

THE WEEK:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

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Toronto, Thursday, June 3rd 1886.

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AGENTS IN LONDON.—The Bank of Scotland.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce.

DIVIDEND NO. 38. $\frac{1}{3}$

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of three and one-half per cent. upon the capital stock of this institution has been declared for the current half year, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after Friday, the 2nd day of July next. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th of June to the 1st of July, both days inclusive.

The Annual General Meeting

Of the Shareholders of the Bank will be held at the Banking House, in Toronto, on Tuesday, the 13th day of July next. The Chair will be taken at Twelve o'clock noon. By order of the Board.
W. N. ANDERSON, Gen. Manager.
Toronto, May 25th, 1886.

THE Liverpool & London & Globe INSURANCE CO.

LOSSES PAID, \$07,500,000. 20/52
ASSETS, \$33,000,000.
INVESTED IN CANADA, \$900,000.

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Fire Assets (1885) 13,000,000
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Government Deposit \$100,000 00
Assets in Canada \$17,086 60
Canadian Income, 1885 255,325 16

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34 Toronto Street, Toronto.

THE CENTRAL BANK OF CANADA.

DIVIDEND NO. 4. $\frac{4}{4}$

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of three per cent. for the current half year, being at the rate of six per cent. per annum, upon the paid up capital stock of this institution has been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its branches on and after TUESDAY, THE FIRST DAY OF JUNE NEXT. The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to 31st May next, both days inclusive.

The Annual Meeting of the Shareholders will be held at the banking house in this city on Monday, the 21st day of June next, the chair to be taken at twelve o'clock noon. By order of the Board.

A. A. ALLEN, Cashier.
Toronto, 27th April, 1886.

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The Directors have decided to offer to the public at par a part of the unallotted shares of the capital stock of the Corporation; application for shares may be made either at the office of the Corporation, or to Messrs. Gzowski & Buchan, No. 24 King Street East.

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DOMINION BANK.

Proceedings of the Fifteenth Annual General Meeting of the Stockholders Held at the Banking House of the Institution in Toronto on Wednesday, May 26, 1886.

The annual general meeting of the Dominion Bank was held at the Banking House of the institution on Wednesday, May 26th, 1886.

Among those present were noticed Messrs. James Austin, G. Boyd, Walter S. Lee, James Scott, R. S. Cassels, Anson Jones, Wilmot D. Matthews, R. H. Bethune, E. Leadlay, Aaron Rose, George Robinson, Wm. Ince, E. B. Osler, J. Mason, J. K. Dingle, J. Foy, T. Walmsley, etc.

It was moved by Mr. R. S. Cassels, seconded by Mr. E. Leadlay, "That Mr. James Austin do take the chair."

Mr. Wm. Ince moved, seconded by Mr. E. B. Osler,

Resolved, "That Mr. R. H. Bethune do act as Secretary."

The Secretary read the report of the Directors to the Shareholders, and submitted the annual statement of the affairs of the bank, which is as follows:—

Balance of profit and loss account 30th April, 1885	\$2,129 14
Profits for the year ending 30th April, 1886, after deducting charges of management, etc., and making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts	201,287 14
	\$203,416 28
Dividend 5 per cent. paid 1st November, 1885	\$75,000 00
Dividend 5 per cent. payable 1st May, 1886	75,000 00
	150,000 00
	\$53,416 28
Carried to Reserve Fund	\$40,000 00
Written off bank premises account	10,000 00
	50,000 00
Balance of profit and loss carried forward	\$3,416 28

Owing to the extremely low rates of interest prevailing for money, not only in Canada but also in New York and in England, it is difficult to employ the funds of the Bank at remunerative rates. Whilst these conditions last, it is not easy to understand why the Dominion Government continues to pay such high rates of interest for deposits. This course operates against the manufacturing and other industries of the country, as it compels the banks to charge a higher rate than it would otherwise be necessary to do.

A resolution will be proposed to the Shareholders asking them to authorize a payment of \$5,000 to a Guarantee and Pension Fund for the officers of the Bank, which it is thought advisable to commence.

JAMES AUSTIN, President.

Messrs. Walter S. Lee and R. S. Cassels were appointed Scrutineers. The report was adopted.

Messrs. James Austin, Wm. Ince, Edward Leadlay, Wilmot D. Matthews, E. B. Osler, James Scott and the Hon. Frank Smith, were duly elected Directors for the ensuing year.

At a subsequent meeting of the Directors Mr. James Austin was elected President, and the Hon. Frank Smith Vice-President for the ensuing year.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

LIABILITIES.		
Capital stock paid up		\$1,500,000 00
Reserve Fund	\$1,020,000 00	
Balance of profits carried forward	3,416 28	
Dividends unclaimed	2 50	
Dividend No. 30, payable 1st May	75,000 00	
Reserved for interest and exchange	63,059 37	
Rebate on bills discounted	21,276 21	
		1,182,754 36
		\$2,682,754 36
Notes in circulation	\$997,400 00	
Deposits not bearing interest	1,025,054 61	
Deposits bearing interest	4,862,171 72	
Balance due to other Banks in Great Britain	42,037 41	
Balance due to other Banks in Canada	150 44	
		6,926,904 18
		\$9,609,658 54
ASSETS.		
Specie	\$159,609 81	
Dominion Government demand notes	526,132 00	
Notes and cheques of other banks	234,763 12	
Balances due from other banks	603,455 28	
Government securities	603,935 00	
Municipal and other debentures	669,879 80	
		\$2,796,777 11
Bills discounted and current (including advances on call)	\$6,613,861 31	
Overdue debts secured	22,028 44	
Overdue debts not specially secured (estimated loss provided for)	32,475 19	
Real estate	4,376 51	
Bank premises	136,092 49	
Other assets not included under foregoing heads	3,047 49	
		6,811,881 43
		\$9,609,658 54

R. H. BETHUNE, Cashier.

DOMINION BANK, TORONTO, 30th April, 1886.

DOMINION BREWERY,

ROBERT DAVIES,

BREWER AND MALTSTER,

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The fact that the Dominion Brewery is only seven years in operation, and that it has far outstripped all the old establishments and is now the leading brewery in the Dominion, speaks for the quality of the Ales, Porter and Lager Beer produced, and which is made from the

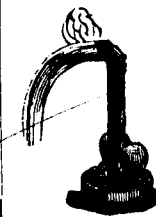
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PARIS, - - - - 1878.

ANTWERP, - - - 1885.

THE WEEK.

Third Year.
Vol. III., No. 27.

Toronto, Thursday, June 3rd, 1886.

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AFFAIRS IN ENGLAND.

OXFORD, where I am staying, is no longer out of the world or in the Middle Ages: it is almost a suburb of London, from which it is reached by a run of one hour and a half over the best piece of railway in the world. The celibate and monkish Fellows of College are celibate and monkish no longer. There is a large, most intellectual, and most delightful society, which, at the same time, as it consists of people of moderate income, is free from the excessive luxury and expensiveness of the Metropolis. Science and a variety of other studies have broken the once exclusive reign of Classics and Theology. One who was a student here in the Tractarian times would hardly know the place again. Public men often come down to spend the Sunday in summer, and perhaps intercourse with them is more instructive here than it is when they are in the heat of the fray. Oxford feels all the movements of public opinion, and her ancient Toryism has given place, among the younger and the more active-minded of her denizens, to the very opposite tendency. Even Socialism finds itself quite at home in the University of Eldon. The broad facts of the political world and the great current of public thought may be studied just as well here as in London, though the personal movements and influences can only be well observed in the centre of action.

Moreover, I have been in London and in the middle of the political cyclone. A cyclone it may truly be called. Never within my recollection has there been such excitement since the battle between Free Trade and Protection. In the House of Commons, where I listened to a debate the other evening, the atmosphere was evidently electric. Sir Henry James, formerly Attorney-General, was delivering himself with the greatest gravity of a long argument on Constitutional Law, and his legal points seemed to draw forth from his audience stronger expressions of emotion than would be elicited by passionate eloquence in ordinary times. Then everybody hung upon the lips of Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, a singularly unrhetoical speaker, to use the mildest expression, because it was supposed that he was going to announce some important concession on the part of the Government: an expectation which was not fulfilled. The House was crowded, the galleries being filled with members for whom there were no seats below. The first reform which the House ought to undertake, one would think, is to provide sufficient accommodation for its own members, some of whom, under the present arrangement, can be said, after all the expenditure and trouble of an election, to win a "seat" only in a metaphorical sense. Pending such reform members ought to be allowed to bring their camp-stools. From the place where I sat, I had a full view of the Irish members, a glance at whom is enough to show what a Nationalist Parliament is likely to be, and how far it is likely to represent the intelligence and legislative capacity of Ireland. Many of them were men whom you would have expected to see rather behind a bar than in a legislative assembly, and the sound, when they interrupted an adverse speaker with their ironical cheers, was brutish. Happy Ireland, if she is to be delivered into their hands! That there are some men of a better stamp and some genuine enthusiasts

among them I do not question, but Nature gives a false warning to the beholder if the most of them are fit for a high trust.

It is idle to attempt to send you either news or predictions. The cable will have anticipated the news, and the predictions will reach you after the event. This may be said with certainty, that if all or anything like all those who are opposed to Mr. Gladstone's scheme will vote against it, it is already dead and buried fathoms deep. Never was the intelligence of the country more unanimous than it is against the scheme of Separation, so suddenly sprung upon the nation. The criticisms of Sir James Stephen, Lord Selborne, Mr. Goschen, and Lord Hartington, have left of the hasty and ill-constructed fabric not one stone, or, I should rather say, one cloud upon another. No part of it indeed is any longer seriously defended by Mr. Gladstone and his friends. They avow their willingness to alter everything, provided only that they can be spared a defeat on the second reading. "Only accept the principle," they say, "and we are content." As though the principle of a scheme, and of a scheme professedly brought forward to meet a great practical emergency, could be accepted without the scheme itself. In place of attempting to defend by argument that which cannot by argument be defended, recourse is had to phrases such as "justice to Ireland," "impossibility of coercion" and "necessity of conciliation," which Government speakers and writers repeat on all platforms and in all journals, begging the question, of course, on each occasion, since nothing can be justice to Ireland which is not practically good for her, while "coercion," as applied to the mere prevention of outrage such as would disgrace savages, is a totally misleading phrase, and the special contention on the other side is that the institution of a vassal Parliament and a tributary Nationality instead of "conciliating" the Irish will only open a new era of discord. In private I have hardly heard a word said for the Bill, even by strong adherents of its author. If the vote in the House of Commons were to be taken by ballot, the majority against the Government would be immense. But party ties are strong; they are stronger than patriotism; and the Caucus is putting on the screw with all its might. The "Old Parliamentary hand" also is doing his best, and the ticklish position of the seceding Liberals, who are thrown for the moment into alliance with the enemies of the Party, affords great scope for his tactics. Mr. Labouchere is an ardent supporter of Mr. Gladstone and of Home Rule, but he cannot restrain his caustic wit. He says that he should not like to play poker with Mr. Gladstone, because the G. O. M. would have three aces up his sleeve and would firmly believe that Providence had put them there. No diplomacy is more astute or unscrupulous than that of the monk. People, however, are now pretty well awake to Mr. Gladstone's strategical tendencies, and few are misled by the assurance that in passing the Bill through its second reading they will only be agreeing to "a resolution." They know that as soon as the advantage had been gained it would, under highly moral and religious pretexts, be used to the uttermost, all apparent assurances to the contrary notwithstanding. There would be no verbal breach of promise, but, as *The Times* says, "Mr. Gladstone's peculiar dialect is exposed to incalculable developments."

