

THE WEEK:

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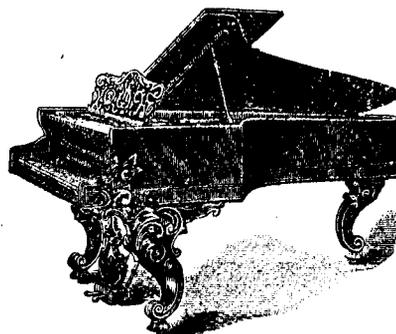
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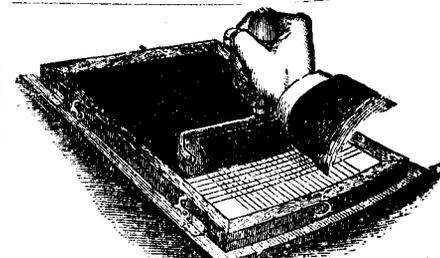
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MR. GLADSTONE AND DR. INGRAM ON THE UNION.

MR. GLADSTONE'S article in the *Nineteenth Century* on Dr. Ingram's history of the Union has now come to hand, and betrays, by its discourteous violence of language, Mr. Gladstone's consciousness that the Disunionist cause has received a heavy blow.

It now clearly appears that the infamous charge brought by Mr. Gladstone against Pitt and the British statesmen of that period, of having systematically destroyed or suppressed documents relating to the Union, for the purpose of covering their own criminal acts, is founded on a passage in Mr. Ross's preface to the Cornwallis Papers, a series of documents the preservation of which is itself sufficient to rebut the charge. Mr. Gladstone speaks of the Cornwallis Papers as containing “astounding revelations.” Obviously then they would have been the first things to be destroyed. Mr. Ross's words are:

“Among the valuable sources of information thus freely opened to me I must mention the Spencer, Hardwicke, Sydney, and Melville Papers. Many other collections have been as cordially submitted to my inspection, but upon investigation it appeared that such documents as might have thrown additional light on the history of those times, and especially of the Union, had been purposely destroyed. For instance, after a search, instituted at Welbeck by the kindness of the Duke of Portland, it was ascertained that the late Duke had burnt all his father's political papers from 1780 to his death. In like manner, the Chancellor, Lord Clare, Mr. Wickham, Mr. King, Sir Herbert Taylor, Sir Edward Littlehales, Mr. Marsden, the Knight of Kerry, and indeed almost all the persons officially concerned in carrying the Union, appear to have destroyed the whole of their papers. Mr. Marsden, by whom many of the arrangements were concluded, left a MS. book containing invaluable details, which was burnt only a few years ago by its then possessor. The destruction of so many valuable documents respecting important transactions cannot but be regarded as a serious loss to the political history of those times. Lord Normanton, Lord Donoughmore, and a few others who had fortunately retained some original letters, etc., have kindly allowed me to make use of them. Lord Teignmouth, Sir Alexander Malet, and Mr. F. H. Robinson have most obligingly sent me the papers of their respective fathers, relating of course to the Indian portion of this work.”

This paragraph is somewhat ambiguously worded; but a careful perusal will show that it does not sustain Mr. Gladstone's indictment, even with regard to the limited number of documents to which it relates. Mr. Ross says that the papers which might have thrown light upon the history of those times, and especially of the Union, had been purposely destroyed. But he does not say that they had been destroyed for the special purpose of suppressing the history of the Union, though it is the loss of those relating to the Union that he has particular reason to regret. He tells us that all the Duke of Portland's papers, from 1780 to his death, (October, 1809), were burnt; nor does he intimate that in the other cases any distinction had been made between papers relating to the Union and those

relating to other subjects. All the persons enumerated are stated to have destroyed the whole of their papers. It was not so much the fashion in those days to keep confidential or private papers for publication as it is now. To break the force of the fact that all the Duke of Portland's papers were alike destroyed, Mr. Gladstone suggests that the object was to destroy those relating to the Union, and that the rest, being confused with these, were committed indiscriminately to the flames—a purely gratuitous hypothesis, and one eminently characteristic of the mental habits of Mr. Gladstone.

It will be observed that the Duke's papers were burnt not by the Duke himself, who had been concerned in the transactions to which they related, but by his son. In the same way Mr. Marsden's manuscript book was left by him intact, and so remained for half a century, when it was destroyed by the person into whose possession it had come, and who is not stated to have had any connection with the Government. In summing up his article Mr. Gladstone avers “that the accusations of foul play, in its worst as well as in its less revolting forms, against the methods and agencies which brought about the Union are painfully sustained by the evidence before us of extensive destruction of documents and papers by the persons principally concerned.” Does he extend this accusation to Pitt?

Had Mr. Ross discovered, or found reason to suspect, a concerted suppression of documents relating to the Union, there was nothing to hinder him from telling us so in plain terms. He has evidently felt under no restraint in his publication of passages injurious to the Union in the Cornwallis Papers. That those papers should be left intact is in itself, I repeat, a confutation of Mr. Gladstone's charge.

Among the documents of which he has made use Mr. Ross specially mentions those in the State Paper Office relating to the Union, and to papers preserved in Dublin Castle. To the papers in Dublin Castle, he says, he obtained unrestricted access through the kindness of the Lord Lieutenant, adding that his researches among them were materially aided by Colonel Larcom, the Under-Secretary.

In a note Mr. Ross refers to the letter which appeared in the *Athenaeum*, of February, 1859, stating that within the last few years many confidential and secret papers deposited in Dublin Castle had been destroyed by order of the Irish Government; but he positively contradicts the statement. “It is true,” he says, “that from the neglected state in which for a length of time these papers had been left many were lost or were inadvertently destroyed, but no intentional destruction ever took place.” Neglect, it would seem, was the very opposite of studious suppression.

“Did the necessary limits of this article permit [coolly remarks Mr. Gladstone] it would not be difficult to show that the British Government took an active part in the work of suppression. I will only cite one anecdote from the younger Grattan, as he gives it on the high authority of Mr. Foster. The Opposition had their speeches on the Union, with other documents, carefully prepared for publication, and entrusted them to one Moore, a Dublin publisher, though Mr. Foster warned them that he would betray them. Moore sold them, accordingly, to Lord Castlereagh, and they were burned in Dublin Castle.”

This gossiping anecdote which is given as the sole proof of so heinous a charge against some of the highest names in English history is repeated at second hand, and seems to bear untrustworthiness on its face. Is it likely that the Opposition would have allowed themselves to be debarred from giving their speeches to the world by the trickery of a single printer, that they would have kept silence about the matter, and that we should have been left to hear of it through Mr. Foster and young Grattan? It might have been supposed that the accuser would have felt bound, at whatever cost of space in the pages of the magazine, most carefully to substantiate his accusation against the memories of British statesmen and against the country, so far as its honour is bound up with theirs. But it appears that he can admit the existence of nothing good or great before him any more than of anything good or great beside him. It is not enough for him to make a pedestal for himself by tearing down all the existing institutions, and the present good name of the country: his self-esteem must be fed with a holocaust of all that is illustrious in national history.

That the politics of those days were in a pecuniary sense far less pure than ours; that Grattan's Parliament especially was a sink of corruption; and that any dealings with its members were sure to be more or less dirty, so far as those members themselves were concerned, may be readily admitted;

nor is it likely that letters embodying scandals of this kind would be preserved. But it is a wide step from this admission to saying that Pitt, whose character was unquestionably pure and whose aims were undeniably patriotic and high, behaved like a blackguard and destroyed documents in order to suppress the evidence of his own crimes. Does Mr. Gladstone think that the inducements held out by Pitt, in what he and Cornwallis deemed the interest of the State, to Irish borough-mongers to surrender their power were more immoral than the pressure which he is himself putting upon the consciences of members of Parliament through the caucus machinery managed by his henchman, Mr. Schnadhorst? If he does, I confess that my moral perceptions differ from his. GOLDWIN SMITH.

COMMERCIAL UNION.

THERE was a time not very remote when THE WEEK not only advocated Commercial Union, but enunciated in clear and convincing terms the principles which render this policy the true and necessary solution of our present difficulties. Now its energies are expended in trying to prove that it is all wrong, and that Canada should adhere to the present policy of commercial isolation. It is to be hoped that an avowedly independent organ of public opinion will not be adverse to a fair discussion of the question in its columns, and, on that assumption, I venture to offer some ideas in support of the movement.

There is nothing in the consideration of Commercial Union with the United States which involves the questions of Free Trade and Protection in the abstract. Both the Free Trader and the Protectionist can consistently support it: the latter, because it is contemplated that North America should have a common and high tariff against the rest of the world; the former, because unrestricted trade over a whole great and prosperous continent is an enormous step in the direction of Free Trade. Personally, I would regard absolute Free Trade as a better solution of our difficulties. But this seems not to be a practical question at the present moment. The most sanguine public man would despair of being able to induce the Canadian people to accept the broad doctrine of commercial freedom, and a revenue derived chiefly from direct taxation. This solution then having to be rejected for the time, it remains to be seen what is the best practicable course for us to take.

The theory upon which the advocacy of Commercial Union is based is that our present condition of affairs is intolerable and cannot last. The opposition to it goes upon the assumption that everything is all right in Canada; that the National Policy of Sir John Macdonald is working well, and that all parts of Canada are not only prosperous but contented. This is denied in the clearest and most emphatic manner.

Granting, for the moment, that under ordinary circumstances the National Policy is sound—in other words, that in a new country like Canada it is the true policy to build up domestic industries by imposing high tariffs against the products and manufactures of older countries, still, upon a careful examination into the peculiar circumstances of our position, it must strike any mind that is not prejudiced or dull, that such a policy is simple madness, and must sooner or later collapse. A political union of the several Provinces of British North America was effected in 1867, but not a commercial union, and the twenty years that have elapsed have only served to demonstrate how utterly impossible a commercial union between the several Provinces is.

I take the solid ground that naturally there is no trade between Ontario and the Maritime Provinces whatsoever. Without the aid or compulsion of tariffs scarcely a single article produced in Ontario would ever seek or find a market in Nova Scotia, or the other Maritime Provinces; in like manner, unless under similar compulsion, not a product of the Maritime Provinces would ever go to Ontario. Twenty years of political union and nine years of an inexorable protective policy designed to compel inter-Provincial trade have been powerless to create any large trade between these two sections, and what it has created has been unnatural, unhealthy, and consequently profitless.

To illustrate, Ontario sends about \$7,000,000 worth of barley to the United States, and pays fifteen cents per bushel duty on it. How much does she send to the Maritime Provinces? She sends an equal value of the products of the forest to the United States, and pays heavy duties upon it. How much to the Maritime Provinces with no duties? She sends over \$4,000,000 worth of animals and their produce to the United States with heavy duties. How much to the Maritime Provinces? Let us reverse the picture. Nova Scotia sends nearly \$2,000,000 worth of fish to the United States. How much to Ontario? She sends of the produce of her mines \$600,000 to the United States, and pays large duties. How much

to Ontario with no duties? She sends \$500,000 worth of agricultural products to the United States, and pays heavy duties. How much to Ontario? She sends some hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of produce of the forest to the United States, and pays heavy duties. How much to Ontario?

Of the genuine natural products Nova Scotia sends practically nothing to Ontario. If the exports from Nova Scotia to Ontario are carefully studied, it will be found that they consist chiefly of refined sugar and manufactured cotton, the product of two mushroom industries called into existence by the protective system, and which do not affect one way or another the interests of five hundred individuals in the entire Province of Nova Scotia.

Does any one ask why this state of things exists? The answer is simple. God and Nature never designed a trade between Ontario and the Maritime Provinces. If I have a barrel or ton of any commodity produced in Nova Scotia, and I desired to send it to Toronto or Hamilton, the cost of sending it thither would (unless it were gold) probably be more than the value of the commodity. But I can at any moment put it on board of one of the numerous vessels or steamers which are daily leaving every port in Nova Scotia for Boston, and send it to that city for 20 or 30 cents. If I desired to go to Toronto or Hamilton to sell it, I should have to mortgage my farm to pay the cost of the trip, whereas I can go to Boston and back for a few dollars.

