THE WEEK:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

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Toronto, Thursday, December 30th, 1886.

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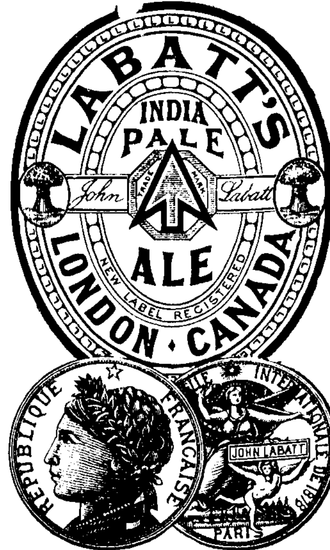

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THE WEEK.

Fourth Year.
Vol. IV., No. 5.

Toronto, Thursday, December 30th, 1886.

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OUR LIBRARY TABLE

THE ENGLISH CRISIS.

SELDOM has a prophet of evil enjoyed the melancholy satisfaction of seeing his prophecy fulfilled more signally than has THE WEEK in the case of Lord Randolph Churchill. Few things in the history of English public men can be compared to his lordship's desertion of the Queen's Government at the moment when it is at once coping with a great peril abroad and entering on a decisive conflict with rebellion at home. What is the assigned cause signifies little, though such a pretext as a difference of opinion about the Army and Navy Estimates would be singularly futile and hollow, inasmuch as no man in his senses can think that a great reduction is possible in face of the present attitude of Russia. To break up a Government on such a question as the immediate abolition of pensions would again be an act of idiocy; not to mention that of all pensions, about the most indefensible is that which is held by the Churchill family, and out of which whatever Lord Randolph inherited from his father was probably saved. The real motive it might be difficult to disentangle from a complexity of tendencies all equally noble. It may be merely petulant impatience of opposition encountered in the Cabinet; it may be the hope of supplanting Lord Salisbury as Sir Stafford Northcote was supplanted; it may be a fit of panic like that with which his lordship was seized when last he came into collision with the Parnellites, and which brought the first Salisbury Government to an ignominious end; it may be a combination of one or all of these with a consciousness of having recently committed damaging blunders, which, as we were assured on good authority, had betrayed itself before the resignation. Lord Randolph Churchill rose not by honourable effort, but by intriguing against his colleagues; and the latter end of such a man is sure to be like the first. His present apostasy is the natural sequel of his original treachery. He climbed into office by an intrigue with the Parnellites, and after his conduct in the Maamtrasna debate honourable members of his party refused to appear with him on the platform. His recorded belief is that a distinction between wholesome and unwholesome victories is unpractical, and that the right thing is to win, leaving morality to say what it pleases; and the avowal of such a belief before the world shows that the wisdom of the profession is on a level with his integrity. Nothing could be more true than the saying of the *Standard*, that Lord Randolph was trying to play over again the game of Disraeli with a fiftieth part of the talent. His lordship has the gift of rhetoric, which a multitude craving for excitement accepts in place of genuine ability and of honour. Sterling quality as a statesman we are convinced that he has none. His supposed success as leader of the House of Commons during the short autumnal session amounted to very little: the novelty and responsibility of his position not only restrained his petulance, but made him profusely civil; but he had only to pass the estimates to which, as they had been framed by Mr. Gladstone, the Opposition was committed, while his majority was large and solid. There was in fact scarcely any occasion for the display of authority over men, address, or promptitude of judgment. Lord Randolph has a friend in the *Times*, to which his resignation, it appears, was prematurely communicated; and the immense services rendered by that journal to the nation, which it practically led in the decisive struggle for the Union, have been a little marred by the share which it has had in entrusting the fruits of victory to the hands of a man who, if it suited him, would disincumber himself of his Unionist principles as lightly as of any other baggage which delayed his march. It is only to be hoped that the leaders of the party will see that the wise course is to send the intriguer once for all about his business, whatever immediate loss of the support of Music Halls and "Tory Democracy" the renunciation may entail. Richard Cromwell asked Monk what was to be done with the fractious and mutinous chiefs of the army. "Cashier them outright," was Monk's reply, "and their influence will be gone." It is not likely that Lord Randolph Churchill will carry with him any of the Conservative members in the House of Commons. The Tory Democracy in the country may be disquieted, but it does not follow that there will be a revolt, and a general election is not at hand.