I am prepared, then, for the defeat of the Bill, either on the second reading or on some vital point in Committee, by a small majority only, which will, in all probability, be followed by a dissolution and an appeal to the country. Nothing could be worse for the community at this moment than a general election, which in addition to the repetition, after so short an interval, of all the waste of money, of confusion and disturbance of commerce, would fill the nation with violence, precipitate the march of revolution, and render Ireland more ungovernable than ever. But Mr. Gladstone seems to have become utterly reckless of everything but victory: if I said that he was utterly reckless of everything but personal victory I believe I should do him no great injustice, though his belief in its Providential character would be sincere. His frame of mind is revealed, to the scandal and disgust even of his oldest and warmest friends, by his last Manifesto, in which he openly appeals to the passions of the masses against the intelligence of the more educated classes, including that of his own recent colleagues. He believes, and I suspect he is right in believing, that while the intelligence of the country is against him the populace is still with him. Not that the populace understands the Irish question, or cares much about the particular issue; but it still blindly follows Mr. Gladstone, who has become the fetish of its idolatry. In a sensational age any figure which has once caught the popular fancy is apt to be exalted

into a god, and there is at present on the political scene no figure anything like so impressive, or surrounded by anything like such a glamour, as that of the G. O. M. It is an hour of peril for a nation when its interests are placed absolutely in the hands of a man intoxicated with popularity—too imperious to respect or consider any opinion but his own, too old to put off the cravings of ambition, and too near his end to feel the full measure of personal responsibility for the consequences of his policy. In saying this I am only repeating the language of those who have loved Mr. Gladstone and long trusted him, but now see that he has degenerated into a splendid demagogue, and that, if he lived long enough, there is nothing which he would not destroy. It has always appeared to me, and I am now confirmed in the conviction, that, while his moral aspirations and tone are high, his sense of responsibility is comparatively low. He is wrecking the country with a light heart. Those graves which his fatal bungling has dug for the brave in the Soudan have never, I suspect, cost him a pang, nor has he ever uttered over them a generous or remorseful word. He wishes to do good to his kind, and especially to that portion of it which inhabits these islands; but patriotism, in the common sense of the word, is probably almost alien to his heart; it certainly never finds expression through his lips. When he angrily denounces a proposal to increase the grant to the volunteers, it is as much the national and patriotic character of the force as the financial irregularity which moves him, and the obvious tendency of his Separatist policy to lower his country in the scale of nations, probably detracts little from its excellence in his eyes.

The Queen might, as I conceive, very properly refuse Mr. Gladstone a dissolution, not only in the interest of the public tranquillity and of commerce, but on two constitutional grounds. In the first place, this Parliament, though not called by the present Prime Minister, was at once recognized by him as favourable, and at its hands he accepted power; he has therefore no moral right to appeal against its decision. In the second place, neither in his policy nor in a demand of dissolution has he the concurrence of the other leaders of the party. But the refusal would no doubt bring on a storm, which Mr. Gladstone and his friends would raise by appeals to the masses; and the Sovereign is a lady who cannot be advised to do anything which might lead her into danger, or even to expose herself to any personal annoyance. A dissolution, therefore, if the Bill is defeated there will in all probability be, and in my next letter I shall have to forecast as well as I can, amidst such political darkness and confusion, the result of an appeal to the country.

I have said that the Caucus is putting on the screw, in Mr. Gladstone's interest, with all its might. I am happy to be able to add that the screw shows signs of breaking. Whatever political faults Englishmen may have, they are generally not wanting in independence; and it is difficult to get them to bow their necks to the regulative tyranny of a machine. Liberal Committees for the maintenance of the Union are being formed at several points, in opposition to the Local Caucus: an invitation from one at Bradford, which is a great Liberal centre, lies before me. It would be some consolation even for the loss of Ireland if this political Devil-fish should receive a mortal wound. The indications of the Caucus in Mr. Gladstone's favour are somewhat fallacious. Caucuses are always composed of the thoroughgoing partisans; but it is among the quieter folk, and those who do not attend party councils that the Liberal secessions will take place. Bear this in mind as an important fact when you are estimating the manifestations of opinion. Still waters, I suspect, are running deep.

The conclusion to which my study of the Irish question has always led me is that the political movement is weak in itself, and derives whatever strength it has from its union with agrarian discontent. This opinion is confirmed by what I now hear from Ireland. A credible informant reports that Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy was received with no enthusiasm in Kerry, which is now about the most disaffected district, and that the same is the case in other districts which my informant has visited. A separate Parliament is the aim only of the political agitators and adventurers; the people want it, if at all, merely because they have been led to believe that it will give them the land, which is the real object of their desire. Knowing this, the politicians strenuously resist any proposal to settle the Land question without Home Rule; and the correspondent whom I have already quoted repeats the words of a leading Nationalist priest, who confessed that if the Land question were settled, Home Rule would have little interest for the people. Some of the well-to-do farmers begin to shrink from the prospect of Fenian domination, while the labourers on their part are afraid of finding themselves left under the absolute rule of the farmer class, whose interest is by no means identical with theirs. The Nationalist feeling, to which Mr. Gladstone tells us it is necessary to surrender the Legislative Union, is, I am persuaded, largely the offspring of his own inflammatory eloquence, operating in conjunction with

the machinations of Irish aspirants to places in a National Government, to American Fenians, and the incendiary Press.

The conduct of the Independent Liberals must, I should think, extort the respect even of opponents who have any generosity in their hearts. By these men alone has the country been preferred to party and personal interest. On the amount of force which they may be able to muster, and the degree of constancy with which they may withstand the tremendous pressure put upon them, the salvation of the country, in the eyes of Unionists, depends. This Lord Salisbury must know; yet the consciousness of it does not restrain him, any more than patriotism and honour restrained him from accepting office at the hands of the Parnellites, throwing over Lord Spencer, and abandoning the Crimes Act. His last speech is full of his usual party spirit, arrogance, and indiscretion. He shows once more that judicial blindness which Heaven sends upon those whom it has doomed to destruction. He is an English Polignac, utterly incapable of reading the perilous situation in which he is placed, and destined to lead his party, his class, and his order to ruin. His speech has been received by the Gladstonian Press with a peal, too well justified, of delight and triumph. It will shake, if anything can, the firmness of the Independent Liberals. Beyond doubt it will decide some waverers the wrong way. One of the most calamitous features of the situation is the absence of a wise and thoroughly patriotic leader on the Conservative side. Indeed, the state of the Conservative benches altogether at the present crisis is deplorable. In the Commons, since the departure of Mr. Gibson to the Lords, the Conservatives have not had a single man of power and weight. Lord Randolph Churchill is dull when he is not indiscreet, and indiscreet when he is not dull. In debate, the whole set are as children in the hands of the G.O.M.

It was refreshing and reassuring to a British Canadian to see that Mr. Blake's proposed resolution of sympathy with Mr. Gladstone's policy of Separation had been voted down by an overwhelming majority, and that in its place had been passed a resolution to which any Unionist might subscribe. This indicates, I trust, that the hearts of British Canadians have been stirred by the peril of our Mother Country, and that the Unionist sentiment awakened in Ontario has been felt at Ottawa. Mr. Blake, let us hope, will be taught by this experience, following upon his experience in the case of Riel, that it is wiser as well as nobler to frame a policy of his own, upon which he may appeal to the country, than to angle for sectional votes, which, even if they are hooked, are very apt to slip back into the water. If he does not take care he will find at the next election that there is a British as well as an Irish and a French vote. Votes of sympathy from American Legislatures and politicians are coming over to Mr. Gladstone in great abundance. The meaning of these every Canadian understands, and knows what sort of tributes they are to the patriotism of a British statesman. But to Vespasian the smell of revenue, whatever its source, was sweet; and sweet to Mr. Gladstone, whatever its source, is popularity.

The Irish question absorbs attention, and I have had little time as yet for sightseeing. I have merely glanced at the Indian and Colonial Exhibition, in which of course the gorgeous East eclipses everything else in the way of a show, while Colonial productions, our own among the rest, are more interesting to the economist and the politician as solid proofs of material progress. The Exhibition has awakened into renewed activity the promoters of Imperial Federation, and there is some reason to fear that this dream may have an unfortunate influence on the course of political events by reconciling people to the Dismemberment of the United Kingdom as a preliminary process by which raw materials will be prepared for the construction of an ampler and grander Union. I hope that, seeing this, the Canadian Press will render the British people the service of frankly telling them the plain truth. Falsehood may help to turn them to their ruin.

At the Exhibition of the Academy also I have briefly glanced. I am struck as usual by a want of interest in the subjects, which seems to indicate a temporary suspension of the life of art, however excellent the technical execution may be. The picture which attracts most notice is one which represents a Mermaid dragging down a man, the victim of her deadly wiles, into the depths of the sea, with a very Mermaidish expression in her eyes. It has furnished *Punch* with the subject of an excellent cartoon, in which Mr. Morley as a Mermaid is dragging Gladstone down into the depths of the Irish question. That Irish question meets you, whichever way you turn.

In Hyde Park, the reduced number and splendour of the equipages betrays the effect of agricultural depression on the incomes of the landed gentry. Colleges which derive their revenues from land are suffering in the same way. Yet I see at present no signs of falling off in the general wealth of the country, and though the china-mania has somewhat sub-

sided, old furniture and articles of *vertu* of all kinds still fetch an extravagant price. There are vast accumulations of mercantile wealth as yet untouched by depression. In the natural course of events it will be a long time before England descends to the level of Holland, though there is no saying what may happen if Mr. Gladstone should succeed with his Secessionist doctrines, in stirring up disaffection among the Hindoos. I am told that the Government of India is growing uneasy.

The mention of India reminds me that I heard yesterday a lecture given by Mr. Seton Karr, a high authority, on Hindoo agriculture. I was struck with the primitive character of the implements of which models were exhibited, especially of the plough. It seems impossible that husbandmen using such implements can produce much per head or be very formidable rivals to our wheat producers of the North-west or of Dacota. It is true that they live on almost nothing, so that of what they do raise almost the whole goes to the market.

I send with this a letter which has been addressed to me by Mr. George Baden-Powell, M.P. for Liverpool, and which I have his permission to transmit to you for insertion. It will, I am sure, be read with interest.

Oxford, May 18, 1886.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

DEAR MR. GOLDWIN SMITH:

Allow me to express to you the advantage some of us are deriving at this crisis of affairs from again studying what you have written on the Irish question. There has just reached us a resolution of the Quebec Legislature which expresses general approval of Mr. Gladstone's intentions, though not of the details in his new and strange Irish Bills. I earnestly hope that public opinion in Canada will not misjudge the action and arguments of those who, like myself, oppose Mr. Gladstone's hastily and secretly conceived scheme "for the better government of Ireland."

To our thinking, that scheme, if it were practicable—which it is not,—would rob Ireland of the self-government she at present enjoys in exactly equal ratio with the other constituent parts of the United Kingdom; for it would place Ireland, for a time, at the mercy of a close oligarchy of lackland agitators.

No one appreciates more fully than I do—and that by the light of considerable personal experience in Australia and South Africa—what enormous, nay saving, value to our great colonies has been the concession of local "Responsible Government." Canada is a notable and noble example of the entire success of this ancient British policy: but Canada proves that the foundations of such success are laid in the triumphant knitting together in close political brotherhood of districts already bound to one another in the natural ties of geographical contiguity and ethnical relationship—ties which breed successful commercial and industrial communion. Moreover, Canada consciously and willingly remains an integral portion of the British nation and British empire, and a portion which in the future even more than in the present that nation and that empire could ill afford to lose.

As you well know, Ireland lives and moves and has its being in close commercial communion with Great Britain. The chief Irish industry is supplying food for the densely populated industrial centres of England. Year by year, Ireland is becoming more and more bound up, commercially, financially, socially, with England and Wales and Scotland. During the past fifty years, Ireland has made most marked advances in popular prosperity—advances far greater than could have been looked for under the baneful influence of that persistent political agitation which has from time to time hung like some cloud of blight over Ireland. There has been no proved grievances which the National Parliament has not done its best to rectify; and the National Exchequer has been only too lavish in the promptness and the largeness of its charitable assistance. The Imperial Exchequer, chiefly at the cost of the taxpayers of England and Scotland, has during this century remitted Irish Public Loans to an amount already exceeding \$50,000,000. Our Reform Bills of this century have never lessened the number of Representatives from Ireland in the National Parliament, although this number was fixed at a time when the ratio of the population of Ireland to that of Great Britain stood at one to two, whereas now it stands at one to six. Ireland has now for many years enjoyed all the local autonomy in respect of Poor Law Boards, County and Municipal Government, Harbour Commissions and so forth, that have been customary in England and Wales and Scotland.

