likely again to stand forward as the bulwark of Protestant civilization. Rough is the instrument, but when the regular authorities will not act, and feebleness prevails in quarters where resolution ought to reign, rough instruments may sometimes do good work. If the British Parliament wants the Orangemen to be quiet, let it at once supersede the necessity for their actions, by making it perfectly clear to the minds of the Disunionists that their object can be obtained only by success in a civil war.

ANOTHER attempt on the life of the Czar and the murder of a Russian official show that Nihilism is at work again. The natural effect is produced. The Czar's foot was on the path of constitutional reform. Forthwith he starts back, gathers his guards round him, and entrenches himself once more in the position of absolutist reaction. It will be fortunate for the world if he does not plunge into foreign war as a diversion from domestic conspiracy. He must know too well that the Nihilists would not be satisfied nor his life secured from their machinations by any rational or feasible reforms. Their aim, as they avow with hideous frankness, is the destruction of all institutions, religious, social and domestic, as well as political, and not only of all institutions, but of all principles of morality. The family is the especial object of their destructive hatred. Like the Jacobins, the Communists and fanatics in general, they are exterminating tyrants, and it may safely be said that, compared with the domination which they would set up, despotism itself is liberty. In the meantime, the party of constitutional reform in Russia, fearing lest it should be contaminated by association with Nihilism, ceases to act; the hope of practical improvement is thus quenched; and the unhappy country is left to be the prize of a deadly conflict between the sword of absolutism and the dagger of the assassin. Few of those from whose breasts revolutionary passion has not utterly expelled morality, would hesitate to prefer any government to that of the dagger. The history of civilization seems to be entering on a strange and unexpected phase. Agnostics, when they scoff at the groundless fears of those who apprehend that the collapse of religious belief may be followed by a moral interregnum, do not turn their eyes in the right direction. They look at the gentlemen and ladies seated round some scientific tea

table, and seeing that these have not suddenly broken out into murder, burglary or promiscuous concubinage, they infer that all is going perfectly well, and that society will glide smoothly from the zone of superstition to that of moral science. But such phenomena as Nihilism, Intransigentism, Petrolean Communism, Dynamitic Fenianism and Satanism generally seem to indicate that the transition, if it is to be happy, is not likely to be altogether smooth.

A BYSTANDER.

THE C. P. R. BY THE KICKING HORSE PASS AND THE SELKIRKS.

III. THE MISSION AT MORLEY.

WE found Mr. Ross at the right time. A courier had just arrived with despatches from Major Rogers, the engineer of the Mountain Division. The Major had pitched his headquarters at the mouth of the Kicking Horse River, so as to have the Kicking Horse section of the railway on one side of him and the Selkirks on the other. Such a central point was also the best for obtaining and distributing supplies. There was an old trail from Washington Territory, and the Columbia River could be utilized for some distance. In surveying, exploring and railway construction in the mountains, almost the first and last question to be considered is how to feed your men, for it is not an army only that may be said to move or march on its stomach. The courier informed us that he had had both difficulty and danger in getting through to Calgary from the Major's headquarters because of forest fires at different points; that the distance was 170 miles and the trail very bad; and that the fifty miles down the Kicking Horse would probably take us as many days as the 120 miles to the summit, because the farther we advanced the worse the trail became. We now turned to the Major's letter and read it carefully. He reported that there was no doubt of the reality of the pass across the Selkirks, and that two parties had been engaged all summer in making a trail and in preliminary surveys; that the trail was already on the other side of the summit of the Selkirks, and was being made down the banks of the Ille-cille-want at the rate of half a mile a day, and therefore that the longer we delayed the more trail there would be; but, he added, and here came in the most serious part of the letter, there was no trail through the Eagle Pass. A party could not force its way through without Indians to carry their provisions and blankets, and he had no Indians. He therefore advised that we should strike south from Calgary to the other side of the boundary line, and make for British Columbia by the N.P. Railway and Puget Sound; and then that we should return to Calgary and Winnipeg by the Eagle, Selkirk and Kicking Horse passes. This could be done by engaging Indians at Kamloops who would bring us through the Eagle Pass, and by that time his trail-makers would be almost down to the mouth of the Ille-cille-want opposite the end of the Eagle Pass. We could make communications with them, and then with him at his headquarters, and he would send us up the Kicking Horse and down the Bow. This was the Major's advice and I for one thought it good. However, we decided not to take it, why, I can hardly say, except that perhaps we had a pardonable ambition to be the first to travel the whole distance from the waters of Lake Superior to the Pacific by our own route. Besides, we had it in our minds that if the Major, in looking for a pass, had forced his way across the Selkirks we ought to be able to do the same. As to the Gold Mountains, we had arranged with Mr. Grahame, the Chief Commissioner of the Hudson's Bay Company at Winnipeg, that unless he heard from us to the contrary on our arrival at Calgary, he should telegraph his officers in British Columbia to send Indians from Kamloops to meet us at the eastern end of the Eagle Pass. We therefore decided to go ahead, and the courier was sent back to Major Rogers to tell him of our intentions. Our plan involved risks, but Mr. Ross agreed with us that we might take these, all the more that we were not absolutely committed to our proposed plan until we met and cut loose from the Major's headquarters. If, after meeting him at the mouth of the Kicking Horse, we found that a forward movement was impracticable, we could still execute the proposed flank march by going up the Columbia to its source and striking for the nearest station of the N.P. Railway. Our course having thus been decided, Mr. Ross informed us that we could take wheels nearly to the summit of the first range, as parties were engaged on construction work all the way up the valley of the Bow; and that on reaching the summit, the engineers there would fit us out with pack-horses, and that we could travel with them down the western slope of the range along the banks of the Kicking Horse River to the Major's cache. Then, providing us with letters of commendation to the engineers, and with two waggons to carry ourselves and luggage and such supplies as we would be least likely to find in the camps along

the trail, he sent us forward with all good wishes on the second part of our journey. So expeditiously was all this managed that although we did not see him till after breakfast, we were on the road by noon, and in little more than an hour afterwards we had crossed the Bow in a scow that an enterprising monopolist had established as a ferry-boat. Some people grumble furiously at paying such an extortionate price as 50 cents for crossing a river in a rude scow. They would not have to pay more than 5 cents in Ontario. But we were such base slaves that we paid the full fare, and applauded the ferry-man.

Although the mountains apparently tower right above Calgary, they are really sixty miles distant. Anxious to get through the foot-hills as soon as possible, and into the heart of the snow-crowned peaks, we drove furiously and reached Morley—forty miles on—soon after night-fall, passing on the way several droves of fine looking horses, and the offices of the Cochrane Ranch Company. Morley is the headquarters of the Methodist Mission to the Stony Indians. Rev. John Macdougall—son of our dear old friend who had travelled with us eleven years ago from Winnipeg to Fort Edmonton—was the founder of the mission and is still its head. His brother David, merchant, trader, stockman, farmer and anything else that may be required, was—luckily for us—our companion on the road from Calgary as far as Morley. Our waggon wheels broke down two or three times, but he coopered them up, with the help of a kettle of boiling water poured over the hubs and spokes, and with stout willow sticks and abundance of rope, so successfully, that they carried us or we carried them to within a few miles of the summit. Every mending made them look less like wheels, but decidedly improved their running capacity. I spent the night with John, the missionary, and heard from him a story that I think I must pause here to tell to a larger audience, as illustrating the unexpected difficulties in the path of a man who is doing the highest kind of work, and still more the brilliant success with which governments solve the problem of “how not to do it,” in their Indian as well as their railway policy. Here is the story, pretty much in his own words, though he told it to me not in a connected narrative, but in answer to questions with which I plied him, till long after midnight:—

“My father and I started this mission in 1873. He always liked the Stonies, for they were Indians of the best type, and braver than even the Blackfeet. That, you would expect, for you know they are Highlanders. Ten years ago they were scattered in small bands, up and down both sides of the Bow, and as far south as the boundary, and north to the Athabaska. This spot that we named Morley, though the name is sometimes lengthened out to Morleyville—was one of their favourite headquarters; and, as it was a good centre geographically and for hunting, we determined to try and gather them in a settlement here, for while they continued their nomadic habits it was impossible to do much, either in the way of civilizing or teaching them. We got about five hundred to look on the place as their home, though at first they might be absent hunting for the greater part of the year. The great work was and is to teach them that labour is honourable, and that it is possible for them to rise to the position of white men by steady labour, and by that way only; that begging or even the acceptance of alms, gifts or government rations is disgraceful; and that tilling the ground or keeping cattle is a surer way of making a living than hunting. The Indian is greatly disinclined to constant labour, and is physically not very well fitted for it; besides what regular labour that would bring in wages, or what market was there hereabouts ten, five or two years ago? The summer frosts that prevail in this elevated region, for Morley is 4,000 feet above the sea, check agricultural work. And if we had large flocks and herds, the neighbouring tribes would have been tempted to make raids on us, and we had no desire to allure them into our neighbourhood. One of the first employments that our Stonies took to was the use of the axe and whip-saw. They could see that a log house with floor was more comfortable than a tent made of buffalo skins, and that lumber was useful for this and a variety of purposes. We offered to pay for any planks or boards that they might bring us; and we used these at first in erecting the mission buildings, and subsequently sold to the settlers who began to find their way into our valley. A church and schoolhouse were built, and lately an orphanage. Gradually the Indians themselves began to appreciate the superiority of houses of hewn logs over skin tents. Now, there are nearly one hundred of such houses connected with the mission. They have about a hundred acres under crops of barley, potatoes, onions, carrots and turnips. They also own several hundred head of cattle, raising them for sale or for beef. I need hardly say that we did not neglect the directly religious side of our mission work, and we have now two hundred church members in full communion. The results—whether the civilizing or the Christianizing—may seem small, but only those who have tried to do something of the same kind of work, and know the innumerable difficulties, can appreciate them rightly.

"During all this time one great difficulty was that in this remote region we could get nothing like steady or remunerative labour for those who were willing to work. In the fall of 1881, however, I learned that the railway was to run up our valley, just between my house and the river. I guided the first party of engineers to the old Bow Fort. I knew that the Indians would be exposed to greater temptations than ever before, and that their only chance was in the formation of habits of industry and self-reliance. Innumerable railway ties would be needed, and the Syndicate would have to bring them more than a thousand miles from the east, probably from the Lake of the Woods, and yet here on the Bow itself there was a good deal of excellent spruce and Douglas fir, and more on some of its tributaries.

"I therefore wrote the following letter to General Rosser:—

Jan. 12th, 1882.

