

THE WEEK:

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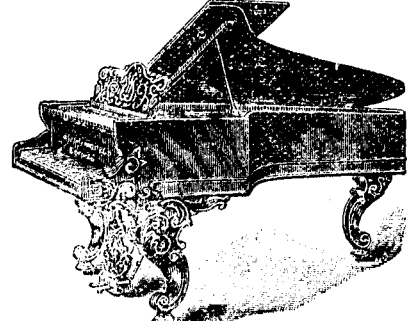
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MR. GLADSTONE ON THE UNION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WEEK.

SIR,—In the addendum to the new edition of Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet on Ireland, which has just been received, Mr. Lecky and I are cited as witnesses to the historical fact that the Act of Union was carried through Grattan's Parliament by corruption. I should have thought that witnesses were unnecessary, the fact being admitted on all hands. It is only to be said in extenuation that political interests in those days were regarded as property, so that the project of Parliamentary Reform for England took the shape of a plan for buying up the Rotten Boroughs. Mr. Massey has given his authorities for saying that Pitt, at an earlier period, would gladly have carried an Act of Union by fair means through a reformed Irish Parliament. But Grattan's Parliament, by an overwhelming majority, rejected Reform, as it rejected the good measure of commercial concession to Ireland which Pitt had succeeded in carrying through the British Parliament in spite of the factious opposition of Burke. Pitt would have made the Union in all respects just; but his liberal intentions towards the Catholics were defeated by the bigotry of the King. That he got up the rebellion of '98 in order to create a pretext for extinguishing the independence of Ireland, as some Separatists, in their delirious hatred of the author of the Union, do not hesitate to assert, is the most infamous of falsehoods. No man ever lived who was less capable of such a crime. His real spirit was shown by his steadfast support, under no small difficulties, of the humane policy of Cornwallis. The memories of British statesmen are being defiled and the national escutcheon is being defaced to justify Mr. Gladstone and his party in a sudden change of front on the Irish question, which gives them the Parnellite vote.

The Act of Union is one thing, the Union is another. The means by which the Act was passed, and by which alone it could be passed through that utterly corrupt Assembly, though they have left a blot on the transaction, did not prevent the measure itself from being both necessary and beneficent. Let Irish history before the Union be compared with Irish history since the Union. Government has not been able at once to cure the political infirmities of Irish character, which are the same in New York as in Kerry; it has not been able to annul the influence of the Roman Catholic religion, which, in all countries, has retarded progress; or to prevent the heedless multiplication of the people on a soil unfit for grain, which the Church encourages, from producing pressure on the means of subsistence, and when the potato crop failed, famine, which, however, the Government did its best to relieve. But the wars of race and religion have ceased; there have been no more massacres or confiscations; order and justice, on the whole, have reigned; and the Celt has been undergoing a gradual training in Anglo-Saxon self-government, though his native lawlessness has called for occasional sharpenings of the edge of law, mis-called Coercion Acts, since their only object was to uphold the common rules of

civilised life. The process has been hindered by the selfish ambition of demagogues. Renan tells us that in Brittany, where the Celt is in his native state, he prefers anything brilliant and adventurous to dull industry; and as the Celt does in Brittany, so he does in Ireland. Investment, and consequently commercial improvement, is difficult in a land where the investor is apt to be paid in slugs. Absenteeism was also a great evil, and the relations between landlord and tenant undeniably were bad. Long ago, entails which kept Irish estates appended to English estates in the hands of the great families, as well as feudal conveyancing, ought to have been abolished, and it is strange that while violent things have been done, with the usual results of violence, this simple thing should have been left undone. Not that even the old English Land Law itself was otherwise than an improvement on the system of tribal ownership, with coshering chiefs, which must have utterly precluded regular agriculture, and consequently civilisation. Progress, however, was being made, though fitfully, and when this agitation was set on foot, commerce was hopeful, the workhouses were comparatively empty, and the savings banks were full.

When Pitt introduced the Act of Union, government, and almost civil society, in Ireland had perished in a hideous civil war of races and religions. Under exactly similar circumstances Cromwell, recognising the situation, had simply incorporated Ireland with Great Britain and called Irish representatives to the United Parliament. Had Pitt been able to do the same, instead of going through the dirty formality of buying the consent of an Assembly which no longer represented anything or had anything to sell, there would now be no more cavil or misgiving about the unification of the British Islands than there is about the unification of Italy or Germany, in both of which cases the dictate of nature was carried into effect with the strong hand. Mr. Gladstone's principles would hardly be pleasing to his Italian friends.

A worse stain, as I should say, on the transaction than the means by which the morally unnecessary consent of the Irish Parliament had been obtained, was the violation of Pitt's promise to the Roman Catholics. When I first wrote, that promise had not yet been perfectly fulfilled. But it was perfectly fulfilled, and the Union, which before had not been equal or just, was made in all things equal and just by Disestablishment. From that time, as I believe, almost every Irishman, Catholic or Protestant, whose opinion can be deemed a real index to the interest of his country, has heartily acquiesced in the Union. To me this seems moral ratification. Its force is enhanced, if anything, by the opposition of political adventurers, whose aim it is to keep the country disturbed for their selfish ends, and whose funds are drawn from an American conspiracy, the object of which is havoc, while the characters of the men who compose it, like the means which they avowedly adopt, are vile.

Even before Disestablishment, the absence of any deeply-seated sense of political wrong had been shown by the weakness and the farcical ends of all purely political agitations. That the real force of the present movement is not political, but agrarian, is a fact of which the political agitators show themselves conscious by their desperate attempts to prevent the Land question from being settled. Whatever other strength the movement has, save among the excitable and rhetorical population of the cities, is derived from British faction or American gold.

For eighty-six years Ireland has now, by voluntary election, sent representatives to the United Parliament, and taken the full benefit of the Union, with grants of money in her distress, enjoying at the same time the run of the Empire. Grattan himself sat in the United Parliament, and at first as member for an English borough.

If corruption vitiates a legislative compact, does not constraint vitiate an election? "Constraint," says Hallam, "is so destructive of the essence of election, that suffrages given through actual intimidation ought, I think, to be held invalid, even without minutely inquiring whether the degree of illegal force was such as might reasonably overcome the constancy of a firm mind." The last election in Ireland was notoriously held under the terrorist sway of the Land League, backed by the money and influence of its foreign confederates. Yet Mr. Gladstone takes the result as the voice of the people and of God. He treats it as the final doom of the Union. How comes it that he never mentions either the League or the American conspiracy? "Our opponents are not the people of Ireland. We are endeavouring to relieve the people of Ireland from the weight of a tyrant."

nical yoke"—so said Mr. Gladstone before his change of front, and when, as head of the Government, he was struggling to put Nationalism down. Are his words, and the facts also, now entirely blotted out of his mind?

It is not to be forgotten, though no one wishes needlessly to recall a stern fact, that Great Britain has a title to Ireland older and simpler than the Act of Union. That title was renewed by the Commonwealth; and if a hostile Irish Republic is now carved out of the side of the United Kingdom, it will in the sequel be almost certainly renewed once more.

It is not the stain on the parchment of the Union that has raised this sudden storm of historic indignation. Patriots at Chicago and their partners in Ireland want an Irish Parliament and Government, with a boundless patronage, and an unlimited power of taxation, while patriots at Westminster want the Irish vote. Mr. Gladstone does not assail the Union with Ireland alone. To avenge a political defeat, he is scattering the fire of separatism over Scotland and Wales also; and this at a moment when the country, partly owing to his own policy in Egypt, is in peril from enemies without, while at home she is shaken by the turbulence which his patronage of lawlessness has fostered. At the same time he is traducing his country before the world. When we can refrain from reprobating such conduct in a British statesman, the love of our country must have departed from our breasts.

The union of the British Islands, owing partly to historical accidents, partly to physical impediments which steam and telegraphs have largely cancelled, has been a protracted process, the early steps of which, like the early steps in the formation of most great nations, bear the traces of a public morality less advanced than that of the present age. But no one can doubt that it has been the parent of peace, strength, security, wealth, and greatness to those embraced in it, or, I should think, that it has been fruitful of benefits to mankind at large. Does any one, except a Fenian, now seriously propose to dissolve it? What were those nationalities, to the revival of which such practical advantages and the plain dictates of Nature are to be sacrificed? Celtic Ireland never was a nation. Norman conquest found it in the tribal state, as well as in a state of barbarism such that the clergy, the sole guardians of civilisation, invited the conqueror. Union as well as Parliamentary institutions came with British connection, though in a cruel form. What is now called the national feeling of the Irish is, in reality, clannishness, the relic of the tribal state, as strong in America, where there can be no national aspirations, as it is in Ireland, and hardly a sounder foundation for national institutions than is the insensate hatred of England with which the Irish have been inspired by professional demagogues and the vitriol Press. Nor is the Roman Church the native church of Ireland, which the Norman came commissioned by Rome to improve out of existence. The most intelligent, the most flourishing, and the strongest portion of the population is a British colony which protests against being thrust out of the nationality to which it belongs, and into one to which it would be entirely alien. Wales, in the day of her independence, consisted of three separate Principalities which, though held for a time in the same hands, were never united. The popular religion, which is the chief source of Welsh separatism, is not native, but a Calvinistic offset of English Methodism, while a great part of the wealthier class and its Church are thoroughly English. The Celtic Highlands of Scotland, down to 1745, were, in race, language, institutions, manners, and dress, a separate nation from the Saxon Lowlands, though formally subject to the same Crown; so that the irruption of the clans under the Pretender had the characteristics of a foreign invasion. Real Union was effected by the British arms in 1745, and into the greater portion of the Highlands Presbyterianism seems to have found its way in the wake of the same power. Scotland had her Parliament, but it was so constituted as to be almost abortive; a national organ was sought in 1638 by the creation of the Tables; and Parliamentary government may almost be said to be in that case, as it certainly may in the cases of all the Celtic Provinces, to have been an English institution propagated by the Union.

If Federation has such charms, why not go back to a state of things still more ancient and venerable than Disunion? Why not restore the Heptarchy, and restore at the same time the primeval divisions of Scotland, Wales, and Ireland? There would then be what Federation requires, a pretty numerous group of tolerably equal States. A federation of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales could be nothing but a perpetual cabal of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales against England. The angry visage of the discord which would ensue already looms in Mr. Gladstone's page.

There are some, it appears, whose antiquarian demagogism does not stop at Disunion, but who wish to revive the antagonism of Celt and Teuton. The disentanglement of the two elements in the mixed population of both islands will be a serious task. The proposal reminds us that language, the most powerful instrument of assimilation, is now the same

for the whole of the United Kingdom, the remnants of Celtic dialects in Ireland and Wales being evidently mere relics of snow in spring, destined soon to melt away beneath the advancing sun.

Nationalities of sentiment, of association, of generous emulation—nationalities of the Rose, the Shamrock, and the Thistle—may flourish as they flourish now within the political union.