This sop of Home Rule which Mr. Gladstone throws to win the temporary favour of those whose aim is National Independence—or rather National Isolation—is based on the entirely fictitious importance given to Parnellism at the last general election. It must be remembered that in the gross, Parnellism in the hour of its greatest triumph received the support only of little more than one-half of the electors of Ireland. But to arrive at the net or real support given the movement in Ireland, we must deduct many elements usually hostile to each other, but on this occasion acting in incongruous and temporary combination. There were the tenants and all others who have been encouraged to think that Parnellism means their becoming the owners of land now belonging to other people; there were the Roman Catholics who are popularly reputed to be aiming at a more complete control over the national education and in certain cases even at a future grasp of temporal power; there was great commercial depression and a general programme of promise held out to all the have-nothings and the proletariat generally. A Reform Bill had newly enfranchised hundreds of thousands of politically uneducated peasants; a thoroughly organized and most skillfully directed electoral organization was in full work; powers and

practices of intimidation, by powers unknown to the constitution were in active operation,—and all in favour of Parnellism. And yet in spite of this temporary combination of usually hostile elements, as I say, but little more than one-half of the electors of Ireland could be prevailed upon to record their vote for the Parnellite candidates. Over here it is well recognized that there is no proof whatever that any definite or widespread agreement prevails in Ireland in favour of any such particular change. But both in Ireland and in Great Britain there is a widely held conviction that Mr. Gladstone was right when only last year he laid down as an indefeasible axiom that whatever was offered to Ireland in the way of extended powers of local government must also be offered to Scotland and Wales and England. All through the United Kingdom we need extended systems of local administration. But in the name of freedom and law and order there is now breaking forth a great voice of the people against this proposed severance of the Union; against this unnecessary taking from Ireland of the sole guarantee that can exist for the economical and good government of that portion of the United Kingdom.

In the terms of Canadian experience, Mr. Gladstone's scheme is as if a statesman of the just influence of Sir John Macdonald were to stand up in the Canadian Parliament, and without consulting the chief colleagues of his long political career, to spring upon Canada a cut-and-dried scheme for the granting full autonomy with prospects of future national separation, say, to the Province of Ontario. Sir John, as I know him, would repel such action as the most pernicious absurdity and very burlesque of statesmanship—and with a Unionist warmth similar to that which over here is now bursting in full flood to sweep from the face of the earth this equally strange proposal of Mr. Gladstone.

You will not have failed to notice that a very remarkable conciliance of opinion is finding expression from our famed men of all shades of political opinion and all manner of knowledge and experience. Lord Salisbury and Professor Huxley, John Bright and Lord Randolph Churchill, Sir John Lubbock and Lord Carnarvon, Mr. Jesse Collings and the Duke of Argyll, Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Wolseley,—in fact all our leading men of thought or action, with but two or three exceptions, and totally irrespective of Party—all agree that this scheme suddenly put forward by Mr. Gladstone has been conceived in most injudicious and unthinking haste, and will prove hopelessly and helplessly abortive.

I shall watch with interested curiosity to see what is the verdict of public opinion in Canada when the details of the Irish Bills have been placed before Canadians, and in the meantime ask to remain,

Very truly yours, GEORGE BADEN-POWELL.

House of Commons, Westminster, April 20th.

A SUPERScription.

Look in my face; my name is Might-have-been;
I am also called No-more, Too-late, Farewell;
Unto thine ear I hold the dead-sea shell
Cast up thy Life's foam-fretted feet between;
Unto thine eyes the glass where that is seen
Which had Life's form and Love's, but by my spell
Is now a shaken shadow intolerable,
Of ultimate things unuttered the frail screen.

Mark me, how still I am! But should there dart
One moment through my soul the soft surprise
Of that winged Peace which lulls the breath of sighs,—
Then shalt thou see me smile, and turn apart
Thy visage to mine ambush at thy heart
Sleepless with cold commemorative eyes.

--DANTE ROSSETTI.

MR. DONNELLY'S SHAKESPEARE CIPHER.

Four years ago Mr. Ignatius Donnelly published a book in which he attempts to prove that Plato's account of the lost island of Atlantis was no fable, but a tradition founded on fact. In this book he undertakes to demonstrate that there was once a great continent in the Atlantic Ocean, opposite to the Straits of Gibraltar, of which the island described by Plato was a remnant. There, he tells us, man dwelt for ages in perfect peace and happiness. In it civilization, arts, and learning, had their origin. It was the scene of the Garden of Eden—the golden age, and of the various traditions of primeval virtue and felicity preserved by so many nations; and its kings and heroes were reproduced in the gods and giants of mythology. This wonderful creation of the antediluvian world was overwhelmed in the ocean by a sudden convulsion of nature. A few of the inhabitants escaped to other regions of the earth; and through their accounts of their lost country and its greatness came the various traditions, legends, religions and civilizations, of the after-world. In support of this theory Mr. Donnelly brings forward a multitudinous array of facts and fancies derived from history, science, and tradition, showing an immense amount of reading, and a remarkable talent in weaving the various elements on which he founds his arguments into a tolerably consistent and plausible basis.

"Atlantis, the Antediluvian World" having made something of a sensation it was quickly followed by another book in which Mr. Donnelly propounded a strange and startling hypothesis at variance with all the received theories of scientific men. This book is entitled "Ragnarok" (signifying in Scandinavian mythology, the "Darkness of the Gods"), and is an argument to prove that the Drift Age, with its vast deposits, and its rents in the surface of the globe, was the result of a collision between the earth and a comet at a time when man was living on the earth in a high state of civilization. In this convulsion he supposes all the human race to have perished, except a few who saved themselves in caves, and there led a savage and precarious existence, such as mankind was condemned to endure for many ages. This hypothesis is worked out with the same ingenuity and plausibility that Mr. Donnelly showed in "Atlantis," and his arguments, like those in his first work, are founded on his interpretation of certain facts of physical science, and on a mass of legendary and mythological lore.

Since the publication of these two extraordinary books, Mr. Donnelly has employed his peculiar talents in a new direction. Some readers will be apt to think that he has constructed an imaginary mystery that he might exercise his remarkable ingenuity in an imaginary interpretation. At any rate he now offers the solution of a problem which most people will say never existed except in Mr. Donnelly's own brain. Miss Delia Bacon, the first of those eccentrics who of late years have been trying to rob Shakespeare of his kingship over the realms of literature, told us in "The Philosophy of Shakespeare's Plays Unsolved" that a close study of the plays had taught her that they were really the work of a band of enlightened philosophers with Bacon at their head, who had combined together to undermine the despotism under which the English people suffered. These great wits and patriots chose the actor, William Shakespeare, "a mere mime and jester," as a mask through which they could carry out their designs in safety and secrecy. "On this hint" Mr. Donnelly has spoken. He affirms that in the plays commonly called Shakespeare's, Bacon has given the true history of the latter part of Queen Elizabeth's reign, hidden under a cipher. The key to this cipher is to be found in the folio edition of 1623, in which, according to Mr. Donnelly, mispaging, hyphenation, and the words in italics and between brackets (once their bearing is understood) reveal the mystery. He first caught the clue which, with infinite labour, he has since unravelled, in "A Winter's Tale," Act I, Scene 2. Polixenes bidding farewell to Leontes, speaks of his nine months' absence from his kingdom, and continues :

Time as long again
Would be filled up (my brother) with our thanks,
And yet we should for perpetuity
Go hence in debt ; and therefore like a cipher
(Yet standing in rich place) I multiply
With one we thank you many thousand more
That go before it.

Mr. Donnelly tells us these lines were written in order to bring in the word cipher, with the suggestive simile. We give a few examples of his curious juggling with words from "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Where Mrs. Quickly in her account of Falstaff's death says "His nose was as sharp as a pen and a table of green fields," the commentators have treated "table" as a misprint, and put "babbled" instead. Mr. Donnelly tells us that table is the right word, and that it was purposely used to suit the cipher. Again, in Act IV., Scene I, he finds a deep intention in the occurrence of the words "William" and "bacon"; and Mrs. Quickly's famous translation "Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you," is for him full of esoteric meaning. When in Scene 4 of the same Act the Ghost of Herne the Hunter "shakes" his chain, it is to bring in the first half of Shakespeare's surname, and when Mrs. Page tells Mrs. Ford that her husband in his jealous luns buffets his forehead and cries out "peer" the other half is given. "I found," Mr. Donnelly says, "scores of instances where the scenes and the words were twisted to bring in the cipher story, and the necessities of the cipher compelled Bacon to make his characters talk nonsense in passages that have puzzled the commentators from that day to this."

One of Mr. Donnelly's methods of divining is to multiply the words in italics on each page of the folio edition (by which edition alone the Bacon mystery can be explained) by the number of the page, and to arrange the words that correspond to that sum in sequence. A full description of his system would require too much space in this journal, but some idea of his theory and manner of working it out may be formed from what has been already said. He claims to have obtained valuable results from his labours, and no doubt he will find a fit audience, for there seems to be no limit to the credulity of mankind.

L. M.

MAY-TIME.

The sweetest time, the brightest time
Is here ;
The purest time, the dearest time
Of all the year.
The birds that skim along the air,
The trees, the bushes, everywhere,
Seem chanting in perpetual rhyme
" May-time."

The sweetest time, the saddest time,
It brings to me
My happy youth, my far-off hopes ;
I plainly see
The difference 'tween then and now,
The while the birds on every bough
Keep chanting their enchanting rhyme
" May-time."

FERRARS.

OUR WOODS IN SPRING.

Not half enough has ever been said or sung about the beauty of that witching transition time of our Canadian spring, when our woods are just bursting into leaf and blossom, as if newly awakened to a new and intense vitality by the brooding kiss of the gentle spring. No season provides such a combination of beauty, both of form and colour ; for the trees, not yet completely shrouded in their luxuriant green drapery, still display the exquisite tracery of stem and branches, which is so conspicuous in winter—looking still more exquisite as it gleams through the delicate feathery veil of the bursting leaves. One can enjoy at once the beauty of delicate form and colouring, and would fain, if it were possible, arrest the process for a time to prolong the enjoyment. But nature will halt for no man, even artist or poet ; and every day the light green mist thickens, and the shades of the trees grow more defined, till the young leaves have shaken themselves fully out, in a fresh and delicate beauty, which is never seen but in connection with young and tender life, and which it seems almost profane to associate with the fading and decay that must, in a few months, be its destiny, as it is eventually the lot of all physical life. Yet, after all, to those who see deeper than the surface, the trees may really appear, in potentiality at least, perpetually fresh and green, since the same life is always strong within them that, at this season, is so signally visible, and the same legend might be read—could we see aright—in the play and rhythm of Nature's larger laws.

The variety of tint in the spring woods is as noticeable as in the autumn ones, though the colouring is of course much less vivid. But it is, on the other hand, so delicate, that it is a delight to the eye that can enjoy and appreciate exquisitely tender gradations of colour. This is so distinctive too, in the different kinds of trees, that the experienced observer can easily identify each tree by the colouring alone, even apart from the form. The birch, for grace and beauty, is certainly "Queen of the May," in the woodland community. She seems to stretch her white arms aloft to hold around her the delicate veil of light green leafage that falls daily in fuller folds about her, yet never quite conceals her graceful limbs. The tender russet hue of the large-leaved oak, as the leaves uncurl themselves above the pendant streamers of the early blossoms, is another of the loveliest tints of the spring, the young saplings especially being a study of exquisite colouring ; while the smaller-leaved white oak is hardly less beautiful, in its glistening pale yellowish green. The hard and soft maple, in like manner, have each their own special tints of ruddier and paler green ; the tender leaves of the basswood have their own special tints of golden hue, while the beeches present a dazzling vision of vivid verdure—perhaps the very intensest green that the spring has to show, unless it be the deeper tint of the grass itself. The sumach, the butternut, and the hickory, leaf out more slowly, and are longer in contributing their share to the new-fledged foliage ; but each has a particular beauty of its own. The hemlocks and pines do not hurry to put on their spring attire, meantime giving a needed contrast of grave gray and olive greens to the otherwise gay tones of the woodland ; but ere long, they too yield to the irresistible influence, and assume a feathery fringe of brightest green, relieved against the sombre tints of the mass of older foliage.