"SIR,—Since your party of engineers began work in our vicinity, I have thought that a large amount of labour might be got out of the band of Indians I have under my charge. We are situated right on the bank of the Bow River, near the mountains. Handy to us there is plenty of timber fitted for ties, telegraph poles, etc. These could be delivered at any point on the Bow or south branch of the Saskatchewan. My Indians are willing to work, and if a contract could be obtained in which they could be employed, it would help us in our attempt to civilize them. I have the honour to be your obedient servant.
JOHN McDUGAL."

"To this letter the General vouchsafed no reply!

"The summer following I was in Montreal and called on Mr. George Stephen and Mr. Van Horne, and explained to them my project. These gentlemen entered warmly into it, and gave me every encouragement. I then proceeded to Ottawa and saw the Premier, who assured me, as Mr. Stephen had the day before, that the timber on the Bow belonged to the Syndicate. Having heard that the Cochrane Ranche Company had applied for timber limits somewhere on the Bow, I went into the Departmental Office to get definite information. The head of the office stated that the Ranche Company had been promised a limit on certain conditions, but that they had failed to implement these, and that their claim had lapsed. I myself had applied for a limit adjoining the Reserve a year previous, but no answer had been made to the application, and being now convinced that the Syndicate owned the timber, I entered into a contract on October 21st, 1882, to deliver before June 15th, 1883, at suitable points on the Bow, 150,000 ties at twenty-five cents each, of spruce, Douglas fir or Cypress pine, it being specified that 'the C. P. R. would settle all Crown timber dues, if any have to be paid.' I then returned home, and found that R. G. Baker, the great supply merchant of the North-West, had not brought in the expected quantities of flour, clothing and groceries, because of difficulties in the Missouri navigation and the influx of population into Montana. I also learned that the Ranche Company were claiming the timber and surveying limits. I at once started back to the end of the track and telegraphed Mr. Van Horne of these claims. On December 11th he answered 'go ahead and cut timber, and the Syndicate will protect you.' Accordingly I went on to Winnipeg, and on my own responsibility purchased supplies, forwarded them to the end of the track, and thence to this point—paying seven cents a pound for freight over 300 miles of prairie. I at once got about sixty Indians to work in the woods, made yards for piling the ties near the proposed line of railway, built a cook house, engaged a cook at sixty dollars a month, with Indian assistant; at first paid the men a dollar a day and board, and then to encourage industry and steadiness, gave them contract prices, furnishing them with meals at twenty-five cents each. While the men were thus at work, Major Walker, without a word to me, rode one day into the camp and in the name of the C. Ranche Company, ordered the foreman to desist. The foreman's answer was that he could take instructions only from his employer. The Major afterwards meeting me on the road, issued similar orders and threatened me with the police. I answered that I would respect orders from any authority, and, as he could produce no authority, we parted. Things went quietly for a little, but on March 3rd Captain McIlvee, of the Mounted Police, in charge of the Calgary post, acting for timber agent, came to see me and advised me to stop cutting timber. Giving him the same answer that I had made to Major Walker, he wrote out the following:—

"SIR,—Acting upon instructions received, I have the honour to ask that you will stop any parties in your employ from cutting any description of timber on the C. R. Company's limit. Any timber already cut, you may haul, if it so please you, to your piling ground, there to remain till further instructions are received. I have the honour to be, your obedient servant,
J. H. McILVEE,
Supt. Acting for Timber Agent."

"On the same day I had a visit from Mr. Pocklington, the sub-agent for the Indian Department of Treaty No. Seven, and he, after having asked

me to interpret for him in a council with the Indians, presented me, as he was leaving, with the following notice:—

"SIR,—I have the honour to inform you that it has been reported to me that you have been trading with the Indians for lumber cut by them on this reservation, contrary to the Indian Act. I hereby warn you to desist from that practice, until such time as I can communicate with the head office in the Treaty, and obtain a reply. I have the honour, etc.,
W. POCKLINGTON, Sub-Agent."

And further, as you have opened a trading store on the Reserve, you must desist trading in any form, pending reply from head office."

"I at once told Mr. Pocklington that I was not on the Reserve, that I had settled here ten years ago, before Mounted Police existed, or Indian commissioners, agents, or Indians had come to the place; that if there was any mistake, it was on the part of the Government engineers who had no right to include the mission premises in the Reserve; and that I was here with all my rights as a British subject to buy and sell as I pleased. However, if the law forbade the Indians to use the timber on their reserve, I must obey; and as the C. Ranche Co. claimed all the rest and were backed by the Mounted Police, I decided to yield to the double-barreled gun, and at once called the Indians from their work. The Syndicate were far away. There was no mail, and no post-office within hundreds of miles, and, as Mr. Van Horne was expected up soon, I felt that I should wait for him. I reported the facts to his agent, Major Hurd, but he took no action and gave me no instructions. In the meantime the graders came along, and in doing their work, fires ran through the grass and got into the woods. My kitchen and cook-house and five thousand ties that were piled, there being no one now to work or watch, were all burnt to ashes. My direct loss thereby would be about \$1,400, but that was not one-fourth of my real loss, for I had incurred all the expenses connected with the contract. And so this plan for getting the Indians to work like white men was knocked on the head."

GEORGE M. GRANT.

EGERTON RYERSON.

(Concluded.)

Through the years 1825, 1826 and 1827 Egerton Ryerson led the laborious life, first of an itinerant preacher in Yorktown and on the Yonge street circuit, afterwards as a resident missionary to a settlement of Missisauqua Indians on the Credit river. His diary during this time bears the mark of exertions which evidently tasked every power of mind and body. There is the same incessant struggle to reclaim the American wild man from the sensuality and the laziness which must decimate his race, until the red-skin has been bleached by inter-marriage or until death has enforced prohibition. It is curious to compare the Ryerson diaries of Indian missionary work with similar records of the Jesuit missionaries who furnished so many martyrs to sow the seed of their Church a century and a half before. There is a far greater hopefulness in Ryerson's diaries. All is *couleur de rose*. The Jesuit relations tell much more of their failures. Yet the Jesuit methods of conversion, being in the main thaumaturgic mechanism, ought to have given far greater apparent results than any form of Protestantism setting forth its simple gospel.

In 1829 the *Christian Guardian* was issued under the editorship of Egerton Ryerson. It was a much-needed vindication of the Methodist Church from the utterly groundless charge of "American republicanism" and "disloyalty." The arch-accuser of the Methodist brethren at this time was Dr. Strachan, then archdeacon, afterwards bishop in the Canadian branch of the English Church in Toronto. Against this foeman, not unworthy of his steel, Egerton Ryerson wrote the first, and one of the most trenchant, of his many pamphlets.

Egerton Ryerson was the representative of a family whose loyalty was well known to be beyond all question. No fitter champion could have been found against the calumnies of Dr. Strachan's notorious "ecclesiastical chart." The Methodist Church owes a debt, not to be forgotten, to the memory of Egerton Ryerson. In many other ways he promoted her truest interests, in none more than in repudiating the contempt for "human learning" which the enthusiasm of the early preachers not unnaturally, but most unwisely, made a feature of their teaching. Victoria College at Coburg, is mainly a monument of Ryerson's work in favour of the higher education of the ministry of his Church.

Dr. Ryerson's advocacy of Sir Charles Metcalfe is the most indefensible feature in his career. There is no reason why a clergyman, more than any other man, should not write on political subjects. But he should not introduce the phraseology of the pulpit on the political platform. Of this offence against good taste Ryerson was guilty more than any other writer

of his time. It led to his being severely snubbed and censured by William Lyon Mackenzie, by Mr. George Brown and by Mr. Blake.

For his advocacy of Metcalfe, "by the Divine blessing" Ryerson got his reward. He was appointed Chief Superintendent of Education with *carte blanche* to rule, legislate, and expend the public money. It must be owned that he proved himself a most beneficent despot, and that in no other way, and perhaps by no other man then in Canada could the great edifice of our Public School System have been so successfully upreared. Never was public servant so munificently paid. Trip after trip to Europe was taken by this indefatigable holiday-maker at the public expense.

Dr. Ryerson deserves the gratitude of our Province for the eclectic system of the public school education which his common sense enabled him to institute, and his vigorous administrative power carried out against all opposition. When that opposition became unduly strong, he had always an unflinching resource,—a threat of resignation. The Ministry of the day feared his return to politics, and perhaps over-estimated his power for mischief as a pamphleteer.

Dr. Ryerson it must be admitted made mistakes; the Book Depository was one of them. Another was his choice of Works of Art for the Museum. Dr. Hodgins tells us of "the admirable collection of copies of paintings by the old masters (!)." With this estimate I cannot agree, for among artists there is only one opinion as to the "works of art" at the Normal School Museum. They are not only useless, but they are positively injurious: they convey an utterly wrong impression of great paintings, and it is much to be lamented that such daubs should be placed before the eyes of our art students. That they should be destroyed would be a measure of justice to our art school, and of reparation to the memory of Dr. Ryerson, whose utter ignorance of art is one of the minor blemishes on a useful and, in some respects, a great career.

CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

JOAQUIN MILLER'S LETTER.

NEW YORK, Jan. 4.—Never was there nearly such a brilliant New Year in this great city as this of 1884. And that is because this wonderful city was never so full of people, never so powerful, rich, populous as now. This giant seems to have only this year come of age. For five successive seasons I have now taken part in the festivities attending the birth of the new year in this mighty commercial capital of the earth, and each successive year has been more brilliant than the preceding one, until this year the climax seems to have been reached. The whole continent seems to have emptied its wealth, wit, beauty into the lap of the great stone and iron city by the sea.

The New Year's Day passed with even more than the ordinary exchange of calls and courtesies. Each year before the day comes around I hear that this old and honoured Knickerbocker custom is dying out. But I find, as with the display on the streets, that each succeeding New Year's Day is more given to the maintenance of the custom than the preceding one. And each year I note a general improvement in tone and address of the merry callers. This year I think there was less drinking, notwithstanding the increased number of callers, than ever before. I noted but one really drunken man. And he, a slim, pale and dainty youth, most fashionably clad, had the good taste to be very sorry and try hard to conceal his misfortune. He had lost track of his carriage and his friends and was standing on a side street all alone braced up against the iron railing. As I came by he stood up straight, hung his right arm up over the pickets behind him, then his left arm, and then felt around feebly with his head as if hunting for a place to hang that also. But not finding any place to put it he nodded at me repeatedly with his limber neck, and tried to wink and smile familiarly as I passed.

THAT MURDER AT THE WINDSOR HOTEL.

Some justly indignant and entirely responsible parties have called my attention to and asked for some public expression touching the cold-blooded sequence of this murder. I call it a murder simply because it was a murder. And I turn back and invite attention to this sad affair, because the parties who committed that murder are trying to "velvet" over the whole bloody business by abusing the helpless dead. It will not do. One lady writes me that she could not sit even in an omnibus with this gambler or either of the women who appeared at the inquest to traduce the dead. And this, I think, is the universal feeling.

