

THE WEEK:

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SOCIETY AND POLITICS IN ENGLAND.

EVEN in the midst of all this political turmoil and anxiety, attention is diverted for a moment to the horrible ending of the hideous Dilke affair. It is true that the mode of investigation has been very unsatisfactory. A man who is accused of such a crime as taking the young wife of his friend to a house of assignation ought to be put on his defence like any other accused person, and represented by his own counsel. That it should be necessary to have recourse to so tortuous a proceeding as this intervention of the Queen's Proctor shows that there is a defect in the machinery of the law. Still, no one doubts the justice of the verdict, while, as to seduction of the foulest kind deliberate perjury is now added, the last end of this unhappy man is worse than the first. The affair is a public calamity, and it is the strangest thing of the kind on record. There have been many cases of men whose public character was high, while the violence of their sexual passions betrayed them into private immorality. Somers was one of these, and Castlereagh was another. But I do not remember an instance of a man whose public character was high, while in private he was not only immoral, but criminal and vile. Sir Charles Dilke's reputation for integrity as a statesman stood not less high, even among his opponents, than his reputation for ability; and his fall has filled society with amazement. The nearest parallel, perhaps, is the private history of Lord Palmerston; but then Palmerston's deviations from the right path were not confined to his private life. He falsified the Afghanistan despatches, and, as Lord Malmesbury's Diary shows, was not incapable of perfidy to colleagues. Lord Clanricarde, the disclosure of whose monstrous immorality shocked the world in his day as much as the Dilke case shocks it now, though guilty of no act of dishonour in public life, never stood anything like so high in public esteem as did Sir Charles Dilke. There are inscrutable mysteries and unfathomable abysses in human nature—that is all that can be said.

THE reproaches so often levelled against the people of the Mother Country for not taking more notice of the Colonies have always seemed to me unjust, as they certainly are somewhat undignified. How can we expect that people busied enough with their own affairs shall be always turning their attention to ours? But, if Colonists have ever fancied that there was a want of friendly feeling toward them, or of warm interest in their prosperity on the part of the people of the Mother Country, those who are now in England must have been pretty well undeceived. I do not see how a reception of the dearest kinsmen could have shown a more heartfelt recognition of the tie, or how greater pains could have been taken to evince interest and pay respect. The tribute is all the more significant from being paid when the British nation is, both on political and commercial grounds, distracted with the most painful anxiety on its own account, and its thought might be supposed to be entirely engrossed by its own affairs. I can assure you that a man who at a public meeting or dinner is introduced as a Canadian at once receives in that character as warm a welcome as English hearts and lungs can give.

It was to be expected that the Colonial Exhibition and the presence of Colonists here would galvanize into an appearance of life the movement in favour of Imperial Federation. I have too much sympathy with the moral objects of the movement—that is to say, the strengthening of the tie of affection between the Mother Country and the Colonies—to speak of the promoters otherwise than with respect. But, as I have often said before, it seems to me idle to discuss a mere aspiration when no definite or practical scheme has been brought before us. The addiction of my honoured and lamented friend, Mr. Forster, to this fancy, always surprised me, and I could only interpret it as a sort of Nemesis of the imagination of a man whose early days had been spent in unpoetic Quakerism. No man of mark, as far as I can learn, except Lord Rosebery, identifies himself with the movement. Colonial visitors and Governors of Colonies flatter the idea here, because they think it popular and wish to make themselves agreeable to their hosts; but they do not commit themselves to anything definite, and when they return to their Colonies they talk of the subject no more. The worst of it is that this vision of a world-wide Confederation helps to reconcile some people to proposals for breaking up the United Kingdom, which they fancy will be only making raw materials for the more magnificent union; so that, by a strange turn of events, the Colonial possessions of Great Britain are becoming indirectly instrumental in her national disintegration.

THE institution of the parcel post between Great Britain and the colonies, which is one consequence of this fraternization, may be a serious affair for the merchants of Toronto, inasmuch as it will enable Canadians to purchase freely at English stores, and thus expose the Canadian stores to a very formidable competition. I visited the other day the vast co-operative establishments of the Army and Navy. Goods of every description are supplied of the best quality and at the lowest prices. The establishment itself pays cash down for everything and sells only for ready money. It spends nothing in advertisements or in show of any kind. Its business is enormous, and its stock is at an immense premium. I do not see how other stores can, in the end, maintain themselves against it except by imitating its policy. For my own part, I am so bad a political economist that I prefer dealing, even at some disadvantage, with those among whom I live; but this is a personal weakness, on the general prevalence of which it would be rash for Toronto merchants to rely. They will have to consider their position, and I believe they will find that in paying cash themselves for their goods and in selling for ready money lies their best hope of salvation. Credit in Toronto is ruinously long.

WORKS of art, objects of taste, and curiosities in England still fetch long prices; and this looked like a proof that the wealth of the country had not been diminished, though particular interests might be suffering. But I am told that the buyers are largely Americans or foreigners, and that many treasures are now going out of the country. I have just been looking again at the Blenheim "Raphael" which was bought for £70,000 by the National Gallery, and have verified my impression that though its rank as a work of art is undeniable, it is not a very interesting picture. I should myself greatly prefer, as a companion, the picture which I used to see hanging on the same wall, of Rubens's second wife tripping down the steps of her home to the carriage which waits to take her to a party of pleasure. I could not help making the reflection at the same time that the British aristocracy, when they are at all pinched, part somewhat easily with their heirlooms. To economize a little in luxury or in plush would surely be more patrician.

London, July 24, 1886.

OWING to that subdivision of the great parties into sections, which is going on in England as it is everywhere else, the strict party and Cabinet system has, for the time at least, broken down, and is found incapable of giving the country a strong Executive Government at a moment at which a strong Executive Government is absolutely indispensable. This is the situation, and the obvious way of meeting it is to leave party distinctions in abeyance, to revert from the Cabinet system to something like the system of the Privy Council, and to form a strong Executive Government without any party limitation except fidelity to the Union. For this the country, the Unionist part of it at least, was thoroughly prepared, and a coalition between the Conservatives and the Unionist Liberals, with Lord

Hartington as the Leader of the House of Commons, would have been received with heartfelt satisfaction. Supposing that a coalition between men not entirely in accord on all legislative questions had entailed a certain pause in legislative progress, the country could have afforded this much better than it can afford to be left without a strong Executive Government at such a crisis as the present. But you will have learned, long before this reaches you, that our hopes have been disappointed, and that the immediate result of the Unionist victory which has been gained by such desperate efforts is the formation of a pure Tory Government.

It may be wise on the part of the Unionist press here to make the best of this result, and to allow us only to read between the lines its real opinion of the new Government. But the correspondent of a Canadian journal is under no such politic restriction. The dearth of able and trustworthy leaders on the Conservative side has all along been one of the most dangerous features of the situation. The new Government is miserably weak, and will command neither the confidence of the country nor the respect of its enemies. No revelation of a lack of good materials for an administration could be more decisive than the transfer of Lord Iddesleigh, in the last stage of his political existence, to the Foreign Office, in the business of which he has had no experience whatever. It is said by way of apology that Lord Salisbury himself, though he cannot undertake the routine work of the Office, will superintend the management of foreign affairs. This is a proclamation of Lord Iddesleigh's incapacity under another form. Besides, a great department can hardly be dry-nursed in this fashion: it must, after all, depend for its proper management on the efficiency of its own chief. Lord Iddesleigh ought to have been left where he was, as Sir Stafford Northcote, in the leadership of the House of Commons. If he was not strong in that position, he was experienced, prudent, and thoroughly respectable. But he was not violent or unscrupulous enough to suit Lord Randolph Churchill, who accordingly demanded that he should be kicked up-stairs. The moral weakness which lurks beneath Lord Salisbury's high bearing was never more plainly shown than in his compliance with that demand.

The appointment of Lord Iddesleigh to the Foreign Office, however, is satisfactory compared with that of Lord Randolph Churchill to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer and the leadership of the House of Commons. It would be amusing, if the subject were not too serious, to see the contortions with which Unionist journals swallow this most nauseous pill. The *Times* winds up a series of dubitative and balanced periods by saying that "courage and capacity cannot be denied to Lord Randolph Churchill," and that it "ventures to hope that he will not fail to develop the complementary virtues of prudence, steadiness, and caution." A pleasant prospect for the country, if prudence, steadiness, and caution are virtues yet to be developed by the Finance Minister, and the leader of that branch of the Legislature in which all power now resides. No "capacity" has Lord Randolph Churchill yet displayed except for the use of violent and abusive language which disgusts all right-minded men, though it tickles the vulgar partisan. No courage has he yet displayed except that of indulging in safe insult, which is invariably the courage of the coward. In the days when men were called to account for their words his career of vituperation and his course of statesmanship would together have been speedily cut short. Of his sense of honour he has himself given us the measure in his article on "Elijah's Mantle," where he avows his opinion that "discriminations between wholesome and unwholesome victories are idle and unpractical," and that the proper rule is to "obtain the victory, follow it up, and leave the wholesomeness or unwholesomeness to critics." His principles, in short, are those of a political sharper, and his conduct in the intrigue with Parnell and in the infamous Maamtrasna debate shows that he does not hesitate in practice to give them the fullest effect. The present peril, which arises immediately out of the surrender of Lord Salisbury to the Parnellites in the abandonment of the Crimes Act, is in no small measure the work of Lord Randolph Churchill, whose career has been an epitome of all that is lowest and vilest in Party, while his rise, and the means by which he has risen, are fatal proofs of the relation which the party system bears to the real interests of the State. As to his fitness for the special duties belonging to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, it may safely be said that there is hardly a head clerk in any London bank who does not know more about finance and currency than the man who is now Finance Minister of the greatest commercial country in the world. But Lord Randolph's tongue has made him the idol of the Tory music-halls and the Primrose League; and Lord Salisbury has not force enough to withstand an ascendancy which in his soul he must abhor, and to the fatal tendency of which he cannot possibly be blind.

The sole excuse for such a choice is the absence of any fit man; and this is, in part at least, the consequence of Lord Salisbury's want of firm-

ness in permitting Lord Randolph Churchill to clear the Conservative benches of the House of Commons of those who were likely to stand in his own way. Mr. Gibson, as well as Sir Stafford Northcote, was thus relegated to the House of Lords. About the best man left to the Conservatives in the Commons really is Mr. W. H. Smith, who, though not much of a debater, is a wise man of business, and stands as high as possible in point of integrity and honour. Good judges speak of Mr. Raikes as a real source of strength to the party. Mr. Matthews, the new Home Secretary, is raised to that important post at a bound from comparative obscurity, and is called "a dark horse." Unfortunately, he is not so dark but that it seems to be known that he is far from being a man of high character, and equally far from being trustworthy on the question of the Union. He is believed to be the nominee of Lord Randolph Churchill, and, if he is, we have another ground for the fear which is spreading among Liberal Unionists, that perfidy may deprive us of the fruits of the victory which patriotic energy has won.