As for the flowers that grow beneath the overarching trees, nestling softly among the dead leaves of last year, they too deserve a higher meed of praise than they have yet received. It is unfortunate that their long, awkward botanical names lend themselves so awkwardly to poetic diction. It may be that "A rose by any other name will smell as sweet," but if "The primrose by the river's brim" had always been known as a "*primula*

etc," it may be doubted whether it might not have been "nothing more" to many another beside Peter Bell! It is too bad to have no sweet, homely name, of two syllables at least, for the charming little *hepatica*, which peeps out from the covering of brown leaves, before the winter frost has left the ground, and before even its own downy leaves have begun to uncurl. The *sanguinaria* or "blood-root" fares a little better, but the latter name conveys no suggestion of its exquisite clusters of snowy cups, shining out amid the rich masses of deep-green leaves, like stars in the dark recesses of the woods. The graceful *trillium*, of purest white, or delicately tinted with pink, or here and there dyed deeply with blood (a good foundation for a legend), would be better named, if we simply called them "May-lilies," which would not be at all inaccurate, botanically speaking, as they belong to the great lily family. The delicate blue and white and yellow violets, which in congenial spots almost carpet the ground, are the only ones that have anything like an old-fashioned, simple name, and this, of course, they owe to their relationship to the violets of the old land, though they miss *their* delicate fragrance. As yet we have not had sufficient originality to supply picturesque idiomatic names to our Canadian flowers. "Jack in the box," however, with his brown and white stripes, and the graceful scarlet Columbine, springing in bright clusters among the grey rocks and green ferns, are among the few exceptions to dry scientific nomenclature. So is the waxen fragrant flower of the May-apple, and, a little later, the snowy masses of hawthorn and alder. The *viburnums*, of which there are two or three varieties, are not so fortunate. The "dog-wood" has its short name, and so has the "shad bush," the very earliest shrub to put on its snowy livery, though its botanical name—*amelanchier Canadensis*—might well frighten the most enthusiastic lover of flowers. But in the end of April and the beginning of May, its snowy plumes bedeck the forest with bridal bravery, and must have seemed verily like Noah's dove with the olive leaf in its bill, to the weary, half-starved "Pioneers of France in the New World," after their first wretched winter in the ice-bound ships.

But to make a *catalogue raisonné* of the flowers of spring would swell this paper to the size of a botanical dissertation, and the best thing that any reader can do is to go out and make a personal acquaintance with them for himself. One word more, however, and that is a plea for the *birds of spring*. Without these we should hardly know our spring woodlands. The wistful pathetic trill of the robin is a still earlier and more familiar token of the spring than even the delicate blossom of the *hepatica* or the snowy plume of the shad-bush. The welcome cry of the blue-bird, the sweet liquid warbling of the "Canadian canary," as it is not inaptly called, the borrowed song of the imitative catbird, and the untiring brisk twilight recitative of the Whip-poor-Will, not forgetting the measured tap of the wood-pecker, are all component parts of our Canadian spring. It is time we should have some Act of Parliament to protect these charming denizens of our forests from the "St. Bartholomew of birds," which, either stupid and misplaced human selfishness, or a barbarous fashion of ornaments now beginning to meet with a deserved condemnation, or the mere recklessness of destructive boys, eager to show their prowess with a gun over timid and harmless creatures, is ever threatening our otherwise peaceful forests. It is high time that the restriction of a license should be placed on indiscriminate shooting, and that, to borrow an idea from Dr. Johnson, every fool, who happens to be at the butt end of a gun, should not have it in his power to scatter death and destruction among our forest warblers, and to rob our spring woods of one of their most subtle and poetic charms.

FIDELIS.

CANADIAN ARCHIVES.

MR. BRYMNER'S Report on the Archives of Canada for 1885 has been issued within the past week. It is fully equal in interest to the four preceding reports issued since 1881, and may possibly meet with equal general disregard. Estimating its character in the full recognition of the labour, care, and learning bestowed, upon it, we fear that we must look only upon its value in the light of what it will be to the student of the future.

Undoubtedly one of the safest modes to direct the views of those who confer the distinction of office is a study of our history correctly related. In the last ten years our views on this subject have been greatly enlarged. Our writers on history, as a rule, indulge in the repetition of a series of assumed facts which nobody hitherto has dared to dispute. But the Reports of the Archive Office have done much to stimulate opinion in this direction, to lead to a critical and judicial tone of mind, and not merely to suggest but to establish that there is a great deal of evidence, but little known, to be sifted and examined, and that the judgments of the past have to be submitted to the fresh ordeal of examination. There has

been great carelessness and recklessness in writing history, and there has been a desire to make the facts sustain theories, and to draw conclusions, which we are now beginning to understand, in many cases, a few years will see entirely reversed.

In the present report, the calendar of the Haldimand papers is continued—a remarkable labour, each letter and document has to be read and studied, and a *précis* given of it in the fewest words, but with nothing omitted. Mr. Brymner tells us that each paper is, in London or Paris, compared and checked before being sent, and again revised in Canada. Some volumes of the Haldimand collection are yet required to complete the number—232 MS. volumes. Allusion is also made to the archives in France. No few of them at this moment, Mr. Marmette tells us, are in Russia; they were secured by the Russian Secretary of Legation, M. Pierre Dubroski at the taking of the Bastille in 1789 and the pillage of the Abbey of St. Germain des Prés in 1791. In 1793 the Garde Nationale, on duty, lighted the stove with ancient French archives; and in 1830 an employé sold by weight what he could purloin. There yet remain many documents which can be profitably copied. A list is given of several of these documents by Mr. Marmette, who was specially detailed to the examination of them, extending from 1540 to 1709. An incomplete list is published of the Protestant marriages, births, and deaths in Montreal after the Conquest to 1787. The publication is suggestive of the carelessness which then existed as to this duty.

Mr. Brymner gives in French, with a translation, which, from the attention we have been able to give, appears faithfully done, the report of M. Dudouyt to Bishop Laval, dated 1677. M. Dudouyt was Grand Vicaire, and his object in proceeding to France was to see Colbert, and obtain a renewal of the prohibition of the liquor traffic: undoubtedly a valuable addition to our knowledge of that date. The country is indebted to the University of Laval that it is published. A letter from Carleton, afterwards Lord Dorchester, in which he protests against the treatment he received from Lord George Germaine, when the intrigues of Burgoyne obtained for him the command in which he was so disgracefully to fail, will be read with profound interest by all having knowledge of the subject—another proof of the miserable incapacity of the oligarchical English Government of that date.

We have likewise a short biography of the Jesuit Roubaud, whom Mr. Brymner traces through his chequered life as a theory to make him die in a workhouse or a garret. This man, who played some part in our history, first appears as a Jesuit missionary with the Abenakis at St. Francis. He accompanied a body of the Indians to Ticonderoga, and advanced with Montcalm in 1757, in their company, to the siege of Fort William Henry at the head of Lake George. After Montcalm's death in Quebec, Vaudreuil wrote to the Minister of Marine in France that Montcalm had placed in Roubaud's hands two packets of papers on the maladministration of the army, and cautioned him against their injustice. He must have been a man of ability and insinuating manners, as he attracted the attention and gained the good will of Murray himself; well educated, and of good family, knowing good society. Maseres was also partial to him. Of his versatility, Mr. Brymner gives references to show that he performed at the opera in London, and he is reported to be the author of the French publication of 1777, alleged to contain the letters of Montcalm, written in 1757-8-9 on the English Colonies, foretelling their independence if Canada were conquered. These letters are now believed to be spurious. Mr. Brymner contents himself with publishing a memorial of Roubaud, in which the latter explicitly states these letters to be the work of an Englishman whom Chatham intimately knew. The distinguished Archæologist, the Abbe Verrault of Montreal, Mr. Parkman informs us, after investigating the matter in London and Paris, has distinctly pronounced them to be the work of Roubaud. Like most of the men of his character, he married a disreputable woman, "who gave way to the last excess." The words are his own. In his day too, he was a spy for the Government, and doubtless a useful one, if not always reliable, certainly always active and without scruple.

The report reflects great credit on the Archive Department. It shows that a very great deal of labour has been performed—and wisely performed—during the last year and that we are now proceeding on a satisfactory and established system.

W.

"I MET," says Haydon, "that patriarch of dissimulation and artifice, Talleyrand, but once, and once only, but I shall never forget him. He looked like a toothless boa of intrigue, with nothing left but his poison. To see his impenetrable face at a game of whist, watching everybody without a trace of movement in his own figure or face, save the slightest imperceptible twitch in the lip, was a sight never to be forgotten. It was the incarnation of meaning without assumption."

The Week,

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THE momentary outbreak of lawlessness among the street-car operatives last week shows how perilously near to law-breaking such organisations as the Knights of Labour always are. In arranging this triumphal procession of newly-arrived cars there was doubtless no intention to break the peace; but such an opportunity to "demonstrate" is sure not to be missed by an assemblage of workmen, with angry feeling aroused and judgment clouded by partial failure. As we have said, no one can blame workmen for organising for the protection of their own interests; but there they must stop: they have no right, in order to promote those interests, to interfere with the clear rights of others—to dictate to employers as to whom they shall employ, or to impede in any way the conduct of others' business. Much less should they have recourse to or countenance the intimidation and violence that has unhappily been too often of late practised in these strikes, if not by them, at least in their supposed interests. Workmen who do not see fit to join the Knights of Labour organisation have rights as well as the Knights. Labour is represented very largely outside of that Order, just as Capital is represented all around us, outside the great employers; and to deny the rights of an unemployed man, not being a Knight of Labour, to take a place made vacant through the exercise of the employer's equally indisputable right to discharge a Knight, if he pleases and without rendering a reason to the Order,—is not in the interest of labour at all, but only of a particular organisation of workmen.

THE Government is to be commended for so promptly taking action to protect our saw-milling industry. A month ago we commented on the design of certain Michigan lumbermen who had bought large tracts of standing white-pine in the Georgian Bay district, to carry their logs over Lake Huron, and saw them in Michigan. This they could do to advantage, because, while the United States import duty on sawn lumber was \$2 per M., the Canadian export duty on logs was only \$1 per M., and the consequence of the difference was that, as these gentlemen boasted, while the Canadian saw-mills were in ruins, the American mills were employing thousands of workmen. The attention of the Canadian public was, however, called to this state of things by Mr. William Little, of Montreal, who, in a letter to the *Gazette* of that city, reproduced from the *Bay City Lumberman's Gazette* the statement of one of the lumbermen—(who alone had bought 2,000,000 feet of pine lumber, with a saw-mill, in the Georgian Bay district)—that he proposed carrying the logs over Lake Huron and sawing them in Michigan. And this matter having been urged on the attention of the Government also, a prompt, and we hope an effectual, remedy was applied on Thursday last by an amendment to the tariff, raising the export duty on pine logs to \$3 per M., on spruce logs to \$2, and on shingle bolts to \$1.50. This, though not quite as high a rate as that recommended by Mr. Little, may yet answer the purpose; for it turns the scale, and gives lumber sawn in Canada a protection of the full amount of the export duty. For that, we believe, will be the real effect; the duty being now for the first time operative, is wholly so. When the Canadian export duty on logs was lower than the United States import duty on lumber, the difference in favour of importing logs in preference to lumber into the States was sufficient to ensure the importation of logs instead of lumber; but now that the scale is turned, the advantage will lie in importing lumber instead of logs, unless—which however, is not at all likely, the Americans, instead of taking off the present duty on lumber, as is proposed by the Tariff Bill before Congress, should raise it to \$3 or over, in which case the scale would be even, or again turned against Canada. But in such a war of tariffs both parties may engage; and at any rate, in case Canada should not succeed in promoting the interests of her saw-milling industry, she will derive a very considerable revenue from the now increased duties.

MR. SENATOR FRYE will now be at his wits' end. While his eye has been fixed so intensely on the Fisheries question, which has been going all wrong notwithstanding, the Lumber question has gone wrong too. And this Lumber question it appears is the main question after all, the Fisheries indeed being only a false scent—a herring drawn across the trail. According

to Mr. Little, it is not really free fish but free lumber that is troubling the Senator from Maine, who is exercising his ingenuity in various ways—getting up Pan-American Congresses (from which Canada is rigidly excluded) and fishery disputes, in order to promote the interests of his friends, the lumbermen, by prejudicing the American people against Canada and preventing reciprocal trade relations between the two countries. Here is what the *New York World* said of this patriot in 1883, under the heading of "The Lumber Swindle in Congress:—"

... who represents the men who are anxious to clear out what is left of the forests of Michigan, and Frye, who represents the men who are anxious to clear out what is left of the forests of Maine. These greedy creatures, in asking for a duty on timber or its products, are simply asking for a bounty to be given them for making away with the patrimony of the country.