Will some one be good enough to rise and explain how it happens after all the boasted results of the National Policy, after the glorification we hear in the party press when a car load of sugar leaves Halifax for Ontario, that at this moment all the trade relations and all the social relations of Nova Scotia are with the New England States, and all the trade relations and all the social relations of Ontario are with the people of New York, Chicago, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, and other large American cities? How happens it that Manitoba, where millions of the people's money have been lavished in the attempt to engraft a mad system of forced inter-Provincial trade upon the Northwest, is to-day on the brink of insurrection—over what? Simply the right to have railway connection with the United States. Sir John Macdonald and the Canadian Parliament have decreed that the people of Manitoba shall sell their wheat in Montreal or Toronto, and trade with Ontario and Quebec. God and Nature have decreed that they shall sell their wheat in and trade with St. Paul, Minneapolis and other contiguous western cities. Whose decrees are most likely based upon wisdom, and which are most certain to prevail? Will some enthusiastic advocate of the present system please rise and explain why, after twenty years of Confederation, a Nova Scotian is never seen in Ontario except as a traveller or a delegate to some denominational convention, and why with the exception of the "drummer" an Ontario man is as great a curiosity in Nova Scotia as a South Sea Islander? There must be something generally wrong with a system which, after twenty years of enthusiastic gush over the Confederation and the building of a National sentiment, has for its product complete isolation between the several Provinces: which sees the merchants of the Maritime Provinces making constant visits in the way of trade to Boston and New York, and none to Toronto: which sees the business men of Ontario going daily backward and forward between that Province and the American cities about them, and coming to Halifax in the way of business once in a century. In all seriousness is there not material in these facts—undoubted facts—to cause sensible men to reflect upon the prosperity and permanence of the existing conditions of things in Canada?

If any moral can be gathered from the incidents already referred to, it is this: That the Maritime Provinces have no natural or healthy trade with the Upper Provinces, but with the New England States: that the Upper Provinces have no natural trade with the Maritime Provinces, but with the Central and Western States adjoining them: that Manitoba has no natural trade with the larger Provinces of Canada, but with the Western States to the south of her: that British Columbia has no trade with any part of Canada, but with California and the Pacific States. In other words, that inter-Provincial trade is unnatural, forced, and profitless, while there is a natural and profitable trade at our very doors open and available to us. Does not this suggest Commercial Union with the United States as the supreme solution of our present difficulties in tones so clear, so unmistakable as to be apparent to the dullest? The remedy is simple: strike down the unnatural and absurd barriers between this country and the United States, and let trade flow freely in its natural channels from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The difficulties and objections to this policy which are being so industriously raised and magnified at present, I would be glad to deal with in another article with your permission.

J. W. LONGLEY.

ARE FRENCH-CANADIAN SPECIAL PRIVILEGES
SECURED UNDER TREATY?

IN view of the present scarcely cordial relations between the two prevailing races of the Dominion, it becomes important to know under what authority the French-Canadian exercises those special immunities he enjoys in connection with his laws, language, and religion. Are they held under treaty stipulations, which are irrevocable? Or derived through statutory enactments, which are repealable at will? The subject is one of sufficient moment, especially to-day, to warrant investigation.

The only instruments that ever passed between the two nations, England and France, in connection with the transfer of Canada, were the Montreal Articles of Capitulation and the Treaty of Paris. The former bear date September 8, 1760, the signatories being the Marquis de Vaudreuil on the part of the defeated French, and General Amherst, the English commander, representing the conquerors. After primarily insisting that "the whole garrison of Montreal must lay down their arms" unconditionally, Article 27 concedes "the free exercise of the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion" to the vanquished people. On the other hand, the demand of "paying to the priests the tithes, and all the taxes the people were used to pay," was reserved "for the King's pleasure." This was the limit yielded on the question of religion, and it involves nothing more than the right of free and unmolested worship. The demand made, under Article 42, that "the French-Canadians shall continue to be governed according to the Custom of Paris, and the laws and usages established for this country," is met by General Amherst with a refusal, and the stern and significant reply, "They become subjects of the King of England." As to the use of the French language, the instrument in question is wholly silent.

The Treaty of Paris, signed in 1763, is absolutely mute on the subject of French law or French language in Canada. As to religion, Section 4 provides "the liberty of the Catholic religion to the inhabitants of Canada. They may profess the worship of their religion, according to the rites of the Romish Church, as far as the laws of Great Britain permit." In other words, it is tolerated like any other Church or sect, neither more nor less.

That this involved the then settled Imperial policy is sustained by the terms of the Treaty of Utrecht. That instrument was signed in 1713, after the surrender of Nova Scotia or Acadie by France to England. It, too, not only fails to embody any provisions for the maintenance of French language and law, but it is conspicuously clear of any reference to either. On the remaining point under consideration, Section 14 provides that "those [French subjects] willing to remain are to enjoy the free exercise of their religion, according to the usage of the Church of Rome, as far as the laws of Great Britain do allow the same."

Thus have been passed in review all international agreements as between England and France on the subject of conquered Canada. Where are the guarantees claimed to exist for the free use of French laws and language as secured by treaty? There is no evidence of them in the brief period that elapsed between the Capitulation and the Treaty of Paris, during which General Murray ruled at Quebec. That official, with a stroke of the pen, established a military tribunal, a part of whose duties it was to decide in all civil and criminal matters in the place of the ordinary courts. And that it was then the deliberate intent of the Imperial policy to Anglicise its new acquisition is further shown by the Royal Proclamation of 1763 wholly abolishing French law throughout Canada, and substituting the English. Hereafter we come to what may be called the statutory era.

Within ten years of the issue of that sweeping proclamation of 1763, the neighbouring American colonies had grown from a long-smouldering disaffection into a condition that was evidently on the eve of becoming one of open and active insurrection. Canada, too, had in the interim increased in population. That augmentation was indeed so comparatively considerable as to make it an object of Imperial importance to conciliate and gain over the new subjects. The latter appear, for the larger part, to have remained indifferent where not actually hostile. The Roman Catholic Church, more sagacious ever than its lay followers, saw that the time to strike a blow in its own interests had at last come. The necessary pressure was therefore brought to bear in London to cause the insertion of Section 5 of the Imperial Act of 1774. That clause enables "the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church to hold and receive their accustomed dues and rights"—an ecclesiastical foothold that it has ever since known well how to maintain and develop. But even this Act, adopted largely for the purpose of conciliating the Roman Catholic Church, none the less contains not a single allusion to the French language or laws. It may here be mentioned incidentally that on the passage of this bill that Church set at once vigorously to work on the Imperial behalf, rendering it good ser-

vice both just before and after the battle of Lexington and Montgomery's futile attack on Quebec, both which events took place the following year. This Church indeed claims that its efforts were really the means of preventing the success of the American invasion. If this be conceded, as perhaps it fairly may, events have proved that Lower Canada escaped Washington only to fall into the hands of Rome.

The next Imperial measure of any importance as affecting Canada is that known as the Constitutional Act, passed in 1791. This measure called a legislative body into existence of which the lower branch was elective. Nearly the first act of the new legislature in Lower Canada was to take into consideration the adoption of the French language. A resolution officially recognising it was carried, and it thus for the first time since the Conquest obtained a legal status, though it had necessarily been used occasionally in connection with royal and other proclamations, official notifications, etc. The old French laws simultaneously came again into operation so far as civil cases were involved. The criminal law of England, however, continued to be maintained, as it does up to the present day. In the meantime, that is, between the Conquest and the going into effect of this Act, the French-Canadian population is estimated to have grown from 65,000 to 110,000. But how far this important step in the direction of popular government fell short of giving general satisfaction is shown by the agitation which subsequently set in, and which culminated in the armed outbreak of 1837. And to show its fragility as a guarantee that the privileges conceded by this Act could be regarded as finalities impossible of future evasion, a single declaration emanating from Imperial sources will suffice. In 1834, when the intestine divisions in Lower Canada had nearly reached their height, the English Colonial Secretary (Stanley) more than hints in one of his despatches that the Home Government has under consideration the advisability of repealing altogether the Act of 1791, and replacing it by one that shall "maintain and cement the connection of the Mother Country in adhering strictly to the spirit of the English Constitution."

The Union Act of 1840, however, prevented this hardly covert menace from being carried out. That measure consolidated the two provinces into one for legislative purposes. It also once more made the English language sole and paramount for all parliamentary purposes. The official use of the French tongue is emphatically set aside by it. The wording of the Act is uncompromising and incapable of misconstruction. It declares that "all journals, entries, and written or printed proceedings, of what nature soever, of the Legislative Council and Legislative Assembly of Canada, and all written proceedings and reports of said Legislative Council and Legislative Assembly, shall be in the English language." It even goes on to add that "no translated copy shall be kept among their records, or be deemed in any case to have the force of an original record." Existing laws, however, are to be retained.

But the French-Canadian members were not slow in perceiving the advantages of acting and voting together in one compact unbroken mass. The division lists showed them, on every important party question, ranged literally all on one side. The support thus steadily given to the Government of the day soon extorted its own reward. Accordingly in 1848 such a pressure was brought by the united phalanx of French-Canadian representatives on the Ministry of the day that the Imperial Government was induced to repeal that portion of the Union Act relating to the use of the English language alone in connection with all legislative proceedings. And thus French became a recognised official language in the Legislature.

Such was the position up to 1867, the year which saw the Dominion of Canada called into existence. The British North America Act then dealt with the bi-lingual question in the following terms:—"Either language may be used in the Dominion Parliament or Legislature of Quebec. Both languages shall be used in the respective records and journals of the above, and the Acts of the Dominion Parliament and Quebec Legislature shall be printed and published in both languages."

From all the above it is manifest that, beyond the fullest measure of religious toleration accorded everywhere throughout the Empire, the French-Canadians enjoy no special rights and privileges whatever under treaty. Such as they possess are derived from Imperial statutes alone. These latter are not only revocable, but, as the parliamentary records show, have in abundant instances actually been repealed. There is no constitutional obstacle to prevent the coalition in the Dominion Parliament of the English-speaking members—following examples successfully set by the French-Canadians themselves—to secure the repeal of any or all special privileges founded on no more inviolable basis than statutory enactment. That such an Anglo-Saxon parliamentary combination could also be successful there is no reason to doubt. It would seem, too, the only pacific method by which such an end can be attained.

HOCHELAGA.

REALITY AND REALISM.

"AND then, in the middle of the night, they come and rouse the people up by ringing the door-bell; and you can hear that door-bell in the music just as plainly as a real one. It's awfully clever." Such was the enthusiastic explanation of a phrase in the "Lenore Symphony" that I heard given in front of me at a Philharmonic concert. I had forgotten it, and with bent head and half-closed eyes was listening to the music, only conscious that the eager people in front were following the written "explanation" of the symphony on the programme as intently as others were following the musical score, when the thrilling whisper reached me, "There it is! That's the door-bell! Isn't it perfect?" After that, they read no more that day! The climax had been reached. That for which they had come had been given them. If they could have encored the door-bell, doubtless they would have had it over again; that being impossible, they simply waited through the rest.