Decentralisation, like nationality, is a taking word. If it means only the improvement of local institutions, and the unloading of the central legislature, without prejudice to the supremacy, legal or practical, of the Imperial Parliament, everybody acquiesces; and the matter was actually in hand when this rebellion broke out. The only thing to be said is that Irish self-government is everywhere a government of Bosses. But if a division of the supreme power be contemplated, let it be maturely considered, before such a fabric as the Union is for ever torn down, what are the fields of the higher legislation which it would be either expedient or possible to divide into three or four. What are the questions which have any connection with the ancient national divisions, and which we can conceive being better treated by separate assemblies than by the United Parliament? Two only present themselves—Irish Land and Scotch and Welsh Disestablishment. But the framer of the Irish Government Bill thought it necessary to except the Land question from the jurisdiction of his Irish Parliament, while with Disestablishment the United Parliament has dealt well enough in the case of Ireland, and perhaps is more likely to deal well in any case than a provincial sect or party heated with a local conflict.

Ever since I have known the United States there have been alarms about centralisation. The central government has not encroached; and if, during the civil war, there was a natural determination of power to the head, the written constitution soon brought back everything within normal bounds. But unifying agencies and influences of all kinds—railways and telegraphs, the extension of commercial and other connections, and the intermingling of population—have been carrying on a spontaneous centralisation, and have determined that the old State Right theory shall die, and that the United States, though a nation with a federal structure, shall be a nation. The same process has been going on in all civilised communities in proportion to their civilisation and to the intensity of their common life. How is it to be reversed in the case of the United Kingdom? The American Republic was born federal, but if the thing were to be done now it might be difficult to cut up even that vast and varied expanse into separate States. How much more difficult would it be to divide into three or four a political organism which has so long served a single life.

I was one of the first, I believe, to plead the historical cause of the Irish people. What I said then I could not, without qualification, say now, because I have since seen the Irish on this side of the water, and learned that what I took for the effect of institutions was, in part at least, character, while my sympathy for the Irish, I confess, has been somewhat abated by their conduct towards the Negro and the Chinese. But in concluding I would wish once more to do them justice. I have said that they had no political grievance. But I must own that they have a political grievance, and one which the peculiarities of their political character make specially injurious in their case. England has no Government. She has nothing but the alternating ascendancy of two factions, equally unpatriotic, equally ready to sell the country to its enemies for victory in their wretched strife (for we never can forget the Maamtrasna debate), while the treatment of Irish disturbance shifts from repression to surrender and from surrender back to repression, with the veering exigencies of party tactics. In the De Vesci Correspondence we are told that a poor woman who kept a tavern, having been threatened with the vengeance of the League if she supplied liquor to a boycotted person, and with deprivation of her license by Government if she did not, burst into tears and exclaimed that, between the League and the Government, she did not know what to do. That woman's doubt ought to be cleared up, and it can be cleared up only by giving the country a Government.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

Toronto, November 9, 1886.

JAMES SYME, the eminent Scotch surgeon and professor in the University of Edinburgh, was once consulted by a well-known public character about some affection of the lungs. Years afterwards the patient returned on the same errand. On being announced, he was nettled to observe that Mr. Syme had neither any recollection of his face nor—which was still more galling—acquaintance with his name. He thereupon mentioned the fact of his former visit. Still Syme failed to remember him. But when the professor put his ear to the patient's chest, and heard the peculiar sound which the old ailment had made chronic, he at once exclaimed, "Ah, I remember you now! I know you by your lung."

THE SITUATION IN QUEBEC.

IF, in regarding the result of the Quebec elections, we look at the principle involved, there is no difficulty in understanding where victory has perched. The real victory was won before the first ballot was deposited in the urn. All political parties, for there are more than two, declared, in advance, their subordination to the Church of Rome. The Opposition set up the pretence of Secularism against the Government; the Government, pleading not guilty, got a certificate of good conduct from the Cardinal-Archbishop, in applying for which it declared its readiness, if in the eyes of ecclesiastical authority it was found to have offended, to bring the civil law into harmony with the views and wishes of that dignitary. The Castor-Nationalists proved more exigent than the Cardinal; they did not cease to pronounce damnable the law which permits the State to exercise supervision over lunatic asylums, to the support of which it contributes largely, and in which it was alleged, on competent medical authority, abuses of the first magnitude were rife. To this objection to State supervision of public institutions, the Nationalists said Amen.

Looking at the professions of the different political parties, Cardinal Taschereau saw that the interests committed to his charge were uppermost. The only opposition he met came from people who professed to be better Catholics than himself. They had previously complained, in various ways, that he thwarted the Jesuits in every noble enterprise on which they entered; that he constantly met them in the final resort of all contested cases at Rome, and extorted from the Propaganda decisions which were a scandal to all true sons of the Church. These most loyal of rebels against the supreme authority, for which they profess undying veneration in the same breath that voices their complaints of its exercise, love not the Cardinal. No other parties in Quebec work so cordially together as the Castors and the Jesuits. Their ultimate aims are different, but the means they use are the same, and they employ them in common. The Castors, developed into Nationalists, know that their importance consists in their being able to control the balance of power, and by the aid of the Jesuits, the wish nearest to their hearts has been gratified. Without their aid, neither can the Ross Government continue, nor a new Government be formed. In lieu of a restoration of the Jesuits' estates, the Cardinal has asked from the Ross Government half a million of dollars; it will be strange if the Jesuits do not attempt to extort from a new Government, which they will be able to control through the Castor-Nationalists, a much larger sum.

The Riel scaffold was a platform with a false bottom, in which the political conjurers stowed great store of fantastic scarecrows. The unlettered *habitant* can scarcely be blamed for execrating the men by whom he was induced to believe Riel had been butchered for the sole crime of being a Frenchman like themselves; but surely the politicians who played upon his credulity have something to answer for. A real issue in the contest Riel's execution could not be, for the Government of Quebec was no more responsible for the carrying out of the death sentence than the Emperor of China. Nevertheless, the false issue was a powerful factor in rolling up a majority against the Ross Government. When the Dominion elections come on there will be a real issue to be tried: the electors will have to say, when the question is forced on them, as it will be, whether the fact of a criminal being of French extraction is to save him from the punishment which would be inflicted on a criminal of another origin. This, at least, will be a live issue.

The question is not really which party in the State will rule at Quebec, but whether the Jesuits will get the better of the Cardinal. The chances are largely in favour of his Eminence; his enemies can win only in the event of the Jesuits once more obtaining supremacy at Rome, and even then their success would not be certain. Under Pius IX. the Jesuit influence at Rome was supreme; but so unreasonable were the Canadian members of the order, that it was necessary for the Propaganda to keep them in check. The rein had to be tightened on several occasions, notably when headstrong efforts were made to ruin Laval University by the active opposition of a rival institution to be established at Montreal. The apparition of *La Source du Mal de l'Epoque en Canada* shows that the Quebec Jesuits have learned nothing and forgotten nothing since the dates of the rebuffs they met at Rome. But Bishop, now Archbishop Fabre, of Montreal, came to the aid of his brother of Quebec in suppressing that *brochure*. The spirit which produced it reappeared in the late elections, and it survives to trouble Cardinal Taschereau.

So far as appears on the surface, there is little ground for complaining of the undue influence of the Church of Rome in the late elections. In her corporate capacity the Church had nothing to do but receive the proffered homage of the politicians who hastened to throw themselves at her feet. The bishops issued no circular to the clergy directing them

what conduct to observe in the elections: and if the parish priests interfered, they followed their own bent. Still, it would not be safe to conclude that the influence of clerical interference on previous occasions was not felt in the late elections; the impression then made had not been effaced from the minds of the French electors.

There is little probability that the Ross Government can survive a vote on a motion of non-confidence. Its doom appears to have been pronounced in advance, in a volunteer document intended to spur the Lieutenant-Governor to adverse action against the Ministry before the meeting of Parliament; but it is worthy of note that this document has not been published, though the names appended to it have. The truth seems to be that M. Mercier is not acceptable to the majority on whom a new Government must rely; though it is not impossible that he may have to be accepted in the end. The triumphant coalition has separated itself from the English-speaking part of the population, the national cry which it raised over Riel's execution having produced a division on national lines. This would seem to bode no good for the English-speaking population; but probably the danger of French aggression looks worse in the prospect than it will prove in reality, for the victorious majority is not unaware that there would be danger in a policy of active aggression. The Cardinal is a politic man, and, unless controlled by the Jesuits, will exercise a moderating influence in an emergency which is certainly not without peril.

T. M.

OUR LETTER FROM SWITZERLAND.

PICTURE to yourself the most bewitching of villages, hanging as it were between heaven and earth, with much of the beauty of the one and not a few of the charms of the other, and you have some idea of Montreux. Situated at the north-eastern extremity of Lake Lemane, before it in the distance are the glorious mountains of Savoy; behind, high, wooded hills; and at its feet an expanse of rippling blue. It is essentially a winter resort—being protected by the surrounding highlands from the *bise* or north wind,—a veritable hive of *pensions* and hotels, as indeed all Switzerland appears to be, belonging to no nation in particular, but merely a vast pleasure-ground for the people of other countries. There is here a calm, healthy air, both physical and moral, very delicious to breathe after the fœtid atmosphere of the large cities, where the only reality seems the utter unreality of things.

At a time when the undaunted American, with an independence as praiseworthy as it is unabashed, invades every corner of Europe, it is not a little pleasant to alight on a spot where the twangy element has at least but few representatives. Alas! America with her peer-hunting daughters is becoming an unconscionable bore. These quick tongues, these fidgety manners, sound here much as an urchin's chatter in the deserted aisles of an old abbey. Of course no one doubts our dear cousins' capacity for enthusiasm and appreciation; but it is the expression of it which sometimes, nay, nearly always, proves so extremely jarring. Imagine yourself on the loveliest of terraces, gazing in absorbed admiration at Mont Blanc; a voice you know too well suddenly breaks the delicious silence with one of the usual jerky exclamations: "This morning's sunrise *was* just too lovely for anything! Such scenes *do* have a queer effect; you feel all chokey like!" Then there is the fabulous amount of wealth, as aggravating as it is enviable, vulgarising those delightful little pleasures in which half the charm is the difficulty of their attainment. However, the European of bounded means and delicate taste has still a grim revenge in knowing that notwithstanding the intrepid American's peregrinations he remains an American after all; but the despairing part of the matter is he does not want to be anything else! "Of course," as I once remarked to an English lady, "there are Americans and Americans. "Unfortunately," she replied, "it has been my fate to meet invariably the 'and Americans.'"

One may journey from pole to pole, some may wander comparatively little, yet, in the first case, the idea of a "travelled man" perchance never crosses anybody's mind, while in the second there results that exquisitely genial production—the *cosmopolite*. Naturally a capacity for assimilating is necessary for so desirable a result, and perhaps no nation possesses this capacity to a greater extent than the Russians, whose marvellous linguistic talent is already a stride in this direction. The Englishman always retains a few phrases of the language from the old school days—sufficient to be misunderstood—the American is in a chronic state of learning it, and the Frenchman throws up the game from the jump. Thence arise those wild longings, that suppressed contempt, which give you the uncomfortable feeling of being among wanderers and pilgrims to whom travelling is rather a duty than a pleasure, and the "blasted foreigners" forced upon them, necessary evils to be endured, rather than interesting subjects to be studied and appreciated.