After showing how rapidly the pine and spruce timbers supply was diminishing—it is now, by the way, within one and a half per cent. of the timber-dearth point—the *World* continues:

How their replacement is to be secured is the problem that ought to agitate statesmen. The problem that does agitate statesmen of the school of ... and of Frye is how can the rest of the forest be most speedily and effectually cleared; and a bounty for clearing them, in the form of a duty upon the competing product of Canada, is the device formed by these statesmen for that end. ... Mr. ... of Michigan, and Mr. Frye, of Maine, think it better that their lumbering constituents should have large profits and quick returns than that the next generation should have any timber to cut. But there is no reason why other senators should not deem it more important that the forests should be preserved than that ... and Frye should continue to adorn the Senate by dint of grinding the axes of their timber-cutting constituents.

SOME prominent members of the American press are making themselves very ridiculous, exulting over the seizure of a Canadian schooner at Portland. That unlucky craft, having taken an unexpected cargo of fish, ran into an American port, and as her elated skipper, who appears to be a sort of Canadian Jack Bunsby, had neglected to provide himself with a manifest, his schooner and cargo were seized, just as they would have been seized if the cargo had been any other article of merchandise. Only such an accident is not likely to happen to a vessel laden with any other article than fish; because in despatching a vessel with merchandise, it being intended that she shall discharge her cargo elsewhere, she is provided with a manifest from her port of departure; whereas the captain of this schooner, when he set out intended to return to a Canadian port with his cargo, and therefore took none. He had of course no right to enter a foreign port; but his doing so and consequent seizure has nothing whatever to do with the Fishery question. It is purely a case of breach of the trading laws of the United States, which, like every civilised country, requires all vessels entering port to be provided with a manifest of her cargo. The United States Government has most considerately released the schooner from the legal consequence of the indiscretion of her captain; but while every acknowledgment is due for so graceful an act, Canada can only follow the example by releasing the two fishing vessels seized by her, if in so doing it can be made perfectly clear that she gives up not one jot of her Fishery rights.

WE suppose it may be taken as certain that an era of cheap wheat has set in—hardly again to be disturbed save by a great war. The conditions of the cultivation of wheat in the Western States demand, for the cultivation to yield a profit, that a dollar a bushel shall be obtained at the seaboard, and, adding eight cents for sea freight and shipping charges,—thirty-six shillings a quarter must be obtained in England. At that price, Sir James Caird thinks, wheat may still be cultivated in England when rents are re-arranged, the only change likely to come about being that wheat-growing will probably be confined to the best wheat lands. The straw is of considerable value, which aids the cultivation; but on the other hand the margin is so small that a slight further saving on the freight of foreign-grown wheat would sweep the profit away. The *London Times* has recently mentioned a very remarkable saving in coal consumption and increase of speed effected by a new triple-expansion engine fitted in ocean-going steamers. In one case the consumption of coal per twenty-four hours was reduced from one hundred and thirty to ninety tons; in another from forty-seven to twenty-five tons, and in a third from forty to twenty-one tons. And such a saving, in presence of the competition that exists, means lower freights. It is, in fact, the universal cheapening of the cost of production of which this is an instance that, by lowering prices, has been the primary cause of the existing depression, which, though good for consumers with fixed incomes, is, as discouraging speculation, ruinous to all

dependent on their earnings in trade. The profit on wheat-growing in America is, as will be seen, as precarious as in England. A very slight increase in railway freights would sweep it away, and railways are not as amenable to the influence of supply and demand as are steamship lines. This subject is of vital importance to our North-west, and wherever a saving may be effected it ought to be done. If wheat were manufactured into flour here, for instance, not only would the milling industry be fostered, but the saving in freight might make a profit where otherwise there would be a loss.

IF Mr. Gladstone's admirers still deny that he has passed the line which divides great minds from madness, they must admit that his present tactics deprive him of all title to the respect of honest people. If he really believes, as he pretends to do, that the country is with him in his Irish schemes, is not his plain road—and his shortest—to success an appeal from the "class" opposition he talks of to the people at large; and what possible excuse can be offered for snatching an affirmation of this principle of Home Rule from a chaotic and moribund House of Commons whose majority—if majority there be—for the second reading notoriously commit the House to the principle of Home Rule in order to save themselves from being sent back at once to their constituents? If the second reading be carried it will at most amount to this—that in the opinion of the few that think for themselves out of the three hundred and odd members who vote for it, it is desirable that the Celtic Irish should be allowed to break off from the United Kingdom, and set up a Government independent of, and of an order different from, that of the Teuton-Irish, the Welsh, the Scotch, and the English. What special right this one race has to set up a separate national government, or what effect a similar course adopted by the others would have on the United Kingdom, is not asked, and is of no consequence: the Caucus orders the machine-members to vote for Mr. Gladstone, and therefore the principle of Home Rule is to be affirmed. But the individual opinion of the twenty or so among these who have any opinion of their own on the subject is not the opinion of the rest of the country—not even of the constituencies that sent these members to Parliament; for the electors have never been consulted on the matter: the Home Rule question was not before the constituencies when the elections took place. And, it seems, they are not to have the opportunity of pronouncing on this revolutionary measure till the G.O.M. has exhausted the resources his fifty years' experience as a parliamentary tactician has endowed him with; the Bill, having been affirmed in principle by being read a second time, is to be withdrawn till the new rural voters have been brought into the fold of the Caucus or to the mental and moral condition of the rest of the Premier's followers. But, happily, the reference to the country must be made sooner or later; and then we expect Mr. Gladstone will be amazed to find how little there is left of that on which he places his main reliance—his character and reputation, after going through his present career of opportunism and political profligacy. Even the dullest among his worshippers, if honest, must look askance on the man who discovered the necessity of conciliating the Nationalists only after it became clear, from the number of Conservatives returned, that not otherwise could he attain power; who, having attained power, brings forward a measure so utterly inchoate and impracticable that it alienates every man of sense of his own party, and in its support he has to array all the ignorance against all the enlightenment of the country; and who, finally, the Bill being killed by an overwhelming public opinion, uses the arts of the ward politician to retain power, which he intends to abuse, through his mischievous personal influence, in promoting a piece of wild legislation that, introduced by anyone else, would be thrown out immediately with derision and amazement.

It is useless to waste time over the details of a measure that its author virtually acknowledges to be fit only for burial, but we cannot help making one or two observations with respect to the concessions announced by Mr. Gladstone. The first of these is, that if Irish representatives be invited to attend the Imperial Parliament whenever proposals of taxation affecting Ireland may be up for consideration, the occasion will surely be seized by these representatives to bargain with the Government or the Opposition. Suppose, for instance, it be necessary to impose additional taxation on both Great Britain and Ireland; under almost any conceivable condition of parties in parliament, the Irish representatives would be able by their votes to defeat the Government; and so it will come about that on every such occasion a demand for "better terms" will be made, and must be acceded to, if the national obligations are to be discharged. And so with the further proposal to entitle the Irish to be heard in the Imperial Parliament on reserved questions, such as Foreign Policy. If they are to

have no vote, as we suppose, what is the use of their being heard? They will be heard enough outside; and to add such talk as the Irish members are likely to indulge in, to the proceedings of the British Parliament, is very likely at a critical moment to give its voice an uncertainty that may precipitate war. And in case of war, with this right of obstruction, it may be depended upon that the national peril will not prevent the claims of Ireland being urged and insisted on at an opportune moment, even though the Empire go down in consequence. Again, any war will necessitate special credits, grants of money, or additions to the Customs and Excise; yet Ireland can effectually stop all such and cripple the Government, by sending across the channel a batch of representatives who know nothing whatever about the question, whose whole knowledge of public affairs will probably have been imbibed on one or the other side of a bar. And when the mischief is done, perhaps in the middle of a war, these patriots having recrossed the channel, Ireland may declare herself independent, derisively blessing the Grand Old Man, for helping them so well on the way.

IF Mr. Gladstone succeeds in impairing the authority of the Imperial Parliament by setting up a co-ordinate Parliament at Dublin, it will be impossible, while the latter lasts, for any British Government to refuse as much to any colony or dependency that may demand it. We already see India moving in that direction: the educated classes there are watching the Irish crisis, and if Home Rule be granted, something similar will be surely demanded for India, and if it be refused we shall have an Indian, instead of an Irish, Nationalist question. Yet, although the educated classes of India follow closely the movement of thought in Europe, the great mass of the people are either wholly savage or sunk in the rudest ignorance; and to give them self-government, even such as the great English-speaking colonies possess, would be to give them over to anarchy. How much more then would the sort of self-government demanded by the Parnellites? For this is different in kind, and much more comprehensive than the self-government possessed by the colonies; and if it be granted to Ireland no colony will be content to remain in an inferior position: it will be fairly reasoned that if an island within a few miles of Britain may safely be granted a Parliament independent of that at Westminster, there can be no valid objection to granting similar Parliamentary independence to the British dominions farther removed. And so, as Nova Scotia is seceding from Canada, and Cape Breton from Nova Scotia—as this sacred right of secession spreads downward, from Ireland, Wales, and Scotland, to the smallest dependency, we shall soon have the anarchy of a Polish Diet within the Empire. And, supposing the Empire still to exist, where, with this innumerable company of Parliaments, will its effective force be lodged?

AFFAIRS in France are in almost as critical a condition as in England. The De Freycinet Government reached power by the aid of the extreme Radicals; they hold it by their grace; and they are impelled to the most absurd vagaries of policy and government by their irresponsible masters. The latest movement of these is to cause the expulsion of two or three harmless Princes whose sole offence it seems is that the Comte de Paris recently gave a family festival at his residence in Paris on the occasion of the marriage of his daughter into the Royal House of Portugal. That no offence should be taken by the Republican Government, the Comte refrained from inviting to the reception all of his personal friends that are actually civil or military officers under the Government; but, nevertheless, notwithstanding that a distinct boom was given to the industries of Paris by the extensive orders and purchases as well of the Comte and the aristocracy as of the Royal Family of Lisbon, these eleutheromaniacs must needs expel them as a danger to the Republic. The Republic must be a weak affair if the royal blood of two or three gentlemen living in privacy in France is so serious a menace to it.

FIFTEEN years ago Miss Harriet Martineau wrote of Mr. Gladstone:—"We are in a queer state just now. Gladstone turns out exactly as I expected. I once told some, who are his colleagues now, that he would do some very fine deeds—give us some separate measures of very great value, and would do it in an admirable manner; but that he would show himself incapable of governing the country. For two years he did the first thing; and now, this third year, he is showing the expected incapacity. Gladstone is not only weak as a reasoner (with all his hair-splitting), but ignorant in matters of political principle." Have his subsequent essays at government confirmed or belied this estimate of his capacity? What says Egypt, the Soudan, the isolation of England among European Powers, his Irish Land Bill, the extension of the Franchise in Ireland and the consequent surrender of the British Government to the Nationalists?

A BLUSH.

OH, thou soft signal of a soul distressed,
Hide not; 'tis that thou showest a better thought.
One blushes in the innocence possessed,
Not for the lack of what he has not got.

Show but a blush, there beats a virtuous heart.
The idiot makes no loss of want of wit.
Could pale-faced vice but counterfeit the art,
Then virtue pale would grow for want of it.

P. H. STEPHENS.

TWO NIGHTS.

[Translated from the German of HACKLAENDER for THE WEEK.]

THE FIRST NIGHT—1884.

On the balcony of the Hotel Reichman in Milan a group of six young officers—that magic number for a gay dinner party—had just finished the all-important and agreeable occupation of dining. Artistic disorder reigned on the table, amid the silver and glass, the pyramids of glowing Southern fruits and empty champagne bottles,—a confusion best appreciated at the stage of fragrant coffee, and still more fragrant Havanas. It was late in the afternoon, and May. The rays of the setting sun no longer warmly lay upon the garden below, but, rising, touched into sharper outline the quaint roofs and gables of the neighbouring houses, lingeringly kissed the topmost boughs of the laurel and pomegranate trees, and indeed seemed loth to leave at all so sweet a spot; yet, inch by inch, it gently faded away, bearing in its beams swarms of humming insects eager to prolong each moment of their short day-dream.

Coffee and cigars had somewhat subdued the vivacity of the conversation during dinner, and leaning back in their chairs our six young heroes watched the sunset.

It was a short and welcome siesta after the exertions of drill and parade, and as if in benediction of the hour of rest, the great bell of the cathedral rang out its "Ave Maria"—echoed melodiously by every church bell far and near.