Still, the weakness of the Government and the temporary loss of support in the country which must ensue make the situation one of extreme peril. The very stars in their courses seem to be fighting against the nation. To those who remember Lord Hartington as an amateur politician and a lounger in public life, yawning at his own speech, it seems marvellous and almost tragical that in him, and in the confidence which his character inspires, should now be placed England's best hope of escape from confusion and dismemberment. Aristocracy in its last hour may claim, at all events, to have done something for the country, since, had Lord Hartington been a Commoner, it is more than likely that he would never have sought a seat in Parliament, and even if he had sought one, that, being devoid of showy gifts and popular arts, he would not have obtained it. His birth made him a politician; duty and his country's need have made him a statesman. What he will now do can be learned only from his own lips. The departure of Lord Randolph Churchill must have removed one most repulsive impediment to coalition. But Lord Hartington seems to cling to the idea that the Liberal party may yet be purged of Separatism, and to feel it his duty to persist in the attempt. Yet the Irish Question is not the only one which now divides him and Mr. Goschen from Radicals like Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Bradlaugh, Mr. Illingworth, or Mr. Gladstone himself; and even supposing it were, the wedlock of Radicalism with Parnellism has been too completely sealed ever to be dissolved. The powerful voice of Sir Henry James will no doubt be again raised against a coalition; but Lord Hartington must be aware that Sir Henry is in some measure a Unionist in his own despite, having nailed his colours to the mast, before Mr. Gladstone's sudden conversion, by a declaration which he has understood to have been not unwilling to modify after it, had not his constituency held him to his pledge. Lord Hartington's chief difficulty in deciding on a coalition would be his relations with Mr. Chamberlain, and the Unionist Radicals, whom he would not be willing to leave in the lurch, while it would be impossible for him to take them with him. Meantime, the nation, unless it can be provided with a strong Government, such as would form a rallying-point for all who are opposed to revolution and disunion, may literally go to pieces. If ever there was a time in England for sacrificing party traditions and personal ties to country, it is this. Lord Salisbury has throughout behaved nobly, and the abuse with which Radical organs assail him for his generous overtures to Lord Hartington only proves that he has acted not less wisely as the leader of a party than patriotically as an Englishman.

LORD GEORGE PAGET, writing of the famous charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, says: "One incident struck me forcibly about this time—the bearing of riderless horses in such circumstances. I was, of course, riding by myself, and clear of the line, and for that reason was a marked object for the poor dumb brutes. They consequently made dashes at me, some advancing with me a considerable distance; at one time as many as five on my right and two on my left cringing in on me, and positively squeezing me as the round shot came bounding by them. I remarked their eyes, betokening as keen a sense of the perils around them as we human beings experienced (and that is saying a good deal). The bearing of the horse I was riding, in contrast to these, was remarkable. He had been struck, but showed no signs of fear, thus evincing the confidence of dumb animals in the superior being."

LORD SELBORNE ON DISESTABLISHMENT.*

To defend the Church of England in what is evidently her extreme peril, a champion of no ordinary might has stepped into the lists. Lord Selborne not only comes arrayed in a panoply of historical and legal learning, but brings with him one of the finest of judicial intellects, the reputation for practical wisdom which belongs to a veteran statesman, and the highest authority as a man. The tribe of iconoclastic pamphleteers, with its haphazard information and shallow commonplaces, at once shrinks abashed before him. His work will be read with extreme eagerness and fervent gratitude by all who have an interest in the maintenance of the Anglican Establishment, a description which embraces Anglicans on this side of the water, who feel that the social position of their Church here is largely due to its connection with its dignified and sumptuous Mother Church in the Old Country. They will find the title of the Church of England set forth and maintained historically, legally, and practically, by the most powerful of advocates.

On the historical part of the question it seems to us, though very interesting, not very useful to dwell. The status of the Church in the Catholic Middle Ages is entirely a thing of the past. There was then but one Church, the divinity and infallibility of which were as certain as the existence of the sun in heaven, so that it was as plainly the duty of a Christian government to burn you alive for heresy as it was to hang you for treason. The State did not establish the Church; it was bound by the manifest law of God, and under penalty of divine wrath, to recognise, uphold, endow, and, as her clergy contended, to obey her. The powers, possessions, privileges, and immunities of the priesthood were secured to them not by human but by divine law; to touch them was not a violation of the right of property, personal or corporate, but sacrilege. Tithe was a tribute which the clergy declared to be assigned to them by the revealed will of God, and the payment of which the State enforced in deference to their declaration. Moreover, the Church in England was not the Church of England, it was a segment of Latin Christendom; its head was the Pope of Rome; when it showed its distinctive character, as it did under Becket, instead of being national it was anti-national, and set the Government of the nation at defiance.