Let us look at this case briefly, bluntly. A gambler—making great show, living in great splendour, professing to be one of the great people of this great city suddenly married. He has been doing something which makes it safest for him to keep the marriage secret. A detective is employed. The marriage is revealed. And the wronged, ruined girl who has been the companion of this man's mother goes to his room, shoots herself and dies at the feet of this man and the woman (?) he has married. "For God's sake keep this quiet." That is what the man said as he bent over the dying girl. He did not think of saving her life. He thought only of saving himself. He did not say, "For God's sake help her." The cold-blooded, deliberate murderer who had brought this girl to her pitiful death, true to his instincts, to his utter absence of honour, thought only of himself as she who had been his mother's companion lay there in her blood.

There are many kinds of murderers. A man who gets his wife to hold a girl by the hair of the head while he blows her brains out is one kind. The man who drives a girl to such desperation that she, crazed and wild with her accumulated wrongs, comes pleading to him, is scorned, and so falls dead is quite another kind of murderer. And of the two, the first is comparatively a gentleman. For he, at least, has the courage to risk his neck for his crime.

As for the women (?) who went on the stand before the coroner's jury to blacken the character of the dead and defenceless girl, what shall be said? What can possibly be said? The girl was dead. She could not harm them. But they felt guilty, and so they swore to too much entirely. May be they felt it a duty to shield this loafer now that this poor girl had come to them in the great fashionable hotel and shot herself dead at their feet. But was it their duty to traduce that dead girl? to insult her corpse with low insinuations till one of the jurors rose up in his just indignation and had that testimony stricken out? No, indeed, it was not. But let us turn from this dark deed of man to the white face of nature.

THE SNOW.

"Hast thou entered into the treasuries of the snow? or hast thou seen the treasuries of the hail?"

Late it came in New York this year; but calmly, certainly, tranquilly it has at last taken possession and spread its white dominion over the universal North. How noble in its unobtrusive dignity; its descent from the vast somewhere above to the undisputed possession of the submissive earth. This pure white baby in which the new year is born to us forever is suggestive. This bridal veil on the face of nature signifies days and nights of festivities, forgetfulness of toil to the Christian world, and I think children are happier at sight of the first snowfall of winter than they are even at the sweet scent of the first flowers of spring.

Watch the snowflakes fall. Each particle is said to be a fairy's palace. Some of the imaginative and wonderfully learned German scholars tell us that every snowflake is inhabited by happy little beings who are born, hold their revels and live their long lives of happiness and delight, die and are buried, all during the descent of the snowflake from the world of clouds to the solid land. I do not know whether to believe these scholars or not. They are of that same school which tells you that every square foot of air possesses some twelve or fifteen million of, more or less, perfect little beings; and that at every ordinary breath we destroy a million, more or less, of these happy lives. The sigh of a healthy lover is supposed to swallow up about fifteen millions. They insist that the dust which will, as all know, accumulate in the most secure and secret places, is merely the remains of millions and billions of those little beings who have died of old age.

FLOWER FROM A BATTLEFIELD.

The cannon shot ploughed these fields of ours long ago deep and wide. Some flowers have grown up in the furrows. And while I would celebrate no battle in song or dignify any war or professional warrior with even respectful mention, still I find some pitiful little incidents growing out of our late dreadful war, which go straight to the heart. They can begin to be heard above the loud talk of boastful brigadiers now. And these little deeds of simple and unnamed soldiers will survive the brigadiers all. Here is a little incident sent me from Indiana, which I have put in verse. I had long ago heard of the old Wabash schoolmaster who nailed up his cabin schoolhouse and marched away with his scholars to the war; but the heart of the story is new.

"GOING UP HEAD;" AN OLD SOLDIER'S STORY.

The low school-house stood in a green Wabash Wood,
Lookin' out on long levels of corn like a sea—
A little log house, hard benches and we,
Big barefooted boys, and rough 'uns, we stood
In line with the gals and tried to get 'head
At spellin' each day when the lessons was said.

But one, Bally Dean, tall, bony and green
As green corn in the milk, stood fast at the foot—
Stood day after day, as if he'd been put
A soldier on guard there, did poor Bally Dean,
And stupid! God made him so stupid I doubt—
But I guess God who made us knows what He's about.

He'd a long way to walk. But he wouldn't once talk
Of that, nor the chores for his mother who lay
A shakin' at home. Still, day after day
He stood at the foot till the class 'gan to mock!
Then to master he plead, "oh, I'd like to go head,"
Now it wasn't so much, but the way it was said.

Then the war struck the land! Why that barefooted band
It just nailed up that door; and the very next day,
With master for Cap'en, went marching away;
And Bally the butt of the whole Wabash band!
But he bore with it all, yet once firmly said,
"When I get back home, I'm agoin' up head!"

Oh, that school house that stood in the wild Wabash wood!
The rank weeds were growin' white ghosts through the floor.
The squirrels hulled nuts on the sill of the door,
And the gals stood in groups scrapin' lint where they stood.
And we boys! How we sighed; how we sickened and died
For the days that had been, for a place at their side.

Then one fever-crazed and his better sense dazed,
And dulled with heart sickness all duty forgot,
Deserted, was taken, condemned to be shot!
And Bally Dean guardin' his comrade half-crazed,
Slow paced up and down while he slept where he lay
In the tent waitin' death at the first flush of day.

And Bally Dean thought of the boy to be shot,
Of the fair girl he loved in the woods far away ;
Of the true love that grew like a red rose of May ;
And he stopped where he stood, and he thought and he thought.
Then a sudden star fell, shootin' on overhead,
And he knew that his mother beckon'd on to the dead.

And he said what have I? Though I live, though I die,
Who shall care for me now? Then the dull, muffled drum
Struck his ear, and he knew that the master had come
With the squad. And he passed in the tent with a sigh,
And the doomed lad crept forth, and the drowsy squad led
With low trailing guns to the march of the dead.

Then with face turned away tow'rd a dim streak of day,
And his voice full of tears the poor bowed master said,
As he fell on his knees and uncovered his head.
"Come boys, it is school time, let us all pray."
And we prayed. And the lad by the coffin alone
Was tearless, was silent, was still as a stone.

"In line," master said, and he stood at the head ;
But he couldn't speak now. So he drew out his sword
And dropped the point low for the last fatal word.
Then the rifles rang out, and a soldier fell dead !
The master sprang forward. "God help us," he said,
"It is all, poor Bally, and he's gone up head !"

JOAQUIN MILLER.

AD ASTRA.

WITH looks uplifted and with feet upfaring
Does it avail the rugged steeps to try,
Earth's pain and cross and bitterness still bearing,
Delight of life and joy of sense still sparing
For stars that strew an ever-distant sky ?
If so, say why !

How often to an orb do we draw nearer,
Or reach the moon for which, like babes, we wail ?
They fade perennially as dawn grows clearer,
While blisses left behind seem warmer, dearer
To souls that shiver as the skies wax pale
O'er hill and vale.

Were we led up to some sure good by gazing,
Even as the Magi to their cradled Christ ;
Not as the Hindu by control amazing,
To body numbness and to mental dazing,
Then might we deem our loss by gain well priced,
And be enticed :

But such as seek the Sangreal find scant healing
For wounded feet that climb the rugged ways,
Save love's star-aureoled face alone appealing
Should draw them onward, bleeding, stumbling, kneeling,
To gain the only guerdon worth the praise
And length of days !

JOHN MORAN.

JAN. 2, 1884.

GOODBYE to the wife and children—a kiss to the baby, last,
As into the cold gray morning the husband and father passed—
For the holiday is over, and the workday is begun,—
So goodbye to the happy home, till the daily toil is done.

But the earthly toil was over although he knew it not,
And a train to a far, far country, unwittingly he sought,—
While above the fiery chariot the pitying angels wait
To carry each faithful spirit up to the golden gate !

A shout, a shock, a crash!—and over the pure, white snow
Is scattered a mass of ruin,—with human forms below,—
And oh! for the wives at home, and the children that no more
Shall welcome home the father, when his daily toil is o'er !

Oh earth, thou art full of sorrow ! Oh life, thou art dark and sad,—
Save for the light from heaven that has come to make us glad
With the hope of the life immortal that holds the key of this,
So the joy of the coming meeting may thrill through love's parting kiss !

And perchance the angels heard the songs of the other shore
Blend with the mortal music of the goodbye at the door.
Goodbye to the wife and children,—a kiss to the baby last,
As into the spirit-world, through the cold grey morn he passed.

FIDELIS.

THE ADVENTURES OF A WIDOW.

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

III.—Continued.

In not a few other respects she was satisfied regarding herself. There was nothing, for that matter, which concerned herself in any real way, about which she did not feel wholly satisfied. Her environment in her own opinion was of the best, and doubtless in the opinion of a good many staunch adherents also. From the necklace of ancestral brilliants which she now wore, sparkling at ball or dinner, on her generous and creamy neck, to the comfortably-cushioned pew in Grace Church, where two good generations of Poughkeepsies had devoutly sat through many years of Sundays, she silently valued and eulogized the gifts which fate had bestowed upon her.

Pauline's present attitude seemed to her something monstrous. It had not seemed monstrous that her niece should give the bloom and vital purity of a sweet maidenhood to a man weighted with years and almost decrepid from past excesses. But that she should seek any other circle of acquaintance except one sanctioned by the immitigable laws of caste, struck her as a bewildering misdemeanour.

"My dear Pauline," she now exclaimed, "you fill me with a positive fear! Of course, if you shut your doors to the right people you open them to the wrong ones. You have got some strange idea abroad, which you are now determined to carry out—to *exploiter*, my dear! With your very large income there is hardly any dreadful imprudence which you may not commit. There is no use in telling me that the people whom one knows are not worth knowing. If you have got into that curious vein of thought you have no remedy for it except to refrain from all entertaining and all acceptance of courtesies. But I beg, Pauline, that you will hesitate before you store up for yourself the material of ugly future repentance. Sallie and I have accepted the Effinghams' box at the opera to-night. Those poor Effinghams have been stricken by the death of their father; it was so sudden . . . he was sitting in his library and literally fell dead . . . he must certainly have left two millions, but of course that has nothing to do with their bereavement, and it was so kind of them to remember us. They know that I have always wanted a proscenium, and that there are no prosceniums, now, to be bought for love or money. I have sent our box in the horse-shoe to cousin Kate Ten Eyck; she is so wretchedly cramped in her purse, you know, and still has Lulu on her hands, and will be so grateful—as indeed she wrote me quite gushingly that she *was*, this very afternoon. Now, Pauline, won't you go with us, my dear?"