This is not said from any unwillingness to see the Conservatives at present in power. I am, it is true, a Liberal, and one who cordially accepts democracy, while he wishes, for its own sake, to see it reasonably organized. To aristocracy I am heartily averse, and I have always protested against the introduction of any shadow of it into the more rational, healthier, and happier state of society in which we of the New World live. But I recognize, as I have said before, the truth of Lincoln's saying that you had better not change horses in crossing a stream. When a nation is threatened with dismemberment at the hands of a foreign conspiracy, aided by domestic treason, it must rally round such institutions and authorities as it has, whether they are monarchical, aristocratic, or of any other kind. My efforts, such as they were, in the election were specially directed to the object of inducing Liberal Unionists to vote for Conservative candidates, and I do not overstate my own feeling in saying that I would myself have crossed the Atlantic to give any support in my power to a Tory candidate who was true to the Union. The Conservatives being, as a party, the staunchest upholders of the Union, I should have been very glad to see the Government for some years in their hands, if they had only been led by respectable men, and men capable of affording the country a real and undoubted security against the present peril.

There is in the list of the new Ministers one omission at which on public, though not on personal, grounds all Unionists must rejoice. A more honourable, conscientious, or amiable man than Lord Carnarvon does not breathe. But the fatal weakness which he showed in getting, as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, into equivocal relations with Mr. Parnell, disqualifies him, if not for any such place of trust, certainly for a place in a Government the first duty of which is to combat Mr. Parnell's designs. He ought to have known Mr. Parnell's character well enough to foresee that his confidence would be betrayed as soon as anything was to be gained by betrayal, and that what passed at the interview would be misrepresented, as it was, without scruple. No one did the Unionist cause more mischief than Lord Carnarvon, except Lord Spencer, for whose mysterious collapse those who know him well account by saying that his nerve failed him at last under the extreme strain of his situation, the unspeakable foulness of the calumnies with which he was assailed by Parnell, O'Brien, and their crew, and the treatment which he received from the Conservatives in the fatal Maamtrasna debate. Though a most excellent man, he is not a man of great mental power; and his resolution, which sustained him through the actual conflict, was exhausted at its close.

It appears that Lord Salisbury, who cannot possibly wish to be in the hands in which he now is, offered to Lord Hartington, in perfect good faith and in the most generous manner, not only a fair share of the appointments, but the Premiership itself. Had Lord Hartington embraced that offer he would at once have given the country a strong Executive and obtained a real control over events. The Government would have been practically his. I shall always suspect that his own unambitious and somewhat inert temperament, his exhaustion after the campaign, and possibly even the approach of the Goodwood races, were in part the causes of a refusal which I believe to have been calamitous to the country. It is said that he was also influenced by the counsels of Sir Henry James, who, though he has opposed Mr. Gladstone, is very reluctant to break with him, as though Mr. Gladstone's temper had ever brooked or forgiven opposition. The part which he has now undertaken is one which he will find it very difficult to play. How can he at once sit on the front Opposition bench as a leader of the Liberal Party and share the councils of the Tories? Will he be able, year after year, to induce a section of Liberals to remain isolated from the rest under his individual leadership, for the special purpose of acting as crutch and regulator to a Government in which they are unrepresented? Will he succeed in persuading these gen-

tlemen, however patient they may be, so entirely to renounce the objects not only of their party association but of their personal ambition? Before long there will be by-elections; and when they occur, what course will Lord Hartington take? Will he run a Liberal Unionist candidate, or will he stand aside and leave the battle to be fought between the Conservatives and the Gladstonites? Will he advise his friends in the constituency to vote or to abstain? If he advises them to vote, will it be for the Conservatives or the Gladstonites? This attempt to keep in existence a political Mahomet's Coffin will be found, I fear, too artificial and operose to succeed.

The next upshot is that, though Unionism has gained a victory, and a victory for which Unionists have much reason to be thankful, it is a Quatre Bras, not a Waterloo, leaving the decisive battle still to be fought, while it is also apparent that the nation will have to undergo yet more calamity and peril before it will be brought to see the necessity of putting an end to the domination of Party, and of giving itself a national Government. This is a subject, however, with regard to which opinion is moving, and views which, when propounded in a Canadian journal, were treated as utterly paradoxical, are, under the pressure of events, gradually winning an entrance into the public mind.

In the midst of the electoral battle, the forward move of Russia at Batoum has passed almost unnoticed. I do not pretend to be a diplomatist, and I am certainly far from being a Jingo; but my conviction on this point has always remained the same. I do not believe it possible for ever to prevent a great and growing Empire from making its way to an open sea. I hold that, practically, the choice lies among three courses—allowing Russia to reach an open sea through the Bosphorus, allowing her to reach it by the Persian Gulf, and allowing her to reach it by the Gulf of Scanderoon; and that the least dangerous course of the three is to allow her to reach it by the Gulf of Scanderoon. Why, as a naval Power in the Mediterranean, she should be more hostile and formidable to England than the other Mediterranean Powers, or threaten the route to India more than they do, I never could understand.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

London, July 30, 1886.

SOCIETY AT THE AMERICAN CAPITAL.

Now that the brilliant nebulosity which represents Washington society to the popular mind, from its most majestic cumulus to its lightest attendant cirrus, has arisen from the steaming asphalt of the city and floated away to hover about the mountain tops, or enhance the attractions of the seaside, the opportunity for calm consideration of the elements of social life at the Capital is inviting. Calm consideration at any other time of the year is impossible, for various reasons. The chief of these is the newspaper correspondent, chiefly the lady correspondent. To the lady correspondent, and to the resources of her rhetoric, the world is mainly indebted for its present conception of Washington life. With an occasional notable exception, this is usually a person of boundless adjective eloquence, a fulsome ability to flatter, a gossippy instinct, and no discrimination whatever. Before her journalistic advent she has seldom tasted of the tree of the knowledge of social good and evil, and the educative advantages of Washington in that respect are great but confusing. Sometimes it is the sharp contrast between the pseudo-magnificence of official life and the former scenes of her provincialism, sometimes it is an intelligent appreciation of the sort of thing the people like and the newspapers will pay for, that is responsible for the flashy and over-coloured descriptions which the lady correspondent sends abroad. Whatever the cause, the effect is evident enough in the popular impression that a Washington winter is one long hysterical and gorgeous revel, having the White House for its pivotal centre, with iniquitous episodes, in which lobbying ladies, who spend the rest of their abundant leisure in conversing in bad French with the foreign legations, accomplish fabulous things. It is generally believed, owing to these invaluable scribblings, that nowhere are the upper waters of society so aimlessly frothy, with undercurrents so unspeakably vicious, as in Washington. This conviction is greatly to be deprecated, for it is not true.

While it would be extremely difficult to draw an actual line between the official and the unofficial resident of Washington, in favour of the latter, it may safely be said that the most potent and exclusive element of society here exists entirely apart from the office-holding class. It is a very common error to suppose that usage is dictated to the capital by the mistress of the White House, in newspaper parlance the "first lady of the land." Nominally Mrs. Cleveland will lead society here, practically she will be led by the comparatively small, insignificant, and unostentatious fraction of

society aforesaid. It is almost wholly Southern, and chiefly Virginian. It is entirely a leisure class, comprised of men and women whose culture is the product of several generations of extreme civilization, not too rich, but above the struggle for office and its attendant humiliations, not at all ambitious, but quietly tenacious of the social privileges that have always been theirs. Senators may come and go, administrations may wax and wane, but the conservative few, in their old-fashioned houses, continue to govern themselves and their capital by their own traditions, unmoved by anything but a gentle, sometimes scornful curiosity. There are always, of course, some official families who enjoy to the full all the privileges of both circles, as the Bayards and the Whitneys, but speaking generally they may be said to be concentric, revolving about the White House, one within the other, and the office-holders are on the outside. Even the social head of the democracy is necessarily democratic, but the social principle is essentially aristocratic everywhere. There are drawingrooms in Washington, therefore, strange as it may appear to people uneducated to accept the social ultimatum of a Court, from the inner sanctities of which some of the women best known in connection with the Administration find themselves debarred.

"You have men to rule you," said an American cynic to a British cynic, "who would not invite you to their tables."

"And you have men to rule you," responded the transatlantic caviller, "whom you would not invite to yours!"

A very brief sojourn in the American seat of government is sufficient to convince one of the retaliatory force of this rejoinder, and to impress one very strongly with its qualifications. It is quite an invaluable lesson, a Washington winter, in the present development of a great people, even from a social point of view. It is the only cosmopolitan city in America—the local character of New York is more marked than that of Kalamazoo. Here, from California to Maine, elected on a thousand issues, through the fair representatives of all classes, with their families, their tricks of dialect, their ways of living, their social ideals, and the whole result of such education as varying circumstances have given them. From the hard-headed Senator Blank, from beyond the Mississippi, who occupies two chairs in his wife's drawingroom, habitually elaborates his remarks with a toothpick, and assassinates the President's American every time he makes one, to the courtly and witty Ingalls, the elected of Kansas, but the product of Massachusetts, who combines, in his barbed personality, scintillating French qualities with icy New England ones—there is an *embarras de richesse* for the sociologist.

The social privileges of Washington are probably the most accessible in the world. The visiting code in vogue is responsible for this. Everybody calls at the White House, first calls are paid by the Congressmen's wives upon the Senators' and all ladies with husbands of higher official rank. The wives of the Senators call upon those of the Chief Justices, and the *corps diplomatique*. First calls are paid, however, rather oddly, by the "ladies of the Cabinet" upon those of the Senate. As the whole round world is privileged to call upon the reception days of office-holders' wives, which calls are promptly returned and usually in person, there is practically no bar to at least the incipient stages of social intercourse in Washington. This has, with its obvious drawbacks, one grand good result in a society in which it is at least possible that every member may stand upon his or her merits. "Where else," says one of the brightest of Washington's many bright women to me the other day, "could I, single, plain, and comparatively poor, without family advantages, find the best drawingrooms of the city open to me, simply by virtue of such brains as it has pleased a compensating Providence to bestow upon me?" Truly nowhere. Of course this first requisite of an ideal social state brings about a great many things less desirable. Discrimination is the most difficult of all social acquirements, and recognition is occasionally bestowed upon people seriously or ludicrously unworthy of it. Some of the most magnificent of recent entertainments were given by a woman whose frequent *bêtise* is the common joke of the newspapers. She signalled her advent in the society of the capital by calling upon the diplomatic body, bachelors and all! A single gentleman disappointing her at the last moment, she attempted to fill his chair at one of her very swell dinners by sending in haste for a prominent official—without his wife! It was she who at her own table, corrected General Blank's use of his fork, and at one of her crowded receptions apologised to several of her guests concerning the general character of the assembly on the ground that her "best people" had "not come yet"! Money is not all-potent here however, and the cool assurance that frequently carries the day in circles nominally more select is often calmly extinguished by the edict of Washington opinion.

The novel of social life at the capital has yet to be written. Mrs. Burnett's delightful "Through One Administration" is the best we have

had, and even if the writer had possessed the experience of it which she lacked when the book was written, her fatal fascinating habit of idealization would rob it of all fidelity, except to her own graceful conceptions. Oddly enough, while the book has created an ideal Washington for thousands, many times more refined and beautiful than the actual Washington, it is most unpopular here. Its condemnation is its lack of truth. Washington declares that it does not know a Bertha Amory, a Laurence Arbuthnot, a Philip Tredennis, with all their artistic qualities, and will have none of them.