We have still some precious lessons to receive from the Germans and Russians. The former never afford you the ghost of a chance to speak their tongue, if they have anything yet to acquire in yours, and their unwearied zeal in obtaining information about you and your country is truly admirable. The latter, on the other hand, seem to have been launched in the world with all desired and desirable knowledge. A strange medley this race, and the study of its characteristics of infinite interest. The Russian spirit reminds one of those enigmatical summer evenings, sultry and black, when lightning-flashes play amid the clouds. With the grace of the French, towards whom, by the way, their sympathies incline, they have the passionate nature of the East, and a warmth and geniality of manner peculiarly their own. In their minds the *naïveté* of a child may often be found in almost amusing contrast with ideas of no mean calibre; depth of feeling seldom fails to grow into exaggerated sentiment. The sound of their language is expressive; but there is a melancholy, not to say sulky, ring about it. To illustrate the Russian character, a pretty story is told of how in a *concours* of village poets the prize was not won by the brightest, wittiest poems, but by the saddest.

However, we are scarcely describing Switzerland and the Swiss; yet nevertheless no small portion of the inhabitants of the former. Montreux, or rather the whole district of Vernex-Montreux, including Clarens, Glion, and other villages bordering on the lake and on the hillsides, is famous for its wine. Vineyards occupy every available space, filling the terraces that rise, tier above tier, up the steep incline from the water's edge. The last few weeks have been for the peasants a time of equal work and enjoyment, to *vendangeurs* proving by far the most pleasant of their duties, and looked forward to through the year as rather a *fête* than otherwise. At Clarens on Friday a very charming scene was to be witnessed. The final day of the vintage had come, and among the young men and maidens in the vineyard hilarity was at its height, notwithstanding their feeling a little abashed by the presence of crowds of strangers contemplating their performances, one of which was prettily unique. It seems the ever-thrifty "patrons," to ensure the gleaners as meagre a reward as possible, have decreed that any youth may claim the privilege of kissing the fair damsel whom a bunch of grapes escapes; but if the former is the delinquent, he shall have a good thump—*un bon coup de poing*. Needless to say, the forfeits paid were by no means small in number.

Work over, the vintagers formed in procession, singing lustily as they followed the flower-crowned "brantes" into which the grapes had been placed, and upon which—the brantes of course—a few of the merriest sat, drawn in state by their gaily bedecked horses.

In every season must this land be lovely, but I doubt if at any other time than the present it could be more gorgeously beautiful. The wood-clad hills of Glion are literally ablaze with vivid colour, and the old gray walls by the roadsides half disappear under a covering of graceful, blood-red vine leaves. The delicate mists fall and rise as the flimsy curtains in a transformation scene, and the tiny clouds wander among the great white mountains, like disconsolate spirits. Surrounded by all this mysterious grandeur, Chillon stands cruel and grave, callous alike to the dimpling wavelets at its feet, and the poor sunbeams imprisoned for a space within its walls, deploring only its ignoble fate—a show—and sighing bitterly for the return of the dark, savage days. In the dungeon of Bonivard we discover with pleasure the names of Byron, Georges Sand, Eugene Sue, and Dumas carved on the massive stone pillars; and, disfiguring every other portion of the chateau, we mark with infinite disgust the autographs of a million nonentities. Before entering this dungeon the cell is shown in which the condemned passed his last night—on a bed hewn out of the solid rock—and adjoining the one in which the prisoners were hanged, the original pole serving this purpose still existing. High above these melancholy haunts we find the dining room and kitchen, the bedroom occupied by the Dukes of Savoy, the Hall of Justice, and the "Question" chamber, all of which look out upon the lake into depths of five hundred feet, or up towards heights of thousands. At present confined in Chillon are military prisoners only.

A very popular rendezvous in Montreux is the kursale, a sort of casino, where gaming is carried on in a very innocent way. A theatre in which a fair orchestra plays every afternoon, a restaurant, and reading-room, add to its attractions.

The *Journal de Genève*, perhaps the best paper in Switzerland, shows one what very calm, common-sense things can be said in French after all. A quiet sarcasm, not uncommon with the Swiss, pervades its articles, and especially is it to be remarked in the professor-like fashion it treats present European affairs in general, and Russian and Bulgarian ones in particular.

Montreux, Oct. 25, 1886.

L. L.

SONNET—FALLING LEAVES.

SCARLET and gold and gray and brown ye fall,
Old leaves of autumn, beautiful and bright,
As though a stolen colour from the light
Were seized by each and woven for a pall.
The naked trees seem wonderfully tall,
Whose branches all were hidden from my sight,
When I did wander in the summer night
With her who then to me was all in all.
Has Death bedeck'd you with a mocking joy,
As o'er her marble face it placed a flush—
The sweet illusion of love's earliest blush—
Creating beauty only to destroy?
Old leaves must fall and fade where'er they lie;
Old love, though one be dead, can never die.

Paris, Ont.

E. G. GARTHWAITE.

AUTUMN POETS.

In defence of my title I feel it only right to say that, if a person who writes verses about spring is a spring poet, then one who writes verses about autumn must be an autumn poet. That spring poets do exist is a fact of which we are frequently and depressingly reminded. Not that any number of little rippling roundelays are capable of inflicting serious injury upon the ordinary newspaper subscriber, for he seldom reads them, but the writer whose column of jests he always reads fails not to make so many melancholy comments upon the prevalence of spring poets, and the superfluity of their wares, that the reader is forced to see how persecuted the country is by people who will persist in making themselves the subject of endless and nearly witless jokes.

A rapture in the coming of spring, so great that it overflows all decent bounds, and finds relief only in rhymed and moderately musical expression, is, of course, absurd, and the weakling who is guilty of it equally so, but at least he has the merit of cheerfulness. He never makes "dreary" rhyme with "weary," and "drear" with "sere," and "sighing" with "dying," as the autumn poet is prone to do. This singer of the later season is six months older than his vernal—not to say verdant—brother, and he is sad, and sceptical, and sophisticated. He has lived through the burden and heat of the day, and knows that the grass withereth, and the flower fadeth. To him

The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year.

He walks abroad in the dull-lighted days, that are neither summerlike nor wintry, and mourns the falling leaves, that render the sad heavens more clearly visible. The autumn flowers, that lately flamed on every roadside and meadow, have been extinguished by long, melancholy rains. The late dandelion's "penny-worth of sunshine" is like the forced smile on a mourner's face. Death and decay surround him. His very heart faints, and his

Whole soul grieves

At the moist, rich smell of the rotting leaves.

His pleasure in the last wild rose is sicklied o'er with apprehensive pain:

O late and sweet, too sweet, too late!

What nightingale will sing to thee?

The empty nest, the shivering tree,

The dead leaves by the garden gate,

And cawing crows for thee will wait,

O sweet and late!

Passing from flowerless garden to rain-swept woodland marks no surcease of sorrow, for there is

Death in the wood!

Death, and a sense of decay:

Death, and a horror that creeps with the blood,

And stiffens the limbs like clay.

But grief that is picturesque carries with it its own consolation. Better that the poets should threaten to break our hearts than that they should fail to touch them. Pathos can scarcely be other than touching, and the following lines, with their evanescent gleams of gladness, and their ever-present sense of tears, seem to me the very embodiment of the pathetic:

When thistle-blows do lightly float

About the pasture height,

And shrills the hawk a parting note,

And creeps the frost at night;

Then, hilly ho! though singing so,

And whistle as I may,

There comes again the old heart-pain,

Through all the livelong day.

In high wind creaks the leafless tree,

And nods the fading fern;

The knolls are dun as snow-clouds be,

And cold the sun does burn.

Then, ho, hallo! though calling so,
I cannot keep it down;
The tears arise unto my eyes,
And thoughts are chill and brown.

This is pensive enough, but here are the concluding lines of an autumnal "requiem for the past," whose hopelessness rouses "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears":

For spring shall soon restore the birds and flowers,
Green fields and sunny streams;
What power can bring again those vanished hours,
And Youth's fond dreams?

The poetic sadness that prevails at this season of the year sometimes produces a striking image. Here is a gloomily perfect picture by Bayard Taylor:

Wrapped in his sad-coloured cloak,
The Day, like a Puritan, standeth
Stern in the joyless fields.

And another, by R. H. Stoddard:

The wild November comes at last,
Beneath a veil of rain;
The night-wind blows its folds aside,
Her face is full of pain.

But enough of sadness and sighing. "For autumn days to me not melancholy are," says R. W. Gilder,

. But full
Of joy, and hope, mysterious and high,
And with strange promise rife. Thus it meseems
Not failing is the year, but gathering fire,
Even as the cold increases.

The last lines are not easily comprehended by the literal-minded reader, but in the guise of a critic he has frequently made the same objection to Gilder's work.

'Tis on a bright September morn

that Longfellow makes

The earth as beautiful as if new-born,
There was that nameless splendour everywhere,
That wild exhilaration in the air,
Which makes the passers in the city street
Congratulate each other as they meet.

Helen Jackson was the poetic apostle of gladness. Who does not remember the rich plenteousness of her sonnet on October, beginning—

O golden month, how high thy gold is heaped?

There is another on the same subject, but less well known—a marvel of brilliant condensation—with which this paper must conclude:

The month of carnival of all the year,
When Nature lets the wild earth go its way,
And spend whole seasons on a single day.
The Springtime holds her white and purple dear;
October, lavish, flaunts them far and near.
The Summer charily her reds doth lay,
Like jewels, on her costliest array;
October, scornful, burns them on a bier.
The Winter hoards his pearls of frost in sign
Of kingdom: whiter pearls than Winter knew,
Or Empress wore in Egypt's ancient line,
October, feasting 'neath her dome of blue,
Drinks at a single draught, slow filtered through
Sunshiny air, as in a tingling wine!

A. ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

Fenwick, Ont.

JOTTINGS OFF THE C. P. R.

WE found the temperature on Saturday, September 4, extremely chilly at six o'clock in the morning, and watched anxiously for the sun to make its way over the tops of the Rocky Mountains, and shed its genial beams upon the Kootenay Valley. Breakfast over, we were packed and ready to start by eight o'clock. For the first few miles our course led us along the sides of the high grass cliffs which enclose the east banks of both the Kootenay and Columbia Rivers; here, however, the soil is gravelly, so we escaped the dust which had afflicted us on a former occasion. It was a bright, cloudless, breezy day, and we rejoiced in an atmosphere entirely freed from smoke, dispersed by the rain of Thursday night, and were able once more to enjoy distant effects, as well as surrounding details. The scene, from our lofty vantage-point on the grassy slopes above the Kootenay, was not one easily forgotten. The lovely blue river wound along through its wide valley, bounded on the far west by the soft gray line of the Selkirk Range, while between it and the mountains rolled acres upon acres of pale yellow grass, dotted over with groups of fine pine trees.

This flaxen land owes its indescribable straw-colour to the magic power of the sun god, which had dried and bleached the herbage all over this immense extent of country, giving the landscape, with its dark evergreens and azure sky, an individuality of expression not often met with in the

book of nature. On the east bank of the Kootenay, between the river and the grass cliffs along which we rode, lay a wooded bottom of poplar and wild cherry, their fresh young shoots looking a most brilliant green in contrast to the yellow expanse about us. The difference in character between the valleys of the Kootenay and Columbia Rivers was brought vividly before me as I gazed; the former in its width of forty miles, with a distant line of mountains visible on the west side only, its vast extent of what, with a very slight stretch of the imagination, might be converted into waving corn-fields, and its clear river flowing with little deviation, compared to the sinuous twists and turns of the Columbia in its narrow, confined area, between the magnificent ranges of the Rocky and Selkirk Mountains, rising often precipitously on both sides from its turbid, pale-green waters.