The great difficulty in struggling against the flood of realism that is pouring through literature lies in the fact that all of us recognise that it is, on the whole, the right current to swim in. The taste for the impossibly heroic, the grandiloquently virtuous, the magnificently glorious, in fiction, has certainly departed. But the out-and-out realists make the mistake of knowing no middle course between impossible heroes and no heroes at all. There is such a thing as heroism still; and the world—even the cultivated world—still likes to hear about heroism; only nowadays it wants the heroism that is possible to average human nature. It does not care much about the glorious deeds of Saladin, or the incredible battle-axe feats of Rider Haggard's monstrosity of a Zulu; but it still likes to hear about the heroism of the man who wanted to run away from his first battle, but was afraid to. We shall laugh if you create for us a hero who never stirred a muscle when a cannon exploded behind him; but we like to hear if the man trembled at the shock, but didn't run away. The world of readers still likes to be strongly moved. As there is no gymnastic exercise in the world that can produce such a glow through the whole system as the sensation of having been for a few minutes thoroughly, burningly, righteously, indignant, so the pleasure of being thrilled to the heart is still a pleasure to the readers of fiction, whether you move them to laughter or to tears. The trouble is, not that we don't want to be thrilled any more, but that the old machinery has ceased to thrill. Impossible things no longer interest us; but the man who wants to give us little and simple things, instead of grandiloquent and absurd things, must manage to interest us in little and simple things. If he does that, we are all realists to the core. "But no," says the realist *per se*; "you must either be thrilled by the impossible, or you mustn't be thrilled at all. Heroism is impossible; if you won't have the impossible, then you can't have heroism. Take your choice between Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Howells: there is no middle course."

To interest us in what is real will be pronounced by almost every one the recognised object of recent fiction; but it has been easily distorted, till it seems to mean merely interesting us in what is simple. Give us only what is real, but do not give us quite so much of what is simple. Simplicity is good so far as it goes, but it is not everything. Let us not merely see life in your pages as if it had been photographed, but let us learn to comprehend it. Do not give us stilted thoughts in stilted language, do not give us high-flown emotion in gaudy rhetoric; but all the same, do not restrict us to outward acts of ordinary life. Give us thoughts and emotions, too; only let them be real thoughts and emotions. Mr. Howells has somewhere announced that fiction should "verify the externals of life, pourtray faithfully the outside of men and things;" yet the great Russian novels which he extols, and justly, for their realism, deal, to an extent hardly perceptible in any such degree in other novels, with thoughts, emotions, feelings, the life of the mind and soul. The short story of *Ivan Ilytch*, which Mr. Howells rightly praises as a masterpiece of realistic art, deals wholly with emotion. It is realistic, not because it deals with "outward things," but because, dealing with inward things, it gives us the "true inwardness;" no mock heroics, or high tragedy, or rhetoric, but the real feelings of an average man, dying slowly of a painful disease.

To be a realist, it is not necessary to ignore thought and feeling; but it is necessary to give true thoughts and true feelings. Tennyson would have been a realist in the midst of the most impassioned rhetoric of his description of a tropical desert island, if he had only represented a poet as cast away upon it; for the splendid description would have been a true description of what a poet would have seen there. But when he represents the simple mind of Enoch the fisherman as taking in all these glorious fancies, he errs artistically in the very midst of his art. To illustrate the difference between the simple and the real, nothing could be better than the art of Dickens. One is apt to think of Dickens as one of the first great realists, merely because he discarded heroes, and descended not only to common life, but to uncommonly common life, for his subjects and scenes. Yet Dickens was not a realist. He performed a great and valuable service when he turned the attention of novel-readers from lords and ladies, palaces and paradises, to the everyday world of quite commonplace characters and incidents. But he did not inaugurate realism. Hardly one of his characters or incidents is true to nature. It is all exaggeration—exaggerated humour, exaggerated pathos, exaggerated emotion. He is true to human nature, inasmuch as all our foibles, our passions, our virtues, and our thoughts appear somewhere or other in his pages; but he is not true to individual nature. Not one of his characters is the complex thing that every human soul must perforce to be. Each is a puppet moved by a single string: an entertaining exhibition of some separate trait or peculiarity, as much a personification of some one single quality as are the Ava-

rice and Generosity, the Truth and Happiness and Valour, that trip lightly through the children's fairy-tales, never uttering any but the sentiments appropriate to their respective characters.

No; Dickens was not a realist; nor was Miss Austen the best kind of realist. She, too, performed an inestimable service in turning the literary world into a happy hunting-ground for average men and women; but the good she did was in taming our pulses and not letting them beat at all above the moral rate for health. Your best kind of realist does not disdain to thrill you; on the contrary, he means to tear your soul to pieces with emotion, to make your pulse beat as it never beat before; only he means to do it with a little thing, a possible thing, a real thing. Miss Austen simply said, "No thrills, if you please;" and proceeded to delineate commonplace life with a cleverness that made even the heroic novelists smile with pleasure. "That young lady," said Sir Walter Scott, "had a talent for describing the involvements, feelings, and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The Big Bow Wow strain I can do myself, like any now going, but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the sentiments is denied to me." But the realism of Miss Austen, pleasant and clever as it is, is not enough for some of us. It makes us smile with quiet enjoyment, and we prefer it to the "Big Bow Wow strain" of any one less great than Sir Walter; but we have not quite lost a secret preference for being thrilled. In this respect, Charlotte Bronte was the first great English realist. "You should not make all your heroines beautiful," she announced to her sisters; and when they declared it was impossible to interest the public in anything different, she felt herself challenged to exclaim, "I will create a heroine as small and poor and homely as I am myself, and you shall be interested in her." The result was Jane Eyre. Here we could see what realism was capable of in the way of thrilling. The heroine was plain and insignificant and poor; but we were more than interested in her: we were absorbed in her story.

But in spite of great examples and noble successes, the world of authors has been slow to come to those great realistic principles which are undoubtedly the right ones. Tennyson, encouraged by Dickens, thinks he will try to make something out of a fisherman; but he hates to say outright that Enoch Arden was a fisherman. Instead, he tells us that Enoch was often seen "with ocean spoil in ocean-smelling osier;" and lest this should not be entirely clear, he again hints at the fact, plainly but delicately, in alluding to the great house "whose Friday fare was Enoch's ministering." Even Dickens himself, when he no longer wanted to make us laugh but hoped to make us cry, felt that in clinging to the common people he must manage to make them as like the aristocracy as possible in their sorrows; must manage to have Lizzie Hexam lady-like, and Little Nell saintly, and Oliver Twist a poor gentle abused little sufferer. Here he was radically at fault as a realist. Mr. Howells can never make us cease to love Dickens, but he is right in saying that the literary world is tired of such pathos as Dickens throws round the fate of Little Nell. The pathos of the poor is less in their suffering than their sin; the fact that environment and heredity and circumstance cheat them of their birthright—keep them from being ladylike and gentlemenlike, saintly or heroic. Take Miss Phelps's story of *Jack*. Here is realism with a vengeance. Jack, the wretched son of a wretched drunkard, is not a dear little boy with flaxen hair, praying "father, dear father, come home," at the door of the grog-shop; no, he goes in, and at midnight is brought home to his mother, drunk. Here is realism, but here is also pathos; here is human nature, but here also is literary art. Here is truth, but it is truth that stirs the pulses and moves the soul. It is realism at its best.

Once conscious of what realism is, the methods by which it is to be treated are subject to an equal amount of discussion. To be realistic does not mean to be prosaic, to enter into detail. Miss Preston has shown that a sentence in one of Gogol's novels, "Make your arrangements for Fedor," is as clear to the sympathetic imagination as are all the terrible details and the heart-rending description of Mrs. Stowe's account of the beating of Uncle Tom. In short, it may be said briefly that that realism is finest which is most imaginative; just as that imagination is finest which is most realistic.—*Alice Wellington Rollins, in The Critic.*

OUR PARIS LETTER.

THIS is always rather a sad season with us. We are about to bid farewell to the hundred and one "innocent amusements," of more or less Arcadian nature, that the initiated know so well where to find in and about Paris during summer months, and theatre-going is yet hardly practicable. Notwithstanding this city's reputation for torrid weather in July and August, from one cause or another, the heat never seems so intolerable as it is at home. Perhaps, however, the difference really exists in the Frenchman's being blest with boulevards and cafés; and then when we may lay down the burden of the day, I take it, we should look the world over in vain to discover lovelier nights, more brilliant with lights and music, more fairy-like with perfumes and flowers and moon-lit fountains than those of the incomparable Paris. I know of no walk within city walls approaching the Champs Elysées on an evening of late spring or early autumn. The myriad lights of the *cafés concerts*, half hidden amongst trees and shrubs, and again lining the way in strings of silver globes; the dull rumbling of innumerable carriages bound for the Bois; the snatches of fantastic melody or shrill laughter,—all combine to make a scene at once unique and weird and captivating. But all this is not recording the doings and sayings of Paris, you say. Pardon me; I am describing very faithfully its life in September, the deliciously lazy, *bock*-sipping, cigarette-smoking existence it leads still, and has been leading for the past months. But ere long the

open-air concerts and balls will close, and the old men are beginning to prophesy, and the young men to dream dreams of the conquests of the coming winter.

Do not imagine for an instant the Opera Comique disaster is going to make the theatre less popular. On the contrary, the greater the calamity that befalls a Frenchman, the greater his need for distraction. He is a thorough philosopher, but by nature, not from conviction, for his philosophy consists rather in forgetting than in bearing bravely.

Well, one of the great questions of the day is whether or not we are to have Verdi's *Othello* at the Grand Opera. When last here the maestro's chief objections to its performance in France were—first, his having so completely adapted the music to Boito's translation of the play; and secondly the vastness of the principal French lyric stage. The former of these no longer holds good, inasmuch as a translation of the Italian has been made under Verdi's supervision. The composer was very anxious that Madame Caron should interpret the principal rôle if the opera were to be given at all. But unfortunately this singer has signed an engagement with the Opera Comique. It is very pleasant, I take it, to see genius king at last, not only metaphorically speaking, and wearing a circlet of gold as well as a laurel crown. Now may he command in high tones, nor is it necessary to sacrifice one jot or tittle of artistic feeling for the sake of gain. Verdi is the lord of a chateau and broad acres many a noble might envy. So you see he can afford to dictate—even to the French.

For some time past the general post office in Paris has been anything but a creditable building. However, it is only a temporary affair, and the new Hôtel des Postes, so Monsieur le Ministre says, will be opened on — March. With its inauguration they might bring into the service a batch of young men to replace the present officials, youths entertaining somewhat less disdain for the study of geography than their predecessors.

Paris, September, 1887.

EARLY MORNING IN SEPTEMBER.

I SAW the sacred morning sunbeams kiss
The trees, which reverently then did glow—
Rose golden, like the veils of voiceless bliss
Which seraphim upon the saints bestow,
Who, by the radiant, everlasting Door,
Most meekly God's dear mercy do implore!

I saw those Orient benisons alight,
Sweep round, infold, and warm the moss-gray boles;
I saw the hollows whence the shades of night
Receded, as at advent of the stoles
Of messengers in samite clothed of grace
Such as might glorify the darkest place!

I saw the shimmering answer of the boughs,
Fulfilled of leaves that flushed with sudden life,—
I saw, I heard the autumn birds arouse
And enter into happy, warbling strife;
And then I looked, and lo! the skies above
Arched blue-pure, deep as thoughts of deathless love!

—William Struthers, in the American.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"THE MACHINE AT OTTAWA" AND PARTY GOVERNMENT.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—The opinions expressed in a contribution entitled "The Machine at Ottawa," which appeared in your issue of 29th September, awakened in me, in common with, I venture to say, not a few others of your readers, feelings of surprise and profound dissatisfaction. While I am aware that you do not hold your journal responsible for the views propounded in contributed articles, I am impressed with the danger of permitting such incorrect notions as those of your contributor to gain currency through the pages of a Canadian journal of repute, and remain unanswered. I must therefore ask the use of a small portion of your space to point out wherein I conceive they are misleading.