If you pin your faith to the hem of Mrs. Burnett's beautifully embroidered garment therefore, you will be disappointed. Greater, perhaps, will be your elation if you attach it to the coarse habiliment of the author of "Democracy"—a book which cannot be too severely condemned as an exaggeration of the vulgar phases of life here, to the total exclusion of all—and there is a great deal—else. But if you come to Washington expecting to find a people of high average culture, of independent opinions, of wide hospitality, of a strong literary and scientific bent, of quick appreciation, and of that charming but indescribable characteristic that is the result of the friction of widely differing personalities with the common basis of a high order of intelligence—if you look for neither the refined dilettantism of "Through One Administration," nor the outrageous vulgarity of "Democracy," your expectations will be abundantly realised.

Washington, Aug. 2.

SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

JOTTINGS ALONG THE C. P. R.

CALGARY, eight hundred and forty miles west of Winnipeg, is beautifully situated in the valley of the Bow River, and is the largest town in the neighbourhood of the Rocky Mountains, whose snow-clad summits are always distinctly visible in clear weather, rising away on the western horizon. They seem to enclose the valley with its low foot-hills in a species of amphitheatre circling from north to south. The town, which is daily growing in size and importance and spreading over the prairie in all directions, has a population of about 1,200, possesses several busy streets, a number of ambitious shops, besides a private bank—now doing such a flourishing business that its proprietors have just erected a new and commodious building—and a very good hotel, the "Royal" by name, which is also undergoing an extensive addition. I should say from my own experience that its courteous manager deserves all the custom and popularity he has evidently secured. The accommodation is at present somewhat limited, but when the new wing is completed, the "Royal" will compare very favourably with what Winnipeg can at present offer to the traveller in the hotel way.

Calgary promises to be the centre of the great cattle, horse, and sheep trade of the future. There are now 90,000 head of cattle in the district and 30,000 more on their way into the country from the East, West, and South, besides 10,000 horses breeding upon the ranges. At Cochrane, twenty-four miles west of the town, the Calgary Lumber Company have built an extensive saw-mill at a cost of \$60,000. It has the most complete system of machinery in the country, is worked by an engine of seventy-five horse-power, and can turn out 20,000 feet of lumber per day. The mill is beautifully and advantageously situated on a small tributary of the Bow River, which is dammed for the purpose of floating the logs brought down by a tramway from the large limits owned by the Company, who employ forty men steadily all the year round, and do the largest business in the country, as they can ship their lumber either by water or rail to the town.

At Calgary one has a first glimpse into the reality of Western life. A large body of Indians have come in from their reserve, not many miles distant, and are encamped upon the prairie opposite the town; their smoke-browned tepees and droves of horses dotting the plain form a very picturesque element in the landscape, defined against the low foot-hills which enclose the valley of the Bow, with its background of everlasting hills.

The first walk I took the morning after I arrived at Calgary will not soon be forgotten. The day was overcast but clear. I wandered over the prairie, carpeted with lovely flowers, for a couple of miles; mounted the highest hill I could find; took my first look at the Rocky Mountains, rising like a rampart in the distance and glistening in some reflected light that did not catch the valley below. I know I sat down on a grassy mound, and lost all record of time till I was roused from my dreams by the sun coming out and beating on my head with a power and intensity peculiar to the West, which soon warned me homewards, with hands filled with red lilies, hare bells, and giant roman flowers.

Another picturesque element of Calgary was the number of cowboys to be seen at all hours dashing about the streets, clad in the unconventional costume which has been generally and typically adopted by them; namely, broad trimmed felt hats, flannel shirts, and leather leggings, in the parlance of the country "chaps" (an abbreviation of chaparel, a word meaning "thick brush," as they are used to protect the nether limbs in riding through the woods). They are mounted on small wiry ponies, as a rule in such poor condition that they strike one as hardly equal to the weight of the riders and their clumsy Mexican saddles with enormous wooden stirrups and broad girths covering the animal like a harness. I believe experience has proved that the Mexican saddle, with its deep seat and roomy stirrups, is the most comfortable and best adapted article for the service required of it; and in point of comfort, its neat and compact English brother offers no comparison with it. Unfortunately, like a good many other invaluable things, appearances are against the Mexican saddle. It has a most unbusiness-like air, very suggestive of a circus or a side-show; though it certainly indicates that wild adventurous element which is now so thoroughly associated with the class it represents.

Indians, too, ride in and out of the town all day on their small weedy ponies, chiefly remarkable for their diversity of colour. I never could have imagined so many odd combinations of shades, from cream to smoke-colour, through all the gradations of coffee, tan, and slate, piebalds (called pintos), included; but a good solid brown, bay, black, or white pony was not to be met with. I heard this peculiarity of colouring accounted for by the fact that the Indians sold all their so-called whole coloured horses, only retaining those which from this very peculiarity I have referred to were unsaleable. They rode and walked about attired in bright blankets and in most cases devoid of any head-gear, except the natural growth of their coarse black hair, which hung down over their eyes and was shaken back occasionally with wild tosses of their unkempt locks. I must confess that to me the red man is a most unattractive species, and the more I saw of him the less I liked him.

Calgary is the most orderly, well-regulated town I was ever in, considering the wild reckless character of many of its inhabitants. Liquor laws are most stringently enforced by the Mounted Police and with good effects; for though living in one of the principal streets of the town, and sleeping at night with the windows open, I never heard the slightest noise or disturbance of any kind; I saw no rows or fights and certainly no drunken men.

I drove every afternoon for miles over the prairie, which is here intersected in all directions by admirable roads. However, roads about Calgary are a mere matter of detail, for no one hesitates to turn off them and drive at random over the short wiry grass wherever the spirit prompts them. The grass offers apparently no opposition to wheels, and a carriage moves just as smoothly and easily over the prairie as along a made road. The horses too are all accustomed to the country, and pick their way so cleverly amidst the gopher holes that they may be safely left to their own devices.

I saw all the country within driving distance of Calgary very thoroughly, and always found the fresh prairie breezes most invigorating after the heat of the day. Like the rest of the North-west, Calgary is entirely devoid of trees, except along the bed of the rivers Bow and Elbow, which unite their waters to the east of the town, and it is a deficiency very much felt by a resident of a more sheltered region. E. S.

ANSWERS TO HUME.*

THE wiser Christian apologists have never disdained the assistance of philosophy in making answer to the assaults upon the faith of Christ. The foolish cry, raised by extremely thoughtless Christians, and repeated, parrot-like, by multitudes equally thoughtless, that the Christian faith has no need of human reason, is ridiculous and absurd. And hardly less absurd is the protestation that philosophy can never be the handmaid of religion.

When, in the vigorous language of Dr. Johnson, we "clear our mind of cant," we see at once that without reason no revelation would be possible, and, when we go a little further, we see that philosophy is only the right use of reason. Certainly, we shall do no good to religion by affecting to despise reason. "God," said the eloquent Lacordaire, "has given us reason, to show that he has no fear of reason;" and the thoughtful Vinet has remarked, "If reason can do nothing, then it cannot even prove its inability to do anything. If, then, reason must be used, it is

* Scottish Philosophy: a Comparison of the Scottish and German Answers to Hume. (Blackwood, Edinburgh, 1886.)

necessary that it should be rightly used, and philosophy helps us in this endeavour. Logic invents no new principles: it only shows the manner in which every one reasons and must reason who reasons aright. Philosophy neither adds to nor subtracts from the powers of the mind. As psychology, it examines and describes them. As metaphysic, it inquires into the reality of our knowledge and the nature of being.

Of all the assailants of supernatural religion none ever more needed, demanded, deserved, an answer than David Hume. And this not merely because of the wide and deep effect produced by his writings. In this respect his immediate influence was great, and the answers which appeared from all sides of the theological world showed what was thought of the mischief he had done. But, apart from this, or perhaps rather as its condition, Hume's was an epoch-making work, inasmuch as it demonstrated the necessity of a universal scepticism from the philosophical systems which were generally received in his day. If these theories are to be accepted, said Hume, then there is no such thing as certain knowledge, and therefore all authoritative treating is guess-work, illusion, or imposture.

It is now generally agreed that Hume's conclusions were justified by the premises which he found ready to his hand in the accepted philosophy of his day. Before him, Berkeley had shown that on Locke's theory—that the mind had only ideas before it, and that all our knowledge was derived from sensation and reflection—there was no proof whatever of the existence of material substance. Hume went further and said the same thing of mind. Mind is nothing but a series of evanescent sensations. The effect of Hume's argument was prodigious. Kant says that Hume "awakened him from his dogmatic slumber," and compelled him to inquire into his reasons for believing that he possessed any certain knowledge. Reid, his contemporary, says very much the same thing. Both writers began with the intention of answering Kant; so, that Sir William Hamilton has said, with perfect truth, that modern philosophy owes its beginning to Hume.

For some time it has been the fashion to deride the theories of Reid and the Scottish School of Philosophy, and to declare the immense superiority of Kant. More recently, attacks have been made upon Kant himself, and Dr. Hutchison Stirling has declared roundly that "Kant has not answered Hume." In these wars of the giants it may seem presumptuous for smaller combatants to intervene. It may, however, be permitted to remark that a great many of the controversies which have arisen respecting the views of Kant are partly the result of his not having anticipated the precise objections which would be urged against his theories. In certain cases at least, if Kant were alive, he would certainly tell his assailants that they had misunderstood him, and perhaps he would add, that, if they had more carefully studied what he had written, they need not have misunderstood him.

Generally speaking, Reid's answer to Hume consisted in the assertion of the principles of "Common Sense," and in connexion with this, of the doctrine of what has been called Natural Realism. Practically, Reid's answer amounted to this: There are certain fundamental principles which need no proof, which are susceptible of no proof; which all men assume and act upon, because it is impossible for them to do otherwise, and no thinking or acting would be possible apart from them. The convictions of one's own existence, of the existence of an external world, of the law of cause and effect, and the like, are among these fundamental principles. In opposition to what is called the representationist theory—namely, that we perceive only ideas, and refer these ideas to an external world as their cause, Reid held that we have a direct perception of an external world. In this respect Professor Seth holds that Reid did useful work, and that Kant's utterances in regard to the objects of our perceptions are confused and contradictory.

On the other hand, our author points out that Reid's analysis of the primary principles of reason was incomplete and unsystematic; and that, in this respect, Kant has greatly the advantage of him in his deduction of the categories, in his demonstration of the unity of apperception. "A permanent subject," Kant argues, "is necessary even for the comparison of two sensations, even for the passage from one moment of time to the next; experience would fall to pieces without it. To draw a line, even, implies consciousness of the first parts as we go on to the next. Without the reference to a permanent self, as principle of synthesis, the line would fall asunder into numberless punctual dots; the first being forgotten before the second came on the scene, so that each, in its turn, would be for us a perpetual first. But experience is not of this sieve-like character; accordingly, to explain our actual experience—i. e., to account for its being what it is—a permanent self becomes a necessary assumption."

There can be no doubt that this argument is entirely sufficient and conclusive. If we could deny or destroy the unity and permanence of mind—the thinking subject, we should make all experience impossible. In

regard to the objective world, Professor Seth regards Kant's utterances as far less satisfactory. He thinks that Kant makes too much of the categories of the understanding, teaching that they *give* laws to the contents of experience, and do not merely recognize the laws which are there given. We cannot here argue this question; but we imagine that Kant would have answered that by the manifold of sensation, he meant simply the effects which the outer world would have produced in man apart from the action of the categories; in other words, that he did not confuse sensations and experience, but regarded experience as the contents of the mind when it had grasped the phenomena produced by sensation.