Pauline went. A noted prima donna sang, lured by an immense nightly reward to disclose her vocal splendours before American audiences. But her encompassment, as is so apt to be the case here, was pitiable mediocre. She sang with a presentable contralto, a passable baritone, an effete basso, and an almost despicable tenor. The chorus was anachronistic in costume, sorry in voice, and mournfully undrilled. But the *diva* was so comprehensively talented that she carried the whole performance. At the same time there were those among her hearers who lamented that her transcendent ability should be burlesqued by so shabby and impotent a surrounding. The engagement of this famous lady was meanwhile one of those sad operatic facts for which the American people have found, during years past, no remedy and no preventive. The fault, of course, lies with themselves. When they are sufficiently numerous as true lovers of music they will refuse their countenance to even a great singer except with creditable artistic and scenic support.

Pauline sat in the Effinghams' spacious proscenium-box, between Mrs. Poughkeepsie and her daughter. Sallie Poughkeepsie was a large girl, with her mother's nose, her mother's serenity, her mother's promise of corpulent matronhood. She had immense prospects; it was reported that she had refused at least twenty eligible matrimonial offers while waiting for the parental nod of approval, which had not yet come.

During the first *entr'acte* a little throng of admirers entered the box. Some of these Pauline knew; others had appeared, as it were, after her time. One was an Englishman, and she presently became presented to him as the Earl of Glenartney. The title struck her as beautiful, appealing to her sense of the romantic and picturesque; but she wondered that it had done so when she subsequently bent a closer gaze upon the receding forehead, flaccid mouth, and lank frame of the Earl himself. He had certainly as much hard prose about his appearance as poetry in his name. Mrs. Poughkeepsie beamed upon him in a sort of sidelong way all the time that he conversed with Sallie. A magnate of bountiful shirt-bosom and haughty profile claimed her full heed, but she failed to bestow it entirely; the presence of this unmarried Scotch peer at her child's elbow was too stirring an incident; her usual equanimity was in a delightful

flutter; ambition had already begun its insidious whispers, for the Earl was known to be still a bachelor.

Pauline, who read her aunt so thoroughly, felt the mockery of this maternal deference. She told herself that there was something dreary and horrible about a state of human worldliness which could thus idolize mere rank and place. She knew well enough that so long as Lord Glenartney were not a complete idiot, and so long as his moral character escaped the worst depravity, he would be esteemed a magnificent match for her cousin.

The Earl remained at Sallie's side all through the succeeding act. When the curtain again fell he still remained, while other gentlemen took the places of those now departing. And among these, to her surprise and pleasure, was Ralph Kindelon.

She almost rose as she extended her hand to her friend. A defiant satisfaction had suddenly thrilled her. She pronounced Kindelon's name quite loudly as she presented him to her aunt. Instead of merely bowing to Mrs. Poughkeepsie, Kindelon, with effusive cordiality, put forth his hand. Pauline saw a startled look creep across her aunt's face. The handsome massive-framed Irishman was not clad in evening-dress. He towered above all the other gentlemen; he seemed, as indeed he almost was, like a creature of another species. His advent made an instant sensation, a universal stare was levelled upon him by these sleek devotees of fashion among whom he had the air of pushing his way with a presumptuous geniality. He carried a soft "wide awake" hat in one hand; his clothes were of some dark gray stuff; his neatly but heavily booted feet made dull sounds upon the floor as he now moved backward in search of a chair. There was no possible doubt regarding his perfect self-possession; he had evidently come to remain and to assert himself.

"Who on earth is he?" Mrs. Poughkeepsie found a chance to swiftly whisper in the ear of her niece. There was an absolutely dramatic touch in the agitation which went with her questioning sentence.

Pauline looked steadily at her aunt as she responded: "A very valued friend of mine."

"But, my dear!" faltered Mrs. Poughkeepsie. The fragmentary little vocative conveyed a volume of patrician dismay.

By this time Kindelon had found a chair. He placed it close to Pauline.

"I am so very glad that you discovered me," said Pauline. She spoke in quite loud tones, while everybody listened. Her words had the effect of a distinct challenge, and as such she intended them.

"I am flinging down a gauntlet," she thought, "to snobbery and conservatism. This slight event marks a positive era in my life."

"I saw you from the orchestra," now said Kindelon, in his heartiest tones. "The distance revealed you to me, though I cannot say it lent the least enchantment, for that would surely be impossible." He now looked towards Mrs. Poughkeepsie, without a trace of awe in his mirthful expression. "You must pardon my gallantry, madam," he proceeded. "Your niece and I, though recent friends, are yet old ones. We have crossed the Atlantic together, and that, in the winter season, is a wondrous promoter of intimacy, as you perhaps know. Perhaps Mrs. Varick has already done me the honour of mentioning our acquaintance."

"Not until now," said Mrs. Poughkeepsie, with a smile that had the glitter of ice in it.

IV.

THE orchestra had not yet re-commenced, and the curtain would not ascend for at least ten good minutes. A vigorous babble of many voices rose from the many upstairs boxes. In some of these Kindelon's appearance might not have created the least comment. Here it was a veritable bombshell.

The "Poughkeepsie set" was famed for its rigid exclusiveness. Wherever Miss Sallie and her mother went, a little train of courtiers invariably followed them. They always represented an ultra-select circle inside of the larger and still decidedly aristocratic one. Only certain young men ever presumed to approach Sallie at all, and these were truly the darlings of fortune and fashion—young gentlemen of admitted ascendancy, whose attentions would have made an obscure girl rapidly prominent, and who, while often distinguished for admirable manners, always contrived to hover near those who were the sovereign reverse of obscure. They would carry only her bouquets, or those of other girls who belonged to the same special and envied clique; they would "take out in the German" only Sallie and her particular intimates. Bitter jealousies among the contemplating dowagers were often a result of this determined eclecticism. "Why is it that my Kate has to put up with so many second-rate men?" would pass with tormenting persistence through the mind of this matron. "Why can't my Caroline get any of the great swells to notice her?" would drearily haunt

another. And between these two distressed ladies there might meanwhile be seated a third whose daughter, for reasons of overwhelming wealth or particular attractiveness, always moved clad in a nimbus of the holy of holies.

Pauline was perfectly well aware that the coming of her friend had seemed an audacity, and that his unconventionally garrulous tongue was now regarded as a greater one. Courtlandt may have told her that the rival factions had cemented their differences and that all society in New York was more democratic than formerly. Still, it was unimaginable that her aunt Cynthia could ever really change her spots. Where she trod there, too, must float the aroma of an individual self-glorification. Pauline was as much delighted by Kindelon's easy daring as by the almost glacial answer of her stately kinswoman; and she at once hastened to say, while looking with a smile at the unembarrassed Kindelon himself:

"I have scarcely had a chance to tell either my aunt or my cousin how good you were to me on the *Bothnia*." Then she lifted her fan, and waved it prettily toward Sallie, "This is my cousin, Miss Poughkeepsie," she went on; she did not wait for the slow accomplishment of Sallie's forced and freezing bow, but at once added: "and here is Lord Glenartney, here Mr. Fyshkille, here Mr. Van Arsdale, here Mr. Hackensack. Now, I think you know all, Mr. Kindelon."

As she ended her little speech she met Mrs. Poughkeepsie's eyes, fixed upon her in placid consternation. Of course this wholesale introduction, among the chance occupants of an opera box, was a most unprecedented violation of usage. But that was precisely Pauline's wish—to violate usage, if she could do it without recourse to any merely vulgar rupture. They had all stared at Ralph Kindelon, had treated him as if he were some curious animal instead of a fellow-creature greatly their own superior, and they should have a chance, now of discovering just how well he could hold his own in their little self-satisfied assemblage.

Kindelon bowed and smiled in every direction. He appeared unconscious that everybody did not bow and smile with just the same reciprocal warmth.

"This is the most luxurious way of enjoying the opera," he exclaimed, with an upward gesture of both hands to indicate the walls of the commodious box. "But, ah! I am afraid that it possesses its drawbacks as well! One would be tempted to talk too much, here—to discountenance the performance. Now, I am an irreclaimable talker, as Mrs. Varick can testify; she has hardly done anything but listen since the beginning of our acquaintance. And yet I should like to feel that I had my tribute of silence always ready for the great musical masters. Among these I rank the Italian composers, whom it has now become fashionable to despise. Pray, Mrs. Poughkeepsie, are you—or is your daughter?—a convert to what they term the new school?"

There was no ignoring the felicitous, rhythmic voice that pronounced these hurried and yet clearly enunciated sentences, unless by means of an insolence so direct and cruel that it would transgress all bounds of civil decency. Mrs. Poughkeepsie was capable of not a little insolence at a pinch; her ramparts were spiked, and could deal no gentle hurts to those who sought anything like the scaling of them. But here the overtures made were alike too suave and too bold. She felt herself in the presence of a novel civility—one that assumed her rebuff to be impossible.

"I have always preferred the Italian music," she now said. "But then my knowledge of the German is limited."

(To be continued.)

READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

AN AGITATOR.

MR. O'DOOLY can hardly remember the time when he was not a conspirator. Even as a boy he has done his scout duty by watching the outgoing and return of the patrol from the police barracks, and reporting "all clear" for the men who, from time to time, struck a blow for Ireland. On that wild, wet night, long years ago, when Constable Davis, of the Irish Constabulary, returned to the barracks, accompanied by the two sub-constables, with whom he had plodded along the roads and into the by-lanes for four hours, and duly entered in his patrol-books that he had found everything quiet, he would not have gone to rest so free from care had he seen little Martin Dooly start away from the shelter of the neighbouring hedge, under which he had patiently waited, blowing upon his half-frozen fingers to chase away the pain that made each finger-nail feel like red-hot iron, until the cautious challenge from the barrack guard was followed by the opening of the door, and he saw in the glare of light the three drenched figures of the patrol re-enter the barracks. Next morning when the report reached the constable that Michael Traynor was forcibly taken from his house, past which the patrol had gone only three hours before, and

carded until the lacerated flesh hung in ribbons on his back, because he had bid at the sheriff's auction for Thomas Meredith's cow, that active officer cursed his misfortune in not having proceeded on duty two hours later. But Martin Dooly could have told a tale that would have thrown light upon the fatality by which patrols have so often passed by the scene of an outrage an hour or so too soon.