The task of criticising even a fault-finder is not an agreeable one, for in itself it involves fault-finding, which is responsible of late years in this country for more harm than good. Not a day in the week but what, if one takes up a newspaper of a certain class, he will find in it abuse of this country and the people who inhabit it, their Government and all things pertaining thereto. At a time when the mortar in our political structure has hardly yet set, one would think that the energies of loyal citizens should be directed rather towards a careful preservation of what the fathers of Confederation wrought, until time shall have demonstrated the defects, if any, of their work, or secured the recognition by all of its beauty and value. But of late our land seems plagued with a troublesome infliction of pessimists, prophets of evil, political dyspeptics and detractors, as if some Moses had stretched forth his rod over it and called down the pest. Where they come from or why they exist is not explainable. Everywhere individuals of this stamp are busy decrying the institutions of their country, and doing their best to belittle her in her own eyes and in those of the world. Without suggesting any changes in our institutions which they could hope reasonable men would support, they content themselves, with

more or less regard for truth, with persistent and loud-mouthed detraction of everything which exists.

The flippancy of your contributor's remarks, irritating as it is to all acquainted with the excellent form of government we enjoy, might be trusted to deprive them of any great power of doing harm; but false impressions upon such subjects are as easily scattered as the seed of the thistle—and sometimes as difficult to eradicate. To prove the untruth of each and every of the unfounded statements of your contributor would require more space than I could hope to ask you for; to answer his sneers at the form of Government adopted by this people (as "the abortive Canadian British-Constitution-with-new fly-wheels, which Lord Durham and his associates introduced into the country would have shaken itself to pieces in a few years of innate rottenness," etc.) is, I firmly believe, in addressing Canadians, unnecessary.

Let me then, as briefly as possible, indicate what I consider some of his mistaken assumptions, deductions, and teachings.

There is no justification for circulating the belief that the government of Canada is practically a government by a "Machine"—that is, that its political action is controlled by ringsters and ignorant, thieving demagogues in the same manner as were those lower wards of the city of New York (where the expression "Machine," used in this sense, originated) some years ago; nor is government by Party, even as parties now exist, by any means necessarily a government by "Machine," as your correspondent would seek to have us assume. In direct contradiction of his initial statement, the people of this country are governed "by brains;" they are governed by "one man or set of men;" and they are not governed "by a Machine."

The form of government is not "to be credited to a British nobleman, Lord Durham," at whom your correspondent sneers. ("This noble lord is praised to the skies," etc.) The project of a general union, or confederation, was entertained long before Lord Durham's time. He himself says in his famous report: "The views on which I found my support of a comprehensive union have long been entertained by many persons in these colonies whose opinion is entitled to the highest consideration;" and, if other or any testimony were needed of a fact so well known, the debates upon Confederation show the same thing. If your correspondent will read Lord Durham's report, he will find that this earnest, patriotic, and far-seeing statesman did indeed devote most painstaking labour to a thorough and impartial study of the whole question of the troubles in British North America; and, while others may lay claim to a prior advocacy of the union, it does not lessen the debt Canadians owe to him. It is not "because party government had done good in England," etc., "it was introduced into Canada." Party government is practically inseparable from any form of free or so-called democratic government. Such a government is one by the will of the people, which means the will of the majority of them. While each citizen has his voice through the ballot, he can only hope to have his wishes carried out by associating with himself other voters whose views coincide with his own, and by their assistance forming a majority who vote one way, and so secure the ascendancy of the principles they jointly advocate and support. In no other way can his individual opinion have weight, nor is it entitled to claim it in any other way. The association of such voters is called a party, and there must and will be such associations so long as communities take any share in their own government. These are truisms, but it is necessary to state them when we read "In Canada, parties were formed to suit the form of government, not the form of government to suit the parties."

Your contributor further says: "There never were any class distinctions in Canada that required separate chambers," etc. "It never seems to have struck the worthy nobleman [Lord Durham] or his admirers that it would have been easier to have left the second chamber out of the Constitution than to have manufactured a class to fill it." Let us again quote Lord Durham's words:—"The constitution of a second legislative body for the united Legislature involves questions of very great difficulty. The present constitution of the Legislative Councils of these provinces has always appeared to me inconsistent with sound principles, and little calculated to answer the purpose of placing the effective check which I consider necessary on the popular branch of the Legislature. The analogy which some persons have attempted to draw between the House of Lords and the Legislative Councils seems to me erroneous. The constitution of the House of Lords is consonant with the frame of English society; and, as the creation of a precisely similar body in such a state of society as that of these colonies is impossible, it has always appeared to me most unwise to attempt to supply its place by one which has no point of resemblance to it except that of being a non-elective check in the elective branch of the Legislature. The attempt to invest a few persons, distinguished from their fellow-colonists neither by birth nor hereditary property, and often only transiently connected with the country, with such a power, seems only calculated to ensure jealousy and bad feeling in the first instance, and collision at last." If your correspondent will read the debates upon Confederation, he will learn that this matter of a second chamber was the subject of the most earnest and thoughtful consideration by the framers of Confederation. Let me refer him to pages 22, 23, and 35 (among many others) of the Debates. He will there discover that the idea of having one chamber instead of two is not original with him. W. S. G.

[ONE office of THE WEEK, as an independent journal, is to afford a means of publication to fair and honest arguments for different views of all public questions: the publication of the article complained of should not therefore have caused surprise or dissatisfaction to our correspondent or any other of our readers.—ED. WEEK.]

The Week.

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

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WITH reference to the Hon. Mr. Longley's article on Commercial Union, to be found elsewhere, and especially to his statement that THE WEEK'S "energies are expended in trying to prove that it [Commercial Union] is all wrong, and that Canada should adhere to the present policy of commercial isolation," we have to say that our respected contributor has somewhat misapprehended our position. We do not think Canada should lightly imperil her separate national existence by forming a commercial copartnership with a Power so much greater in every material respect to herself that in the nature of things political union will probably follow. We believe we discern abundant promise of Canada's growing into a nation with a strong individuality, and of a vigorous, healthy type; and we should regret exceedingly to see this prospect thwarted by a premature alliance. Therefore we say wait awhile; let us see if we cannot walk alone; we have come so far, and, with the qualities that self-help is developing, we may reach the goal. Moreover, it appears to us that Commercial Union would be a short-sighted policy to adopt. We want foreign markets; and to get foreign markets we must return to a low tariff, framed for revenue purposes only. By throwing down the customs barrier that separates us from the States we should get access to one market; but is that likely to be of sufficient value to compensate the country, and especially our maritime provinces, on both the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts—the natural outlets to the trade of Canada—for being shut off from all the world besides? If the States should lower their tariff to a revenue rate, there would be much to be said for Commercial Union; but while they hold by Protection we ought to look beyond them. England is now our natural trade ally. We are bound to her by political ties, and she has vast business connexions in every part of the world that are as open to Canadians as to Englishmen, if we knew how to avail ourselves of the advantage, and our Government would let us. A trade alliance with England is as far preferable to one with the States as a copartnership with a merchant having agents in every market of the world is to one with a merchant whose business is confined to one city. No: to refuse Commercial Union with the States is not necessarily to "adhere to the present policy of commercial isolation." It is because we hope to see Canada break from the commercial isolation, as well of this continent as of the Dominion, that we oppose Commercial Union; which however we freely admit is a policy that Nova Scotia may be excused for favouring, while the present Canadian tariff obtains. Our seaports and coast districts are victims of the National Policy: it is foreign trade, which our National Policy kills, that has built up Liverpool and Glasgow, and that would build up Halifax and St. John; and we fully recognise that to permanently satisfy the Maritime Provinces foreign trade must be had, by some sort of Commercial Union if the thing is not possible otherwise.

LORD ROSEBERY told his audience at Ipswich the other night that the Government, by suppressing the League, had "turned a legitimate society into a secret one." The previous day members of the National League with bands escorted the eight men arrested as concerned in the murder of Head Constable Whelehan from the gaol to the Court House. It is fair to infer therefore that the League in adopting the cause of these arrested men as its own means to openly express approval of the murder of the Constable. That it was a National League murder is indeed abundantly evident from the circumstances of the case. The man Sexton, whose house was attacked, had taken an evicted farm. The League, with a band, headed by Mr. O'Donnellan Blake Foster, J.P., paraded and built for Slatery, the evicted tenant, a League hut. Sexton was summoned by the League and censured, and he agreed to give up the farm, but did not do so, and accordingly the League executioners—the moonlighters—proceeded to shoot him. They had their rifles and revolvers up to do so when the police pounced down on them, caught unexpectedly in the toils, but Head Constable Whelehan, being on duty outside the house when the struggle was going on, was attacked by two of the moonlighters, and his brains were beaten out. It is these bloody savages who are escorted from the gaol to court by members of the League with band playing: it is a society that does such work as this that Lord Rosebery calls "legitimate."

It was very polite of Mr. William O'Brien, after crossing the Atlantic to visit Lord Lansdowne, to go back and build twenty Land League huts on his Lordship's estate. But the tenants he installed in them appear to have been as little grateful for the attention as we Canadians were for the visit. As soon as he had left, we are told, they locked up their huts and went back to their friends, apparently liking the stables provided for them as little as Mr. O'Brien does the plebeian cell provided elsewhere for him. From the account of the Manchester *Courier's* correspondent in Ireland, who has been visiting Lord Lansdowne's Luggacurran estate, it is plain that the leaders of the Irish Conspiracy have a very adequate sense of the dignity and importance of their office. Accordingly, while a wooden hut, with a single board floor on the damp ground, is deemed fit and sufficient accommodation for a labourer, his wife, and fourteen children, with, as we understand, an allowance of eighteen shillings a week (\$4.50), Mr. William O'Brien is enabled to take a trip across the Atlantic, and to roam about the three Kingdoms since, in search of easy martyrdom; while his fellow traveller, Mr. Dennis Kilbride,—whom the *Courier's* correspondent describes as one who would pay no rent himself, though he rack-rented his sub-tenants mercilessly—gets fifteen pounds a week, and is made a member of Parliament by Mr. Parnell. This ornament to the Legislature it was that induced the other tenants to join the Plan of Campaign, and now leaves them in the lurch, taking refuge among the paid representatives of the American-Irish in the British Parliament. It is stated that the tenants would never have joined the Plan of Campaign but for him; and now most of them are quite willing to accept Lord Lansdowne's offer, but are afraid of the League. Well they may be while the "moonlight" branch of this "legitimate" society is in full operation.

THE sending to New York of Sir Thomas Grattan Esmonde, Bart., M.P., as representative of the Irish Parliamentary party, looks a little like an attempt to clothe the Parnellite movement with an air of respectability; but notwithstanding the aristocratic name and title of this emissary, the fact remains that he comes to the States to explain the state of a conspiracy against the British Government, to thank the subscribers to a dynamite and murder fund, and to solicit a "continuance of past favours."

SIR CHARLES RUSSELL, speaking at Swindon, admitted that he did not approve of all the Parnellite doings, but Parnellite methods had done more to gain a substantial recognition of Irish rights than the efforts of any previous band of Irishmen. There is the whole Gladstonian case for Home Rule, and the Gladstonian theory of government, in a nutshell. If a band of malefactors, whose object is moreover treasonable, grow too strong for the ordinary law, by the use of outrage, intimidation, and every illegal practice, do not make special laws to meet their case, but give in at once, and afford their cause "substantial recognition" by joining them!

ITALY it is clear has taken the place of Russia in the Triple Alliance. The Czar, though staying at only a few hours' distance from Stettin, refused to go there to meet His German Majesty; therefore the German Chancellor invites the Italian Premier to a conference, which places the relations between Germany and Italy on the most cordial footing. This is well; Italy is a faithful ally to Great Britain; and anything that tends to foster the growth of Italian power is to be approved by Englishmen. The likelihood is that Italy is destined soon to become the leading Power in the Mediterranean, which might work great improvement in the relations between France and Great Britain, by causing a lowering of French pretensions in Egypt.