I could not help regretting the thousands of acres of perfect ranching country which lay unoccupied about us, save for wandering herds of cattle and horses owned by prosperous Kootenay Indians. Strange as it may appear, these animals prefer the sun-dried bunch grass to the juiciest green food, and thrive and fatten upon it, as the condition of all the horned and unhorned beasts I saw in that region amply testified. The whole of this Kootenay district, so far removed from the line of railroad as to be little known or visited by the traveller or the tourist, is the finest country I visited in British Columbia. The Canadian Pacific, in its course over the mountains, runs up one narrow valley and down another to the coast, affording, it is true, unsurpassed beauties of scenery, but at the same time no real idea of the interior, which stretches away in fertile plains to the American boundaries of Idaho and Montana. Water is excellent in quality, and abundant in quantity. Besides the river, there are innumerable fine creeks rising in the Rocky Mountains, and flowing into it. When we turned our backs, at last, upon the Kootenay, we positively scaled the cliff by the steepest of trails, and passed into the country I have just described, which gave us miles and miles of galloping ground over straw-coloured grass, under dark-green trees, with a turquoise sky above our heads.

At noon we came to a rapid stream, called Wolf Creek, where a party of Indians were camped, on their way to spear salmon in the Columbia; indeed, we had passed the whole morning perpetual family parties riding along on their small ponies, sometimes a mother and three children inexplicably mounted upon one animal, and surrounded with their household goods, while countless colts and dogs followed in their train. They all looked happy and prosperous, and greeted us with "Cla-how-jah," their equivalent for "How do you do." Some of the Indians near the spot where we watered our horses were playing cards with a remarkably greasy, dirty pack; they were gambling for tobacco. It is curious how the Redskin copies and exaggerates the vices of civilization; they are all inveterate gamblers; our lad Baptiste, during the trip won seven horses in the notorious game of seven-up, but in the effort to increase his stud he lost them all, and his handsome Mexican saddle to boot, returning with us in sorry plight, a sadder and wiser Indian than when he left the Columbia Valley.

We diverged here from the trail to inspect the ranche of a Mr. Humphreys, a wealthy Englishman who, after visiting Australia, India, and various other parts of the globe, has given the preference to British Columbia as his future home. He owns nine hundred and sixty acres of land, which he means to increase, has some excellent log buildings and the finest corral in the country upon his property. The house itself is beautifully situated on high ground, sloping gently up from Wolf Creek (which, by the way, contains quantities of large trout), and commands a lovely view of the broken range of the Rockies on the east. We had not time, unfortunately, to make a thorough examination of the place, but saw enough to convince us that Mr. Humphreys had been exceedingly fortunate in securing so fine a tract of land, on which all the fencing and building had been put up in the most substantial manner by two hard-working countrymen, from whom he bought it at a most reasonable figure.

We declined all offers of hospitality and rode on two miles farther, where we camped for dinner by the shores of a beautiful little lake. Grassy slopes and glades opened out of the forest down to its very waters. These were broken near the banks by lines of reeds, which offered a good cover for numbers of wild duck, a brace of which we secured for our midday meal. We were in the saddle and off again before three o'clock, and continued to ride for miles over the same wooded park country I have described, following the course of the Kootenay, which came occasionally into view. We passed on our way over a long, winding lake or inlet from the river, framed in a background of dark trees and blue hills, reminding me of many views I had seen of the English lake country; in fact, the beautifully cultivated appearance of the Kootenay Valley, with its boundless meadows of native grass, impresses the mind with an idea of civilisation and settlement yielding only to the absence of houses and human beings. We gradually descended from high ground late in the afternoon and entered upon a broad bit of prairie rejoicing in the name of Bummers' Flats, which extends between the river and the wooded country above; it is used by the Indians as a race-course, and is certainly a spot which every devotee of the turf would envy them. We made the best of time over it for a distance of two miles, when the trail led us again on to high ground, and we pitched our tent for the fifth and last night under canvas, by a small stream embowered in trees and known as Six Mile Creek. We found the Rocky Mountains close to us again, and I enjoyed gazing up once more into their purple depths. The evening was clear and not unpleasantly cool, and the forest dell in which we were camped, with its mountain foreground, and the silver crescent of the moon rising behind us among the big trees, seemed to me a typical sylvan retreat worthy of "Midsummer Night's Dream."

E. S.

The Week,

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

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A CRY, and certainly not a senseless cry, has been raised by a correspondent of *The Mail* about the overcrowding of the professions. We have pointed more than once to one source of it—the one-horse university system, which, by lowering the standard of graduation, as it inevitably does, tempts into learned professions a number of youths whose proper calling is agriculture or trade. The remedy is a high standard, which can be maintained only by a national university. The number of those who graduate at present is too large for the intellectual labour market, and the result is a glut, which will be aggravated if women enter the professions. Convocation orators talk as if it ought to be the great object of our aspirations to extend university education to every farmer and mechanic in the land, and unthinking audiences applaud the noble sentiment. Experience proves that youths who have been at college, even at an agricultural college, never go back to farm work or to the store. A showy and pretentious system of public education has also a good deal to answer for, though rather in the way of overcrowding the cities than the professions. It is the reputed custom of the Jews to teach every boy, no matter what may be the condition of his family, some handicraft on which he can fall back in the last resort, as the means of making his bread. The custom is not unworthy of imitation: it might save graduates for whose intellectual labour there is no market from helpless destitution or worse.

MR. BUTLAND, who has left a munificent bequest to the Toronto Hospital, was a pronounced Secularist, and his virtues will be cited as a proof that excellence of character may exist without religious belief. But who can doubt this? The scepticism which now prevails is not that light and sensual scepticism, the nature and source of which are betrayed in Voltaire and Diderot by its union with the vilest obscenities. It is a serious scepticism, the grounds for which, even those who do not share it, if they are instructed and open-minded, can only too well understand. It takes, no doubt, a ribald and revolting form in some platform assailants of Christianity, such as Ingersoll; but there are other men, and we believe Mr. Butland was one, in whom it presents itself simply as the thorough-going love of truth, and in natural conjunction with virtues to which the love of truth is akin. In these men it does not prevent the character from remaining reverent, and even in a certain sense religious; especially when they invest scientific law with such attributes as to make it practically another name for God. Nor would any one expect a disposition naturally benevolent to be all at once changed by an eclipse, even a total eclipse, of religious faith. But it is, to say the least, too early to conclude that a general eclipse of religious faith will not affect the morality of the mass of mankind. All Secularists are still living in the twilight of Christianity; almost all of them have learned at their mother's knee lessons of the practical influence of which it is hardly possible that they should divest themselves by any intellectual effort in later life. Those whose lot it may be to see a generation educated in atheism will be better able to say whether there is any necessary connection between morality and religion.

MR. MOWAT'S Manifesto has elicited three several replies during the week. From the *Mail* we have the retort that so far from the charges against Mr. Massie having originated in a "Tory conspiracy," and without the knowledge of Archbishop Lynch, as surmised by Mr. Mowat, the letters publishing the charges through the *Mail* were supplied, at least in part, by the Archbishop's then acting-secretary. The *Tribune*, the recognised organ of the Archbishop and of a member of Mr. Mowat's Government, urged the charges, and, insisting on Mr. Massie's guilt, insisted also that he ought to be removed. It is possible to believe that the organ of the Archbishop and Mr. Fraser expressed, in this attack on Mr. Massie, the will of neither the one nor the other; but the fact is in evidence that when the charges broke down, a Roman Catholic assistant was thrust by the Government on the Warden in spite of his remonstrances. Whether rightly or wrongly regarded as a spy, the appointment of this obnoxious person was most distasteful to the Warden; and, being in his opinion equally unnecessary, it looks very like the work of the same hands, or, at any rate, a pursuance of

the policy, that had before sought to embroil him. Of course Mr. Mowat is able to give a very clear reason for the appointment: the Commissioners, —among whom was Mr. O'Sullivan, the Archbishop's legal adviser,—who were appointed, as we understand Mr. Mowat, for a specific purpose unconnected with the economy of the Warden's office, discovered that certain clerical work might be done better by a prison clerk than by a convict, and recommended a Roman Catholic for the position. The recommendation appears to have been very easily concurred in by the Government; the selection of a Roman Catholic was made by Mr. Fraser; but, as the *Presbyterian Review* (the first instalment of whose reply to Mr. Mowat has also appeared) says, the appointment, besides being unnecessary, was so distasteful to the Warden that the *Review* feared he would be compelled to retire from his position, and it called upon the Government to remove the pressure. This was certainly treatment to which no trusted employé ought to have been exposed. If the manager of any business had an obnoxious assistant placed near him, ostensibly to fill an unnecessary office which previously had no existence, he would reasonably become suspicious of his employers' motives; if the Warden had the confidence of the Government, this obnoxious assistant ought not to have been imposed upon him in spite of his remonstrances; and the persistence of the Government in continuing the same person in the office, notwithstanding the written request of the Warden that he be removed, must, we fear, be taken as proof that the purpose of the appointment was not the ostensible one. To get an inkling of the real purpose in view we have, we suspect, to recur to the original cause of the trouble—the determination of the Roman Catholic priesthood to prevent Roman Catholic prisoners from attending the religious services conducted by Protestants. No doubt there is something to be said for their presentation of this case: to permit proselytising in such a place as a prison looks very like taking advantage of the situation and giving privileges there which would not be tolerated anywhere else, and we quite agree with Mr. Mowat that such a privilege might probably be a cause of insubordination. But surely it is going too far in the opposite direction to (as recommended by the Commission), compel Catholics and Protestants to go to their respective services, and to prevent them from going to any other, unless with the written consent of the clergyman in whose charge they are. This is distinctly throwing the shield of the State around the Roman Catholic Church, and is, too, an assertion of finality on spiritual growth that no Protestant can admit has been reached by Roman Catholics. A man may grow spiritually even in a prison, and to insist that once there he shall always attend a religious service which he has possibly outgrown, subject to the will of a clergyman for whose authority he has no longer any regard, is neither conducive to religious progress nor in accordance with these Protestant principles professed by Mr. Mowat.