Our friends belonged to four different regiments: two, the hosts, in blue Attila caps, were Hungarian hussars, another, in dark green and red, a guardsman, the last, in an all-white uniform, was a captain in the infantry. The guest of the evening was also a hussar, the young Count S., on his way to Florence, Rome, and Naples—one of the most charming of men, boon companion, daring rider, of inexhaustible spirits, ready for any and every *espèglerie*,—in short the *enfant gâté* of the entire regiment.

"If I were of a covetous disposition," cried one of the hussars, "how I should envy you, Alphonse! Two months' leave, a travelling carriage at the door, an all-sufficient quantity of the "bright yellow dust" in your pocket, nothing to do but step from our delightful society into your *calèche* and roll away into this delicious May night,—what an enviable fate!"

"Assuredly!" laughed Count S., as he held a glass of champagne so high that the last sun-ray was reflected in it, "assuredly, but don't forget it might have been yours as well, you know you were to have come too."

"Yes, yes, I know," sighed the other; "but what is life without love! I must stay at home to solve this problem, *mon cher*!"

"A love that costs you dear," ejaculated the third hussar.—"Us dear, you mean," retorted the other, "you did not come off much better. *Après tout*, however, there is no more fascinating, maddening little creature than Juliet—no greater artist; she ought to be Prima Ballerina. And, poor child, *how* she loves me! Did she not come on to the stage, when she heard of our proposed trip, innocent of rouge, pale as Sorrow herself; even the old major who has sighed at her feet in vain for so long, whispered to me 'Diablo! how can you leave her *now*!'"

"And so of course you renounced the idea at once," laughed the dragoon as he blew a thin line of smoke straight into the air; "you cheerfully bring all your sacrifices to the altar of your goddess, even—"

"Our grand tour," interrupted Count S.; whereupon there was a pause, during which nothing was audible save an occasional click of the spurs on the stone floor of the balcony, or the coffee-spoons in their cups.

"Times are getting abominably dull," the infantry officer presently exclaimed; "a perpetual peace, and barrack existence, drilling recruits, and mounting guard! Really, one is obliged to keep up two occupations if one does not want to go to pieces generally. I confess that I have neither taste nor money enough for ballet-dancers, and must therefore resign myself to the attractions of another divinity who is less costly but who also requites hard work!"

"Ah, you are aiming for the staff," sighed the dragoon, "and quite right, too. In the event of a probably possible fight you will find yourself at the most interesting point, and an independent person will not be obliged to march all day in a column of dust."

"To horse, to horse!" improvised the guardsman, who, until now, had smoked in profound silence. "If only I might live to see another battle—a real one, to stand in dust and blood, to dash into the enemy's cavalry and win for myself a Leopold or a Theresian Cross—may Heaven let me live so long!"

"Well, at present things don't look exactly war-like," sighed Juliet's adorer. "Another campaign might be the saving of me too; that puts an end to all demands and caprices. A swing into the saddle and one is once more a free man!"

"But the grief of poor little Juliet!" laughed Count S. "She would never use rouge again and in consequence thereof would lose her contract."

Shrugging his shoulders the other merely said:

"Bah! I wish with all my heart for another campaign."

"Bien, there is no immediate prospect of one, *mon cher*; the political heavens are as clear and cloudless as those of the divine Naples, to which you will presently be hastening."

"According to your comparison," said the guardsman, "we might have some hope, for over the Neapolitan horizon hangs always a heavy dark cloud—needless to say I mean Vesuvius—that may break any day."

"I fear my comparison was not intended to be so clever," laughed the infantry officer.

"Pray give my kindest regards to Vesuvius, and be sure to bring me some *Lacrymæ Christi* from Resina, and not from the Hermitage—the latter is much too light."

"To arms! to arms!" sang the guardsman; "oh, for a grand fight. My kingdom—if I had one—for a seige!"

"These things come suddenly," exclaimed Count S. "One fine morning we shall all wake to find ourselves on the eve of an explosion. I, for one, should not much mind being recalled from my trip by such welcome news. But, it is growing late; I must be off, if I am to arrive in Bologna at any Christian hour."

"Which way do you go?"

"The usual one, by Lodi and Piacenza," he answered, as he slowly rose and took up his forage cap and sword, which leaned against a small table near him.

"The parting hour has come," declaimed the guardsman, as he too rose and buckled on his sword; the others followed his example, chairs were pushed back, swords rang upon the pavement, and the six friends betook themselves to the courtyard of the hotel, where the light travelling *calèche* of Count S. awaited him. His servant stood ready beside it, and the postilion was already arranging the reins that he might not lose a moment. The farewells were brief and hearty, and Count S. sprang into the carriage.

"Good-bye, Alphonse!"—"Bon voyage!"—"A buon rivederci!"—"A thousand thanks! make the best of things here, and if anything wonderful happens send me a line at once! A merry greeting to Juliet, noble Romeo, and don't fail to make a brilliant exam., that I may see the green plumes waving on your helmet when I return. *Avanti*,—good-bye, all of you,—*Auf Wiedersehen*!"

The postilion, like all his Italian brethren, stood waiting with one foot in the stirrup; at the word "*avanti*" he gave his horse a push with his knee, struck the near horse with his whip, swung himself into the saddle, and dashed in a furious gallop out of the huge portal of the courtyard, and, turning to the left, continued the same headlong speed through the street leading to the Porta Romana, happy in the gaping admiration of the few straggling pedestrians at his wonderful skill—in *not* commencing his wild career with a broken wheel.

But all went well.

The remaining five officers stood in the gateway for a few moments waving him a last farewell, and then dispersed in various directions, one to the Vittor Emanuel Gallérie, the other to the Corso, this one to his own apartments, another to the Scala.

Meanwhile Count S. has passed through the Porta Romana, leaning back in the corner of his comfortable *calèche* and lazily puffing away at his beloved *meerschaum*. No tobacco like the Hungarian, no air so balmy and fragrant as the Italian! With what delight our traveller looked forward to Rome and Naples, and honestly declared himself to be the most enviable of mortals.

Keeping time "to the happy current of his thoughts," the horses trotted over the wide *chaussée* . . . their hoofs and the wheels raising no dust, for it had rained the night before. Arrived in Lodi, the Milan postilion was dismissed with a liberal *pour-boire*, and another with fresh horses continued the journey. The new Jehu cracked his whip unceasingly, smoked endlessly long rattail-like cigars, and made superhuman efforts to keep up something like conversation with Count S's orderly, an almost hopeless task, as the latter was a Hungarian and scarcely knew enough Italian to ask for the commonest things, unless it were to indicate in gestures that a *bonne mane* would be forthcoming, if the horses could be urged to greater speed.

On the way to Lodi they had met no carriages, only long empty waggons drawn by mules, returning from Milan, the owners stretched at full length on empty sacks, intently counting over the day's earnings and scarcely taking the trouble to turn their heads to look after the passing *calèche*. The mules, sometimes three, and even four, harnessed one before the other, showed more curiosity and friendliness—often darting from one side of the road to the other, all their bells jingling to greet the post horses with a brotherly neigh,—a compliment the postilion, however, usually returned by a good lash of his whip which sent the poor mules to the right about . . . giving the waggon a tremendous jerk and forcing a melodious exclamation, yet not a benediction, from its driver as the postilion flew laughing past.

Avanti, avanti! and farther and faster rolled the carriage; the trees seemed to rush by, the houses one passed to be presently miles behind. A mysterious whisper rose from the corn-fields, the faint evening breeze rustled in the olive trees with a spirit-like moaning, myriads of insects hummed and sang their evening aves.

After passing Lodi the night came on dewy and fresh, embracing farm-houses and fields; the wearied earth welcomed the sweet, reviving kiss of her dearly-beloved—silently stealing to her arms, now the sun had closed his all-penetrating eye; and what a wedding night! The church and chapel

bells rang softly over the hills; everywhere the night dews reflected in diamond splendour the shimmering light of countless stars; how sweet the mingled scent of flowers and new-mown hay—a double sweetness stealing through Nature, and felt by none of her children more keenly than the nightingale, who, perched on bough and bush, poured forth her wedding chorus!

Count S. drank in the beauty of the night and all its ideality with a heart attuned to Nature's harmonies, and thought that never before had he heard the nightingales sing as they were singing now.

At Lodi the postilion had taken the precaution to procure two very strong horses, lest the innkeeper at Casal Pusterlengo should be short of post-horses, which might easily be the case should an extra courier-post have arrived before themselves.

True, the prospect of a lengthened waiting in the middle of the night at a lonely country inn, was not particularly enlivening, yet Count S. looked upon this suggested contingency as more a creature of the postilion's fancy than a possible reality, and bade him drive on and leave the rest to Providence. Backed by the generous *pour-boire* of his master for the time being, he did as he was bid and fairly flew over the rest of the drive. Scarcely were the poor beasts harnessed and he himself in the saddle than huzza!—with whip and cry he urged them forward; like some dark spirit, his black mantle thrown back, his long hair flying,—he hung over the two white horses, the light calèche swayed from side to side, the astonished orderly holding on like grim death to the slight railing of his seat, and houses, trees, bridges, and milestones appeared to flee from them in terrified haste as they rushed past. In less than an hour the next post-house was reached, and they saw the glimmer of a single light in the little village of Pusterlengo.

REN.

(To be continued.)

MORTAL OR IMMORTAL!

If thou art base and earthly, then despair.
Thou art but mortal as the brute that falls.
Birds weave their nests, the lion finds a lair,
Man builds his halls,—

These are but coverts from earth's war and storm,
Homes where our lesser lives take shape and breath;
But, if no heavenly man has grown, what form
Clothes thee at death?

And when thy meed of penalty is o'er,
And fire has burnt the dross, where gold is none,
Shall separate life, but wasted heretofore,
Still linger on?

God fills all space; whatever doth offend,
From His unbounded Presence shall be spurned;
Or deem'st thou He should garner tares, whose end
Is to be burned?

If thou wouldst see the Power that round thee sways,
In whom all motions, thought, and life are cast,
Know, that the pure, who travel heavenward ways,
See God at last.

—FRANCIS HENRY WOOD: *Kingsthorpe Churchyard.*

THE ONTARIO SOCIETY OF ARTISTS.

ANNUAL EXHIBITION.

It is to be hoped for the credit of this Society, to whom the Toronto public are largely indebted for Art culture and education, that their best works in oil have crossed the Atlantic, to adorn the Canadian department of the Colonial Exhibition. With this idea we feel that great allowances may be made for the paintings now hanging on their walls. We trust the worthy body will forgive us for condemning the present exhibition as the worst they have given us for several years. Many well-known and rising artists are conspicuous by their absence, notably Paul Peel, Harris, Forbes, and Dickson Patterson; the last named contributing only a small flower piece. Nor do the new members of the Society adequately fill the places of their predecessors, with the exception of Mr. G. A. Reid, whose portraits are decidedly good and spirited: his largest canvas, No. 4, representing a lady, in out-of-door costume in the act of drawing on her gloves, though a trifle heavy and sombre in colour, is at the same time strikingly life-like and natural; no doubt a faithful portrait of the original, it has at least character and originality, which cover a multitude of sins. Mr. Reid exhibits another small picture "A Mexican Cow-boy" No. 27, which is a clever and effective bit of colour, recalling the genre painting of the French School. We cannot congratulate him as much upon his treatment of nature. Passing over his very verdant Sheep Meadows, Nos. 17 and 32, to his more ambitious canvas, No. 53, with the poetic title "Twixt Night and Day," we are brought face to face with what appears to be a

mirage, but on closer examination proves itself the coast study of a Breaking Wave. In this picture, sky, sea, and shore are all blended in one confused whole, with a setting sun suspended above the scene and three curiously parallel lines cutting across the middle of the canvas.

Mr. Reid's Italian sketches, Nos. 64 and 76, show careful drawing, and good perspective; but we question if even Italian skies and waters are the peculiar blue that he has painted them. Mary Hiester Reid, the artist's wife or sister, has given a better tone of colour in her rendering of the same Venetian Scenes, Nos. 16 and 85. A little figure study also from her brush, entitled "Tempus Fugit," No. 23, indicates that her powers are not confined to the outer world of nature, by any means. Mr. F. C. Gordon is also a recent addition to the Society. His head of "An Athlete," No. 7, is a powerful bit of drawing in the style of Paul Peel, but he has put his best work into this small contribution, his larger picture "May" No. 22, falls into the error of crude raw colouring from which our oil painters appear to suffer as a disease.