It is quite possible that events in Africa may hasten a solution of the ever-pending European War question. In view of the expected death of the Sultan of Morocco France has been intriguing to extend her power westward from Algeria over part of the Sultan's domains. Her emissaries have lost no time in spreading the report that Morocco was likely to lapse into a state of anarchy, which of course could only be prevented by an infusion of French civilisation; but Spain has forestalled her in her benevolent designs by suddenly sending a fleet there, the result, it is said, of a secret assurance from Rome that Italy would look with favour upon any action intended to check the spread of French power in Africa. Spain has a close blood connexion with Morocco; and, moreover, she can never suffer France to advance towards Gibraltar's opposite shore; while Italy is a growing Power on whom, we trust, French influence in the Mediterranean, if it ever greatly wane, will devolve. There is room however in North Africa for all three Powers: of all the world North Africa seems to be the region most suitable for Latin colonisation. But France will march beside no other Power, especially her rival, Italy; and therein lies

the danger. Unless restrained by unwonted caution she may provoke Italy, who would shrink from no enterprise, with Germany at her back. And Germany would not likely be averse to see the war cloud that threatens Europe burst over Africa.

THE penalties imposed on transgressors by the devotees and adherents of the new religion that has superseded Christianity with a large class in America are very severe, it must be admitted; but then it is to be remembered that these offences, though not mentioned in the Decalogue or the Sermon on the Mount, are really, in the eyes of Prohibitionists at any rate, more heinous than most breaches of the moral law. Manslaughter or highway robbery are no doubt great crimes against society, but what are they in comparison with the crime of selling liquor illegally? There is probably no offence against heaven or earth more deeply heinous than this in the view of the thoroughgoing Prohibitionist; and therefore the profane need feel no surprise or indignation when they read that in Kansas, where Prohibition reigns, a druggist's clerk for selling liquor has been fined twenty thousand dollars and sent to gaol for seventeen years! Happy the country that is governed by wisdom and justice!

THE Russian Government is attempting to destroy Nihilism by putting an end to the higher education of the lower classes. Count Tolstoi, the Minister of the Interior, has issued a circular in which it is declared that—

The gymnasia, high schools, and universities will henceforth refuse to receive as pupils or students the children of domestic servants, peasants, tradesmen, petty shopkeepers, farmers, and others of like condition, whose progeny should not be raised from the circle to which they belong, and be thereby led, as long experience has shown, to despise their parents, to become discontented with their lot, and irritated against the inevitable inequalities of the existing social positions.

This policy is a complete reversal of that adopted by Alexander II. thirty years ago, when it was conceded by the Government that the chief need of Russia, social and industrial, was a higher level of popular education. It is now determined that popular education being incompatible with the present political régime shall be sacrificed. The ultimate outcome of such a piece of fifteenth century barbarism in this nineteenth century cannot be doubtful. The educational leaven implanted among the masses during the past thirty years will go on working and spreading till the foolish crust that tries to keep it down will be utterly annihilated or absorbed.

THE British Consul at Hiogo, Japan, in his report on the trade of that place for the past year, notices the important part which the Canadian Pacific Railway is likely to play in Japanese trade. In the tea season of 1886 (before the regular steamers from Vancouver to Yohohama began to run) tea was shipped in sailing vessels to Port Moody for transport thence to the eastern cities of Canada and the United States by the Canadian Pacific Railway. In all, seven vessels took tea from Hiogo to Port Moody, and the quantity taken from this one place amounted to over three and a quarter million of pounds. Mr. Hall, the Consul at Yokohama, refers to the same subject. He points out that a considerable fraction of the trade of Japan with America is done by the long, circuitous voyage across the Atlantic and Indian Oceans, instead of across the Pacific. Nearly a third of the tea exported from Japan to America in 1886 was carried in steamers *via* Suez Canal to New York, while most of the kerosene was imported in sailing ships clearing from New York or Philadelphia, and coming round the Cape of Good Hope. But more than three-fourths of the trade of America with Japan and half of the silk exported to Europe were sent across the Pacific to San Francisco. This trans-Pacific trade is divided between British and United States shipping in about equal shares. It can, Mr. Hall thinks, hardly admit of doubt that the steamers of the Canadian Pacific line taking cargo and passengers from the ports of China and Japan to Vancouver destined not only for Canada but also for the United States and Europe, *via* the Canadian Pacific Railway and other connecting lines and steamers, will before long attract not only the bulk of the tea that has hitherto been taken by the Suez Canal, but also a fair share of the general export trade hitherto passing through San Francisco.

In the same connexion the *Boston Herald* says: The Canadian Pacific is developing a considerable traffic in manufactured cottons from New England points. Recently a shipment of 3,044 bales of cotton cloth to China was made *via* Boston and Lowell Railroad to Newport, Vt., and Canadian Pacific Railroad, Vt., to Vancouver, British Columbia, and thence by steamer to Yokohama and Hong Kong. The shipment made a train of twenty-six cars, which ran through to the ship's side at Vancouver, a little more than 3,200 miles from Boston. By this route cotton

goods can be shipped from New England even without the expense of the dressing which the English manufacturers apply to their packages shipped through the Suez Canal. Instead of that, Americans can ship the cloth in ordinary bales or boxes, because the voyage being a short one and wholly in a northern latitude, the condition of the goods on arrival will be the same as when they left the factory. The time required for the shipping of the goods from the New England mill to Shanghai is about thirty days; the time from England *via* the Suez Canal to the same point is about fifty-three days. And what are our cotton manufacturers doing? There ought to be no possibility of over-production in Canadian cottons, if these are made suitable for the Eastern market.

THE Democratic State Convention, held at Saratoga recently, was a noteworthy event, for it emphatically endorsed Mr. Cleveland, showing clearly that he is still supported by the party at large, and has therefore a good chance of re-election; while at any rate New York State is likely again to be the pivotal State on the Presidential election, and its vote may therefore be all-important.

THE plan of providing separate railway carriages for women, just introduced into England, although long in use on the Continent, is said not to have proved remarkably successful so far. On one line ladies would not ride in the carriage reserved for them, while on another—low be it spoken!—the plan had to be abandoned on account of the frequent quarrels among them, and the detention of the train while affairs were being adjusted.

INVESTIGATIONS recently made in the War-Department at Washington show that the late American Civil War was relatively the most sanguinary on record. Though the Federal and Confederate returns are not altogether exact, the War Office is able to give a close approximate estimate of the killed, wounded, and missing in the Federal forces. According to the statistics, 297,825 Union soldiers lie buried in the various national cemeteries. Including losses of which no account can be taken, the war cost the North 320,000 lives, or more than one in nine of all those who entered the service. The two opposing armies met in over 2,000 skirmishes and battles. In 148 of these conflicts the loss on the Federal side was upwards of 500 men, and in at least ten battles more than 10,000 men were reported lost on each side. The combined losses of the Federal and Confederate forces in killed, wounded, and missing in the following engagements were:—Shiloh, 24,000; Antietam, 38,000; Stone River, 37,000; Chancellorsville, 28,000; Gettysburg, 54,000; Chickamauga, 33,000; McClellan's Peninsula Campaign, 50,000; Grant's Peninsula Campaign, 180,000; and Sherman's Campaign, 125,000. Waterloo was one of the most desperate and bloody fields chronicled in European history, yet Wellington's casualties were less than 12 per cent., while during the American War, the loss at Murfreesburg, Atlanta, Chickamauga, Gettysburg, and other places frequently reached and sometimes exceeded 40 per cent., and the average of killed and wounded on one side or the other was 30 per cent. If the figures of the Confederate losses could be accurately ascertained, the total deaths in the late war would probably surpass 500,000. Is it not a little curious that the losses and captured men of the Federals—who were victorious in the struggle—almost equalled the whole of the Confederate forces.

UNDER the title "Chinese Alliances" the *Chinese Times* of Tientsin publishes an article discussing the possibilities of alliances between China and Western Powers, especially Great Britain. The latter is, the writer says, an idea which fills the mind with an alluring sense of soundness and completeness; but he argues that in the present condition of Chinese statesmanship such an alliance is not within the sphere of practical politics. The scheme, he acknowledges, has its roots in the actual circumstances of the two Empires, and it needs no special perspicacity to see that the fundamental interests of India and China are united in substantial harmony. As it may be predicated of any country that it will ultimately do that which its material interests require, it may be argued that a common policy will eventually promote the common interests of the great Southern Asiatic Empires. Before such a policy, however, can be formulated, it is necessary that the statesmen of both countries should not only be convinced of the community of interest between the two, but also see clearly how the fusion may be developed without producing more injury than benefit. "If there be any Chinese statesman morally capable of laying down a far-reaching policy for his country, we have yet to make acquaintance with him. Intellectually there are many who could master the problem, and who have knowledge of human history sufficient to enlighten them as to the probable issue of new combinations. But, judging from all that has taken place under our eyes, we should say that any abstract resolution.

which might be formed overnight would be completely overwhelmed in the morning by some petty concern of the passing hour. It is not the way of Chinese statesmen to provide against eventualities which can only be definitely conceived by a disciplined imagination. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof, in their opinion, and the questions of the day are always sufficiently pressing to expel from the mind the consideration of what is as yet remote."

SONNETS: TO THE GOD—OPPORTUNITY.

I.

STRANGE, that no idol hath been roughly wrought,
Or fairly carven, bearing on its base
A name so potent! Strange, no Orient race,
Workers in whitest Parian, ever sought
To reproduce thy beauty, slyly fraught
With vast suggestion! Strange, thou could'st not brace
The dull Assyrian, did'st not tempt from chase,
Trophy and battle, the sons of literal thought!

We who are tired of gods must yet to thee
Render allegiance. Chance and Love are blind,
And Cause is soulless, Art is deaf and vain,
And unavailing looms the God of Pain,
Disclaiming these, we choose with prescient mind,
The unknown God of Opportunity.

II.

Tired of all other gods are we, and fain
To serve thee for a season; seem'st to nod,
A sleek slim shape, half demon, half a god,
Thy sex unguessed at, eyes that hold a grain
Of maniac cunning, piercing through the sane,
Strong gaze of deity, around a rod
Thy snaky fingers clasped, while near thee plod
The petty things who follow in thy train.

These are Ambition, Circumstance, and Will.
For gods they once were taken by some rule
Forgotten, now with pallid Purpose hurled
Down from unstable thrones. Supreme and still,
Thou reign'st, thy rod the lever of the world,
Fortune, thy favourite; Failure, thy poor fool!

SERANUS.

CABOT'S MEMOIR OF EMERSON.*

MUCH interest, it is quite needless to say, attaches to this biography of a great man of letters not so very long gone from that country he loved so well and which his writings have so tended to adorn and illustrate. The letters, extracts from journals, and conversation recorded—of which last, very little but to the point—reveal the fact that Emerson was a kindly, unselfish, simple, and unaffected soul, despite the occasional semi-obscure and eccentricity of his writings. The peculiar vivisectionary interest displayed in this age by critics and readers with respect to the private life and character of the authors they admire will find little to dissect in these placid volumes. Of Emerson the New Englander, a person of the sternest virtues, purest culture, and delicate health and sensibilities, there is not very much new. Reared in traditional New England ways, he seems to have been literally steeped in the commonplace of life, and yet, in company with Charlotte Brontë, Carlyle, Tennyson, and hosts of equally famous names, made more out of his environment than men more greatly favoured. The Laureate has evolved out of a singularly smooth and uneventful career some of the most thrilling verse-pictures the world has ever seen. He economised his strength, and practised the virtues of concentration, so that out of a quiet study, into which the outside noises of drum and fife never came, came the *Charge of the Light Brigade*, a poem no soldier could have written. The dreamy Scotchman, who lived apart from the world in a seclusion of his own, dear to his selfish side, contrived to draw such judgment-day scenes of pain and penalty in that world he was supposed to hate as could never have emanated from some battler with the immediate problems of life, tired out with the endless struggle. And in the obscure and lonely house on the moors of Yorkshire was penned that extraordinary book, *Jane Eyre*, which perhaps paints the passion of love as powerfully as it can be painted in words. So Emerson, out of an ordinary youth, middling prospects, an era of school-keeping, and a period of only partially successful and contented ministry, became, in the true sense of the term, a philosopher. He was very early in life attacked by what the French might term *le sérieux*; everything was important to him, and though not exactly morbid, he was addicted to a studious melancholy which never entirely left him. It is charming to find that he had intervals of what he was pleased to call "silliness," but which we may surely construe into periods of natural gaiety and spontaneity of feeling inseparable from the inwardly happy life of a man between whose teachings and whose character there are no traces of discrepancy, as his biographer justly

remarks. Of Emerson the minister, literary man, lecturer, and thinker, the present memoir is rich in information of varied kinds, a valuable appendix giving a *résumé* of all his lectures, with copious extracts. That he was not so great nor so original a thinker as once confidently affirmed is now pretty widely accepted. His prose is more an animated and eloquent commentary on life than a new scheme of life itself; his verse, though full of almost divine thought, is not beautiful-sounding verse, sensuously-wrought, of magic flow and rhythmic rise and fall. But we can well afford to tolerate occasional lapses in manner and style in the face of the many true and noble things scattered broadcast through his works. He was exceedingly fortunate in being able to so crystallise these thoughts that they exist almost as epigrams, certainly as beautiful and glowing sentences, able to stand by themselves like the lines of our favourite poets. And in this connection we may note the extraordinary poetic gift in Emerson—his individuality, which was much more justly that of a poet than of a philosopher. Had he never lectured, had he never preached, the probability is that he would have given to the world the poetry for which it still waits apparently in vain; the poetry which, according to an eminent critic, shall consist of the lyric genius of a Byron grafted on the scientific knowledge of a Faraday. Who but a poet could so have listened to and benefited by the aesthetic services of the Church of Rome that he was moved to write? "Have the men of America never entered these European churches that they build such mean edifices at home? Art was born in Europe, and will not cross the ocean, I fear."