By this time Martin Dooly had developed into a clever young man, whom his employer found it advantageous to appoint his travelling agent. No man had more business to look after than had Mr. O'Dooly, who had assumed the prefix after the manner of Irish patriots. As provincial centre, all serious matters were referred to him. He is a clever organizer and objects to the hasty adoption of extreme measures before milder efforts have failed. When Paddy Bolton was waylaid because he accepted the situation of herd to Mr. Wallace, a brother having been dismissed after forty sheep had died from neglect, Mr. O'Dooly was very angry because of the precipitate action of the local committee, who sanctioned the way-laying of Bolton before a threatening letter had been duly sent to him. Bolton was murdered accidentally, the boys assured their leader, as they only intended to beat him, but he had a weak skull, and it broke sooner than could have been reasonably expected. Mr. O'Dooly severely reprimanded the committee, reminding them how efficacious the threatening letters had been in other cases, and how safe, of course, in such an instance as that of Dolan, who had taken the farm of which James Corcoran was robbed because a few years' rent was due, and had kept it after three letters had been sent, a notice posted on his door, and his corn-stack burned; there was nothing for it but the pistol, and if Joe Brien, who came a distant townland to earn the price of the job, was seen coming from the direction of the place where Dolan's body was found, there was a large wake that evening, which would account for Brien's presence in the neighbourhood. James Mullany had a very narrow escape when he dismissed Dwyer, one of his shopmen, on finding that he had fraudulently appropriated £40. Had he known that Dwyer was a member of the society no change would have been made in his establishment. Fortunately for him there were others of the brethren in his employment whose interests were dependent upon his safety. Before Cooney, who was engaged, could succeed in executing the wishes of Dwyer and a few of his friends, Mullany received a timely hint and, communicating at once with Mr. O'Dooly, the latter had the matter amicably arranged.

Drawn by ambition, and spurred by necessity, Mr. O'Dooly is determined that if distinction is to be the reward of violence he will not be found wanting. Indeed, after the scenes in which he has borne the wild-est part, language seems by comparison but harmless sound and fury, and while he congratulates himself that he has now escaped from the danger of his former position, he still drops a word in season to the brethren, which practical illustration is necessary to show the determination of the people.

Sitting at dinner in the private room of a country hotel, after a land meeting, Mr. O'Dooly feels that he has not lived in vain. At the same table are not alone the priests and farmers who form the bulk of such social gatherings, but three members of Parliament, one of them a gentleman in whose society Mr. O'Dooly little thought a short time before that he would have dined and quaffed the sweet champagne of the hotel, to the exclusion of his native stimulant. He was one of the first who planned the organized resistance to the payment of rent. Not that he believes the people will long resist the temptation to take any vacant farms that can be obtained. Repeal; Home Rule; education; readjustment of taxation; are so many sounding words that mean nothing to the average peasant. But, "The Land for the people," is a cry that all can understand; and the volley fired into the house of the bailiff who at his master's request took Bryan Kelly's farm, surrendered when five years' rent remained unpaid, has been accepted as a hint, not less strong because of Kelly's miraculous escape, that for the present vacant farms had better remain without a tenant. Mr. O'Dooly has watched with keen interest the struggle between the law and the people. Having advised resistance to the service of processes or writs, he excels himself in his denunciation of the government which, thirsting for the lives of the people, has sent large bodies of armed constabulary to enable the process-server to perform his "iniquitous duty." "Men of Ballymacsidney," he said to the crowds assembled at the village, "behold the blood of your women upon the reeking bayonets of the infuriated police. Rackrented, downtrodden, starving, with crops destroyed, and the skeleton hand of famine visible upon the pinched faces of your little children, the land robber who squanders in licentious orgies the fruits of your labour, calls for his accursed rent where there is none to give, and the British Government true to its bloody principles, answers with fire and sword your wail for succour." This is all pure imagination, no famine-stricken child and no licentious tyrant being producible for many a mile round Ballymacsidney at any rate.

So long as the present agitation lasts in Ireland the round sum already accumulated in the banks on deposit receipt will steadily increase, and after the agitation has ceased to be profitable here, a lecturing tour in America or the Irish correspondent of an American paper is open to him. If he is so fortunate as to be prosecuted for sedition at home, twelve months in gaol will not be too much to suffer for the parliamentary career, with all its infinite possibilities that will certainly follow; and when by active wits and frugal living he has accumulated sufficient money to enable him to invest in a small property in his native country, he will confidently call upon the Government he has so often maligned to protect him in the exercise to the bitter end of the legal rights he may have acquired over the unfortunate tenants living upon the property he has purchased.—*Pictures from Ireland by Terence McGrath.*

MINISTERS IN NEW ENGLAND.

AMONG the earliest official records of Massachusetts, there is a memorandum of articles needed there and to be procured from England. The list includes beans, peas, vine-planters, potatoes, hop-roots, pewter-bottles, brass-ladles, spoons, and ministers. It is but just to add that in the original document the article here mentioned last, stands first; even as in the seventeenth century, in New England, that article would certainly have stood first in any conceivable list of necessities for this world or the world to come. An old historian, in describing the establishment of the colony of Plymouth, gives the true sequence in the two stages of the process when he says, they "planted a church of Christ there and set up civil government." In the year 1640, a company of excellent people resolved to found a new town in Massachusetts, the town of Woburn; but before getting the town incorporated, they took pains to build a meeting-house and a parsonage, to choose a minister, and to fix the arrangements for his support. New England was a country, as a noted writer of the early time expresses it "whose interests were found remarkably and generally enwrapped in its ecclesiastical circumstances;" it followed that for any town within its borders the presence or absence of a "laborious illuminating ministry" meant the presence or absence of external prosperity. Indeed, the same writer stated the case with delightful commercial frankness when he remarked: "The gospel has evidently been the making of our towns." During the first sixty years, New England was a theocracy, and the ministers were in reality the chief officers of state. It was not a departure from their sphere for them to deal with politics, for everything pertaining to the state was included in the sphere of the church. On an occasion of an exciting popular election, in 1637, Mr. John Wilson one of the pastors of Boston, climbed upon the bough of a tree, and from that high pulpit, with great authority harangued the crowd upon their political duties. The greatest political functionaries, recognizing the ministers as in some sense their superior officers, "asked their advice upon the most important occasions, and sometimes even appealed to them for the settlement of personal differences that had arisen among themselves. In 1632 the deputy-governor, Thomas Dudley, having a grievance against the governor, John Winthrop, made complaint to two ministers, John Wilson and Thomas Welde; whereupon a council of five ministers was convened to call before them the governor and the lieutenant-governor, and hear what they had to say for themselves; having heard it, the ministers "went apart for one hour," and then returned with their decision, to which the governor meekly submitted. To speak ill of ministers was a species of sedition. In 1636, a citizen of Boston was required to pay a fine of forty pounds and to make a public apology, for saying that all the ministers but three preached a covenant of works.

The objects of so much public deference were not unaware of their authority; they seldom abused it, they never forgot it. If ever men, for real worth and greatness, deserved such pre-eminence, they did; they had wisdom, great learning great force of will, devout consecration, philanthropy, purity of life. For once in the history of the world, the sovereign places were filled by the sovereign men. They bore themselves with the air of leadership; they had the port of philosophers, noblemen, and kings. The writings of our earliest times are full of reference to the majesty of their looks, the awe inspired by their presence, the grandeur and power of their words.

Men like these, with such an ascendancy as this over the public, could not come before the public too often, or stay there too long, and on two days in every seven, they presented themselves in solemn state to the people, and challenged undivided attention. Their pulpits were erected far aloft, and as remote as possible from the congregation, typifying the awful distance and the elevation of the sacred office which there exercised its mightiest function. Below, among the pews, the people were arranged, not in families, but according to rank and age and sex; the old men in one place, the old dames in another; young men and maidens prudently seated far apart; the boys having the luxury of the pulpit stairs and the gallery. Failure to attend church was not a thing to be tolerated, except in cases of utter necessity. People who stayed away were hunted up by the tithing-men; for needless absence they were to be fined; for such absence persisted in four weeks, they were to be set in the stocks or lodged in a wooden cage. Within the meeting-house, the entire congregation, but especially the boys, were vigilantly guarded by the town constables, each one being armed with a rod, at one end of which was a hare's foot, and at the other end a hare's tail. This weapon they wielded with justice tempered by gallantry; if a woman fell asleep, it was enough to tickle her face gently with the bushy end of the rod; but if a sleeper were a boy, he was vigorously thumped awake by the hard end of it.

In the presence of God and of his appointed ministers, it was not for man to be impatient; and the modern frailty that clamours for short prayers and short sermons had not invaded their sanctuaries or even their thoughts. When they came to church they settled themselves down to a regular religious siege, which was expected to last from three to five hours. Upon the pulpit stood an hour-glass; and as the sacred service of prayer and psalm and sermon moved ruthlessly forward, it was the duty of the sexton to go up hour by hour and turn the glass over. The prayers were of course extemporaneous; and in that solemn act, the gift of long continuance was successfully cultivated, the preacher rising into raptures of devotion and storming heaven with volleys of petitionary syllogism, could hardly be required to take much note of the hour-glass. "Mr. Torrey stood up and prayed near two hours," writes a Harvard student in the seventeenth century, "but the time obliged him to close, to our regret, and we could have gladly heard him an hour longer." Their sermons were of similar longitude, and were obviously ex-

haustive, except of the desire of the people to hear more. John Winthrop mentions a discourse preached at Cambridge by Thomas Hooker when he was ill; the minister at first proceeded in his discourse for fifteen minutes, then stopped to rest half an hour, then resumed and preached for two hours. Well might Nathaniel Ward, in his whimsical satire, make this propensity of himself and his brethren the theme of a confession which was at least half in earnest:—"We have a strong weakness in New England, that when we are speaking we know not how to conclude. We make many ends before we make an end. . . . We cannot help it, though we can, which is the infirmity in all morality. We are so near the west pole, our longitudes are as long as any wise man would wish, and somewhat longer. I scarcely know any adage more grateful than *Grata brevitās*."

In his theme, in his audience, in the appointments of each sacred occasion, the preacher had everything to stimulate him to put into his sermon his utmost intellectual force. The entire community were present, constituting a congregation hardly to be equalled now for its high average of critical intelligence; trained to acute and rugged thinking by their habit of grappling day by day with the most difficult problems in theology; fond of subtle metaphysical distinctions, fond of system, minuteness, and completeness of treatment not bringing to church any moods of littleness or flippancy; not expecting to find there mental diversion, or mental repose, but going there with their minds aroused for strenuous and robust work, and demanding from the preacher solid thought, not gushes of sentiment, not torrents of eloquent sound. Then, too, there was time enough for the preacher to move upon his subject carefully, and to turn himself about in it, and to develop the resources of it amply, to his mind's content, hour by hour in perfect assurance that his congregation would not desert him either by going out or by going to sleep. Moreover, if a single discourse, even on the vast scale of a Puritan pulpit-performance, were not enough to enable him to give full statement to his topic, he was at liberty, according to a favourite usage in those days, to resume and continue the topic week by week, and month by month, in orderly sequence; thus, after the manner of a professor of theology, traversing with minute care and triumphant completeness the several great realms of his science. If the methods of the preacher resembled those of a theological professor, it may be added that his congregation likewise had the appearance of an assemblage of theological students; since it was customary for nearly every one to bring a notebook to church and to write in it diligently as much of the sermon as he could take down. They had no newspapers, no theatres, no miscellaneous lectures, no entertainments of secular music or secular oratory, none of the genial distractions of our modern life; the place of all these were filled by the sermon. The sermon was without a competitor in the eye or mind of the community. It was the central and commanding incident in their lives; the one stately spectacle for all men and all women year after year, the grandest matter of anticipation or of memory; the theme for hot disputes on which all New England would take sides, and which would seem sometimes to shake the world to its centre. Thus were the preachers held to a high standard of intellectual work. Hardly anything was lacking that could incite a strong man to do his best continually, to the end of his days, and into the function of preaching, the strongest men were drawn. Their pastorships were usually for life; and no man could long satisfy such listeners, or fail soon to talk himself empty in their presence, who did not toil mightily in reading and in thinking, pouring ideas into his mind even faster than he poured them out of it.—*History of American Literature by Moses Coit Tyler.*

BOOK NOTICES.