It is really refreshing to turn from the garish and gaudy streets of surrounding pictures to Mr. Homer Watson's slightly artificial gray greens. His "Groves of the Hillside," No. 25, shows careful study and detailed work, and is a pleasing picture in spite of its cool tone; his genius however, was not inspired when it called forth No. 42, "The Farm Yard at Eventide." Never were such sheep seen except upon wooden legs; the whole scheme of colour and composition is bad, and suggestive of sign-painting. It does scant justice to Mr. Watson's ability. Mr. Percé gives us some nice natural bits of scenery in the neighbourhood of Preston, Ontario (Nos. 68, 73 and 87), which must surely be a very English locality. We are sorry to admit that we are not admirers of Mrs. Schreiber's artistic efforts, and on the principle that if one cannot say what is agreeable, it is better to say nothing, we draw a veil over her pictures. We should like to do the same over a work of Mr. W. Cruikshank's, No. 24 "Strangers and Pilgrims" which has all the faults of primary colour we have condemned above. His portrait of H. S. Howland, No. 89, on the contrary is a clever and telling likeness of the original. Mr. Cruikshank would do well to confine himself either to that branch of his art or to his black-and-white effects, in which he has achieved great success.

W. L. Judson contributes two promising pictures in "Apple Blossoms," No. 15, (decorative panel) "Le Pain Quotidien," No. 31. Both indicate decided talent, which we shall be glad to see yearly improved and developed. He is not quite conversant yet with the management of his colours; his "Apple Blossoms" suffers from a defective background, too cold and gray in tone to relieve the flowers. Surely a decorative panel is nothing if not effective; this one makes no impression on the eye at a little distance. The scene of "Le Pain Quotidien" we conclude is French, not Lower Canadian. It is somewhat theatrical in style, but there is abundant promise in it for the future. Mr. J. W. L. Forster's portrait, No. 71, is the largest canvas in the room, and shows both talent and ambition. The pose of the lady is good, and the texture of her satin dress remarkably well rendered; but at the same time it is too gorgeous, and suggests the unhappy thought that Mr. Forster and his model, after collecting their most striking drawing-room ornaments have deposited them upon their latest bit of very modern furniture. Mr. Forster is an artist of much real ability: he only requires time and experience to correct his taste.

Mr. G. B. Lawson is another artist of whom much may be expected in the future, if he will make the colouring of his faces less gray and ghastly in tone. His "At the Window," No. 51, is really a clever study of light and shade. Mr. F. W. Bell-Smith is seen at his best in the coast scenes. He exhibits two views of the same spot on the Bay of Fundy, Nos. 60 and 66, which show a careful perception of atmospheric effect in the tones of sea and cloud; and another called "The Breaking Wave," No. 75, identical in subject with Mr. Reid's "Twixt Night and Day," but having the advantage of it in the matter of natural colour and less ideal handling: but breaking waves are not easy to represent and in both pictures the roll is a trifle too regular. Mr. W. Reford has a clever, clear bit of landscape in "A Quiet Road," No. 36, originally treated, and T. M. Martin has excelled himself in his painting of the plumage of "Bluebill Ducks," No. 61, which any sportsman should be proud to possess.

We think it a pity that the Committee did not provide seats in the room devoted to water-colours, especially as this apartment really contains the gems of the Exhibition: it would be pleasure as well as profit to sit and gaze upon the pictures at one's ease and to feast our eyes upon the works of Mr. L. B. O'Brien, who stands surely at the very head of his profession in Canada. For truth to nature, perfection of colouring, delicacy of tone, and artistic conception and treatment, he has no equal on this side of the water; in England, the home of the water-colour

painter, he would hold his own with the best living artists. The Queen was graciously pleased to accept and approve his execution of her commission, secured through the appreciation of the Princess Louise, herself no mean artist. Mr. O'Brien is not only a prolific painter (contributing no less than fifteen pictures to the Exhibition); he is also ambitious and persevering, and his motto is evidently "Excelsior." Never has he achieved better work than on his largest canvas. "The Perils of the Banks," No. 179; his masterly rendering of the atmospheric effects of fog must be seen to be appreciated, and is beyond all praise, unless we call it Turneresque (in Turner's best water-colour days). On the opposite side of the room hangs a smaller picture "Off Tadousac," No. 110, which treats the same subject—Vessels in a Fog—with an idyllic touch. This artist too has no pronounced style except softness and colouring; he seems to possess an absolute command of his brush, as will be conceded from the miscellaneous character of his works, embracing both landscape and marine effects; and he is equally at home in the old world and the new. His work on "Dartmoor," No. 176, a study of oak foilage; his "Devonshire Farm Lane," 122; his off "Devonport Dockyard," 166, all speak for themselves of English sights and sounds, while his "Near River Ouelle, Lower St. Lawrence," 143; "Low Tide, northern end of Grand Menan," 147; "At Point Levis, Quebec," 149; "A Bastion of Fort Chambly before Restoration," 159; "In Nottawasaga Bay," 173; "Among the Islands of the Georgian Bay," 175; "In the Gulf, Deep Sea—Fisherman," 181, and "A Summer Afternoon," 185, all display his perfect handling of Canadian scenery. Of the other contributors the greatest success has been attained by the artists who appear to have followed in Mr. O'Brien's path, and whose pictures suggest his style of treatment. Among these we noticed "Quebec at Sundown," Mr. Matthews, 105 (a happy thought—Mr. Matthews not being always so well equal to the occasion); "Mountain Path, Lower Canada," H. Perré, 156, somewhat marred by elaboration of detail in the foreground; "Ebb Tide," 178, by F. W. Bell-Smith; "On the Shingly Shore," 192, ditto. F. A. Verner shows in his "Maiden Newton, Dorset," 145, that he is evidently profiting by his English experiences. F. C. V. Ede exhibits some original promising figure-studies in "Evangeline," 169 and "Over the Sea," 142; his style has a tendency to sketchiness but is bold and effective.

The average of good work in water-colours is so much higher than in oils that they will well repay a close and careful inspection. In the same room will be found one charcoal and four chalk studies, in which branch Mr. Dickson Patterson carries off the honours; his black chalk drawing of the late Edward Mintern, after the painting, gives the points of the original picture without its good scheme of colour. His charcoal drawing is also an excellent typical study.

Mary Heister Reid exhibits, among the other blacks and whites, two carefully executed Venetian Drawings in pen and ink which are remarkably cheap at five dollars apiece and should be secured by some art lover ere they disappear off the walls.

L. C.

TORONTO MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

With unqualified pleasure, we have to record that the arrangements for the Festival are in a very satisfactory shape.

The monster choruses, both adult and children, have been for the past fortnight rehearsing in the Festival building, night after night Mr. Torington and his 1,000 picked voices are to be found at the building, and the enthusiasm with which Conductor and Chorus attack and overcome the difficulties of the two Oratorios is without precedent in the musical history of Toronto.

We are safe in promising our readers who visit the Festival an opportunity of hearing these two magnificent Oratorios rendered in a manner unique in the history of Canada.

Of Handel's masterpiece, "Israel in Egypt," the merits are so well known that comment is unnecessary. Of the other Oratorio, "Mors et Vita," by Gounod, we quote from the *Standard*.

M. Gounod has this time been thoroughly in earnest in his endeavour to wed his muse to his purpose; and while endeavouring to brighten his score by the introduction, wherever practicable, of those broad expansive melodies which he, perhaps, better than his contemporaries knows so well how to write, he has not shrunk from investing the dread aspect of his subject with such semblance of terrors as lie within the resources of his art. . . . In the Quartet "Quid sum miser," the chief subject allotted to the tenor in G minor, is repeated by the contralto on the dominant, and again in its original position by the soprano, the bass Solo then interrupts with the "Act tremedæ," which after a somewhat stern opening, merges into a charming and passionate melody for all four voices, redolent of the master's happiest manner from first to last. The "Salva me" episode is both beautiful and poetical, the voice parts being admirably distributed,

though a considerable tax is laid upon the powers of the soprano. . . . The verse "Sed signifer Sanctus Michael," sung by the soprano, to a delicate accompaniment of wood wind, and violins, pulsating in triplets, while an occasional chord from the harp and the least suspicion of a touch on the symbols gives colour and accentuation to the music. This is another of M. Gounod's little triumphs. . . . Introduces, in the soprano part, the truly lovely theme which is entitled "The Motive of Happiness," whose "linked sweetness" extends to fifteen bars. No attempt is made to develop this, but in its concentrated form it is so fascinating that probably any alteration would be a disfigurement. . . . By way of Epilogue comes an interlude written for full orchestra, with the addition of a gong and the grand organ, the subject-matter being derived from the counter-themes of Consolation and Joy, and Terror and Anguish. Thus an imposing and majestic, as well as significant, peroration is attained, and the chief division of the trilogy ends forcibly, as it began. . . . The exquisite and prolonged theme which first prefaces and afterwards accompanies the Chorus, "Sedentis in Shrono" is unquestionably the most inspired of the trilogy.

The sale of seats has been very satisfactory, some \$8,000 worth of seats having been already selected. The plans for the sale of single tickets were opened to the public on Saturday last.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

TRIUMPHANT DEMOCRACY IN FIFTY YEARS' MARCH OF THE REPUBLIC. By Andrew Carnegie. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The political sentiment of the author of this book is shown as well in its title as in the emblems on the cover. A crown reversed, monarchy depicted as a pyramid resting on its apex, and a republic, also pyramidal, secure on the firm foundation of its base,—these emblems sufficiently display the political faith of the writer of the book. Mr. Carnegie is a Scotchman by birth, and an American by election: the institutions of his adopted country are the object of his idolatry, those of Great Britain are his abhorrence. He seems indeed to entertain a personal resentment against all things English, except the "plain common folk, the democracy of Britain," while, on the other hand, his love for and faith in the institutions of the Great Republic is most ardent. Yet, in fact, in many respects England is already far more truly democratic than the Great Experiment to the south of us; and, moreover, from the unbroken continuity of her history, the manner of her development and the absence of any written constitution, she has every chance to outrun America in the race of progress and true liberty, just as the English language has outdone in general usefulness much more pretentious languages that have been stopped short in their growth by being fixed in writing too early. However, Mr Carnegie in this book has given us a valuable outline view of the American Republic; his chapters on Education, Religion, Art and Music, and Literature, are well worth careful study; and though he describes many excellencies in these and kindred matters where they do not at all belong, seeing in the marvellous growth of the United States an effect, not of its great natural resources, as one might suppose, but of the mere form of Government (which, however, no doubt, is an aiding cause in as far as it leaves natural growth untrammelled),—although Mr Carnegie attaches, we think, an undeserved influence to the form of government in America, yet we must admit the general correctness of his facts and figures and the fairness of his deductions; and above all the friendly and appreciative tone wherein he points, and how, in his opinion, the British Constitution may be improved. The radical fault of his book is that he has treated merely of the dark side of British life and of the bright side of American—the reverse picture in neither case does he touch except very lightly; yet surely it is the extent of this very light and shadow that may convert the one dark picture into a lighter one, the other into a darker.

VICTOR HUGO: By Algernon Charles Swinburne. New York: Worthington Company.

It is seldom we receive the estimate of a poet by another who has won himself a distinguished place in the literary temple of fame; and for that reason, apart from its intrinsic merits, we welcome Mr. Swinburne's delightful study of Victor Hugo. No one is more qualified than the English poet to handle such a subject. A thorough French scholar, capable of touching the chords of the human heart, and exceeding, moreover, all recent poets in his "marvellous gift of rhythm"—his "unprecedented melody and freedom," in the present criticism he dissects with a keen and loving hand, whose evident partiality enables him all the better to enter into the meaning and grasp the spirit of the works of his master. We know of no book which gives so exhaustive an account, couched in the most fascinating language, of the various writings of the great French poet. To such readers as are ignorant of the French language, a translation of the selected passages would have been an advantage. This is a

small matter, however, where there is so much in the poet-student's own writing to admire. We cull at random the following from the many gems which stud the volume. It refers to the *Chatiments*.