Readers who are not professed students of philosophy will find this small volume quite intelligible and interesting, whilst the more restricted class will gain help from a writer already favourably known to them as the author of a volume on the development of philosophy from Kant to Hegel.

The remarks on the relativity of knowledge should be carefully studied alike by the disciples and the opponents of Hamilton and Mansel; and there are some admirable observations on the relations of reason and faith. It will be an evil day for religion when its advocates throw contempt upon reason, and bring in faith as its substitute; and it will be no less evil a day for philosophy when it forgets that, after all, its basis is in faith. But, in this sense, faith is itself reasonable, and reason is reverent. The true antithesis, as Mr. Seth remarks, is not so much between faith and reason as between faith and knowledge. As Professor Fraser, of Edinburgh, remarks in his admirable volume on Berkeley, in Blackwood's "Philosophical Classics": "This faith is not made by philosophy, and philosophy cannot be filled in without it. Through faith, individual, human spirits, with their finite share in the universal thought of the Supreme Spirit, reach their apprehensions of infinity; and, also, their finite, practical comprehension of what is phenomenally real. . . . A philosophy grounded on faith was the highest lesson of Reid and his successors, especially Hamilton, in Scotland; more covertly, of Kant, in Germany, in the moral solution offered, in his 'Practical Reason.'" WILLIAM CLARK.

INFLUENCE OF GERMAN ON ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

IT may, on a superficial view, appear strange that in the early years of the sixteenth century, when the attention of Englishmen was powerfully drawn to the native land of the Reformation, and when religious sympathies tended in so great a degree to promote the mutual intercourse of the two peoples, the influence of Germany on English Literature should have been comparatively slight. But at this period Germany had very little of a purely literary kind which it would have been worth while to borrow. There is, indeed, one brilliant exception to this statement in the German popular songs and the cultured poetry deriving its inspiration from them. Perhaps if among the many Englishmen of that time who were drawn by religious interests to the study of the German language there had been any man of poetic genius, the development of English lyrical forms, instead of following in the path opened by Wyatt and Surrey, might have been, to some extent at least, directed into a different course. But the English Reformers had no poet, and the opportunity was lost. Even the Lutheran hymnology failed to gain a hearing in England. Although Coverdale attempted to translate or adapt the "spiritual songs" of Luther and his associates, his laborious imitations had too little original vigour to catch the popular ear, and they do not seem to have had any influence upon subsequent writers. . . . In the age of Elizabeth, English Protestantism had outgrown its dependence on its continental masters, and the former intercourse of England with Germany had ceased to exist. The literature—and also the political history—of that country was less known to Englishmen than that of any other European land. Yet it singularly happened that the influence of Germany upon English literature was far more marked during this period than it had been in the earlier half of the century. The explanation is not so much that Germany had risen to a higher literary level as that the spirit of the English people had changed, and that England now possessed an abundance of writers skilled to discern the capabilities of the crude material which came to them from Germany. It was chiefly as the home of magic and mystery, of grotesque or marvellous legend, that Germany was celebrated among the Elizabethans. The poets to whom this element was congenial naturally looked thither for novel and effective themes, and they did not look in vain. Marlowe found the legend of Dr. Faustus, Dekker that of Fortunatus, and obscurer men introduced to English readers the story of the disguised demon "Friar Rush" (Rausch), which on the one hand had the unique fortune of being naturalized as a portion of English peasant folk-lore, while on the other hand it became in various forms one of the most favoured motives of the popular drama. The coarse humour of "Eulenspiegel" and the other German jest-books of similar type, was keenly relished in England, and in many ways turned to literary account; and the famous satire of "Grobrianus," in which Dedekind lashed the coarseness of manners of his countrymen, produced, through the translation of 1605, and Dekker's brilliant imitation in the "Gul's Horn-booke," an impression which continued to be felt in English literature down to the age of Pope and Swift.—*Athenæum*.

The Week.

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THE fact that in the session of Congress just closed the number of measures vetoed exceeded by four the number vetoed previously in the whole course of United States history, is a remarkable consequence of the peculiar attitude towards his party assumed by Mr. Cleveland. The House is a Democratic one, and the President is a Democrat: besides being Chief of the nation, he is Chief of the party that controls the Legislature; yet, in eight months, he has vetoed more measures, passed by his own supporters, than did his predecessors during a whole century. This is the first session of the new Congress, and leader and led have drawn widely apart—as widely as has Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal Party in England; and the reasons are not dissimilar in the two cases, although the analogy is not at all a close one. Mr. Gladstone broke away from his party and its policy in order, as a matter of abstract justice, as he conceived, to confer Home Rule on Ireland; Mr. Cleveland has broken away from his party in order the better to fulfil what he conceived to be his duty to the whole nation as its President. At this bare fact the analogy stops, for while Mr. Gladstone's departure from Liberal principles has been condemned by the sounder members of the party, and the English people in general, Mr. Cleveland's independence of the ordinary ties of party, appears, on the other hand, to be highly approved, if not by the politicians of his party, at any rate by his outside supporters in the nation. The party leaders in Congress complain that he isolates himself and does not consult with them on the measures proposed by the Executive. They therefore do not consult with him on their own measures, and in consequence, Congress ignores the recommendations of the Executive, and the Executive vetoes many of the bills passed by Congress. This is a deplorable waste of power that might be avoided by arrangement. There is this, however, to be said for the President's course: if he fell into the ways of the party leaders he would be following the example of all late preceding Presidents indeed; but in that rut would be lost all the reforms he has set his heart on—civil service reform, reform of the tariff, reciprocity with Canada, suspension of the silver coinage, and the rest. Some of these measures might have been furthered in the late session, if the President had negotiated with the party leaders; but it could have been only on the principle of give and take, and he is apparently averse to compromises. His hope of full success lies in the Independent Party which supports him in his reforms, holding itself aloof from party ties, in the dearth of real party issues—just, as in England, in the contrary case, the hope of permanently frustrating Mr. Gladstone's designs lies in the small body of Liberal Unionists, who have supplanted the Parnellites as arbiters of the fate of governments, and who hold the fort of Liberalism, independently of the leader and his great personal following, till the danger of Disintegration be passed. Whether or no Mr. Cleveland is to succeed in his patriotic object depends altogether on the endurance of the Independents, who are gaining strength in the country indeed, but have a very heavy task to counterbalance the many defections from the ranks of the party that must be caused by the President's neglect of party interests.

AT the risk of appearing a little disrespectful to that august body, the United States Senate, one may reasonably ask whether consideration of the Extradition Treaty would have been deferred till December, if it had not affected prejudicially a class of citizens, who, while they bedraggle the American flag in the mire and stain it with murder and outrage, yet have votes and wield a political influence that no United States legislator dare offend?

THIS continued rioting in Belfast is directly due to the agitation caused in Ireland by Mr. Gladstone's Irish Government proposals. It matters not whether the aggressors are Protestants or Catholics: the perpetual feud between the two that occasions these outbreaks is a convincing evidence that nothing but the strong hand of the Imperial Government prevents them from rushing at each other's throats. They hate each other so intensely that the slightest pretext is seized for a fight; and if the mere rumour of Home Rule has caused the violent collisions that have occurred

lately, what would the reality of Home Rule do! This certainty of civil war it is which, all other considerations apart, must for ever forbid the grant of Home Rule to Ireland by any British Government worthy of the name.

THE Rev. Henry Ward Beecher does not seem to be producing a favourable impression in England. He began his stay there by leading many of his hearers to believe from his behaviour that the American pulpit must be ordinarily a scene of buffoonery—that religion had got to such a pass in America that unless a preacher could season his truths with the quips and cranks of a humourist he had little chance to attain the eminent position reached by Mr. Beecher, the acceptability of whose strange performances was taken as a sample of the national taste in religious matters. And now, in a lecture on "The Reign of the Common People," he has given them a sample of both his politics and religion. He did not, he said, approve the conduct of the Nihilists of Russia, but "he could not help feeling that if he was surrounded by their circumstances, and goaded into rebellion by unjustly administered laws, he should certainly be a member of that community, for he was perfectly certain that the material he was made of was not suited to the composition of an abject slave." Whereupon the *Spectator* administers to him a lay sermon which he might profit by. It may be a very fair apology, the *Spectator* says, for a Nihilist who does not profess much of Christianity to say that he has been goaded into Nihilism by unjustly administered laws. But were not the laws of the Roman Empire unjustly administered in St. Paul's time, and yet did he dream of vaunting that because he could not be a slave he must take part in conspiracies striking at the very source of all order? We must say that we have not any very strong appreciation of the Christianity which sits so lightly on the political conscience as Mr. Beecher's appears to sit upon his. Christianity sowed a kind of Liberalism far deeper and more potent in its spiritual principle than any which would temporise with Nihilism, under a despotism even as cruel as the Czar's.

FOR two or three weeks it was thought that General Boulanger might be the coming man in France. As Minister of War he was prominently before the public, and this advantage he improved by dashing about the country and speechifying on every possible occasion. Being rich, he also was able to make a lavish display; and by this effectual means he soon came to be the man in France most talked about. He completely overshadowed the President of the Republic and his own colleagues, and was regarded as a Buonaparte—without victories. There were considered to be vast possibilities in him, and few would have been surprised any morning to find a Boulanger dynasty reigning in France. But alas, for the fickleness of fortune: this embryo great man, who, according to the Paris correspondent of the *London Times*, made his way into French favour mainly by covering himself with gold lace and other finery, and riding at a review on a 7,000-franc horse, has scarcely mounted the horse when he has met his Waterloo; and, singularly enough, his rout has come from a characteristic which contributed much to the undoing of his great prototype. Poor Boulanger!—and he is still without victories. But after writing to the Duc d'Aumale in 1880:—"Monseigneur, it is to you that I owe my nomination to the grade of General. Blessed shall be that day which shall recall me under your orders"—it was just a little too Napoleonic for modern taste to say in 1886, as he did in the Chamber of Deputies, when reminded during the discussion on the expulsion of the Princes that it was the Duc d'Aumale who made him general:—"I was named a general when Gen. Wolff commanded the *corps d'armée*, and when Gen. Farre was Minister of War. I do not suppose that the Duc d'Aumale had anything to do with my nomination."

REFERRING to the preparations being made for a centenary celebration of the storming of the Bastille three years hence, in 1889, at which it is hoped to buttress the Republic by various demonstrations, against the Royalists for one thing, the *London Spectator* says very truly:—"All this seems to us very artificial. Where there is fulness of life, there is no occasion to go about confiding to each other how full of life we are; nor, as a matter of fact, do we begin to boast of our vitality till we find it failing. If the French Republicans would try the policy of courage and confidence, instead of the policy of panic and precaution, we think they would do a great deal better. If they would leave every religious community in full enjoyment of its liberty, and allow peaceable princes to share that equality for which they cry out for peaceable peasants, they would not find it necessary to indulge in all this chatter only for the purpose of reassuring each other that they have nothing to fear. It is conscience, certainly, that makes cowards of the French Republicans."