TO LEEWARD. By F. Marion Crawford. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Toronto: Hart & Company.

This is a story of absorbing interest, but, after a truly modern fashion, the interest is centered upon the possibility of an adulterous connection between the two chief characters. This possibility becomes a fact; yet the story can hardly be called dangerous. It is not in the least seductive. The action of the lovers is revoltingly heartless and selfish, and those whom they so pitilessly strike in the gratification of their passion have our sympathies securely on their side. Leonora is a beautiful girl of English and Russian parentage, living in Rome, wealthy and courted. With a restless and vigorous but utterly undisciplined mind, she confuses her brain with all the modern theories of life, dabbles in Kant and Hegel, and divides her time between meditations upon the nothingness of Being and girlish dreams of a splendid and all-victorious lover. At last a lover appears, but he is quiet, elaborately courteous, in no way dominating her will or overmastering her heart. In fact, though he is an illustrious Italian aristocrat, handsome, refined, rich, of spotless reputation, he is completely commonplace. He is the Marquis Carantoni. Leonora marries him, persuading herself that she properly loves him by the very logical reasoning that if she did not properly love him she could never think of marrying him. This reasoning is satisfactory until, early in their honey-moon visit to Sorrento, Mr. Julius Batiscombe appears upon the scene. In every way Mr. Batiscombe is the reverse of commonplace. He falls in love with the beautiful young bride, after a half-hearted struggle with himself. The unsuspecting husband ignorantly helps him fall. Before

many days the bride has fled with Batiscombe, Carantoni has gone mad with grief, and his sister Diana, Countess de Charleroi, one of the noblest women of modern fiction, is nursing him day and night, alone with him in Turin, whither the pursuit of the fugitives has led him. Batiscombe sends the Marquis his address, as he is a brave man and scorns to elude the man he has dishonoured. Carantoni, the maniac, has no thought now of the duel by means of which he had intended to punish the betrayer. He secretes his revolver, hastens secretly to the mountain retreat of the lovers, and comes upon them in the garden-house. Leonora throws herself before her lover, and the bullet intended for him pierces her heart. We feel grateful to Mr. Crawford for permitting this partially redeeming act of self-sacrifice on the part of her whom he has drawn so unmitigatedly selfish through the rest of the story. Leonora is even made all but ridiculous at times, as when, during the flight, she keeps dabbing her face with a wet handkerchief—her morning ablutions!—while she discusses future movements with Batiscombe. After she has died for her lover, he mourns sincerely for her, during a year or so, but is shown us finally quite restored to an easy-going and comfortable condition, smoking his cigarettes, and writing his novels. From an artist's point of view this story displays growth. Mr. Crawford's hand is firmer, his touch more unfaltering and effective, his material simpler, than when he captured us all by "Mr. Isaacs." Technically, "To Leeward" is a great advance also upon "Dr. Claudius," but the earlier novels are the better reading. But of all Mr. Crawford's works the most interesting, captivating and masterly is "A Roman Singer," now running in *The Atlantic*.

PICTURESQUE CANADA. Edited by Principal Grant. Toronto: Art Publishing Company.

We have received numbers twenty-five and twenty-six of this work, which, for magnitude of design and unrivalled execution, stands easily chief among Canadian publications. It argues well for the success of artistic and literary enterprise in Canada that a work of this nature, large and costly, furnishing nothing in the way of illustrations but what comes under the head of pure art, making no concessions, either in letterpress or sketches, to local interests or ambitions should find, as it has, such prompt appreciation in Canada. This proves, what we have long contended, that Canadians are ready enough to give a cordial reception to any home-production which proves itself equal in merit to what they can procure from abroad. If we offer our fellow-countrymen stuff palpably and painfully inferior to what they can, for a like price, buy outside, we can hardly grumble at a certain lack of enthusiasm on their part. In *Picturesque Canada* we at last have a work which quite eclipses those of similar scope originated across the border. *Picturesque America* and *Picturesque Palestine*, issued by the Messrs. Appleton of New York, are as much below the book under consideration, from an artistic point of view, as the wood-engraving of a few years ago is inferior to that of the present day. Everything about this book is kept up to the high standard with which it set out; and it is evident that nothing short of artistic and æsthetic perfection will satisfy the publishers. Most of the letter-press, also, is readable and bright to a marked degree, though in a few of the numbers so far issued it has been a little inadequate, lacking the unique and individual excellence of the illustrations. The parts contributed by the editor himself are of the very best. In the numbers before us is completed the description of "Georgian Bay and the Muskoka Lakes," which is, we believe, from the well-known and facile pen of Mr. G. Mercer Adam. Mr. Adam has done nothing more spirited and effective than his accounts of these districts. In the middle of part twenty-six begins the division allotted to Central Ontario. This is hardly a field for picturesque writing or striking illustrations, yet the artists have found points from which our smaller towns make effective pictures, and the writer, of whose name we are ignorant, makes a delightful beginning, and preserves a poetic and idealizing tone throughout. One of the most perfect bits of illustration is Frank Schell's drawing of Lake Joseph, of which the sky effect is exquisite, the treatment of the whole finely imaginative and sympathetic. The engraving leaves nothing to be desired. Another remarkable piece is a part of the composition picture on page 613, entitled "Minnehaha Falls, Skeleton River." It is marred however, by a slight rigidity of line in the upper portion of the fall. Particularly good also are the head piece to the Central Ontario division, and the large sketch entitled "Harvesting near Oshawa."

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF LORD LANSDOWNE. By J. E. Collins. Toronto: Rose Publishing Company.

This latest issue of the Rose Library is a most timely and interesting one. Lord Lansdowne can hardly be said as yet to have made a life. Though his sterling qualities may enable him yet to do so, he has not contributed much of a noticeable character to history. Clearly conscious of

these difficulties, Mr. Collins has well turned them to account, and taking as a text the scanty incidents and unremarkable facts of Lord Lansdowne's career hitherto, has given us a piquant and trenchant essay on the functions of a Governor-General, and the limitations of his power. To mere biographical statement Mr. Collins has given all the prominence it will in this case bear, but his own keen forecasting and fearless retrospections will be most repeatedly read. From what we learn here of Lord Lansdowne's characteristics and antecedents, we agree with the author that there is every prospect of the present administration being a fortunate one for Canada. We find that Lord Lansdowne's public course has been marked by temperateness, steadfastness and good judgment—qualities very desirable in one holding a position which yearly grows more and more anomalous. If His Excellency be not yet fully conscious of these anomalies, a reading of Mr. Collins' essay will probably enlighten him. A special attraction of this little work will be found to lie in its racy characterizations and shafts of covert satire. The following extract reminds us that the heads adorned with our vice-regal crown have not seldom lain uneasily; it also very aptly and humourously depicts that most popular of Viceroyes, Earl Dufferin:—"Few of our Governors have lived out the term without experiencing storm. Sir Edmund Head, who, though not an able administrator, at least acted according to his light, was at the close of his term hooted across the water by a party which believed that he had wrecked its fortunes; Lord Elgin, whose lustre as a Canadian Governor was only second to that of his father-in-law, was jeered at and pelted by infuriated mobs; nor did the Earl of Dufferin, who made the land sweet with his laudation of everything belonging to our soil, escape turmoil, or the libel of newspapers and stump-orators. While he ruled here the Pacific Railway transaction exploded, but during the calm that followed the tempest he took his honied tongue through the Provinces and coerced the people into positive rapture. As the time for his departure drew near there was not wanting indication of another tempest, but he got out of the country in good season, and the storm broke upon his successor. The outlook on Lord Lorne's arrival was by no means cheering: one party was found condemning a Lieutenant-Governor and demanding his punishment, while, as if to lend strength to the accusations of the avenging body, another party championed the conduct of the arraigned official. All governors are of the same political blood, and blood being thicker than water, the governor-general allowed his sympathy and judgment to go with the lieutenant-governor. What followed need not be repeated here, but the viceroy was seen thereafter for many months in tempestuous weather." Mr. Collins can hardly be called a devoted admirer of Lord Dufferin. His distaste probably arises from the fact conveyed in the lines which we italicize in the following quotation:—"His lordship (Lord Lansdowne), who is of light build and of medium height, is dark complexioned, has a high forehead, and a heavy black moustache. Those who have met him since his arrival here express themselves in the warmest terms respecting his affability, and say that in manners he somewhat resembles Lord Dufferin. But that would hardly be an inestimable trait in Lord Lansdowne. The Earl of Dufferin was too charming. Everything that Midas laid hand upon was changed to gold; everything that Dufferin touched was turned to sugar. We should like the new viceroy to remember that we admire Oliver who required a portrait with the mole or no picture at all; that we consider ourselves not inferior to the Englishmen that he has left, but that we by no means suppose we are without faults, and that we are correctly represented by the phrase of designing flatterers. We would say, too, that our new governor may be sufficiently loyal to the government who sent him without joining issue here with opinion in any form. *Lord Dufferin filled the land no less with iridescent jingoism, than with honey*; and the Marquis of Lorne who was much more discreet and dignified, on two or three occasions forgot himself by dabbling in questions beyond his sphere. Lord Lansdowne knows the old story of Mrs. Partington and the mop, and it may not be amiss to tell him that the spectacle of the old lady trying to soak up the rising tide is not more edifying than the exhibition of a foreign gentleman setting himself to stifle the deliberate opinions of the intelligent sons of the soil concerning their own domestic affairs. But the inclination to write these things arises from a recollection of the past rather than from a fear that the Marquis of Lansdowne will not steer clear of the rocks, leave with the people what are the affairs of the people, and neither try to make or mar opinion, taking the advice of his ministers in *everything*." As it is customary in the Mother Country to talk of our Governors-General as if they were a sort of Immigration-Agent-General for Canada, it falls naturally in the way of Mr. Collins to call Lord Lansdowne's attention to the question of wholesale Irish immigration. We would especially commend to the consideration of our public men the timely warnings of Mr. Collins on this subject. In conclusion, we would say that this little work is what one would hardly, to judge from the subject, dream that it could be made; it is most lively and readable throughout. Reviewers and readers alike will feel grateful to the biographer for having gone round about his subject at times, when the through track looked barren and uninviting.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

A MUSICAL club, known as the Metropolitan Musical Club, is in existence in New York. It is situated on Fourteenth street, nearly opposite the Academy of Music, and boasts a membership of nearly two hundred, including many eminent and widely known musicians. The ultimate aim of the members is to purchase or erect a fine club building especially adapted for their use. Would not such a club on a scale proportionate, of course, to the size and numbers of Toronto musicians, be conducive to a more brotherly feeling between the fraternity and prove a benefit to all?