"And then come those majestic 'last words' which will ring for ever in the ears of men till manhood as well as poetry has ceased to have honour among mankind. And then comes a poem so great that I hardly dare venture to attempt a word in its praise. We cannot choose but think, as we read or repeat it, that 'such music was never made' since the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. This epilogue of a book so bitterly and inflexibly tragic begins as with a peal of golden bells, or an outbreak of all April in one choir of sunbright song; proceeds in a graver note of deep and trustful exultation and yearning towards the future; subsides again into something of a more subdued key, while the poet pleads for his faith in a God of righteousness with the righteous who are ready to despair; and rises from that tone of awe-stricken and earnest pleading to such a height and rapture of inspiration as no Hebrew psalmist or prophet ever soared beyond in his divinest passion of aspiring trust and worship"

MUSIC.

DANSE ROYALE, Morceau a la Gavotte. By Michael Watson.

Very melodious and of medium difficulty.

BELL GAVOTTE (with metallophone obligato). By Michael Watson.

This pretty favorite can be rendered especially attractive with the Metallophone obligato (published with it). An addition can also be had for *Violin and Piano* and *Piano duet*. Mr. Michael Watson's favorites bid fair to become as popular as his charming songs.

CANADIAN BOAT SONG, for the Piano. By G. F. West.

Easy yet brilliant variations upon his well known melody, suitable for teaching. All published by the Anglo Canadian Company, Toronto.

CHOIR SELECTIONS. Volume Two. Russell's Musical Library. A collection of fine anthems, fourteen in all, by Emerson, Richter, Callcott and others, well chosen for variety and excellence. Among them there are solos for bass, baritone and soprano, quartette and trio for male voices, and trio for female voices. This book will be very useful in church choirs. Boston: J. M. Russell & Company, 126 Tremont Street.

THE SLEEPING CHILD. German words by Edward Von Bauernfeld. Translated by Mrs. Charles G. Moore. Music, by F. L. Hatton. Toronto: A. & S. Nordheimer.

This is a delightful song, with beautiful words, the feeling of which is well expressed in the music.

TWO SACRED SONGS, "MORNING AND EVENING." Words by Mrs. Charles Moore; Music by L. Hatton. Toronto: A. & S. Nordheimer.

We have received also the following publications:

OUTING. June. New York: 140 Nassau Street.
 THE FORUM. June. New York: The Forum Publishing Company, 97 Fifth Avenue.
 LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. May 29. Boston: Littell and Company.
 LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. June. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.
 MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY. June. New York: 30 Lafayette-Place.
 THE PANSY. June. Boston: D. Lothrop and Company.
 NINETEENTH CENTURY. May. Philadelphia: Leonard Scott Publishing Company.
 CENTURY. June. New York: Century Company.
 BOOK BUYER. June. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
 NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. June. New York: 30 Lafayette Place.

A NOTEWORTHY feature in the statement of the affairs of the Dominion Bank, published elsewhere in this issue, is its unusual strength in convertible assets. Besides a large amount of loans on call, it holds nearly three million dollars in assets of so ready a character as to ensure its ability, in case of need, to pay all its liabilities on demand.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

MESSRS. D. APPLETON & Co., will add to the International Scientific Series a volume on "Earthquakes and other Earth Movements," by Professor John Milne of the Imperial College of Engineering, Tokio, Japan.

THE attribution of the authorship of the story, "Dagonet the Jester," to Mr. Malcolm Macmillan, the eldest son of the publisher, made in a recent paragraph, is denied by the American representative of the Messrs. Macmillan.

MESSRS. FREDERICK WARNE & Co. of London and New York are just preparing a practical book on "How to send a Boy to Sea," by Captain Franklin Fox, a well-known commander of an English steamer in the P. and O. line.

THE rage for "Don't" literature has found its way over into England, where a book not unlike Mr. Bunce's little book has just been issued. The author's name appears on the fly leaf as "Serious Senior," the title given to the book being "The Parental Don't; or, Warnings to Parents on the Physical, Intellectual, and Moral Training of their Children."

THE series of literary papers that have appeared for some weeks past under the title "Under the Evening Lamp," by Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard, in the Saturday editions of the *New York Mail and Express*, are to be collected by the author upon their completion and published in book form.

MR. EDWARD JENKINS, the author of the clever little tale of "Ginx's Baby," which achieved such wonderful popularity nearly a score of years ago, has written a new novel of English life, entitled "The Secret of Her Life." The book is in the press of Messrs. D. Appleton and Company, who will shortly publish it.

THE younger school of American poets is gradually receiving increased attention at the hands of publishers for collections of their verses in book form. Three of these volumes are now in press, the first of which to appear will contain some of the stray verses that have appeared in the magazines from Mr. Clinton Scollard. The other two collections are by Mr. Frank Dempster Sherman and Mr. Maybury Fleming.

THE syndicate method of publishing novels seems to be succeeding in America quite as well as in England. Mr. S. S. McClure, for his newspapers, has secured a story by Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, entitled "A Brave Deed"; a new short story by Sidney Luska, entitled "Strahan"; one from Noah Brooks, the editor of the *Newark Advertiser*, called "A Strange Settlement," and two others by Charles Egbert Craddock and Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, the titles of which have not yet been decided upon.

D. LOTHROP & Co. issue this month a volume which ought to be of practical value to at least one young woman in every town: *A New Departure for Girls*, by Margaret Sidney. It shows how two Boston-bred girls earned their living, and a competence beside, by repairing worn clothing, curtains, carpets, etc. In France *la raccommodeuse*, with her patronage of a dozen families or so, is a regular-arriving and important personage, as prosperous as she is necessary. A quiet-mannered American mender, nice in her stitches and her "joinings," who would go from home to home to repair, would find herself a well-paid and welcomed visitor.

THE series of "War Papers" in the *Century Magazine* has served to add the flattering figure of 100,000 to the circulation of that periodical. The first of the series, it will be recalled, was printed in the number for November, 1884, at which time the magazine's circulation was 135,000. From this figure it has steadily increased until now 240,000 copies are printed of every issue. Of the papers published thus far, that descriptive of the naval battle of the Monitor and Merrimac has proven the most successful in point of sales. Strangely enough, neither of the three numbers containing General Grant's three papers had more than an average circulation.

THE numbers of *The Living Age* for May 22nd and 29th contain "The Recent Progress of Astronomy," *Edinburgh*; "Matthew Paris," *Quarterly*; "Mr. Forster," *Fortnightly*; "The Fame of Turner," *National*; "The Buchholz Family," *Blackwood*; "Thomas Love Peacock, and Archbishop Trench," *Macmillan*; "A Pilgrimage to Sinai," *Leisure Hour*; "Musical Literature," *Spectator*; "The Decay of Evangelicalism," *Saturday Review*; "The Limits of Enterprise," *St. James's*; "Tobacco Growing in England," *Times*; with instalments of "Canon Saintley's Remorse," "Desmond's Destiny," "This Man's Wife," and "Zit and Xoe: their Early Experiences," and poetry.

DOUBTLESS anticipating an outbreak between the Turks and Grecians, the Messrs. Putnam's made every arrangement to be "on hand" with some literature touching the two countries. Unfortunately for the publishers, events shaped themselves differently than was supposed. Notwithstanding, the firm will shortly issue a new and beautiful illustrated edition of De Amicis' work on Constantinople, containing fifty-two illustrations, and at the same time will bring out a new edition of Tuckerman's successful work on "Greeks of To-day." It is believed by the publishers that De Amicis is at present the only Italian author receiving copyright royalty on the American reprints of his works.

A MISINTERPRETATION of the exact scope of the "Experience Meeting" department of *Lippincott's Magazine* led us to comment a fortnight ago upon its loss of literary colour. In correction of this statement, the editor of the magazine in question writes: "The Experience Meetings are not designed for literary people only, but for prominent men and women in all departments, and also for the representatives of special callings which may at the time of publication be attracting the attention of the public. So far from finding any difficulty in obtaining the experiences of prominent authors, I have already on hand, awaiting their turn for publication in this department, manuscripts from Brander Matthews, George Parsons Lathrop, Henry Greville, and Joaquin Miller, and have arranged for contributions from many others."

THE life of the author has its pleasant as well as its unpleasant features, and evidences of appreciation, even though tardy, find their way from most unexpected sources. A few weeks ago a copy of Mrs. Laura C. Holloway's book, "An Hour with Charlotte Brontë," fell into the hands of Miss Ellen Mussey, the early friend and confidant of Miss Brontë, who though now an elderly woman still retains her love and unbounded enthusiasm for her illustrious friend. Delighted with Mrs. Holloway's work, Miss Mussey at once caused to be forwarded to the American author an invitation to visit her Yorkshire home. Coupled with this, there came to Mrs. Holloway only a few days previous another invitation from several of the early friends of Adelaide Neilson to visit Yorkshire and spend with them the summer in the childhood's home of the beautiful actress, an account of whose life and career she published only a few months since. Mrs. Holloway will leave for England during the latter part of June.

MR. FRANK R. STOCKTON is hard at work again on another novel, which will be quite as long as "The Late Mrs. Null," and already one-third of the manuscript is complete. Next week the author expects to visit in New England, and it is probable that he will not return until the autumn. Meantime he expects to go on with his story, and means to have it all in type by the early winter, when it will be revised and printed as a serial in the *Century Magazine*. The title is already fixed upon, but it will not be made public before the fall. Speaking of the new novel the other day, Mr. Stockton said: "There will be a great deal of love in the new book. I find that people like love," he added, with a curious smile, "and although I have not yet decided if my new heroine will marry, I shall give her plenty of lovers, and it will be her fault, and not mine, if she remains to be an old maid." There was a portrait printed in a syndicate of newspapers last week which, Mr. Stockton said with a sigh, as he looked at it, seemed to be an admirable likeness of a waiter he once knew in a restaurant in the Bowery. In the sketch which accompanied the woodcut the author was described working at a "commercial looking desk" and writing industriously. Mr. Stockton never writes himself. He dictates slowly to his wife, doing a certain amount of work every morning. His favourite method is to lie in a hammock, while Mrs. Stockton writes, as he speaks, upon a lap-board. He is so accustomed to dictating that he never reads over his copy even. When it is in type he reads the galley proofs, and makes but few corrections. "The Late Mrs. Null" has been a substantial success, 10,000 copies having already been sold.

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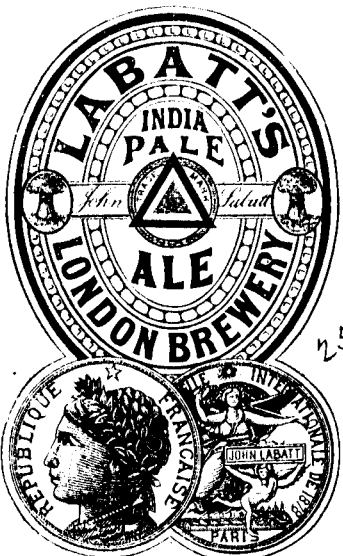
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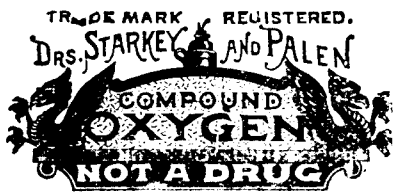
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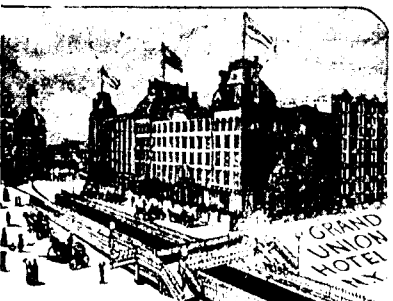
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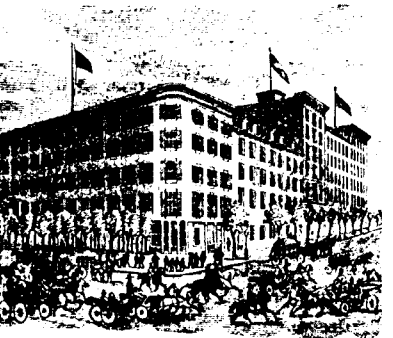
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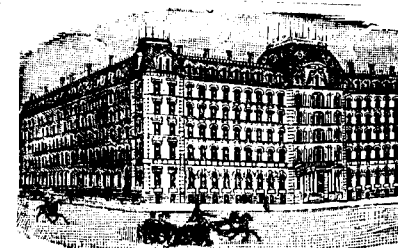
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