THE German Press has completely changed front on the Batoum incident. At first, it was not Germany's affair, it was solely England's; the febleness of government in Mr. Gladstone's hands had brought it on. But now the *Cologne Gazette*, which then defended Russia's proceeding, turns round and advocates the English annexation of Egypt as a set-off against Russia's closing of Batoum. The truth is, Germany is beginning to recognise that the European branch of the Eastern question is primarily a German affair, not an English one,—the Danube is a German river, and Russian supremacy in the Black Sea would threaten other besides English interests. Accordingly, the usual annual meeting of the three Emperors gives place this year to a meeting of the Emperors of Germany and Austria alone. Austria has discovered that the Russian interpretation of the compact between the three Empires is that Russia shall lay down the law, and that Germany shall support her in coaxing Austria to yield; and whenever, as in the Bulgarian and Greek questions, Russia's aims are widely divergent from those of Austria, and she fails to obtain submission to her views, she follows an independent line of her own. Hence, naturally, the alliance has come to an end; and it is useful to note in this changed aspect of affairs that the *Paris Figaro* announces that arrangements are being made for a conference between M. de Freycinet and M. de Giers, the French and Russian Ministers for Foreign Affairs.

It is believed that Lord Lyons will retire from the Paris Embassy on or before the completion of his seventieth year, next April. In the probable event of the Conservatives being in office, the post is likely to fall into the capable hands of Lord Lytton.

WE to-day give unusual space to British affairs. Besides Professor Goldwin Smith's usual English letter, there will be found in another place a chapter of "Election Notes," contributed by Mr. Smith to the current number of *Macmillan*, which contains in a short form a comprehensive review of the late crisis that we hope may prove interesting to our readers and instructive to Mr. Smith's critics of the Canadian Parnellite Press.

It is reported that Sir William White will be made "of the Privy Council," in recognition of the assistance he has given, during his holiday in London, to the Government on pending Eastern questions. He ought to be promoted permanently to Constantinople. It was quite agreeable to Gladstonian statesmanship to remove him after the good work he did there last winter; yet he is by far the fittest man for the post of danger now visible in the diplomatic service.

It is satisfactory to learn that assurances of the completest neutrality in case of any action by Russia against Turkey have been received both in Constantinople and in London from the Government of Roumania, but that this neutrality would be changed into hostility in the event of any armed interference in the Balkan Peninsula. With a hostile Roumania to overcome, and, when overcome, in her rear, and Austria threatening her flank, Russia will hardly venture to attack Bulgaria.

REFERRING to the Treaty of 1818 between Great Britain and the United States, the *St. James's Gazette* says:—"The fact that the changed conditions of the fishing industries have made the treaty work differently from what was intended by its authors, may be an excellent reason for revising it, but it is no excuse whatever for violating its provisions. The Canadians are not averse to relax its terms for good consideration. The Americans made a bad bargain in 1818; and they cannot expect us to endorse their pretension to rescind it for nothing. Canada is technically right, and she is entitled to our support."

HERR WETTENDORF, who during the last six years has occupied the post of Under-Secretary in the Turkish Ministry of Finance, is returning to Germany. Failing health has compelled him to decline the offer of a renewal of his contract with the Imperial Government. The correspondent of the *Standard* says:—"Talking over affairs with Herr Wettendorf, the latter admitted to me that his efforts during his stay at Varna to put Turkish finances in order had not been crowned with all the success he could have desired, notwithstanding that in his plan of reform he had made many concessions to local customs and prejudices. In his opinion, based upon his six years' experience of things in Turkey, if the financial regeneration of the country is ever to be effected—and he does not despair of this—it must be by the Turks themselves, and not by any individual foreign expert whose services may be acquired by the Porte.

THE Montreal *Herald* indulges in a tirade against Mr. Goldwin Smith, condemning, but not attempting to answer, his criticism of Mr. Gladstone's conduct in the late crisis, and arguing in effect that it had been better for Mr. Smith and the other Unionists to let Mr. Gladstone break up the Imperial Government, establish an independent Parliament at Dublin, and precipitate civil war in Ireland, rather than run the risk of seating Lord Randolph Churchill on the Treasury benches. And since the new election has actually had this result, it is now their duty, having "deposed Gladstone," to blindly approve of everything done by his successors in office. The *Herald* has a peculiar notion of the meaning of the independence of statesmen and publicists, as well as of journalists.

MR. GLADSTONE has given notice that henceforth he will be "unable to promise the devotion of time and surrender of personal liberty which the efficient conduct of intercourse by letter with not less than twenty thousand persons each year requires." This will be welcome news to holders of the Gladstone autograph, which, in consequence of an over-supply during the late elections, has suffered a great depreciation in value. The following advertisement in a London paper, headed "Gladstone Autographs Purchased," gives the latest quotations: "Political letters, twelve shillings per dozen; ditto post-cards, one and sixpence per dozen. Other subjects, if of interest, from one shilling to two and sixpence each. Address 'Collector,' Messrs. Deacon, 154 Leadenhall Street, E.C." This is very sad; and must be most disappointing to the many who have for years been hoarding up every scrap of paper bearing the G. O. M.'s magic name or initials, under the impression that a few years hence fabulous prices would be offered for them. Why was he not kept out of that unlucky campaign!—in his excited state he was sure to flood the market; and now we doubt if the stock is really worth more than the Confederate bonds he once so confidently invested in.

THE London *Advertiser* renews its attack on Mr. Goldwin Smith by citing, in refutation of Mr. Smith's criticism of the "masses and classes" electioneering manœuvre of Mr. Gladstone, an article written by this gentleman, and published in the *Nineteenth Century*, July, 1878. In that article Mr. Gladstone stated in much the same shape as lately the monstrous proposition that instinct is superior to reason, and is, as we infer, generally to be preferred to it when the question at issue is one where a knowledge of history, a wide mental view of the circumstances, and a habit of trained thinking, are essential to a right decision. This citation clearly proves what was never questioned—Mr. Gladstone's consistency; but it does nothing for the immorality charged against him, of, for electioneering purposes, setting class against class and race against race, within the British Isles. This is what Mr. Goldwin Smith condemns, and it is no answer to show that Mr. Gladstone is consistent in his peculiar views. Whether these views be right or wrong, he republished them in the late elections with what must be characterised as a mischievous intent, just as, it may be feared, to carry his point, he would have used, or concealed, or denied, or explained away any other former utterance of his, if it had served his purpose to do so.

To those two or three Canadian journalists who have plucked up heart since Mr. Goldwin Smith has been absent from the country, and are now so courageously aiming their shafts behind his back, we commend what Prof. E. A. Freeman, the historian, says of Mr. Smith, in his "Methods of Historical Study." Assuming that so eminent a scholar as Professor Freeman knows what he is writing about, the intelligent reader may infer from this passage that possibly Professor Smith has at least as profound a knowledge of public affairs in general, and therefore of the Irish question, as the eminent publicists, his critics, whose whole knowledge has the look of having been derived from the exclusive perusal of one another's papers, relieved by listening to an occasional Fenian lecture. Prof. Freeman says:—"Again, after a season, his chair passed to a memorable man. It passed to one who had indeed drunk in the spirit of Arnold; to one who knew, as few have known, to grasp the truth that history is but past politics, and that politics are but present history. It passed to a scholar, a thinker, a master of the English tongue; to one who is something nobler still, to one whom we may truly call a prophet of righteousness. The name of Goldwin Smith is honoured in two hemispheres, honoured as his name should be who never feared the face of man wherever there was truth to be asserted or wrong to be denounced."

An old parish clerk was courteously thanking a church dignitary for kindly taking on emergency a village service. "A worse preacher would have done for us, sir," he said, "if we had only known were to find him."

SONNET—"THE NODDING VIOLET."

"And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,
May violets spring."—*Hamlet*.

Blossoms of blue, on slender stems down bent,
Peeping from gnarled root and grassy bed,
Whose loveliness allures the careless tread
Of child and poet, when in heart's content
They leave life's misery and merriment
To muse alone with Nature. It is said
That from the sainted graves of maidens dead
Ye rise as type of true-love innocent.

* * * * *

On this lone mound of her now sadly laid
To rest within the fold of mother earth,
May violets spring to testify her worth,
Who was by Fortune cruelly betrayed;
And, as each year is robed with new and rich delight,
Be ye her constant witnesses in all men's sight.

E. G. GARTHWAITE.

ELECTION NOTES.

THE writer of this is somewhat in the position in which one who in the council of war had voted against fighting finds himself when the battle has been fought and won. He dreaded and deprecated the conflict. At that time it was very doubtful whether there would be a majority in the House of Commons against the second reading of the Bill. Still more doubtful was the result of the general election by which the defeat of the Bill would be followed. The country had been taken by surprise. The people were very ill-informed as to the question. Large masses of them were totally ignorant, and were untrained in the use of the political power which had been recently thrust upon them. But whatever might be the immediate result either of the division or of the election, it was certain that by the division, and still more by the election, one great party in the State would be fatally committed to a policy of Separation, which, apart from the influence of the leader, had, as Mr. Bright says, not twenty sincere supporters in the House outside the Irish party, and had scarcely any genuine support among the people. To treat the Bill as dead and decline to discuss it further or vote upon it, when its author had announced that he would not go into committee and had pledged himself to prorogue and not adjourn, was a policy which obviously had its weak side, and which would have left the Separatist Government in power, but which, by allowing everybody to remain uncommitted, would have averted a great evil. The Bill when brought up again in its new form, with the Irish members admitted on reserved subjects, would have been just as absurd and impracticable as it was in the old form, and would have been as easily defeated. Besides which the country would have had the chance of "a long coveted repose." Mr. Gladstone's personal ascendancy being evidently the chief danger, there was great hope in delay.

But the signal for battle once given, there could be no hesitation in the mind of a Unionist. The man who does not perceive that an Irish Parliament means separation by an angry and lingering process must be a great genius, or very much the reverse. An Englishman by birth cannot wish to see his native country dismembered, and dismembered by the hands of foreign conspirators. A Canadian cannot wish to see the centre of his civilization ruined, and the flag of his race furled in shame. Even a citizen of the world, as I think, cannot wish to see the power of Great Britain wrecked, her influence annulled, and her light put out among the nations. The universal acclaim of all the enemies of England, both in Europe and in America, which greeted Mr. Gladstone's proposal, was a sufficient warning to a loyal Englishman. I knew enough of Irish history to compare the treatment and condition of Ireland before the Union, with her treatment and her condition since the Union, and to estimate at its true value the incendiary or mercenary tale of Irish wrongs. I knew enough of Irish character on both sides of the Atlantic to be sure that its political faults were its own and not the effect of British connection. I knew enough of Irish rule in American cities to judge what sort of blessing an Irish Parliament and Government would be to Ireland, especially when it was pretty certain that as soon as this grand fund of patronage and pelf had been provided Irish-American adventurers would be flocking back to this side of the Atlantic. Coming from Canada, where we had Fenianism close at hand, and had been twice invaded by its piratical but farcical hordes, I could not fail to be specially impressed both with the foreign character of the conspiracy and with its despicable weakness, or to feel that to surrender to it would be the very depth of national ignominy.