MARIO—whose hereditary title was Marchese di Candia—the illustrious singer who died recently in Rome, was born in Turin, 1808. He was highly educated, but his musical taste was at first developed and fostered merely as an accomplishment. In 1833 he joined a regiment of Sardinian chasseurs, but for several escapades, with which he sought to lighten the monotony of garrison duty, he was banished to Cagliari, whence he escaped to Paris. Here, poor and pressed with debts, he determined to utilize the voice nature had given him. His first engagement was at the Grand Opera House, the young tenor gladly accepting \$300 per month. He assumed the stage name of Mario, and in less than a year had won a great reputation. He soon after married Grisi, the renowned soprano. In 1849 Mario visited Russia, where he remained five years; his salary increasing to \$3000 per month. In 1854 he and Grisi made their first appearance at Castle Garden, New York, creating an immediate success. Mario returned to the United States in 1873, but scarcely a vestige of his former beautiful voice remained. For the third of a century he was the king of tenors in the old world. He has lived, for the last few years, in Rome, supported by the Italian Government.

The concert given by Theodore Thomas's Orchestra, at the Horticultural Gardens, on Monday evening will receive extended notice in our next issue. We must commend the enterprise of the Messrs. Suckling in procuring for Toronto a visit from this celebrated body of musicians.

ADELINA PATTI—so often claimed as an American—is a native of Madrid, Spain.

MUSIC, the latest by birth of all the fine arts, and the only one which in the scheme of human perfection seems still in the course of fulfilment, is the only art about which men still ask themselves, what and whence is it? Thus eloquently writes John Henry Newman:—"There are seven notes in the scale, make them fourteen if you will—yet what a slender outfit for so great an enterprise! Out of what poor elements does some great master create his new world. Shall we say that all this exuberant inventiveness is mere ingenuity, a work of art like some game or fashion of the day without reality, without meaning? . . . Is it possible that the inexhaustible evolution and dispositions of notes, so rich yet so simple; so intricate yet so regulated; so various yet so majestic, should be a mere sound which is gone and perishes? Can it be that these mysterious stirrings of heart and keen emotions, and strange yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions from we know not whence, should be wrought in us by what is unsubstantial, and comes and goes, and begins and ends in itself. It is not so. It cannot be. No! They have escaped from some higher sphere; they are the outpourings of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound; they are the echoes from our home; they are the voices of angels, or the magnificats of saints or the laws of Divine governance of the divine attributes." Leaving the utterance of Christian teachers we glance at the "interpretations of music as the play of nature's forces" from the

Coleridge—

"What if all of animated nature
Be but organic harps diversely framed,
That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps,
Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,
At once the soul of each and God of all!"—

Wordsworth—

By one pervading spirit
Of tones and numbers all things are controlled,
As sages taught, whose faith was found to merit
Initiation in that mystery old.
The leaves, whose aspect makes our minds as still
As they themselves appear to be,
Innumerable voices fill
With everlasting harmony.
The towering headlands, crowned with mist,
Their feet among the billows, know
That ocean is a mighty harmonist;
Thy pinions, universal air,
Ever waving to and fro,
Are delegates of harmony, and bear
Strains that support the seasons on their round."

A COURSE of six lectures is announced to be given to the students of the Toronto College of Music in the rooms of the college, 283 Jarvis street, by the director, Mr. Davenport Kerrison. Each lecture will be accompanied by a pianoforte recital illustrative of the respective authors. A limited number only of tickets will be disposed of to non-members of the college.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

ONE honest publisher is reported in Edinburgh, in the person of Mr. David Douglas, who has brought out a reprint of Mr. George William Curtis' books, and who has actually sent a pecuniary acknowledgment, this fact being stated in *Harper's Weekly*

BULWER'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY has eight divisions, the headings being "Childhood," "School," "College," "Wanderjahr," "Single Life," "Unprofessional Authorship," "Matrimony and Professional Authorship," and "Continuance of Literary, and Commencement of Parliamentary, Life." The record ends with the year 1832.

MR. WILLIAM MORRIS, it is said, "has not yet found it convenient to answer the question addressed to him in the public press as to the division of profits between himself and his workmen, to whom, as producers, he, as treasurer of the Democratic Federation, declares all profit to be due. So we are still at a loss whether or not he is to be classed with the "handful of marauders" who wrong the toiling millions. Nor has he condescended to notice the complaints of his audiences at Oxford and Wimbledon who were induced to attend a lecture on art, and forced to sit through a discourse in favour of socialism. Several persons have written to say that they were drawn to the lecture under a false pretence, but Mr. Morris does not consider an accusation of obtaining hearers by false pretences worthy of refutation."

OF the special Christmas numbers issued by Canadian journals, "The Gossip" feels compelled to give the palm to that which comes to him from the office of the St. John, N. B., *Globe*. It is not only a Christmas issue, but a centennial issue, 1883 being the centennial year of the City by the Sea. Its whole get-up is admirable, paper of the best, designed head-pieces and illuminated cover charming, typography flawless. Mr. W. P. Dole's prize Centennial Ode is reprinted; Mrs. J. E. V. Nealis contributes a Christmas poem; Dr. Macrae writes a bright Christmas "Fantasia"; R. E. A. and an anonymous writer furnish two readable and reasonable short stories. The *piece de resistance* of the number, however, is "Reminiscences for the Christmas season in St. John," by Mr. G. E. Fenety.

MR. HOWELLS, it is said, is again writing with Mr. George Henschel a comic opera in two acts.

A RICH but ignorant lady, who was rather ambitious in her conversational style, in speaking of a friend, said, "He is a paragram of politeness." "Excuse me," said a wag, sitting next to her, "but do you not mean a parallelogram?" "Of course I do," immediately replied the lady. "How could I have made such a mistake?"

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT, whose play of "Esmeralda" had such a success, is now writing another drama. "I am very lazy," she says, "and, although I've done an immense amount of work—I have written ten books, including the earlier serials—I have accomplished it only with the greatest effort. I don't like to work, and I'm very lazy. Of course I work methodically. I go to my room, which is on the third floor, every morning immediately after breakfast, and stay there until luncheon. I stay, but I can't always write. Sometimes I spend nearly the entire time walking up and down tossing a ball, a habit I have, as I am obliged to use my hands when thinking."

THERE is often a great deal of sense in the Mother Goose rhymes if only we knew what is intended to be taught by them. A writer in *Golden Days* thus explains the story of the "Four-and-twenty blackbirds." The birds are the twenty-four hours. The bottom of the pie is the earth and the top of the crust the sky that over-reaches it. The opening of the pie is dawn of day, when the birds begin to sing "The king sitting in the parlour counting out his money," is the sun, and the golden pieces that slip through his fingers are the golden sunshine. The queen in the kitchen is the moon, and the honey with which she relishes herself is the moonlight. The maid is the day dawn, and the clothes she hangs out are the clouds; while the bird who "nips off her nose" is the hour of sunrise.—*American Queen*.

AN exchange says that Mr. Francis A. Quinn, of Montreal, is issuing the prospectus of a monthly "Review of French Literature," to be published in English and called *Contemporary France*. It is expected to do in this country much the same class of work which the *Revue Britannique* does for the English literary world in France. The departments of philosophy, political economy, memoirs, history, travel and fiction, etc., will all find place in its pages, and the material selected will be of the first importance. Such a periodical will be unique and should have a cordial reception.

ALEXANDER DUMAS contributes to the *Curieux* an anecdote told him by the late Henri Didier, who was Deputy under the Second Empire. Didier's father was secretary to the Minister of the Interior at the time when the Duchess de Berri was arrested at Nantes at the end of her attempt to raise the country against Louis Philippe in favour of her son, the Comte de Chambord. The traitor Deutz agreed to sell to the Government the secret of her hiding-place for 500,000 francs, and it was the elder Didier's duty to pay the scoundrel for his dirty work. He took his son Henri into the office and said: "Look well now at what passes, and never forget it. You will learn what a *lache* is, and the method of paying him." Deutz was then brought into the room where M. Didier was standing behind his desk, on which were placed two packets, each of which contained 250,000 francs. As Deutz neared the desk M. Didier made a sign to him to stop. Then taking a pair of tongs he extended the packets one after the other into the hands open to receive them. Not a word was spoken, and when the transfer was made M. Didier pointed to the door.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

WE have had almost enough of this anonymity. It has become a mere advertising trick. The curiosity is piqued, the work is examined with far more attention than would otherwise have fallen to its lot, and every critic must have either his guess at the authorship or his comment on the enshrouding mystery. "The Bread-winners" has profited splendidly by the well-proclaimed reticence of its author, and now we have another good work, decidedly good in itself, making strenuous efforts to "boom" its anonymity. "THE GOSSIP" cannot refrain from giving the story its desired advertisement by mentioning its title, which is "Arius the Libyan"; but he refuses to hazard a guess, or to repeat the guesses which are already being made by other and more professional critics than he.

IN a Paris letter to *The American* is the following note on the much talked "Heine Memoires":

There seems, after all, to be a great doubt whether we shall ever see the "Memoires" of Henri Heine, of which there has been so much talk of late in the French and German press, and of which I announced the pretended discovery in a previous letter. From all the contradictory statements that have been made, we can perhaps conclude thus much. All Heine's papers are in the possession of his nephew, Herr L. von Embden, of Hamburg, to whom they were sent some time after Heine's death; between the death of the poet and the transmission of his papers to Hamburg, certain fragments may have passed into strange hands; all the papers possessed by M. Julio, who is credited with the possession of the memoirs, can only be letters found amongst the papers of Heine's widow at the time of her death last spring. Heine's niece, the Princess della Rocca, has written three little volumes about the poet: "Souvenirs de Henri Heine," published in French and Italian; "Sommargue," which has only appeared in Italian at Rome; and "Enrico Heine: Ricordi, Note e Rettifiche," published, I believe, at Vienna. In these volumes the niece of Heine formally denies the existence of memoirs of any kind, and relates how shortly before his death Heine said to her: "You know me better than anyone; write my biography; I will help you." She replied: "The biography of Henri Heine! I could not undertake such a task, unless you dictated from beginning to end." "You are right," replied Heine; "but I shall never write anything about my life. Autobiographies are like old women who put on false hair, false teeth and rouge."