A JEREMIAH was uttered the other day over the condition of the Canadian farmer who, it was said, had run desperately into debt. The mortgage debts of Prince Edward County amounted, we are told, to \$750,000. This was probably an over-estimate. Mortgage debts are in many cases being paid off by instalments, and though the mortgage stands nominally for the full amount, in fact, a great part of it may have been paid off. A former mortgage is also, as a legal safeguard, sometimes left in force when a new one is executed, though it no longer denotes a debt. Thus, an inquirer, drawing his conclusion from what he found on the register, might be considerably misled. But apart from this it would be a great mistake to talk of our farmers, because their land is under mortgage, as having run into debt in such a sense as to lead to the inference that they were either improvident or unprosperous. These men in another country would be tenants; here they are freeholders. They have borrowed money to purchase stock or improve their land, and the investment, probably, in the great majority of cases, has turned out well. In some cases the value of the land has increased before the expiration of the mortgage term to the full amount of the sum for which it was mortgaged. The farmer being a freeholder, the whole of the improved value goes to him, which would not be the case if he was a tenant. We have every reason to believe that our farmers as a class are very prosperous, and that not a few of them are themselves capitalists and are lending money. There is, therefore, no reason for lamentations. As we have said before, it might not be a bad thing if in Ireland the landlord's interest could, in some cases, be turned into a mortgage, thus placing the tenant in the position of a freeholder and on the same footing with the Canadian farmer who has taken up money on mortgage. The value of property in Prince Edward County has increased fifty per cent. in ten years, so that the money borrowed has evidently fructified. Probably the increased value equals the amount of the bonus.

SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT is always a strong and interesting, though not always a conciliatory or persuasive speaker. His address to the Young Liberals, at Seaforth, is a good specimen of his style. It is notable among other things for a very frank avowal of a partisan standard of public morality. "Gentleman," said Sir Richard, "I am neither a purist nor a Puritan. I recognise the fact that politics is war, and many things are lawful, at least excusable, in war which have to be sharply dealt with in time of peace." This is the principle on which all party politicians act, but which few of them so ingenuously profess. Perhaps, indeed, the man who ingenuously professes it acts upon it rather less than most of the fraternity. We wish Sir Richard had given us some examples of the special indulgence accorded to unscrupulousness by the political code. Would he hold that it covered a politic affectation of sympathy with Riel or with Parnell, for the purpose of capturing the French or Irish vote? Would he hold that it covered the practice of setting spies upon the personal and social movements of opponents? In war the aim is mutual destruction; and it is only because mutual destruction is the aim that departures from the peace standard of public morality are allowed. In politics, as the science of government, common benefit is the aim, and a politician is no more warranted by the nature of his calling in departing from the rules of probity or veracity than is a practitioner of law or medicine. Let Sir Richard, instead of saying that politics is war say that Party is war, and he will call attention to a most important fact. Party is nothing but a survival of the primeval and savage lust of fighting, under a mitigated form. Its object, like that of ordinary war, is not common benefit, but mutual destruction. The type of the partisan, as has been truly said, is the Irishman who breaks the head of other Irishmen in a faction fight between the "One Year Olds" and the "Two Year Olds," or between the Caravats and Shanavests. No man can possibly be at once a true patriot and a good partisan. Nor can Party fail to be extinguished by the scientific spirit, should the scientific spirit ever extend itself to the political sphere. Sir Richard Cartwright recommends the Young Liberals of Seaforth to provide themselves with a good selection of works on history and social science. He gives them dangerous advice if he wishes their allegiance to Party to remain unimpaired. For their studies, if pursued with an open mind, will certainly lead them to the conclusion that faction is unworthy of civilised men, and that it has always been the ruin of States. Among their works on history will, of course, be included Hallam, who will tell them in his quiet, sarcastic way, that the best of all party watchwords is an unmeaning name, such as Caravat or Shanavest, Tory or Grit, because it makes no demand upon intelligence and admits of no compromise.

THE authorities of the Methodist Church, having closely identified themselves with the Evangelists, have very properly inquired into the circumstances, of somewhat sinister aspect, disclosed by the Small-Steinau correspondence. The explanation which they have elicited appears to be perfectly satisfactory, so far as any charge or suspicion of pecuniary dishonesty is concerned. But the revelations as to the "unhappy past" of the Evangelist's life are such as we cannot help thinking ought to make people cautious in accepting him all at once as a teacher of teachers in the Church of Christ. Our previous remark, that there is some reason to fear lest Revivalism should become a trade, certainly loses no force from the publication of this episode.

ONE good thing, at all events, the Richmond Labour Convention has done. It has appropriated a sum of money for an experiment in Co-operation. There is nothing like experiment. If the workmen find on trial that they can do without the resources or the guidance of the capitalist, and they can do without the resources that which is now paid him as interest on his divide among themselves that which is now paid him as interest on his capital and salary for his superintendence, all will be well. If they do not succeed, they will have to admit that the present arrangement is necessary, and is not the wicked device of a horde of marauding tyrants, upheld by an iniquitous social system. For our part, we most heartily wish the experiment success, as we wish success to every experiment, either in co-operation strictly so-called, or in associating the interests of the workmen, by whatever method, more closely with those of the employer. It is the existence of the hard and sharp line between the employer and the masses of the employed that constitutes the present danger, and enables the professional Labour agitator to keep up the war, and by which he subsists, and which threatens to bring great trouble, loss, and perhaps ultimately bloodshed on the world. Whatever tends to obliterate or to soften that line, either by erecting a class of workmen who shall be their own employers, or by identifying the employed in interest with the employer, as is done in factories where the workmen are shareholders, will be wholesome, and welcome as a diminution of our social peril.

ANOTHER project of the Richmond Convention, though less manifestly laudable, may have a wholesome effect in the end. It is proposed to institute a Labour Congress, elected by the Knights, which is to sit at Washington, by the side of the National Congress, considering all the measures brought before the National Congress, and exercising a vote in the interest of Labour on legislation. This will, at all events, define the situation, and show the people of the United States at what these organisations aim, and what is their attitude towards the rest of the community.

THE large vote polled by Mr. George has caused a good deal of consternation on both sides of the Atlantic. The fact is no doubt serious, but we cannot think that there is any cause for panic. With the exception of Chicago, and possibly of Pittsburg, New York is the place on this continent in which the spirit of social revolution is likely to be strongest. It contains an immense foreign element, imported from countries in which revolution, both social and political, has been raging, fresh, to a great extent, from the naturalisation mill, and unassimilated to American character. But it also contains a great amount of distress, the sufferers from which, without having any Socialistic tendencies of a theoretical or definite kind, will naturally follow any one who promises them relief. Visionary philanthropists, pained by the evils which they see around them, are drawn in the same direction, and it seems that a number of such persons actually cast their votes for George on this occasion. To all this must be added, as we said before, the excitability and levity of a great city population, which always craves for the sensational, and would run after Mr. George for no better reason than that he has made a great noise in the world. Mr. George has a high reputation for personal integrity, in spite of his advocating a robber theory; and it seems that not a few electors have supported him simply in the belief that he would stem municipal corruption, though, had he been tried, the result would probably have made them sensible of the difference between ingenuity in devising dreamy projects of social change and the capacity for carrying into effect practical reforms. It may be pretty safely assumed that not a tenth of the people who voted for Mr. George were adherents of his special theory, if they had ever read his books. Yet the majority against him, taking the votes cast for the other two candidates together, was overwhelming. There is still a pretty stout plank between civilisation on this continent and the devouring sea of socialistic revolution. Nevertheless, a vote of over sixty thousand cast, from motives however vague or mixed, for a man who proposes to confiscate all real estate, is a sign of the times. It admonishes the political parties to suspend their senseless strife, and combine their forces in defence of property, liberty, and civilisation, against the advancing hosts of social revolution, anarchy, and pillage.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH concluded his answer to the address presented to him by the Loyal and Patriotic Union by reminding his audience that while to Canada, the native land of some of us, the adopted country of the rest, our allegiance and affection are primarily due, we have also a Mother Country which has ever been kind to us, which has the strongest claims on our gratitude, and with whose honour and greatness our honour and our position on this continent are intimately bound up. He appealed to all men of British blood not to desert the Mother Country in her hour of peril. Disclaiming any wish to revive anything like sectional feeling, or to cast disparagement on any nationality or religion different from his own, he pointed to the fact that the British race, after all, has been the great founder of the civilisation of this continent, having given the language, the laws, the institutions, the great organic principles of society. It was therefore entitled to its fair share of respect, and yet it seemed to be of all the races the least respected. You could not go into the States without seeing some paltry politician trying to make capital by vilifying England and the English. "We do not want," said Mr. Smith, "to domineer, but we do not want to be domineered over; we do not want to insult, neither do we want to be insulted; we do not want either to trample on others or to be trampled on ourselves. We are not disposed to allow the Parliament or the power of Canada to be used by the enemies of our Mother Country for the purpose of her dismemberment. If any politician tries so to use them, either for the purpose of capturing Irish support, or from any more sublime and ethereal considerations, it is to be hoped that he will have reason to acknowledge that there is a British as well as an Irish vote."

IN a chapter on the Fisheries question in his "Twenty Years of Congress," Mr. Blaine insists on the permanent character of the Treaty of 1782 between Great Britain and the new-formed United States, which recognised a right of the latter to continue the use of the fisheries of Canada and Newfoundland enjoyed by them while Colonies. But in 1814 Great Britain held that by the war of 1812 the United States had forfeited this

right. Mr. Blaine supposes that this pretension was set up in order to obtain the concession to Great Britain of free navigation of the Mississippi; but it does not seem logical to insist on the permanent character through all circumstances of one provision of a treaty while holding that another of a similar character has lapsed by change of circumstances. In the same treaty that recognised the right of United States fishermen to use the Colonial fisheries, the navigation of the Mississippi, from its source to the sea, was declared to be free and open to the subjects of Great Britain as well as to the citizens of the United States; but the observance of this provision it appears, according to Mr. Blaine, could not be insisted on by Great Britain in 1814, because in the meanwhile the Mississippi had been found to be wholly within the territory of the United States. So that geographical error voids a treaty, giving the loser liberty to withdraw from it at his pleasure, while war waged by a beneficiary on the power that has voluntarily made a treaty concession does not. Mr. Blaine censures United States statesmen for ever entering at all into the Treaty of 1818, on which the Fishery Question now depends, and desires to repudiate the treaty, in order to fall back upon that of 1782. But we fancy the war of 1812, with its natural effect on such treaties as that of 1782, is a hard fact to overcome; and, if overcome, there would still remain the ratification of the 1818 treaty by the States to be explained away. For this treaty has been lived under for nearly seventy years, and its practical recognition, as well by ratification as by the several subsequent treaties relating to the fisheries and based on it, puts Mr. Blaine's pretensions quite out of court.

THE net upshot of the elections in the United States appears to be a Republican gain, which will leave the Democrats a bare majority in the House of Representatives. As the Senate remains Republican, the legislative deadlock will continue, and the time of Congress will be wasted as before. There appears to be a relaxation, for the time at all events, of the party ties, which shows itself in the success of two or three Labour candidates, as well as in the large vote polled by Mr. George at New York. The Free Traders have lost two of their leaders, and have narrowly escaped the loss of a third, so that the day of emancipation from Protectionism is yet far distant. The public money will continue to be squandered by hundreds of millions to prevent the appearance of a surplus which would render revenue needless, and the reduction of the tariff inevitable, while corruption will infallibly attend on waste. It seems that this result is due largely to the Labour Vote, which was cast on the side of Protection, so that there are limits both to the Labour Reformer's hatred of monopoly and to his practical application of the maxim that Labour has no country. From the results of these off elections, in which play is given to all sorts of secondary motives and influences, not much can be gleaned as to the chances of the next Presidential contest. A year hence the opposing forces will be falling into line for the great battle. Mr. Hill, a "Bourbon" Democrat, and a thorough-going specimen of the corrupt wing of the Democratic Party, begins to show strength as a possible competitor against Mr. Cleveland for the Democratic nomination. Still we look forward to seeing, when the time comes, a fair fight between honest government, worthily represented, in spite of inevitable shortcomings, by Mr. Cleveland, and all the other influences, not less worthily represented by Mr. Blaine; while our confidence in the good sense and the moral soundness of the American people, notwithstanding the sinister infusion of foreign elements, leads us to cherish a sanguine hope that Mr. Cleveland will win.