As to the conduct of the Prime Minister, I could not have any more doubt than I had as to the issue which he had raised. Long and zealously, though not wholly without misgiving, I had followed him. But a change seemed to have come over his character. Popularity visited him late in life, and it appears to have been too much for him. He had avowed in effect his conviction that there was nothing that an Irish Parliament could do for Ireland which the United Parliament could not do better for her. He had himself announced to an applauding crowd at the Guildhall the arrest of Mr. Parnell. He had denounced Mr. Parnell as marching through rapine to the dismemberment of the Empire. He had taunted the Tory Government with its Parnellite alliance. He had called for a majority to enable him to resist the pressure and the clamour of the

Nationalists. Failing to obtain that majority he had at once flung himself into the arms of Mr. Parnell, and accepted power as his gift. I do not scrutinize motives, but I point to actions. The aspect of this action was rendered more suspicious by the mode of performance, by the floating of the scheme of surrender through a domestic Mercury, the equivocal disclaimer, the sinister signalling to the Parnellites, and the indirect way in which Lord Salisbury's Government was overthrown, by supporting the amendment of Mr. Jesse Collings, which having served its turn is flouted with its framer. As to the proffer of support to Lord Salisbury in settling the Irish question, it was evidently little better than a ruse. Peel changed, but Peel avowed his change and paid his tribute to public morality; nor did he fling himself out of the cabinet of Lord Liverpool into the arms of O'Connell. It has been alleged in defence of Mr. Gladstone's inconsistency that he showed an inclination to Home Rule when he extended the suffrage in Ireland. But to say that he meant in extending the Irish suffrage to throw the game into the hands of the Nationalists, and then to coalesce with them for the settlement of the Irish question, would be to bring against his integrity and patriotism a far more grievous charge than the bitterest of his opponents has yet brought.

Bidden by an Association of Canadian friends of the Union to do anything in my power for the cause, I put myself at the disposal of the Liberal Unionist Committee, and by it was employed as an old English Liberal in inducing Liberal Unionists to be true to the patriotic alliance and give their votes to Conservatives. There was difficulty in this, as there was in inducing Conservatives to vote for Liberals. To abstain, an ordinary Liberal, if he was a Unionist, was willing, but not to vote with the Blues, when he had all his life voted with the Yellows. It was not to be expected that the masses would at once comprehend an extraordinary situation and understand that this was not an election but a national vote on the question of the Union. The result varied with local circumstances and the characters of candidates; some seceders had a more difficult pill to swallow than others. In four places out of five which I visited the appeal was successful; in the fifth all remained hard and fast in the party lines. There were complaints of coldness or bad faith, of course, on both sides, and on both sides matter for such complaints might have been found. There were cases in which the Liberal Unionist polled fewer votes than a Conservative had polled at the previous election. But my impression is that on the whole there was as much preference of country to Party as could reasonably be expected. There was enough at all events to save the State. Still the bulk of the electors simply voted with their party. Could Party have been really eliminated, the verdict on the simple issue of the Union would have been more decisive. In estimating the force and the efforts of the Liberal Unionists it must be remembered that the organization of the Liberal Party, which was very strong, remained almost everywhere in Separatist hands. The Liberal Unionist managers had to extemporize an organization, which, it seemed to me, they did well. Of the abstentions a large proportion may be taken to have been Unionist. There is, therefore, probably a considerable reserve force for the Union.

Party wrath, of course, was hot against the Liberal Seceders. They were called, like the American Seceders, "Mugwumps." And there really is no little resemblance between them and those high-minded and independent members of the Republican party, who, at the last Presidential election, refused to vote at the dictate of the Caucus for the people's Blaine, and by turning the election in favour of Cleveland, did the Republic the greatest service that has been done it for many a year.

For Mr. Gladstone's scheme not a word, so far as I saw, was said. In the campaign literature of the Separatists it was never mentioned. But a feeling did prevail—and it was entirely creditable to the people—that some great wrong had been done to Ireland, and that reparation ought to be made to her. The people had not studied Irish history, and they could not know that Irish wrongs were a tale of the past, or that Irish sufferings were mainly either self-inflicted or the acts not of Government, but of Nature. Nor could they tell that economical ills would not be cured, but rather aggravated, by political revolution. The plea for conciliation against coercion also produced great effect on the popular heart. And here again the masses were at the mercy of the stump orators, and notably of that grandest of all stump orators, the Prime Minister. It was not easy to meet emotion with facts, and make it plain that "coercion" was nothing but the performance of the first duty of a Government towards the law-abiding citizens of Ireland, whose lives, property, and industry were threatened by a gang of political terrorists and assassins. That the Irish ought to be allowed to manage their own affairs was another argument which told upon simple minds to which Ireland was something very remote, and which could not see that Irish and British affairs, Irish and British property, the Irish and the British races were inextricably blended in the two islands. There was even a vague hope that the Irish policy of Mr. Gladstone was going to clear England of the Irish and take them all back to their own island. It is needless to say that nothing could be further from the truth, inasmuch as the effect of League and New York Government in Ireland would certainly be to scare capital, paralyse trade, and increase destitution, which, as both demagogue and priest strenuously oppose emigration to America or the Colonies, must flow into Great Britain.

Worship of the G. O. M. was very strong. Masses such as now have the suffrage do not think or care much about questions; their imaginations crave for a name and a figure, and the only name and figure, Royalty, having for twenty years effaced itself, are those of Mr. Gladstone. His age excites interest and veneration, and gives him, to the villager's mind, the authority of vast experience.

Democracy, unorganized, thus tends to one-man power. But there was also a feeling, wherever revolutionary longings, whether social or agrarian,

prevailed, that Mr. Gladstone had burst all ties and was ready to do anything for the masses against the "swells." Mr. Gladstone himself, the Christian statesman, did his utmost to make the contest a struggle of classes, careless, apparently, provided the victory were won, what seeds of social war might be left behind. I have said, and I repeat, that I have never seen anything in American demagogism so anti-social in this way. Not only against the "classes" generally, but against the professions, the clergy, the officers of the army by name, the hatred of the "masses" was pointed. Of the aristocracy a few only escaped perdition, who had recognized the divinity of the Prophet. A new version of political history was promulgated to show that intelligence had resisted every measure of justice and humanity, and that brute instinct had always been a better guide than human reason. And this not by a rail-splitter, but by one who owes his rise in public life to his university distinctions and connections! Catholic emancipation was represented as one of the reforms which education had resisted, and which the mob had enforced; the mob which followed Lord George Gordon, and at the same time in "dear old Scotland" was wrecking the houses of priests and other Catholics! If this is the teaching of history, why are we taxed for popular education? Is it possible that something of the High Church mistrust of intellect and love of a blind faith can still be lurking in Mr. Gladstone's mind, notwithstanding his alliance with Mr. Morley and Mr. Labouchere? Gladstonite candidates of course followed the cue and donned rhetorical fustian that they might look like working men. May the baronetries which some of them very likely seek reward their histrionic efforts! It was pleasant to see that while what has been said as to the confidence of the masses in Mr. Gladstone's devotion to them is true, his direct appeals to class hatred have fallen dead. Protests against them were received by mass meetings with loud applause. The heart of the people is better than some of their flatterers suppose.

The G. O. M.'s campaign version of history was altogether astounding. The Irish Parliament, we were told, was not the gift of England or the Anglo-Normans; it "sprang from the soil," and was the native product of tribalism and of the political character of the Celt! Electioneering denunciation of the Act of Union, of which the Prime Minister did not dare to propose the repeal, went at last to the length of comparing it to the massacre of St. Bartholomew. One could not help asking whether, in such a frame of mind, a man could be trusted either to deal with the Irish question or to govern the country. The character of Pitt, though it may have been tainted with patriotism, was fully as pure and upright as that of Mr. Gladstone. If Mr. Gladstone will pursue the path of research which he has recently entered he will find that the last Act of that Parliament, the extinction of which deprived the Irish people of so immense a blessing, was an Act of Indemnity for the illegal application of torture to Irish Roman Catholics suspected of disaffection. Has all this dreadful light burst upon Mr. Gladstone suddenly after fifty years of public life and twenty years, as we are told, of intense devotion to the Irish problem? One would suppose from his language that in the British Government which he traduces he had himself had no part. Unfortunately these reckless and malignant fictions, promulgated by such an authority, will become ineradicably rooted in Irish fancy and may some day be ingredients in the caldron of civil war. I do not want to be narrowly patriotic, but I want common historic justice even for my own country.

If worship of Mr. Gladstone prevails in some districts, the opposite feeling prevails and grows in others. He is disliked wherever the national spirit is strong. The national spirit is not strong, if it can be said to exist at all, among the masses of artisans in the North. We cannot blame these men. They see little of the beauty and glory of the country; their lives are spent in murky habitations and devoted to monotonous toil; they are human spindles or hammers, and have no joy in the work of their hands. Who can wonder if wages are their chief concern? So it is, however, and those whose task it may be, with power in the hands of artisans and agricultural labourers, to govern and preserve the Empire will do well to measure the amount of support on which they will henceforth be able to rely. Such sentiment as the northern artisan has, I take it, is mainly humanitarian, or that of vague sympathy with social revolution. Educated, but not up to a high point, he is at present in that dangerous twilight between ignorance and knowledge in which delusions of all kinds stalk and the demagogue has most power.

Before the election I asked a score of persons well acquainted with the agricultural labourer how and on what ground he would vote. The answers were widely divergent, but all agreed in this, that the ground would be something irrelevant and irrational. A happy prospect for the empire the lot of whose fate was to be drawn from Hodge's urn! One of my informants said that nothing was certain except that Hodge would not do the same thing this time that he had done the last. This diagnosis seems in a certain sense to have proved true. Finding that nothing came of his Radical vote, the agricultural labourer has tried the other side, become indifferent, and abstained, or perhaps slid back under local influence. I have heard a good deal said about his hatred of the squire and the parson. Hatred of the parson surprises me, for surely the country clergy have vastly improved, and do much more than they used to do for the poor. Perhaps some of them are rather too seminarist, or take too much upon them and affront the labourer's sense of independence. Hodge, apparently, is a fearfully uncertain and variable factor in British politics.

Scotland was a great disappointment to Unionists. The leading journals were against the Gladstone-Parnell scheme, and the sober sense of the people seemed a few months ago to be tending the same way. The Free Church rose to the fly of Disestablishment thrown out in his usual manner by the "Old Hand." This, I am assured, had a good deal to do with the

astounding catastrophe of Mr. Goschen in Edinburgh. But Edinburgh had also been steeped in the glamour of the G. O. M. National feeling, too, no doubt played a part. Mr. Gladstone, since England has been going against him, has transferred his nativity to Scotland, conferred upon her the title of "dear," and by an historical *tour de force* of uncommon vigour, has pronounced her entirely guiltless of the misdeeds of the united Parliament towards Ireland. He not only deserts and traduces, but renounces his misbelieving country. Scotland accepts the compliment, and supports against the Southron one whose sires have trod the Caledonian heaths of Liverpool and bled with Wallace in the West Indian trade. But a trustworthy authority tells me that the Gladstonism of Scotland is largely that of the *ouvrier*, and that the Scotch *ouvrier* is now identical in spirit with the *ouvrier* of Manchester or Paris. The same authority tells me that education is losing the life which it drew from religion, that it is falling off in consequence, and that low sensational reading is supplanting Scott and Burns. Perhaps it may be added that here as elsewhere there is an interregnum between the departure of religion and the advent of science, if science is to be the queen of the future, and that this is accompanied by a temporary loss of tone.