MR. FRANCIS DARWIN, son of the great Darwin, and well known for his investigations in fields made familiar by the labours of his father, has been appointed instructor in biology in Cambridge University, England.

AN English critic speaking of a novel called "Thy Name is Truth," pays it a really high compliment by saying "Our belief is that in the whole three volumes there is not a single error of grammar; and to those who read the cleverest novels of the day this must be a most conspicuous and astounding fact."

CHRONICLE OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.—A lunatic in the Beaufort asylum broke his chain, fell upon and killed one of the inmates.—The Salvation Army has taken root in Kingston. Several conversions have been made among the more respectable classes, and the latest member who has entered the ranks of the Army is Alderman Snooks. It is a pity that the army could not gather in all the politicians.—McBride the Buffalo crank is not going to do any harm to Canada after all, and the wind-storm in the press has died down.—The present winter is said to be very favourable for cattle in the North West. Ranchers are becoming still more hopeful of the complete desirability of the plains for cattle raising.—On New Year's day seven hundred gentlemen called at Government House, Toronto. The Lieutenant-Governor, Mrs. Robinson, and Hon. O. Mowat received the callers. A public reception was also held at Rideau Hall by their Excellencies the Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne.—To its list of out-door sporting associations Toronto has now added a Toboggan club which has a slide admir-

ably adapted to the requirements of the exhilarating pastime.—On Tuesday night last a Yonge Street fur store was plundered of \$2,000 worth of furs. The police did not catch the burglars, but what was more important they got a "clue."—It is said that M. Valin, M. P. for Montmorenci, is uproarious in his demands to be appointed to the Senate.—There is, it would appear, a band of Invincibles in Buffalo, who pretend that they have decided to commit some depredations in Canada; but they will not disclose their intentions. They do not seem to have any evil intentions towards the governor or the inhabitants of the Dominion; but they do not hesitate to say that they harbour spleen towards several of our buildings. There are several unsightly nests in the slums of Toronto, and Montreal, and nearly all the prominent Canadian cities, where they might operate to the entire satisfaction of the public.—The Dominion Government has offered to pay to Nova Scotia \$1,200,000 for the Inter-Extension railway.—A large woollen mill has closed in Almonte, and Reformers who do not like Sir Leonard Tilley say "There!"—Inland revenue and customs' receipts for Montreal, St. John, and other Canadian cities are less than the receipts of the corresponding months of last year. But one swallow, or two, do not make a summer; and it is not to be inferred the day of doom is coming.—The writ for the York, New Brunswick, election has been issued: Nomination day will be the 22nd inst., polling the 29th. The vacancy was created by the death of John Pickard. It is not yet arranged who the Conservative candidate is to be, but Mr. George F. Gregory will be the liberal nominee.—On Wednesday morning last, as recorded in the last issue of THE WEEK a terrible collision occurred between a freight inbound Grand Trunk train, and a suburban train proceeding with some sixty operatives who worked in a bolt and iron factory some distance out of Toronto. Twenty-seven persons were either killed instantly or so injured as to die within a few hours. An eye witness crossing the track in the early dawn describes the collision. He says, the sight as the trains approached each other, the suburban rather slowly, and the freight dashing madly down the grade at a rate of thirty miles an hour was one which he will never forget. At first he thought there must be two tracks, and that each train was on a different one, but as he got closer to the line he saw that there was to be a fearful collision which nothing but supernatural power could prevent. He ran a short distance from the railway that he might be safe, and as the suburban train passed him, hurrying its live freight, in so many cases, to their death, he saw many of the men in the foremost car laughing and talking pleasantly together, little thinking that within the next few seconds many of them would be hurled into eternity. He closed his eyes, he said, when the trains were twenty yards apart, and the next instant when he opened them, they were just about to collide. The heavy freight engine reared upon end like a mad thing when it struck the dummy, ploughing off its cab, and falling into the car of the suburban train among the passengers. The accident was due to the carelessness of the conductor, but some attribute the terrible occurrence in a measure to the system of overworking, and lack of thorough precaution, pursued by the Grand Trunk management. There was a public funeral of the victims in Toronto on Saturday, and the city was draped in black as the sad procession passed on its way to the cemeteries.—The Toronto jail is being filled with paupers at the rate of twenty-five per week.—Some of the crew of the barge *Kincardine* have reached Windsor after a tiresome walk of eighty miles through the deep snow.—The Royal Canadian Yacht Club will hold a ball in Toronto on the 11th instant, and the Governor-General will attend.—There has been a heavy water rise in Montreal, and several works have been obliged to suspend operations.—The riot in Newfoundland is at an end, though the affair has created terrible excitement through the Orangemen and Roman Catholics.—A man eighty years old committed suicide in Ottawa on Friday last.—Toronto jail has received a female horse-thief from Collingwood.—During the last week the greatest number of failures ever occurring within a like period, happened in Canada.—Tenders for the St. Lawrence Canal have been rejected, the Government considering all the figures too low.—The wounded in the late rail-way collision are progressing favourably.

FOREIGN.—Orangemen in Ireland propose to organize themselves into a volunteer force. It is doubtful if the Government will permit them to carry out their patriotic intentions.—Minister Lowell will resign the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow university.—One thousand men is said to have been the French loss at Sontay.—The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland has forbidden the Nationalist meeting at Cootehill.—The Holy Father holds a consistory in April, at which several Cardinals will be created, and many vacant sees in America be filled.—There was a collision between Orangemen and Nationalists at Dromore, Ireland, on Tuesday last, January 1st and one young man was fatally wounded.—The report comes that the Black Flags systematically massacre their prisoners.—Mr. Biggar has described Earl Spencer as a drunken house-breaker.—Greece will withdraw her paper currency.—An enterprising American Fenian has threatened to blow up the Pope with dynamite. A little while ago the American Roman Catholic bishops refused to rebuke Fenianism. Perhaps they will interfere now that the patriots are desirous of destroying the Holy Father.—While on his way home from a hunt, six Nihilists who were hovering along the highway in the gloaming, fired at the Czar, lodging a bullet in his shoulder.—Mary Anderson is now said to be sated with professional glory and the admiration of men, and will therefore enter a convent.—The Czar is said to be delirious from the mental strain of the attack upon him, and the Nihilistic threats with which he is every day beset.—A terrible catastrophe occurred in a convent, Belleville, Illinois, on Sunday night. The building took fire, and before the inmates could escape thirty persons were burnt to death.—It is said that British men-of-war will be ordered immediately to the Red Sea and the Suez Canal.

PROSPECTUS OF THE WEEK.

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

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

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

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

ANNOUNCEMENT.

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

"A BYSTANDER"

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

MR. EDGAR FAWCETT,

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

PRINCIPAL GRANT,

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

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

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MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY FOR DECEMBER.

CHRISTMAS ATTRACTIONS.

- FRONTISPIECE. Portrait of John Page, first of the celebrated Page family of Virginia—from painting by Sir Peter Lely, London, 1660. CHRISTMAS TIME IN OLD VIRGINIA. John Esten Cooke. Illustrations: Old Smithfield Church—Portrait of Col. Archibald Carey, from a painting by West—Rosewell, home of the Pages—Portrait of Governor John Page, of Rosewell, from portrait by West—Christ Church of Alexandria—St Peter's Church, where Washington was married—Stratford, the home of the Lees—Portrait of Judge Edmund Pendleton—Christmas Tree in Old Virginia (by Will H. Lowe)—Sarotoga, Home of General Daniel Morgan—Portrait of General Nelson—The Nelson Home. HOLIDAYS IN EARLY LOUISIANA. Norman McF. Walker. CHRISTMAS-TIDE IN CANADA. John Reade, F.R.S.C. CHRISTMAS SEASON IN DUTCH NEW YORK. Mrs. Martha J. Lamb. A HURON HISTORICAL LEGEND. Horatio Hale, M.A. COLONEL DAVID CROCKETT, OF TENNESSEE. General Marcus J. Wright. QUIVIRA: A Suggestion. Dr. Cyrus Thomas. ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS. Sir Henry Clinton's Original Secret Record of Private Daily Intelligence. Contributed by Dr. Thomas Addie Emmet. Introduction and Notes by Edward F. De Lancey. Chapter III. Also, two valuable Original Letters. NOTES. Historical Societies in their relation to Local Historical Interest—Mr. Cary's Answer—Martin Luther's Memory—Morse's American Geography—Noah Webster's Love Romance—The Nelson Homestead—Death of David Van Arsdale—Evacuation of New York—A Venerable Historian—The Star-Spangled Banner. QUERIES. Origin of Aboriginal Dialects of America—An Old Clock—Is it the First American Coin? REPLIES. To be Prepared for War is one of the most effectual means of Preserving Peace—Note and Query—Sawng—First Money—Colonel Francis Barber—Quisquising—Letter from General Horace Capron. SOCIETIES. New York Historical Society—Chicago Historical Society—Maryland Historical Society—Huguenot Society of America. And numerous Book Notices.

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WHAT IS CATARRH?

From the Mail (Can.) Dec. 15. Catarrh is a muco-purulent discharge caused by the presence and development of the vegetable parasite amœba in the internal lining membrane of the nose. This parasite is only developed under favourable circumstances, and these are:—Morbid state of the blood, as the blighted corpuscle of uerlele, the germ poison of syphilis, mercury, toxo-pace, from the retention of the effeted matter of the skin, suppressed perspiration, badly ventilated sleeping apartments, and other poisons that are germinated in the blood. These poisons keep the internal lining membrane of the nose in a constant state of irritation, ever ready for the deposit of the seeds of these germs, which spread up the nostrils and down the fauces, or back of the throat, causing ulceration of the throat; up the eustachian tubes, causing deafness; burrowing in the vocal cords, causing hoarseness; usurping the proper structure of the bronchial tubes, ending in pulmonary consumption and death. Many attempts have been made to discover a cure for this distressing disease by the use of inhalants and other ingenious devices, but none of these treatments can do a particle of good until the parasites are either destroyed or removed from the mucous tissue. Some time since a well-known physician of forty years' standing, after much experimenting, succeeded in discovering the necessary combination of ingredients which never fail in absolutely and permanently eradicating this horrible disease, whether standing for one year or forty years. Those who may be suffering from the above disease, should, without delay, communicate with the business managers, MESSRS. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King St. West, Toronto, Canada, and inclose stamp for their treatise on Catarrh.

What the Rev. E. B. Stevenson, B.A., a Clergyman of the London Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada, has to say in regard to A.H. Dixon & Son's New Treatment for Catarrh. Oakland, Ont., Canada, March 17, '83.

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