RENAN has brought out a strange addition to his theological works in the shape of a drama, *L'Abbesse de Jouarre*, the plot of which is the seduction of an Abbess at the foot of the guillotine. Such a combination of the lascivious, the sacrilegious, and the horrible would never have entered into any brain but that of a Frenchman. Something of this kind was always lurking in Renan. There is in his "Life of Christ" a trail of Parisian amative-ness, not to say pruriency, which is hardly less repugnant to our taste and feelings than his suggestion that in his restoration of Lazarus to life Christ was guilty of a deception. Renan's Christ is manifestly not a transcript of recorded facts, but a divination the trustworthiness and value of which depend upon two factors, Orientalist erudition and spiritual insight. Renan's Orientalist erudition cannot be questioned, but our confidence in the infallibility of his spiritual insight may be somewhat shaken by the publication of *L'Abbesse de Jouarre*.

MR. BRIGHT has of late rendered inestimable services to his country; but is his letter in favour of Russia wise? The cultivation of Russian enmity by the Jingo has been fanaticism and folly. England and Russia ought to have remained as they once were—fast friends. There is no

reason why their Asiatic empires should not exist side by side in peace. Nicholas himself, whatever he may have been in other respects, was perfectly well disposed towards England, and the quarrel with him was the sinister work of Palmerston, Louis Napoleon, and Lord Stratford de Redclyffe. To keep Russia from reaching an open sea is hopeless, nor has England any more interest in doing it than have the other Mediterranean Powers. The wisest course would have been to take the measure of the situation and come to a settlement, while a moderate man and a friend of peace, like the late Czar, was on the Russian throne. All this we heartily believe. But the Czar is now manifestly and flagrantly in the wrong. As a wrong-doer he must be withstood, unless the cause of nations is to go by default. The British Government is apparently trying, under circumstances of great difficulty and peril, to withstand him. It is hardly a moment for giving moral aid or comfort to the enemy.

BRITISH politics seem to be fast shaping themselves on the American model. Conventions are now held to settle the party platform on each side. The other day the Conservative Convention was held at Bradford: now the Radical Convention is being held at Leeds. The first result of the Radical Convention is the declaration of what may probably be taken as a final breach between the Radicals and the Liberal Unionists, or, as they may perhaps more succinctly be termed, the Liberals. The Radicals are now thoroughly committed to the dissolution of the Union with Ireland. They are virtually committed to a good deal more: for we should like to know what answer, on Gladstonian principles, they could give to a demand for separation on the part of the people of any Province in India, of the Maltese, or even of the native inhabitants of Gibraltar. This surely is an instructive chapter in the history of Party. For Mr. Bright was perfectly correct in saying that not twenty members of the House of Commons, outside the Parnellite section, were in favour of Mr. Gladstone's Bill. By mere party antagonism and blind following of a party leader, all the rest of these men have been drawn into a position in which they are leagued with a foreign conspiracy for the dissolution of the Empire. Nobody who has had any intercourse with them can fail to be aware that two or three years ago they would have repudiated with indignation the opinions which they have now, by no process of genuine conversion, but by the mere turn of the faction fight, been led to embrace. Not a few of them vehemently disclaimed upon the hustings in 1885 the policy to which they bind themselves, body and soul, in 1886. Such was sure to be the consequence of a division on Mr. Gladstone's Bill; and for that reason it was that some friends of the Union were inclined to deprecate a division, if it had been possible to avoid it by shelving the Bill. A junction of the Liberals with the Conservatives, to form a strong Government, and to save the nation from dismemberment and the Empire from dissolution, is the natural response to the Radical manifesto. Unless all patriotism has departed, and the spirit of the country at large has sunk to the level of that of the factory hands, such a Government ought to rally to itself support enough to sustain it for many years. But to bring the junction about there must be an end of Lord Randolph Churchill's borrowed nonsense about "Tory Democracy" and of attempts of the Primrose League to revive the "Tory" Party. Toryism is the creed of Bolingbroke and Eldon, and is no more capable of being revived or adapted to the present day than the worship of Woden. Peel's wisdom had weaned his followers from it, and led them into the position of rational Conservatism in which they were strongly entrenched, with every prospect of a long continuance in power, when the great leader was struck down by Disraeli, and the party, bereft of its chiefs by the rupture, and wrecked by its desperate adherence to the Corn Laws, was flung into opposition, with brief and precarious intervals, for forty years. If Toryism means anything now, it means an unholy alliance between a reactionary aristocracy and a mob, against moderation and rational progress. This intrigue has been tried, and, like other intrigues, has proved weak as well as profligate. Liberal Conservatism, combining reform of the House of Lords, reform of the Church, the extension of local government, and a generally progressive policy with Union, property, liberty, and opposition to social revolution, is the only ground on which it is possible to stand. On that ground it is possible to stand firmly and long. If parties are to continue, they must henceforth be Liberal and Radical. A Liberal party, even Mr. Chamberlain, in his present frame of mind, and since his excommunication by the Leeds Radicals, might join.

A FRENCH paper points out that the passion for gambling is so great in England that even in wedding notices it is necessary to state that there are "no cards," in order to put a check upon the national tendency to gamble on all occasions.

SHAKSPEER AT DEAD-HOS' CRICK.

It wuz way out west o' the praree
 Whar the mountins begins to raise,
 Pokin' holes in the snowy blankets
 Uv clouds that acrost 'em lays.

We wuz washin' down in the gulches,
 An' the culler wuz commin' well ;
 An' the fellers wuz crowdin' from East an'
 West,
 Till the place wuz es full es hell.

I've bin in some dandy places
 Whar things wuz a kinder hot ;
 But I never in my hul mortal days
 Struck so near to the real old spot.

It ain't no use to tell yer
 The names uv the boys that wuz thar ;
 But they wuz the hardest crowd uv pills
 That ever wuz straight an' squar'.

I mean thar warn't no skulkin'
 An' shootin' behind a plank,
 Er plantin' a cold deck up on a pal,
 An' standin' in with the bank.

Thar wuz plenty uv cold decks planted,
 An' plenty uv shootin' done ;
 But the fust wuz all in the way uv biz,
 An' the other wuz straight es a gun.

Ef thar wuz a row it wuz up-an'-up,
 An' the fust that draw'd cud bark ;
 An' we gently lifted the other chap,
 An' planted him out in the dark.

But I wuz a-goin' to tell yer
 A thing that occurred one night,
 An' to shew yer the kinder chaps them wuz
 In their trew an' proper light.

The biggest strikes wuz by Dead-Hos'
 Crick ;
 An' thar, on a summer's day,
 We wuz all at work when we heerd the
 bells
 Uv the mule teams up the way.

In another minit they come in sight,
 A joggin' down the road ;
 An' I reckon it made them boys' eyes stare
 When they seen what they had fer load.

They wuz sittin' on trunks an' boxes,
 An' bumpin' right along ;
 A gal, four men, an' a woman,
 An' the gal wuz singin' a song,

An' lookin' es pleased an' happy
 Es if ridin' a Pulman car ;
 An' when she ketch'd sight uv the boys'
 red shirts,
 She hollered out, "Thar they are !"

An' kep' on clappin' her little han's,
 An' laffin' jes like a bird.
 I guess them boys jes thought that laff
 The sweetest they'd ever heard ;

For they all quit work an' foller'd
 Them teams with their starin' eyes,
 Till they turned the corner at Tucker's Dam,
 An' then I think the skies

Grow'd jest a trifle darker,
 Though the sun was a kinder strong ;
 An' I noticed that some o' the younger boys
 Didn't work that day so long.

When I come down from the gulch that
 night,
 I wuz tired, an' wet, an' mad ;
 For I hadn't got quite the pile o' dust
 That I thought I oughter had.

An' when I come to the "Dead Hos
 House"
 (The biggest bar in the town),
 The boys wuz standin' in threes an' fours,
 A-jawin' each other down.

I hadn't heerd no shootin',
 An' no one was givin' chin,
 An' they all wuz lookin' so ser'us like
 That I couldn't take it in.

So I jes' turns inter the bar, and calls
 Fer a finger uv whiskey, white,
 When the slinger sez, es he antied the stuff,
 "Er ye goin' to the show to-night ?"

An' thar, hung up on the bar-room wall,
 An' painted in black an' yeller,

I reads the bill uv the play that night :
 It wuz Shakspeer's play, "Otheller."

I knowed it es soon es I seen the name,
 For I'd seen it onct before
 'Way down in Frisco in '62,
 The year I jined the war.

But the boys know'd nuthin' better
 Than the snidest nigger show,
 Er a dance hall in behind a bar,
 With a fero bank below.

So them wuz the player people
 That passed us, that very day ;
 An' I snickered to think how the boys
 would stare
 When they seen a fust-class play.

That hall wuz crowded fer standin' room,
 An' they scooped the dust, you bet ;
 An' lots uv the boys gave double weight,
 Fer that laff wuz a-ringin' yet.

The boys wuz ruther startled
 When they seen the nigger coon
 What jumped with the Gran' Dook's dater ;
 But they took to him pooty soon.

But they wuz down on the feller
 What scoopt the nigger in,
 An' hissed an' hollered so loud, at last,
 Ye could hardly hear him chin.

I seen that the boys wuz nervus,
 An' a kinder wicked, too ;
 So I edges my way along to see
 Jes' what they was goin' to do.

The play wuz about nigh over,
 Es well es my mem'ry went,
 An' the laffin' gal wuz lyin' asleep
 In a bed like a little tent ;

When in jumps the nigger feller,
 A-ravin' full's a goat,
 An' chuckin' a bowie-knife on the floor,
 He grips her aroun' the throat.

She jes' gave one little holler ;
 But that wuz mor'n enuff ;
 Fer I knowed them boys wuz nervus,
 An' wouldn't stan' no guff.

It was ping—ping—ping—es quick es flash ;
 An' the nigger he fell back dead ;
 An' the gal lept up with a skeert white
 face,
 An' lifted his lifeless head.

An' called out "Father! father!"
 An' kissed his eyes an' lips.
 But when she saw them stains uv blood
 A-red'nin' her finger-tips,

She jes' riz up like a spectre,
 Es white, an' es cold, an' tall ;
 An' a shiver went right through every man
 That wuz standin' in that hall.

Her voice wuz low, but every word
 Wuz es clear as a bell at night :
 "May his red blood drip fer ever
 Before his murderers' sight!"

Thar warn't no talk uv lynchin',
 For we wuzn't up to fun.
 It wuz rough on her ; but, es fer them,
 We know'd how the thing wuz done.

That night, as I rolled my blankets out,
 I found three bags uv dust,
 An' I know'd the boys what put them thar
 An' they know'd I'd keep their trust.