In Wales again, Disestablishment, no doubt, played a great part. But the antagonism of a people of Cymry and Methodists to a gentry which is English and Anglican makes the Welsh extremely democratic. There is even a certain analogy between the political and social situation in Wales and that in Ireland. In a fainter degree the analogy extends to Celtic and Methodist Cornwall, where Gladstonism predominates, and demagogism apparently is putting a match to Secessionist gas for the purposes of its own calling.

This antagonism of Scotland, Ireland and Wales to England is a sinister feature of the election and one which may portend trouble. The Prime Minister is doing his utmost to aggravate and envenom it, evidently thinking that England by her rejection of him has incurred the divine wrath, which is to be visited upon her by the hands of her more right-minded sisters. It is impossible, however, to believe that Scotland and Wales can be mad enough to desire anything like a dissolution of the Union. For a general measure of decentralization everybody, and most of all the overburdened Parliament of the United Kingdom, has long been prepared.

The Irish vote in England proved to be a bugbear, much, no doubt, to the disappointment of Mr. Gladstone. The Irish are migratory and do not acquire the residence qualification. This is a relief. The Irish Catholic, whether in England, in Canada, in the United States, or in Australia, is not a citizen but a clansman, encamped in the midst of an alien society, and fighting for the objects of the clan. If he anywhere grows strong, the British electors, supposing they care for their electoral liberties, will find that the only way of salvation is to combine and vote him down.

On the whole, due allowance being made for all the partyism, provincialism, sectarianism, and extraneous influences of other kinds by which the great issue was obscured, and considering what masses of ignorance and inexperience were called upon to take part in the decision of a most difficult question, the country must be held to have gone through the ordeal well. The vultures of foreign jealousy and hatred which had begun to gather together round Old England will for this time at least wheel away disappointed, with heavy wing. Suddenly betrayed by its foremost man and the object of its confiding affection, the nation has managed to collect itself sufficiently to face an almost unexampled emergency, and for the present to avert ruin. Civil courage of a high order has been shown by those Unionist Liberals in Parliament who took their political lives in their hands. Nor is it to the most eminent of them, such as Mr. Goschen and Sir George Trevelyan and Mr. Albert Gray, that sympathy and gratitude are most due; but rather to those who had no hope of finding another constituency, and to whom the loss of their seat was exclusion from public life. Noble efforts have also been made, and the severest toil has been patriotically undergone by men of wealth and rank whom everything wooed to ease and social enjoyment. May this last! Upon its lasting depends the redemption of English politics from the caucus, the wire-puller, and the ward politician. Yet there are terrible odds in favour of the competitor who is not only without scruple and ready to eat any amount of dirt, but entirely devoted to his trade. The caucus, which remained generally Gladstonite, showed formidable strength; but it has lost most of the men who lent it respectability, and we may hope that this political devil-fish has received a severe wound.

The battle is over, but the peril is not. A party numbering with its Parnellite allies more than two-fifths of the House of Commons has now desperately committed itself to Home Rule, though its ranks probably still contain a number of compulsory conformants who curse Mr. Gladstone's policy in their hearts. Ireland has been made more ungovernable than ever by Mr. Gladstone's incendiaryism, which will also have aggravated the difficulties of a British Government in dealing with the problem by vitiating foreign opinion, especially that of the United States. The government of Ireland, moreover, has for six months been a limb of the League. The party system of government here as in other countries is betraying its fatal weakness. Disintegration, in the form of sectionalism, has set in. The House of Commons, instead of being divided only into two great parties, is now divided into five sections, the Conservatives, the Gladstonites or Radicals, the Hartington Unionists, the Chamberlain Unionists, and the Parnellites, not one of which is strong enough by itself to sustain a government.

It can hardly be said even that the Conservatives are a solid body, since there is a division between the Conservatives proper and the Tory Democratic section under Lord Randolph Churchill, which has rebelled

against the leaders of the Conservatives proper. A Unionist Government, however, and a strong and stable one, must now be formed, if the nation is to be saved from dismemberment or even from worse ills. No other hope is there of escaping Parliamentary anarchy, the domination of a foreign conspiracy in British politics, the loss of Ireland, the unsettlement of India. British commerce and industry are in a critical condition, and can ill bear political convulsion. But of forming a strong and stable government, or any government at all, there is but one way. A patriotic junction of the Liberal Unionists with the Conservatives is the imperious necessity of the hour, and is demanded by the accordant voice of all who care for the country more than for Party, and desire to preserve the Union. The Conservatives, though they are the most numerous party and the victory is mainly theirs, are not strong enough either in numbers or in leaders to go on long by themselves. It is idle to talk of difficulties and objections when there is but one mode of escaping public shipwreck. These men have combined to deliver the nation from dismemberment; why cannot they combine to complete its deliverance and to place it out of peril? A scion of the Whig house of Devonshire, we are told, cannot possibly act with Tories. Can a scion of the Whig house of Devonshire allow his country to go to political perdition? England, is the parrot-cry, does not love coalitions. Does England love a coalition for her destruction, between Mr. Gladstone and the agitators whom he described the other day as marching through rapine to the dismemberment of the nation? The coalition between North and Fox was selfish and corrupt, not patriotic. The junction of Mr. Gladstone with Mr. Parnell for the furtherance of their several ends bore, to say the least, a closer resemblance to it than could be borne by a junction of Lord Hartington with Lord Salisbury for the rescue of the commonwealth from confusion. If concurrence in legislation on general subjects is not easy for a coalition government, let there be a truce to the superstitious fancy that every session of Parliament must of necessity be marked by some great legislative innovation. Let there be a truce also to the fancy, almost equally superstitious, that the Executive Government must hold itself responsible for every act of the Legislature, and retire whenever it is out-voted even on questions not affecting the Administration. An Executive Government, firm and strong enough to uphold the law in Ireland, repel foreign conspiracy, suppress domestic rebellion, whether in the form of outrage or obstruction, guard the integrity of the nation, and secure commerce and industry against revolutionary disturbance—this, and this alone, is indispensable at the present moment. It will be a very good incidental result if the line between the duties of the Executive and those of the Legislature should henceforth be more clearly drawn, and the necessity of stability in the Executive more distinctly recognized than it is. It seems hardly too much to hope that some of those who have adhered on personal grounds to Mr. Gladstone and continued to hold office under him, now that the will of the nation has been declared, will listen to the call of patriotism and support, or at least refrain from embarrassing, any government which may be struggling with the enemies of the realm. That the Conservatives should relapse into sinister relations with the Parnellites and tamper with Home Rule would be a thousand times impossible with Liberal Unionists in the Cabinet. It may be hoped too that the Conservatives have received their lesson, that they have renounced for ever the fatal heritage of intrigue, and decisively returned to the path of principle and honour. All interests in the country which dread disruption and confusion would be fain in such circumstance to support the Queen's Government. Should the Radicals attempt its overthrow by an alliance with Irish rebellion they would, if there is any spirit left in the nation, be surely made to rue their treason. To support the Queen's Government, and to strengthen its hands against the enemies of the realm, is the plain duty of the hour. Let a Liberal member of the House of Commons reserve to himself as large a measure of legislative independence as he thinks fit, but let him support the national Executive. By faction, and by faction alone, the nation has been laid at the feet of a despicable foreign conspiracy and brought to the very verge of dismemberment. If this warning will not awaken Englishmen to a sense of their duty as citizens, what warning will?

GOLDWIN SMITH, in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

EXPANSION IN POPULATION AND WEALTH OF THE WHITE ARYAN RACES.

In 1788, the population of Europe was, in round numbers, 145,000,000; in 1888, it will amount to 350,000,000. This, however, is not the whole increase. In the two Americas, in South Africa, and in Australasia, 70,000,000 millions more of European race are to be found; and the total of 420,000,000, somewhat over a third of the human race, possess more than half the globe, and enjoy a supremacy they are not likely to lose over the populations of India, Africa, and the Far East.

This growth of population has been accompanied by a more than proportionate growth of wealth, more marked in this country [England] than in any other, even than in the United States. In 1788, English capital is stated to have amounted to 1,200 millions sterling; in 1875, it had increased to 8,500 millions an increase of seven times in less than a century. The capital of France, England, and the United States together reaches the prodigious figure of 24,000 millions sterling. In the same way, income has also increased relatively as well as absolutely, from £16 a head in 1788, to £35 a head at the present time, the total income of Great Britain being valued at 1,200 millions—as much as the whole capital of the Three Kingdoms a century ago—against 200 millions just before the outbreak of the French Revolution.

The preponderance of the white Aryans in wealth and territory over the other populations of the globe is, therefore, an assured fact. A like preponderance in numbers may be regarded as certain of attainment in the not remote future. Among Eastern populations, that of India alone increases. On its 1,400,000 square miles of territory, our Indian Empire has a population of about 240 millions—one hundred and seventy persons to the square mile—increasing at the very considerable rate, unexampled in the previous history of the East, of 1 per cent. per annum, with very little fertile soil unappropriated. Of the Far East, the total population is not probably much above 300 millions—the population of China is almost always greatly exaggerated by publicists—and the Semitic and Negroid numbers, compared with those just cited, are quite insignificant. The Chinese, though they emigrate largely, do so only from a limited tract, and not increasingly, while they do not multiply out of their own country, nor, as far as we know, within their own borders. Hence it seems pretty certain that the earth and its fulness are, with the exception of certain tracts, reserved for the possession and enjoyment of the white Aryans, and among these the predominant stock in force, wealth, and numbers will undoubtedly be the Teutonic. Next will come the Slavonic peoples, whose growth in the last hundred years is more surprising even than that of the United States, where immigration has greatly assisted it. In 1788, the population of Russia and Poland (not, of course, wholly Slavonic) was 27 millions; in 1885, it was 98 millions an increase of 260 per cent., or sixty per cent. more than the rate of increase of the population of Great Britain within the same period. During these hundred years, the so-called Latin races, who are in reality Iberian and Keltic much more than Italic, have, relatively speaking, greatly declined in numbers; and though doubtless they will play a great part in the history of the future, it will not be a supreme part.—*The Spectator*.

FRANCE.