While preparing for the ministry, he writes in his journal: "I judged by a false criterion when I measured my powers by my ability to understand and to criticise the intellectual character of another. I have . . . a strong imagination, and consequently a keen relish for the beauties of poetry. My reasoning faculty is proportionately weak; nor can I ever hope to write a Butler's *Analogy* or an *Essay* of Hume. . . . The highest species of reasoning upon divine subjects is rather the fruit of a sort of moral imagination than of the reasoning machines, such as Locke, and Clarke, and David Hume." Again he writes: "I have sometimes thought that in order to be a good minister it was necessary to leave the ministry. The profession is antiquated. . . . I hate goodies. . . . Goodies make us very bad. We will almost sin to spite them."

His estimate of Montaigne shows a shocking inconsistency with the tenets of New England: "The robustness of his sentiments, the generosity of his judgment, the downright truth, without fear or favour, I do embrace with both arms." Clearly this constraint of daily life could not last forever. In 1832 he cut adrift from his charge and started on a European tour, in the course of which he made the acquaintance of Carlyle, a friend and fellow-prophet, hereafter to be irrevocably bound to his side in affection and gratitude and intimate business relations. Upon his return to America, he took up both preaching and lecturing again, but was evidently more and more given in secret to purely literary ambitions, the fruits to be of his "moral imagination." The gifted and magnetic Margaret Fuller became his associate on the *Dial*, in the pages of which turbulent little journal many of his so-called peculiar views were first printed. Henceforth his life was easier in respect of his doing what he mostly wanted to do, yet the evidences of a struggle are everywhere apparent. Again and again he does not care to lecture, but bills must be paid, Carlyle's arrears looked after, publishers quieted for a little, and so he consents. His second visit to England was socially a great success, and it is easily perceived in reading between the lines how he had underestimated the degree of culture in and about London, Glasgow, Liverpool, and Paris. In those days, 1848, the American who visited England was certain to go there more or less against his will, and went, steeling himself, as it were, from the corrupt exterior of an aristocratic community, and determined beforehand that if anything should by chance please him it should be, not because of certain things more or less pleasant, but in spite of others widely different. Emerson however enjoyed it all. He went out submissively wherever he was asked, dined and supped and breakfasted with the very cream of literary, artistic, scientific, and social London, and could find no fault with his reception. He observed, perhaps with astonishment, the excellent civil and military systems, the comfort, the common-sense, the abundant energy, and wrote from Birmingham: "A wonderful place is England, the mechanical might and organisation it is oppressive to behold. I ride everywhere as on a cannon-ball high and low, over rivers and towns, through mountains in tunnels of three miles and more, at twice the speed and half the motion of our cars, and read quietly the *Times* newspaper, which seems to have mechanised the world for my occasions."

But there were seasons when his susceptibilities were less keen, and his auguries less correct. The Duchess of Sutherland was particularly good to him, conveyed him all over Stafford House, and sent him away to write: "One would so gladly forget that there was anything else in England than these golden chambers, and the high and gentle people who walk in them! May the grim Revolution with his iron hand come slowly and late to Stafford House, and deal softly with its inmates!" It is superfluous to point out that that Revolution has not yet come. The concluding years of his life were visited by several calamities to which he ever rose superior, and proved his modest yet manly worth. The name of Emerson must forever be associated with all that is high and true in American literature. Whatsoever things were pure, of good repute, just, amiable, and sacred, these things he wrote about, and for these things he lived. The exact worth of his collected writings is difficult yet to estimate, but it should be quite equal at least to that of his friend Carlyle who must have thought more, but have been unable to concentrate his thoughts and display them in dogmatic order, which in Emerson's case so heightens the facility of apprehension and renders him more easily intelligible.

* A Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson. By James Eliot Cabot. In two volumes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY. Edited by Leslie Stephen. Vol. XI. Clater-Condell. New York: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

We are now so well accustomed to the admirable work in this great Dictionary that we are no longer surprised as volume after volume retains the same high level of excellence, and even of interest. The tenth volume contained an unusual number of highly distinguished names, and a first glance at the present volume prepared us for some disappointment in this respect. Our anticipations have not been verified. There are of course multitudes of names here which the best informed persons, and those who have the most extensive acquaintance with English literature, have scarcely even heard, and some of these are well worth making acquaintance with. But there are also stars of the second, if not of the first, magnitude, and their glory is not diminished by their being set in the firmament of the *Dictionary of National Biography*. As we turn over page after page we light upon familiar names, and find the information given respecting them just what we want, just what we have a right to expect, and furnished with a degree of accuracy, whenever we have been able to test it, which gives us a large measure of confidence in the general execution of the work. We have noted a considerable number of names, in going through the volume, which are of special interest. We will here mention only a few of them. *Place aux dames*. We open the volume at page 75, and read "Clifford, Rosamond (Fair Rosamond) (d. 1176?), mistress of Henry II.," and so forth. How strange it seems!—this "*Rosa mundi, non Rosa munda*," thus "brought to book" in the pages of a biographical dictionary, and her story told as well as it can be, with all necessary references to the authorities. The readers of Lord Tennyson's *Becket* may correct or confirm their historical judgments by perusing this article. Another Clifford, a very different person, is met on page 82, the late Professor Clifford, of Cambridge, Agnostic and so forth, a man of remarkable ability, who died all too soon, as men judge. At page 104 we have a charming account of the famous Kitty Clive, the actress; and at page 108 a memoir of the great Indian Clive, which occupies, with full right, twenty-three columns of the Dictionary. It is in all respects an admirable memoir, as well as in its adequate completeness, as in the sound judgment which it displays on points under dispute. The author, who ought to be named, is Sir J. A. Arbuthnot. At page 148 we have an account (occupying twelve columns) of the late Richard Cobden, from the able and competent pen of Mr. John Morley, concerning whom we have only to express the wish that he would forsake politics and return to literature, benefiting both by the exchange. At page 165 we have a deeply interesting account of a greatly ill-used man, Admiral Thomas Cochrane, tenth Earl of Dundonald, whose banner still waves over his stall, as Knight of the Bath, in Westminster Abbey, restored after his justification to the place from which it had been unjustly torn. The story of the great sailor fills twenty columns, and is written by Professor J. K. Laughton. Passing on, we come to page 302, where we find perhaps the most interesting and important article in the volume, that on Samuel Taylor Coleridge, "poet and philosopher," born in 1772, died in 1834. When we say (and are glad to say) that this important article (filling twenty-nine columns), is written by the Editor, Mr. Leslie Stephen himself, we have almost anticipated the statement of our judgment as to the excellence of the article. The story is admirably told in every way, and the admirers of Coleridge (and they are still numerous among those who really study and love the literature of the last hundred years) have every help given them in following up and verifying the information here given. Here we must indulge ourselves by quoting a few lines from the article: "Coleridge alone among English writers is in the front rank at once as poet, as critic, and as philosopher. . . . Like Spenser, he is a poet's poet. . . . His best poems are all dreams or spontaneous reveries, showing a nature of marvellous richness and susceptibility, whose philosophic temperament only appears in the variety and vividness of the scenery. His unique melody is the natural expression of his surprising power of giving the mystical beauty of natural scenery. Coleridge's combination of poetic sympathy with logical subtlety gives unsurpassed value to his criticism, especially in the discussion of Wordsworth's principles and practice in the *Biographia Literaria*, and to the fragmentary, but not less suggestive, criticisms of Shakespeare and the old English divines and poets." Passing by an excellent account of Colet, the famous Dean of St. Paul's and friend of Erasmus, and many other articles of great merit, we drop upon a notice of a man who made some noise in his day, the late J. Payne Collier, who died in 1883, at the age of ninety-four. Although Mr. Collier did some excellent work on behalf of early English literature, he will be chiefly remembered in connection with the so-called "Perkins folio," a copy of the second folio edition of Shakespeare, in which he professed to find a number of emendations of the text, written about the middle of the seventeenth century. We need not go through the story. The author of the notice in the Dictionary bears very lightly upon the name of one who has claims upon English literature, and who had the reputation of a genial, kind-hearted, and amiable man; but he cannot help showing that grave suspicions attached to Mr. Collier in connection with his professed discovery.

THE STORY OF THE EARTH AND MAN. By Sir J. W. Dawson, I.L.D. New Edition, with corrections and additions. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The reputation of this compact little volume and of its author stands so high that it needs no confirmation at our hands. It may therefore be sufficient to say that the present edition, the ninth, which appears as a

"new edition," has been very carefully revised and brought up to the present state of geological science. Among the later chapters are some very interesting remarks on the origin of man. The author reminds us that he has discussed this subject more fully in works published since the first edition of the *Story* appeared, viz.: *The Origin of the World* and *Fossil Man*. But the ordinary reader will find a clear and readable account of the various theories held respecting the origin of the human race in this book, and a brief but not inadequate statement of the author's reason for rejecting evolution and affirming a creation of man.

LETTERS FROM HEAVEN. Translated from the fourth German Edition. Second Edition. New York: Funk and Wagnalls.

Books of this kind have an undying interest for a certain class of readers, and they are perhaps as much disliked by another class. To the one they seem to give reality to a future state of existence, to the other they seem to savour of irreverence. The circulation to which the present volume and its predecessor have attained, both in the original German form and in their English translations, may suffice to show that they have interested large classes of readers. The writer of the present volume is the wife of a German pastor who has died and gone to heaven together with her husband. (The *Frau Pastorin* seems to have hazy notions as to the resurrection of the body, but let that pass.) From heaven the "Verewigte" writes these letters to her son on earth. Doubtless, many good persons will receive edification from these pages. They certainly have this advantage that they help to make us feel that, whatever our future life may be, it is more or less a continuation of the present. It should be added that the whole book is pervaded by a most tender and loving spirit.