I sometimes wonder ef that thar gal
 Can ever sing or laff ;
 Perhaps she don't, an' perhaps she do ;
 For she don't know only half.

She don't know me an' another chap,
 In the early mornin' light,
 Went up the road by Tucker's Dam,
 Where fust she come in sight,

An' found three bodies lyin'
 A-restin' peacefully,
 Jes' like three miners sleepin'
 Under a cedar-tree.

She don't know that they loved her,
 An' I guess she never will.
 But them wuz the kinder tuffs that worked
 In the gulch by Dead-Hos' Hill.

That's all I know of Shakspeer,
 An' it's all I want to know ;
 I've never bin to a play since then,
 An' I don't never want to go.

They say he's made lots uv heros ;
 Well, gimme my choice and pick,
 An' I'll take the three he made that night
 In the gulch at Dead Hos' Crick.
 B. D.

SAUNTERINGS.

WHAT unnecessary tribulation we suffer in this world! Not content with partyism and phonetic spelling and Wiggins, we must permit ourselves to be burdened with a whole host of misapplied or half-applied expressions, invented to save trouble by a generation accustomed to having trouble saved for it, and sanctioned by no self-respecting dictionary whatever. Catching its half-meaning at the instant the word is born into language, we approve, applaud, and adopt it. It becomes a constant trick of speech with us ; we use it with a sense of daring the conventionalities, and almost unconsciously we watch for its effect. Presently its meaning, never very well defined, becomes obscured, anon lost in the contrariety of opinion regarding it ; after which we spend the rest of a hollow existence vainly endeavouring to remember what we meant when we said it first. Such a word is that vague and slippery art term, "impressionism." Does anybody recognise in the astonishing conceptions now presented to the public, labelled "Impressionistic," the strokes that brought the word into existence? Can anybody read in the comments of the press upon an exhibition of work by the impressionists, the adulation that once greeted the divine frenzy with which they were supposed to be inspired? Nay, verily; yet impressionism should be the same thing now that it was then.

It is not, apparently, and the reason appears to be, in the eyes of the grossly inartistic, that it never has been anything in particular. This opinion is doubtless the result of long and riotous dwelling in the camps of the Philistines, and is probably regarded with scorn by the elect of the brush, who are privileged to know better. Nevertheless it exists and flourishes. "Impressionism," cry the matter-of-fact, "is the depiction of the scenes in such a way as to convey to the artist the impression he received from the original, and possibly to the public also, although this is neither probable nor necessary. But the impressionist has a lofty disregard for facts in his work. He aims only to be true to the soul of the scene without paying much attention to its body. This is the very pith and marrow of impressionism. If he were true to both, he would be only an artist and not an impressionist. But the body is the only visible manifestation of the spirit to most people, and while it may appear through other agencies to a genius, the genius cannot transmit them in any way that shall be comprehensible to the masses. He cannot paint a psychological effect."

It is easy to see how this opinion has become popular. The term, inadequate, though seemingly felicitous in the beginning, has been made to do duty in describing many classes of work, including much that is pure and simple charlatany. As a matter of fact, the original impressionists, if we can possibly remember the original impressionists, claimed the utmost fidelity to the facts of nature as they saw them, and the fact of their fame surely proves that their faculties of vision were not abnormally developed. But the name means either too much or not enough ; its application is alternately extended and contracted ; it suggests, at least, superfluously. We see in it a certain unconventional breadth of treatment, and we call the sublimely simple conceptions of Millet, in a sense, the work of an impressionist, fully feeling at the same time the superficiality of the term describing the man who has given us upon canvas the soft glow of sunset fields, the sound of evening bells, the strong dignity and repose of labour, and all the gentle nameless charm of peasant life in France. We gather from it an idea of brilliancy and intensity : Turner, therefore, was an impressionist, though in some of his pictures he observes such minuteness of detail as to show us the rings on a shell by the sea. Corot goes without saying as their very apostle, with his great, gloomy forest masses, heavy gray skies, and remote indication of foreground facts ; and the delirium of Manet, "king of the impressionists," and all his emulative subjects, is unquestionably distinguished in the same way. And so many people, in view of the rather heterogeneous collection of masters who are thus designated, are beginning shrewdly to suspect that there is no cult in art that is especially entitled to the distinction impressionistic, except that very broad one which has burst the bands of conventional treatment forever. This is ultra-shrewd. There is assuredly a distinct class of men, whose peculiar dash and brilliancy in the execution of telling work with apparently little and careless effort could not be better termed. But the word would not be kept within bounds, and now it is uttered with timidity, like a dishonest coin.

Accepting the name as designating this class exclusively, it may be safely said that the popularity of the impressionists is waning. True, the Corot sold from the collection of the late Mrs. Morgan, of New York,

to the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington, brought fifteen thousand dollars; but Corot's fame does not rest upon his impressionist work, but was made by hard, painstaking painting before he let his brush play clever freaks with him. Reputation must be earned as a basis for eccentricity, before eccentricity will pay. Other prices for the same kind of work show a gradual cessation of interest and drop in values. The Impressionist Exhibition, brought over to New York last winter from its native Paris by a well-known French middleman, was a distinguished failure. The New York press treated it, for the most part, with politeness, but with liberal, keen, and well-supported criticism, that showed the American mind to be tired of imposition and ready to resent it. For a long time immediately after the evolution of the millionaire in that country, an American Chrysos and Daphne were to be found ubiquitously in the studios of Europe, "encouraging," by the equally colossal proportions of their income and their ignorance, the production of the most astounding "impressions." Poor Chrysos had been so often scathingly told, as he dauntlessly and unfavourably criticised some master-piece he did not understand, that he mustn't believe merit to be wanting because he could not see it, that he had not only lost all his critical temerity, but was quite prepared to see merit where not a vestige of it had ever existed. Daphne had made herself mistress of the current art cant of the day, and was able to supply his enthusiasm with a vocabulary—and so the charlatan impressionist throve for a season, a parasite upon the reputation and work of other and better men. Chrysos could not tell the difference, and Daphne could not help him. But so many of his bargains turned out badly at home, that Chrysos gradually determined to be an art patron only, and leave art criticism to those who understood it. Then he began to buy, through a responsible person, at a commission, who furnished his walls after the upholsterer, but occasionally consulted him, which the upholsterer usually did not. About this time the derision of the press at Chrysos' expense was very great indeed. He was eminently useful to *Punch*; and the comic papers of his own country, though far from the scenes of his art transactions, did not fail to profit by them. Art suffered severely for a season in the minds of Americans who had never amassed fortunes or left home; and the good and the bad in the fruit of European studios were alike evilly spoken of.

But recently, through the beneficent influence of art institutes, galleries, and foreign travel, the mass of Americans are beginning to assimilate the principles that underlie all good work. Their invidious and contemptible art tariff, by which all pictures by other than American artists are taxed thirty per cent., effectually prevents any very wide dissemination of knowledge of foreign work; but their own artists who go abroad to profit by the work of the excluded foreigners, and who are taught free like the rest in the public institutions, manage to bring back enough of European flavour in their pictures to contribute something to the general culture. The many-millionaire now buys pictures with confidence and judgment, brings them home to his Fifth Avenue palace, dies, and leaves his collection to the city or the State. The general public has great cause for gratitude to its departed capitalists for an example which bids fair to be well followed; for little could be expected in the way of encouraging art from a Government that distinguishes itself among those of all other nations by systematically debarring it for the sake of a few extra pence in the treasury. This must be the reason, for more than once both resident American artists and those abroad have petitioned Congress for the removal of the tax. Those at home have felt the want of the helpful art influences which would pour in if the barrier were removed. Those abroad have felt the stigma of national disgrace in their persons; and the list of admissions to the Paris *Salon* plainly shows that they suffer for it.

To return to New York and the exhibition, however, the tone of the newspapers in criticising it showed both that work of the impressionist sort was depreciating in public opinion, and that ability to discriminate in art matters, from a standpoint of perfect independence, is at length becoming characteristic of the Americans. For the press, contrary to the popular notion, is in some matters the last personal agency educated.

THE impressionists may have had their day, but their influence for good and ill is still with us. While their example has done undoubted harm within the profession, by encouraging an impatience with linear training and a desire for instant achievement, by methods that look so magnificently easy and are so magnificently difficult, they have assuredly infused a new spirit into modern art—a spirit of breadth and of freedom—that we may see every day in the clever pictures of our own Paris-taught Bruce and Lawson. The youthful student is sure to profit most by this influence; it finds older men supercilious, conservative and antagonistic for the most part, though we have noticeable exceptions to this in Canada, in the persons of Prof. Henry Martin, of Hamilton, who preaches it, and Mr. Homer Watson, of Ayr, who practises it.

Discontent with the bondage of form and precedent is very apt to affect various departments of art simultaneously; and one is not surprised to find impressionism in literature, in music, even in household decoration. In the novel, the great literary form of this generation, we find it especially marked. In the depiction of human life, as well as of field and forest, there is very evident tendency to subordinate the detail of incident and plot, to rough over the carefully finished accessories of fiction, as it used to be, in order to give special prominence to a character idea, to an "impression," of humanity. And we find the same brilliancy of touch, the same quick perception and apparently easy execution upon the literary canvas. Also, we find the same shallow imitations.

We are fond of expatiating upon our progress, and comparing our methods with the methods of an older date. Doubtless we move, and as we journey on, our surroundings change. But, perhaps, after all, as in our travel over this dusty old material earth, it is only the difference in the locality that we observe on the way, our power of vision remains the same; its radius does not alter, and the blue horizon is just as far off as ever.

SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

AFTERNOON TEA.

PERHAPS it is as favourable an omen for Canadian literature as we can hope for that so much criticism of it has lately been indulged in by Canadians themselves. True, most of it has been made for the benefit of American readers, and published in American journals, which looks a trifle unpatriotic. But the reason for this is so very obvious that one hesitates to condemn it. There is not a vast quantity of Canadian thought seeking a vehicle to public appreciation, but our vehicles, alas! are quite inadequate to contain the whole of what there is. And so Mr. Oxley and others have naturally sent their discontent with colonial letters to a more accommodating market. This tendency, wherever it may evince itself, shows at least that we are no longer torpidly content to leave our national literature in the hands of a few British-born men, whose achievements, though Canada may be distinguished as their scene, will naturally be one day claimed in the literary annals of Britain. A consciousness of our shortcomings is absolutely necessary to an amendment of them.

Already we can see, in the recent activity in literary circles here, proof that this very general discontent is working in the Canadian author to his or her everlasting benefit. "Seranus," whose delicately wrought poems every Canadian is, or should be, familiar with, has written a book of short stories and sketches, illustrating various phases of Ottawa life and character, including that of Ottawa's French inhabitants. Those who know "Seranus'" keen perception and feeling for the picturesque look forward to its publication with pleasure. The book is to be brought out by an Ottawa house. "Seranus," if it be not treason to tell what so many people know, is Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison, and has lately left Ottawa to take up her residence in Toronto. Another of her enterprises, it may be whispered, is a Canadian Birthday Book, made up wholly from the works of Canadian poets, which will appear about Christmas. It will have an especial interest for all English, as well as Canadian, people, being the first anthology of Canadian poetry ever made, and the poems are chosen with such taste and skill that the book will contain a succession of surprises for people who have heretofore treated the colonial poet to their patronage and a certain amount of their pity. The French-Canadian poets will be fully represented.