THE first fifty years of the seventeenth century saw France emerge from the eclipse of power in which she had been left by the religious wars, and acquire that commanding place in Europe which she retained even after the Peace of Utrecht. During this time of her rising greatness she enlarged her borders on every side, and founded an empire beyond the seas; her authority became supreme on the Continent; she was illustrious alike in war and in peace; and if there were grave defects in her autocratic Government, it made the State respected, put down faction, and was, on the whole, a beneficent influence. It was an age, above all, of great men in France: the dominant order which stood round the throne had many of the faults of an exclusive caste, and often proved a source of disorder and peril; but it provided a noble array of soldiers and statesmen of conspicuous merit, and it gave the nation a race of leaders, distinguished equally in camp and in council, who raised it to a position of splendour. How widely different have been the fortunes of the France of the last thirty years! how dissimilar is the ominous spectacle presented by that far-famed people to those who still have hope in its destiny! France has become almost a second rate power; she has been deprived of two of her fairest provinces, and has a watchful foe on her weakest frontier; and she is as closely hemmed in by the new German Empire as she was once overshadowed by the House of Austria. Worse, too, than the loss of Alsace and Lorraine is the diminution of her renown in arms caused by the War of 1870; Sedan and Metz have tarnished the glory which Blenheim and Waterloo left undimmed; and the decline of her weight in the councils of Europe, and of that moral influence beyond her limits, widespread and immense in former times, is at least equally marked and unfortunate. As for the Governments of France in this generation, they have alternated between corrupt despotism and extravagant democratic license; but while they have often been as severe and arbitrary as the old *régime* in its worst days, they have failed to maintain the national greatness, to check the destructive strife of parties, and to attain a semblance of strength and authority. With the collapse, too, of her noble orders, France seems to have lost the breed of men who made her the foremost power of Europe; the Revolution, despite the boast that "it opened a career to all kinds of talents," has long ago ceased to place leaders of commanding power at the head of the nation; and at no period, since the reign of Louis XV., have the soldiers and public men of France held so low a rank in the esteem of the world. This remarkable change, we believe and hope, is due far more to the ruinous effects of the jealousy and envy of democratic government than to the permanent decay of French genius and worth; the princely exclude merit of the highest order from the position it ought to hold in the State. But the fact remains, and is of profound significance. This work suggests reflections like these: would we could add, as we compare the age of the two Pitts with the present time, that the elements of decline and weakness which have smitten the fabric of French greatness were not, at this moment, disturbing England!

The prominent, nay the subordinate, figures on the brilliant canvas of the Duc d'Aumale, almost all belong to the great noblesse of France; Richelieu, Turenne, and Condé were pillars of the State, and raised the monarchy to the highest point of splendour. No such names appear in democratic France, though we do not forget the great powers of Chanzy, or the patriotism of Gambetta; but the magnificent growths of the seventeenth century do not seem to rise from that soil, exhausted by the lava of revolutionary fires, and where all that is noble and rich in promise is nipped by the blasts of popular envy. It is ill with a State, as all history shows, which loses a great aristocratic order. This has been the fortune of modern France: may other nations not present a like example!—*Edinburgh Review* on the Duc d'Aumale's *Princes of the House of Condé*.

NOON.

FULL summer, and at noon : from a waste bed
Convolvulus, musk-mallow, poppies, spread
The triumph of the sunshine overhead.

Blue on the shimmering ash-tree lies the heat ;
It tingles on the hedgerows. The young wheat
Sleeps, warm in golden verdure, at my feet.

The pale, sweet grasses of the hayfield blink ;
The heath-moors, as the bees of honey drink,
Suck the deep bosom of the day. To think

Of all that beauty, by the light defined,
None shares my vision ! Sharply on my mind
Presses the sorrow :—fern and flower are blind.

—MICHAEL FIELD.—*The Spectator.*

THE MAGAZINES.

THE *Church Review* contains as the first of its half-dozen scholarly articles a careful and important paper upon the labour question by the Right Reverend F. D. Huntingdon, S.T.D. The Rev. G. W. Dean defends the church regarding the deceased wife's sister agitation in an article entitled, "Marriage : the Table of Kindred and Affinity." As usual the critical department of the magazine is exceptionally well sustained.

THE August number of the *Andover Review* is one of decided excellence. Dr. Cheesebrough, of Saybrook, Connecticut, contributes an elaborate and appreciative critique on the theological position of Horace Bushnell, and Professor Andrews discourses on "Political Economy, Old and New." There are several other papers by able writers on subjects of interest to the general reader ; while the ordinary departments contain much that will be acceptable to all intelligent observers of the course of modern theological speculation.

TIME was when so slight a paper as Octave Thanet's "Six Visions of St. Augustine," or so gay a little story as Sarah Orne Jewett's "The Two Browns," would have been denied admittance to the exclusive pages of the *Atlantic*. But that time has gone by, and what the Boston monthly has lost in distinctive literary flavour it has probably more than made up in its wider scope and increased popularity. It has certainly lost its position as the foremost vehicle of American culture, but its present management finds more points of contact with social life, more active participation in popular affairs, and hence a more widespread interest for the semi-literary *vulgus* to which every publication of the sort must look for support.

THIS is what Ella Wheeler Wilcox thinks of Massachusetts in the current *Lippincott's* :

"The East is a land of dead men's bones
Laid tier on mouldering tier,
And the damp malarial wind that moans
Is the breath of those dead men near.

And its slow, pale people seem merely wraiths
That have strayed away from the tomb,
Clutching their cold ancestral faiths,
And wrapped in the garments of gloom."

The poem is entitled, "The West," and may be called a pæan of Illinois. The pæan is all right, and shows nothing more reprehensible than an exaggerated predilection for pork and corn-dodgers ; but why this unnecessary defamation of Boston ! One trembles to contemplate the effect of this gruesome portrait on the high-strung New England temperament. The spirit that dictated it is really to be deprecated. If inter-state amenities are to take the form of such rhyming nightmares as Mrs. Wilcox's, the future of poetry in America is a sad one. Moreover, that a magazine of the standing of *Lippincott's* should publish such rubbish is simply preposterous.

THE second of Mr. Richard Ely's "Social Studies," in *Harper's*, concerns "Economic Evils in American Railway Methods." The enormous waste of national resources in the construction of railways is Mr. Ely's first serious charge, and it must be admitted a justifiable one. Vast tracts of land needlessly bestowed, and vast sums of money needlessly expended in the encouragement and carrying out of railroad enterprises, with a simple view to profitably cut the throat of similar existing enterprises, surely form fitting subjects for the sorrowful indignation of every well-regulated, social philosopher. But, like many another sorrowfully indignant deprecator of existing institutions, Mr. Ely adds up one side of the balance only, and that, of course, the wrong side. When he says that needless expendi-

ture in American railway construction has been estimated at one thousand millions of dollars, and adds that this "is waste of national resources which ought to have benefited the people," and that "one thousand millions of dollars is a sum sufficient to build homes for one million families," he takes no account whatever of the economic purpose which even needless railway expenditure serves in providing temporary and constant employment for vast numbers of people. This may be but an item in comparison to the million families who might be provided with homes by the funds invested, but it is surely worth considering, especially in connection with the fact that the thousand million dollars if not embodied in railway construction, would assuredly contribute no more directly to the popular provision aforesaid. The waste of competition is, of course, painful to the economist, but it has long been shown that private interests *à l'outrance* best serve the non-combative public, and so long as railways are built and operated for the primary benefit of the stockholders, it is difficult to see how the secondary benefit to the people can be attained by any but the competitive plan. The evils of railway speculation, and especially the great and insufferable injury to business interests of discrimination in freight rates, are also trenchantly placed before the public. No remedy is suggested, nor easily seen. Perhaps by the absence of all optimistic discussion of the present state of things, Mr. Ely would imply his belief that until the people become their own stockholders, no remedy is possible.

If a journalistic blush is a possible physical phenomenon, Mr. Joseph Bishop's arraignment of the American press in this month's *Forum* should invoke it. Taking as his text the contemptible and revolting espionage kept over the President on the occasion of his recent marriage, Mr. Bishop proceeds to bestow upon the gentlemen (*h*) of the fourth estate, who kept it, such a castigation as they richly deserve and are not likely, if one may suppose them possessed of any vestige of sensibility, to forget. Heretofore American comment upon the outrageous conduct of the press at that time has been of a semi-ironical, humorous nature, as if the matter were hardly worthy of serious treatment. Even the occupant of the "Easy Chair" of *Harper's* has rolled his ponderous guns into line, and laboriously laughed with the rest. But there is no hint of ridicule in Mr. Bishop's article. It is the indignant protest of the good taste and right feeling of the whole nation, and by and by, when there is enough of this to constitute a preponderating element in American public opinion, there is no doubt that it will be reasonably effective in abolishing the newspaper nuisance. To the unhopeful this will probably take an æon or two, and the most sanguine will hardly expect it in Mr. Bishop's time. "Why not let the vulgar and ill-bred people have their own newspapers, and give decent people theirs also?" he queries. The primary reason is that newspapers are not usually "run" with an eye solely to the gratification of the well-bred, this being in America too small a proportion of the vast paying public to make a financial return for such ventures. Moreover, papers that cater to the great unwashed, and the greater, whose ablutions are imperfect, find such profit in the nefarious business as enables them to command every facility for obtaining legitimate news, and thus become indispensable even to the most scrupulous as to moral soap and water. The relations between journalism and society, moreover, are so extremely easy among our neighbors of the democracy, that the offenders stand in little fear of the law ; and last, but by no means least, the average "newspaper man" of the United States is by no means an educated person, except through contact with the world as he meets it on his way from the type-setters' stand to the editorial chair. To one graduate of Harvard or Yale among American editors, one meets five who know "little Latin and less Greek ;" whose present position is the result of instinct for the work, shrewdness, and enterprise. The editor of that phenomenal success, the *New York World*, Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, whose personal income from the paper is one thousand dollars per week, was a waiter in a Washington restaurant not so very many years ago, and his case is only exceptional in its pecuniary aspect. The average journal is the pure intellectual product of its editor, with his idea of the wants of his public added, and the sum divided by his financial ability to supply them. His personality permeates it throughout. Shall we gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles? Nay, verily.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

WE have received the following publications :

THE CHURCH REVIEW. July. New York and Boston : Houghton, Mifflin and Company.
ANDOVER REVIEW. August. New York and Boston : Houghton, Mifflin and Company.
OVERLAND MONTHLY. August. San Francisco : 120 Sutler Street.
ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. August. New York : Macmillan and Company.
LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. August 7. Boston : Littell and Company.
QUERIES. August. Buffalo : C. L. Sherrill and Company.

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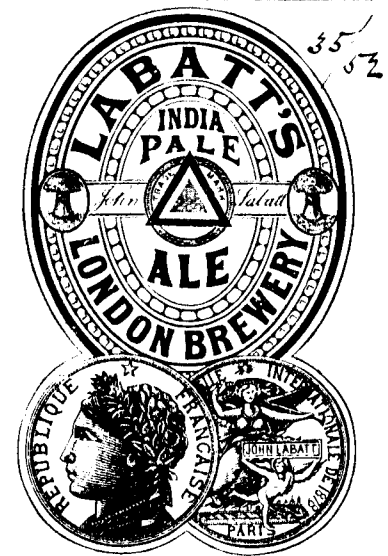
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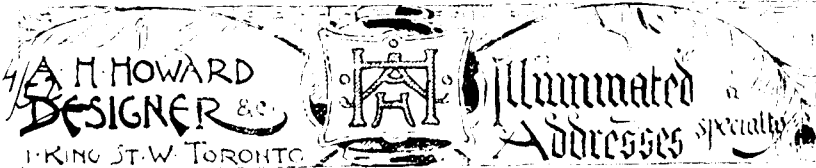
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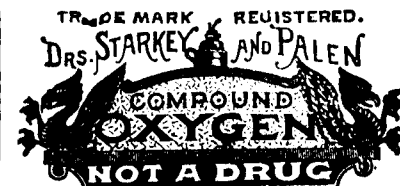
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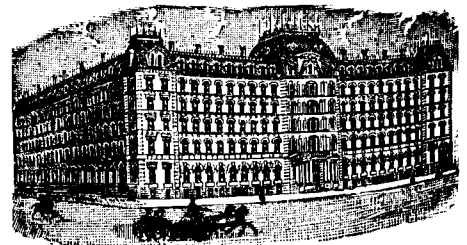
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