UNDERWOODS. By Robert Louis Stevenson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The gentle romancer whose name is on the title-page of this pretty volume needs at this date no word of introduction or of recommendation. Complete master of a pure and philosophical style, equally great in romance, realistic description, and unique characterisation, he is also a poet. The *Child's Garden of Verses* was a welcome surprise to those readers who knew their author only as the creator of certain weird and ingenious situations held up in the pages of the *New Arabian Nights*. Now in *Underwoods* appears a companion volume, neither pretentious, alarming, nor disappointing. The "harvest of a quiet eye" and hearing ear and kindly heart is in this little book. It is not an echo of Browning, or of Morris, or of Swinburne, or of Tennyson. It is rather Coventry Patmore come again, Arthur Hugh Clough in a new dress, with a touch of Kingsley and a hint of Austin Dobson. So much for the manner. The matter is slight but made interesting and pleasing by Mr. Stevenson's innate poetic tact and right feeling. The dedication is a piece of beautiful English, and the author's slightest admirers must own that in prose he has few rivals, though his verse is singularly graceful and full of naïve turns of thought. One-half the present volume is devoted to poems written in the Scots tongue, which of course is Mr. Stevenson's native language, but in which we dare to think he does not shine so brightly as in his adopted English.

THE FISHERY QUESTION: Its Origin, History, and Present Situation. By Charles Isham. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. The Knickerbocker Press. Toronto: Williamson and Co.

This exhaustive little work is one of an excellent series, published by the Knickerbocker Press, on *Questions of the Day*. Some questions discussed are exceedingly timely, such as the solution of the Mormon problem, the evolution of revelation, and the present treatise on a vexatious and constantly recurring topic. Mr. Isham certainly gives us some fair statements and very candid, though unprejudiced, reviews of the historical bearings of the case, and accompanies his work with a map of the Anglo-American fishery grounds, but whether he throws any great light on the question may be doubted. He advocates a non-retaliatory attitude on the part of the Canadians, and is in hopes that a new treaty may be formed, without the intervention of any international commission, whereby the fullest concessions possible will be granted to American fishermen. Here is one of the few "pills" we are called upon to swallow in the course of the narrative; it is not very bitter after all. "The Dominion is not tractable, as the Imperial Government knows—very likely to its sorrow. In the midst of this trouble Canada has undergone a general election, and the methods of its Government for the protection of the fisheries have been sustained. The provinces are playing a dangerous game. Should retaliation take its course, their sufferings would begin at once, and be out of proportion to ours. If their wishes are considered by the United States it will be in spite of, rather than because of some recent performances."

THE UNSEEN KING, and Other Poems. By Caroline Leslie Field. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co. Toronto: Williamson and Co.

Poems on mostly natural objects, such as *Arbutus*, *The Bumble Bee*, *The Columbine*, and *Buttercups and Fir Cones*. Deviations occur in the form of poems on *Spring*, *Wood-Magic*, and one or two more thoughtful subjects, but only one note is struck in the whole, and it is neither sonorous nor original, but the chaste character of the verses will no doubt attract a certain class of readers.

SCHEHERAZADE. By Florence Warden. Boston: Ticknor and Co.

Miss Warden's great success as a novelist is mainly due to her unflagging power of work, and her capacity for drawing scene after scene of a similar kind, keeping on in fact when other people would have tired. Perhaps *Scheherazade* is the best of her latest books, being highly-coloured, with a certain Oriental flash in it, and having a pretty central idea, the love of a thoroughly good and amiable young fellow for a girl of Anglo-Indian-descent, wild, selfish, unmanageable, ignorant, who at first it seems highly improbable will ever improve or make herself worthy of such an unselfish affection. In the end this is consummated, but not until both have suffered extreme pains and penalties, and gone through several exciting experiences. We can cordially recommend *Scheherazade* as a book to be read, though like most of its class, it may be forgotten the next moment. Chloris White, a very unorthodox lady, is particularly well drawn, and the story of her early *liaison* very well managed, and cleverly kept in the background until the proper time for disclosure. Ingenuity, considerable knowledge of society, and a gift of sympathy are all united in this very readable novel.

MAGAZINES OF THE MONTH.

THE *Century* contains the usual complement of American subject-matter, notably articles on Sherman, Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom" and the national game of base-ball. Chief among the other contributions is Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer's essay on Ely Cathedral, accompanied by suitable illustrations. The poetry is far from brilliant, and the only remaining article that deserves encomium is Mr. Stedman's exhaustive and scholarly treatise on *Twelve Years of British Song*.

Scribner's for October maintains its assuredly high position, and all its readers will be sorry to read the last pages of *Thackeray's Letters*, and also the conclusion of the Japanese story by E. L. House. An article on French traits, *Sense and Sentiment*, is perhaps one-sided but most charmingly expressed. *The Mortgage on Jeffy* and *In the Village of Viger* are short stories of much power and charm of description, the author of the latter being Mr. Duncan Scott, of Ottawa, a regular contributor, as we believe, to *Scribner's*. Mr. Scott's second venture is, we venture to think, a great advance on his first, and his industry and conscientiousness are destined to make for him a name outside as well as in his own country.

THE *American Magazine*, with the exception of Mr. Fawcett's serial, presents new and interesting features. Maurice Thompson has a poem on *Rebel or Loyalist*, Grant Allen discourses on his household treasures in a simple and seductive style, and there are various clever short stories. *At Lac Eternité* is the tale which will probably prove of most interest to Canadian readers. The magazine is altogether one of the most readable that comes to us, and the illustrations though not of the highest order are yet creditable.

THE *Forum* has a comprehensive article by General Viscount Wolseley upon *Queen Victoria's Reign*, in which Her Majesty's private character and individuality is carefully described, and other personal matters openly though reverently discussed. Prof. Lesley still finds some answer, we hope a new one, to the oft-recurring question, *What is the Object of Life?* Jeannette Gilder contributes a mildly egotistical article on *Books that Have Helped Me*. In egotistical writing, the attraction always depends upon the egotist—a fact which is too often lost sight of by magazine providers. *Ousting Shakespeare* is a refutation of Ignatius Donnelly's calumination of the two great Englishmen—Bacon and the immortal William. The author, Richard S. Proctor, leaves not a shred behind of what may have once been the upright and confident Donnelly, who has only to look within the pages of the *Forum* to see himself, and not as in a glass darkly either. The remainder of the monthly matter is serious and instructive, particularly a paper on the *Anathema of the Roman Church*.

Lippincott's complete serial, by Louise Stockton, is a powerful and touching tale, misnamed novelette. Josiah Allen's Wife is the widest known of the remaining contributors, who are not as brilliant as usual this month. *My Experiences as a Wood-Engraver* are particularly worth reading, and the poetry is quite up to the usual mark—not a very high-water one though after all. Editor Walsh's *Book-Talk* is perhaps the pleasantest feature of the number, revealing critical capacity of very high order.

THE *Atlantic* opens with a very curious tale which, however, seems as if it might have been written as well by one person as by two—Lucretia Hale and Edward Bynner. Helen Gray Cone contributes a couple of ringing Cavalier poems. Oliver Wendell Holmes' conclusion of his *Hundred Days in Europe* will be gratifying to Americans, for he certainly did not leave his heart behind him. A short paper on *Realism*, the subject of the day, which everybody must prate about and a great many write about, is well expressed and to the point. *Paul Patoff* still continues his way, and some anecdotes of Charles Reade precede him and create a varied interest. Emerson is the subject of one paper, and Henry Clay of another. Two of the most important essays are those on the Millet Exhibition in Paris and on *The Soul of the Far East*, which is the second instalment of remarkably clear and erudite contributions by Percival Lowell.

St. Nicholas is always charming, and contains much this month that is useful, instructive, and amusing. *The Boyhood of Whittier* is good reading. Frank Stockton's trip to Holland and Belgium is accompanied by beautiful illustrations, and *Fiddler John's Family* is one of the best of Hjalmar Boyesen's stories. The other departments are all equally delightful.

STATUE OF DR. RYERSON.

ADJOINING the Normal School Buildings in St. James Square, and placed in one corner of the beautifully planned grounds, is a small, very small wooden structure yecept a studio. For some time past it has been the scene of Mr. Hamilton McCarthy's incessant labours, the object he has had in view being the modelling of a memorial statue of the Rev. Dr. Ryerson. Mr. McCarthy's work needs no word of praise, for everything that he has attempted in this line has been signalised by instant success, but it is just possible that his work may not be so widely known as it ought to be. The art of sculpture is a somewhat unknown quantity among us here. We get musicians, a good many of these; painters too, if not exactly abounding, do exist in our midst. We know of some very pretty artistic studio-interiors; we have a few good picture shops that serve us instead of an Art Gallery, and of course we have our monthly instalments of art, in the way of illustrated magazines and art journals. Our houses, too, are beginning to be rivals of Brompton and South Kensington villas in the matter of Lincrusta Walton, turcoman, and bric-à-brac. But sculpture—how far removed from all this it is! We may pull ourselves together in the holidays, and escort the little ones through the gallery of the Normal School, we can go through the Mart during one of those periodical visitations of Italian statuary and Byzantine carvings, we can buy some plaster images from the handsome Italian boy at the front door, and that is about all. Of course we supplement the visit to the Normal School by reading Lessing in the evening, and place the new vases and Greek slaves and Clyties where we fondly think they will look their whitest and brightest; the plaster image has put some coin into the poor boy's pocket, and hides a hole in the kitchen wall, but for all this we clearly are nowise advanced in our understanding of sculpture.

In fact, we may very well question whether there are many among us who would be capable of giving a correct opinion, even an appreciative remark, with respect to Dr. Ryerson's statue. Standing in that small room, we look up in wonder to the colossal figure in flowing robe and with outstretched right hand, and experience sensations of profoundest admiration and curiosity. The clay is soft, we were about to say warm; the posture full of dignity, but natural; the eye marvellously alive, human; the drapery skilfully arranged so as to veil the incongruous modern costume; the whole likeness undeniable. The sculptor deploras the smallness of his room, to which is attributable the fact that we are utterly unable to judge of the proportions, and kindly revolves the mass of modelled clay for us that we may see it in every light and from every standpoint. To overwhelm such an artist as Mr. Hamilton McCarthy with adjectives would neither further his reputation nor adequately represent our own emotions, for most assuredly sculpture does thoroughly arouse the emotional side of mankind. Suffice it to say, that his devotion to his art, his artistic conceptions, and the power he possesses to carry out these latter to a finite and pleasing end, must commend him and his profession to the admiration of all classes. The name of Governor Simcoe seems to us as one worthy of honouring and perpetuating in our midst by this means, and there are doubtless some others to whom the erection of a handsome statue is positively due.

THE STAGE.

A MUSICAL exhibition is announced at Bologna, where, in addition to an interesting collection of musical instruments the attractions are to comprise representations of operas of a bygone age, the list including Lulli's *Armide*, Paisollo's *Nina*, Perglesi's *Serva Padrona*, Piccini's *Didone*, Gluck's *Orphée*, Cherubini's *Lodoiska*, Mehul's *Joseph*, and Spontini's *Fernando Cortez*.

MR. NORMAN MCCOLL is editing four of Calderon's plays, namely, *The Constant Prince*, *Life's Dream*, *El Alcalde de Zalamea* and *El Escondido y la Tapada*. A short account of Calderon's life and the character of his dramas is to be given as an introduction. Messrs. Macmillan and Company are to be the publishers.

To the many and various descriptive phrases by which the productions of the stage are nowadays classified Messrs. Paul Merritt and Augustus Harris have supplied an addition. Their new play, cynically entitled *Pleasure*, which was produced at Drury Lane the second week in September, is officially described as "a spectacular comedy-drama." As a purely spectacular play, it can challenge comparison with the best preceding achievements in a similar direction. The faithful and admirably painted glimpses of Oxford, the carefully-studied reproduction of familiar scenes on the Riviera, and the charming view of an English village church, with which the play concludes, are each and all in the best manner of modern scenic art; while the stage management that can carry out so spirited and realistic a representation of the famous Battle of Flowers, so picturesque a rendering of the carnival ball, and above all, so marvellous, even charming, an earthquake presentment may be fairly congratulated on having touched the highest point of stage illusion. It is only when we come to consider the new play as a comedy-drama without qualification that admiration ceases to flow in such unstinted measure, and finally gives place to a feeling of almost complete disappointment. There is much that is clever, much that is dramatically effective, in the new play; but its authors have committed the fatal and irretrievable error of depriving both hero and heroine at an early period of the story of the sympathy and even the respect of the audience.