And we may shortly expect a Canadian historical novel, a "Romance of the Early Days of Upper Canada," upon the title page of which, with another, will appear the name of Mr. G. Mercer Adam. While we cannot claim Mr. Adam as a Canadian by birth, he has spent so many years of his life here, has become so thoroughly identified with Canada's educational and literary progress, and has devoted his own signal abilities so exclusively to Canadian themes, that we may justly claim him a Canadian among Canadians. Associated with Mr. Adam in this work is Miss A. Ethelwyn Wetherald, of Fenwick, Ont., a lady whose writings are familiar to all readers of THE WEEK, that is, and the *Canadian Monthly*, that used to be. Mr. Adam, I understand, has supplied the plot, the historical incidents, and the general local *entourage*, while Miss Wetherald has elaborated the material. The book is entitled "An Algonquin Maiden," and is dedicated to Mr. John Lovell, of Montreal, whose name is connected with so many Canadian literary enterprises. If successful, and there can be little doubt as to its success, I hear that the story is to be the first of a series, all Canadian, and dealing more or less with Canada as it used to be.

TORONTO is nothing if not philanthropic. One meets hardly anybody of position who is not laudably, enthusiastically, and indefatigably interested in one charity or another, and the excellent example of ladies well

known in society is followed more closely throughout the city than the pomps and vanities that usually find such ready imitators. The latest enterprise projected is quite an extensive one—nothing less, indeed, than a "World's Fair," to occupy three or four days early in December. The "object" is the Orphan's Home, a charity which appeals to everybody, and the interest of an unusually large number of ladies is enlisted in the plan. The Pavilion is talked of as the scene of the affair; and it will not differ, in so far as I have heard, from other World's Fairs, with which everybody is familiar. There will be booths, presided over by Turkish, French, Swedish, Russian, Indian maids and matrons, all of Toronto; and every man in the city will be expected to dine or lunch at the Pavilion at least once during the time of the fair's duration. The enterprise will be a success. That goes without saying of anything of this kind that Toronto ladies undertake; but why not vary the eternal succession of bazaars by a Kirmes? One has never been given in Toronto, can be arranged without great trouble or expense, and would prove tremendously attractive for at least two nights at either of the opera houses.

RHEA'S repertoire last week disappointed a great many people. She began with the—to English audiences—insufferably dull "Romance d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre," in which her part is comparatively insignificant. This mistake affected her houses for the entire week, although it was abundantly retrieved later. In "The Country Girl," and "The Widow," she may be said to have made the best impression. Wycherly's old comedy, "The Country Wife," is hardly recognisable in Garrick's adaptation of it, so thoroughly is its intolerable coarseness expunged, although its sprightly spirit is perfectly preserved. Middle. Rhea's interpretation of *Peggy Thrift* was, of course, decidedly French. No English country girl of Wycherly's, or any other, time could possibly have conducted herself precisely as Rhea did. But her unfaithfulness to the old playwright's ideal was so infinitely prettier and more acceptable than fidelity would have been, that there were few who did not willingly forgive it. She was almost the sole redeeming feature of "The Widow," a comedy which has little to recommend it, except the opportunity it gives the actress in the title-rôle to display her versatility. It is rather thin and bare, as it is presented to English audiences, and but for Rhea's consummate personation of *Louise*, would have dragged tediously. But Rhea redeems any play. Her comedy is the most delightful of the day, and thoroughly original. It is perfectly free from extravagance, as piquant as possible, and full of delicious *naïveté*. Mr. Arthur Forrest, her chief support, is admirable in his jealous rôle, in "The Widow," but is quite outshone by the inimitable Mr. J. A. Amory, as *Sparkish*, in "The Country Girl," who has really created the part for Toronto play-goers.

GARTH GRAFTON.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

LETTERS TO OUR CHILDREN. By J. A. Cunningham. Vol. I. Cincinnati: Standard Publishing Company.

It is unfortunate that writers of juvenile books will not always sufficiently consider juvenile taste. These "Letters to Our Children," while admirable in motive, conscientious in matter, and containing sufficient information of an elementary scientific sort to stimulate a desire for more, have been constructed with so great a disregard for the childish literary appetite as to fail, we greatly fear, in their object. Mr. Cunningham's style is dryly didactic, and he insists extremely upon the introduction of himself and his personal interest in children in the pages he addresses to them. The religious element is strong in the book; in fact it appears to be written with a view to convincing the youthful mind of the harmony between science properly so-called and the Bible. Mr. Cunningham is of the opinion that we never had any glacial period, and he takes especial pains to emphasise his belief upon the mind of his juvenile reader, whom wicked modern scientists may have biassed in favour of such a theory. A doubtless excellent steel engraving of the author forms the frontispiece of the volume, which appears neatly bound in cloth; and the text is italicised in a possibly impressive but certainly a very distressing manner.

HESTER, AND OTHER NEW ENGLAND STORIES. By Margaret Sidney. Boston: D. Lothrop and Company.

The short-story-writing genius is excellently exemplified in Margaret Sidney. The ability to grasp a comparatively trivial incident in its true relation to the human life it concerns, and to make it, by virtue of this relation, of sufficient importance to compel our interest for a score or two of pages, is a form of literary accomplishment which has more aspirants than adepts. Miss Sidney has done this with that consummate art which hides itself from the reader in a form of perfect naturalness and simplicity. These "New England Stories" are by no means ambitious in their char-

acter; they aim only at a faithful presentation of some of the homely phases of that stern, though not altogether unpicturesque, life planted there by the pilgrim colonists who fared forth from home so long ago; but the skill with which this has been accomplished warrants us in the opinion that it might be applied in a wider field with no insignificant success. Short as the stories are, the depiction of the various characters concerned in them is of the vivid realistic kind, so that they stand out like the very domestic little figures of a Dutch interior. The dialect is admirably rendered, and the sympathy which underlies Miss Sidney's work effectually defends it against any imputation of satire or ridicule. Her writing is so delightfully imbued with a distinct and individual character, that in spite of the comparative slightness of her material, she may produce much more of it without satiating public desire for it.

CORRESPONDENCE.

UNIVERSITY CONFEDERATION.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—The editorial columns of THE WEEK are always interesting, and those of the last numbers peculiarly so to men who care anything for the University equipment of the Province. You say: "It is a red letter day in the annals of Canadian education on which the first step is taken towards University Confederation by the transfer of the Methodist College from Cobourg to Toronto." Before reaching the end of the second column on the page, however, you seem to have repented of your utterances, for you enter a forcible protest against the spirit of centralisation in educational affairs, and the blighting influence of Government control. Speaking of Upper Canada College, you say: "It has an educational character of its own. It is in some degree independent of the machine. M. Victor Duruy, the French Minister of Education, boasted that at the word of command given by him, the same lesson commenced at the same moment in all the schools of France. The effect of this intense centralisation and of this monotonous uniformity on the French mind has not been entirely good. . . . We cannot always command such men as Provincial Ministers of Education, and therefore a spark of freedom with us is the more to be prized." Brave words! The condition should be added, however, that the "spark of freedom" is to be prized only when alive in Toronto; when it is found in Kingston it must be smothered. As if to leave no doubt of your views on the subject, you add another argument drawn from France, which you finish with the remark: "Our school text-books are not compiled under the influence of an Empire, but they are occasionally compiled under other influences; and their availability as engines of propagandism has not been entirely overlooked." Evidence enough, I think, to permit us to claim you as a champion of such self-governing institutions as Queen's University.

Yours truly,

R. W. SHANNON.

Kingston, 1st November, 1886.

[THE special reason for advocating University Confederation is that only by the combination of all other resources can we maintain anything worthy of the name of a University. To this there is nothing analogous in the case of the schools. Another strong reason is that the system of small local universities inevitably degrades the standard of graduation. There is nothing centralising in Confederation. Each college retains its internal self-government, and its distinctive character. Nor is there anything Procrustean in a University system which admits a variety of courses of study, as there is in the French school system which prescribes rigid uniformity in the lessons. The greater the university is, and the larger the number of independent colleges which it embraces, the less it is likely to be under political influence or control.—Ed.]

MUSIC.

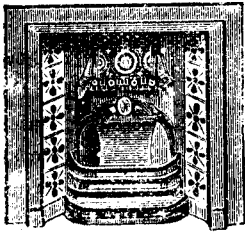
LONDON.

MR. THOMAS MARTIN, Musical Director at Hellmuth College, last week gave his opening Pianoforte Recital of the season. The programme was as follows: I. Grand Concerto in A Minor, *Schumann* (the orchestra part played on a second piano by Mr. Barron); II. Andante Spianato and Grand Polonaise, *Chopin*; III. "Scherzo" (for two pianos), *X. Scharwenka*; IV. (a) Nocturne (F sharp Major), *Chopin*, (b) Etude, "Revolution," *Chopin*, (c) Isolde's Liebestod, *Wagner-Liszt*, (d) Liebestraum, *Liszt*, (e) Mazurka, *Godard*. In the interpretation of these works Mr. Martin displayed all those qualities which are now so familiar to London music-lovers. His sympathetic touch, immense power, and perfect technique, were all called forth by the varied programme presented, and a rare treat was the result. The admirable co-operation of Mr. W. Barron, also of Hellmuth College, in the double piano duets, was worthy of the highest praise.

On Tuesday evening, the 2nd inst., a complimentary concert was tendered Miss Coppinger, the talented young violiniste, and was a great success.

Having lately seen a paragraph in THE WEEK to the effect that "The Prodigal Son," *Sullivan*, had never been heard in Canada, I beg to say that the oratorio was performed in London last year at Knox Church, under the efficient leadership of its organist, Mr. W. Barron, the soloists being Mrs. Watt and Miss Duggan, London; Mr. Jenkins, Cleveland, and Mr. Schuch, Toronto.

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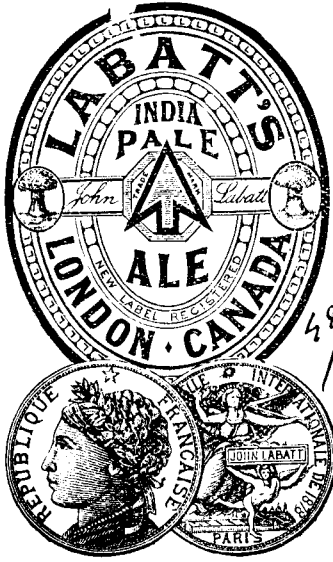
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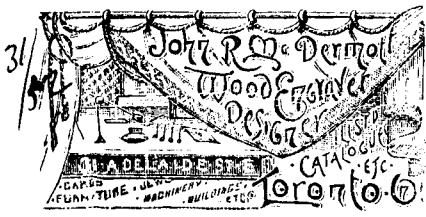


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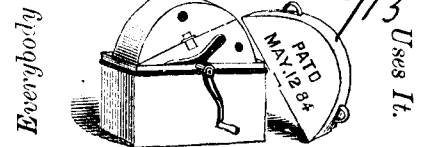
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