THERE is no end of the American plays and players in London at present. *Held by the Enemy* is still drawing good houses; and the *Bells*

of *Haslemere*, the scene of which is laid on the Mississippi. *Fun on the Bristol* commenced at the Gaiety in the middle of September. Nikita, an alleged American songstress, the "Fairy of Niagara," is W. S. Mapleson's leading attractions at the Promenade Concerts; and last, though not least, Vanoni has just appeared at the Alhambra, and is warranted to bring down the house when she sings *Oh, my little Darling*.

ART NOTES.

WE hear a great deal nowadays of what employers should do to develop the taste of their workmen, but not so much of what municipalities have done for the improvement of their artisans, as illustrated by the Birmingham Corporation Museum and Art Gallery, an institution to which the manufacturers and labourers of the hardware centre owe a great debt of gratitude, placing as it has done within their reach, not only the higher branches of art represented by painting and sculpture, but a very fine assortment of industrial art objects, which have been admirably arranged for the benefit of the public. Birmingham, as we all know, is principally occupied with working in iron and other metals. Much attention has accordingly been given to those materials, and many and admirable are the examples of the best iron work of Italy and Germany. The collection to which we refer consists of well-selected specimens of architectural detail, balcony fronts, chimney-pieces, fountains, decorative panels and brackets. These last serve specially to show the superiority of work executed in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in Italy, and are as powerful arguments as Ruskin could invoke against the art-killing powers of machinery. Instead of being cast by the ton in some great foundry where the workman cares no more for a bracket for a cathedral choir than he would for a pipe for a city sewer, these brackets were lovingly hammered out of the rough in some obscure and dingy smithy. It is interesting to note that in Siena, near Florence, where the craft has never died out, the art of working in hammered iron is still continued, though its early simplicity is sadly impaired.

AN important work of art is to be added to the attractions of the Eden Musée. This is Charles Giron's vast canvas, "Deux Sœurs," which made such a sensation in the Salon a year or two back. It is an outdoor scene in Paris, a contrast between the vicious sister rolling by in a coach, reviewing the passing throng with insolent scorn, and the virtuous one on the pavement in the humble garb of a working woman, with her hungry, shabby crowd of children. The subject is realised with great dramatic force and the picture is one which not only commands interest, but will materially aid in the work of instructing the public in the appreciation of art. It was shipped on the steamship *La Champagne* in September.

MUSIC.

LOVERS of music need not be reminded of the grand evening concert to take place next Monday, the 17th, in the Pavilion. Mdme. Carreno has admirers wherever she goes, and in Toronto her spirited and artistic performances are always certain of that reception they so richly deserve. Miss Emma Juch, who was the principal soprano during the recent season of opera in this city, is far and widely known as a charming vocalist and unrivalled concert singer. Adolph Hartdegen divides with Giese the honours of the 'cello in America, and his duet with Mdme. Carreno will be to connoisseurs the principal item on the programme. This programme itself might easily be improved, especially in the case of Mdme. Carreno, by the introduction of more classical numbers, but we gather that in order to gain the *vox populi*, concessions have often to be made. Carl Martin, one of New York's favourite basses, is the remaining attraction.

MR. ERNEST LONGLEY, the young Canadian pianist, who will appear for the first time in Toronto at his approaching piano-forte recital, was born in Maitland in 1866, and made his first appearance in public when only ten years of age. He left Canada in 1883 to study in Stuttgart, and on his arrival there was received at once by the famous masters Sebert and Prückner, the almost invariable rule being broken through in his case that pupils on entrance must receive a preparatory course in their method from under-masters. Mr. Longley was selected from the whole Stuttgart Conservatory, with two others, as the best pupils to play before Rubinstein, and afterwards was introduced by Prince Wrede (the Russian Ambassador to the Wurtemberg Court) to Rubinstein in Paris, and studied with him as long as he remained in Paris. The Princess Wittgenstein invited Mr. Longley to Weimar, and gave him a letter to Liszt at Bayreuth, which he was only prevented from presenting by the death of the great master. Mr. Longley has made several appearances in Canada and the United States since his return to America last year, and in every case with brilliant success.

WE are pleased to learn that Mr. Henry Blackburn, London, England, has been invited to Toronto to lecture under the auspices of the Ontario Society of Artists on the subject of English Art and Artists. Mr. Blackburn may be said to be the centre of the art world in England. He is well known by reputation to artists in Canada as the founder and veteran editor of the annual *Academy Notes* and *Grosvenor Notes*. He was also a former editor of *London Society*. As a lecturer on art he is not only an authority, but has the reputation of succeeding in making his subject interesting to popular audiences. Some of his lectures are illustrated by stereoscopic reproductions of the *Academy Pictures of the Year*. Toronto, we understand, will have the distinction of being the point of commencement of Mr. Blackburn's American lecturing tour.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

KATE GREENAWAY'S Almanac for 1888 (Routledge) will be published in three styles, in calf, in boards, and with hand-painted and embossed designs.

OF Mr. Stockton's books Messrs. Scribner have sold 110,000 copies; of Mrs. Burnett's *Little Lord Fauntleroy* they announce the thirtieth thousand.

ROUTLEDGE'S attractive and convenient Pocket Library now includes some twenty-five volumes, of which the latest is *The Book of Humour, Wit, and Wisdom*.

A TRANSLATION of the tale on which Dumas founded his great romance, *The Count of Monte-Cristo*, will be appended to the five-volume edition which the Routledges are to issue immediately.

PROFESSOR FISK P. BREWER, of Iowa College, has collected from Miss Murfree's *Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains* a long list of new words coined or adopted by the author; and, as not a few of them have significations not expressed by any single words now in current use, they are likely to find their way into the dictionaries, and to form a part of the American-English language.

Two brief unpublished letters from Thackeray to the Brookfields are printed in *The Critic* of October 8, together with a fragment whose presence among her letters Mrs. Brookfield is unable to account for. It is an announcement, dated March 18, 1862, and ending abruptly at the foot of the page, of the writer's resignation of the editorship of *The Cornhill*. It is addressed "To Contributors and Correspondents," and is written in the true Thackerayan manner.

ON account of the success of Ticknor's Paper Series of original copyright novels, the publication will be continued semi-monthly hereafter. The publication days will be the first and third Saturdays of each month. The same high standard of selection which has rendered this series noticeably superior to all others will be carefully maintained, and the series will contain none but the best and most popular works. The October issues will be—*Miss Lushington's Sister*, by Edward Bellamy, and *Aunt Serena*, by Blanche Willis Howard, author of *Guenn* and *One Summer*.

Pictures from Holland will be the title of the new volume of the Pen and Pencil Series, shortly to be brought out in the States by Messrs. Scribner and Welford. In the engravings, which will be more numerous than in most volumes of the series, all the characteristic features of Dutch architecture, art, scenery, and life will be depicted. In the letterpress special attention will be paid to Dutch history, the rise and the extraordinary development of the Dutch school of painting, and to the natural features and social customs exhibited by the different provinces.

AT the suggestion of Messrs. Benjamin and Bell, the publishers, Mr. Appleton Morgan has added to his forthcoming volume, *Shakespeare in Fact and in Criticism*, a chapter dealing with the Donnelly cipher, so called. Mr. Morgan writes from the point of view of his own Growth Theory of the text of 1623, and—to show that the printer's copy for the 1623 text was tampered with, not only by a whole generation of actors, but from time to time by the stage censors of Queen Elizabeth and King James—quotes at length a statute of Elizabeth's, regulating stage plays, which is not known to have appeared in print since 1559.

AMONG the more important fall announcements of Messrs. A. C. Armstrong and Company, of New York, is *Charles Lamb's Letters* with introduction and notes. By Rev. Alfred Ainger, editor of *Lamb's Collected Works*. These volumes (two) will contain a steel portrait, hitherto unpublished. They will be ready shortly. The Letters of Charles Lamb are in themselves an autobiography. The *Essays of Elia* tell us of his childhood and youth, his school-time and his holidays, his family and his home surroundings, and of the books which fostered his genius; but the Letters complete the story. There is hardly an incident in Lamb's life that the Letters do not deal with, and they are the more interesting because of the circle to which they were addressed. Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, Manning, Leigh Hunt, and Hazlett, not to mention Bernard Barton, Godwin, Barry Cornwall, and Thomas Hood, were all in it, and to each Lamb wrote in a different strain, thus revealing to us points in the character of his friends, as well as much of his own nature.

DONNELLY'S Shakespeare cipher is based wholly on the world-famous and very rare folio edition of Shakespeare published in 1623. The edition has long been a perplexity to scholars. It is full of the most peculiar punctuation, bracketing, odd spelling, and paging. The cipher depends on these, and invariably on the number of lines on a page. Any other than a fac-simile edition would not enable one to trace the supposed cipher. Funk and Wagnalls have now in press a photographic fac-simile of the 1623 Folio Edition of Shakespeare, which is an exact reproduction to the minutest detail of the original, only the pages are photographed to a crown 8vo size; and it will enable any one to test Donnelly's claim that Bacon has concealed, by a complex cipher in the lines of Shakespeare, an extended secret history. There is no work in the whole range of English literature at all approaching near to this famous First Folio Edition of Shakespeare in interest and critical value. When it is mentioned that this is the sole authority for the texts of such masterpieces as *The Tempest*, *Macbeth*, *Twelfth Night*, *Measure for Measure*, *Coriolanus*, *Julius Caesar*, *Timon of Athens*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Cymbeline*, *As You Like It*, and *The Winter's Tale*, were the rest of the book waste paper, enough will have been said to confirm its unrivalled importance. The book will be ready within a few days, and is the authorised American edition from the English fac-simile plates.

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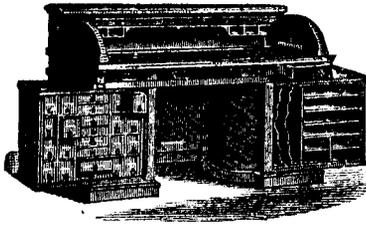
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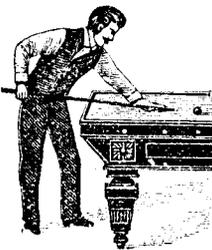
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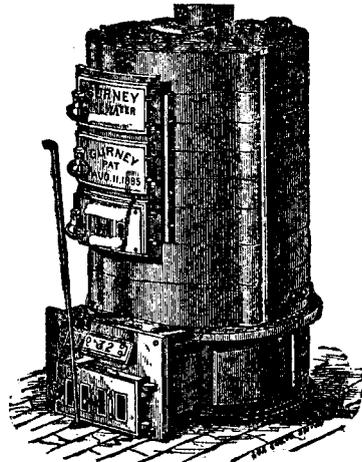
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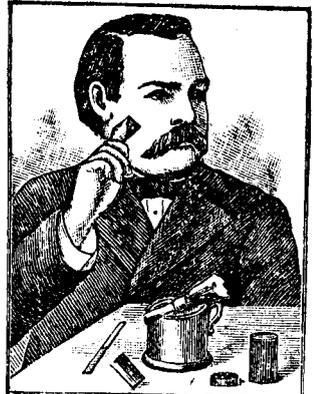
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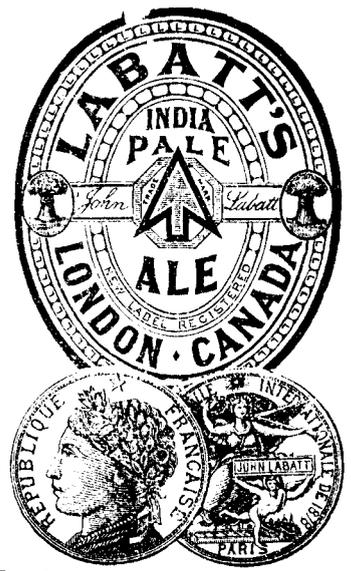
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