This in time came to an end. Nationality revolted against foreign rule, reason against superstition, morality against clerical vice, the economical interest of the country against the inordinate growth of Church property which was devouring England, as it is now devouring Quebec. By the Reformation, while the continuity of the Church remained in contemplation of the law unbroken, its status and the title by which its clergy held their rights and possessions were materially changed. Severed from its European connection it accepted the Royal Supremacy, and became, we will not say the creature, but an institution and a function of the State. Whatever part may have been formally played by the Bishops or Convocation, it is impossible to deny that the system of the National Church, including its doctrine as well as its ritual, was moulded, re-moulded, and finally adjusted by the government of the Tudors. Had the clergy been allowed their own way, they would simply have crushed all attempts at change in England, as they did in Spain, and by much the same means. The synodal action of the Church at once became weak, was subordinated to the ecclesiastical action of Parliament and the Government, and finally fell altogether into abeyance. With the property of the Church—not only that belonging to monasteries, but that belonging to bishoprics and chapters, —the Government dealt as freely as it did with Crown lands; nor can the status of this property since the Reformation be distinguished, as it seems to us, from that of public property of other kinds. We speak, it is needless to say, of tithes and the ancient endowments. The Church of England has, within the last two centuries, received a great mass of private benefactions, her right of corporate property in which is beyond dispute. With regard to the tithes and the ancient endowments, we cannot, after reading Lord Selborne's powerful, though perhaps somewhat forensic argument, persuade ourselves that a case of proprietary right has been made out against the nation.

The really strong argument—if not for keeping things as they are, at least for dealing with the question in a spirit different from that of violent and vindictive Radicalism,—is contained in this powerful passage.

Law and political changes may shift burdens from man to man, from class to class, and may in a greater or less degree, affect the accumulation and the distribution of wealth. But they cannot produce, among men generally, equality of outward condition or fortune, any more than they can produce equality of bodily strength, or intellectual gifts, or moral qualities and characters. Poor, absolutely or by comparison, the greater number always and everywhere will be, dependent for no small part of their happiness and well-being upon their relations to other men;—most of them will unavoidably fall below the higher; large numbers will fall below the average level of intellectual power and attainment, and also of moral strength. If a law-giver were devising ideal institutions for a nation, I do not think he could imagine one more beneficial, than that, in every place where any considerable number of people have settled habitations,—in every such place as our parishes are,—there should be at least one man, educated, intelligent, and religious, whose life should be dedicated to the especial business and duty of doing to all the people of that place all the good he can,—ministering to their souls, and ready always to be their friend and counsellor; setting before rich and poor a higher standard of good and evil, happiness and misery, than that of the world; helping them to understand the value of those best gifts which are open to all, Divine and human love, and true elevation of character; organising around him all practicable instrumental means of self-improvement and mutual help; instructing the young and ignorant; alleviating the necessities of the aged, infirm, sick, and needy; comforting, strengthening, and encouraging the unhappy and the weak; warning against evil example, corruption, and crime; and (as far as may be without impairing the force of those lessons) showing mercy and extending succour to the fallen. Such in idea, in principle, and in general intention, is the institution of the parochial ministry of the Church of England. Such, in that degree which is compatible with human weakness, and with the necessity of working on so large a scale by a great number and variety of instruments, it is in practice.

This, as it seems to us, not anything legal or historical, is the best defence of the Establishment. On the other side are to be set the evils of the political connection. The complicity of the clergy in the attempt of the Stuarts against public liberty and the nobler life of the nation,—the Civil War, too truly called that of the Bishops, the persecution, not less perfidious than it was cruel, of the Nonconformists by Sheldon and his brethren under the Restoration, the renewal of intolerant legislation under the infamous leadership of the infidel Bolingbroke, clerical Jacobitism, the stimulus given by the clergy to the American and French wars,—cannot be passed over as mere conservatism. The brief accession of the clergy to the side of liberty in 1688, when their own possessions had been attacked, did not redeem their general conduct. In the small majority which threw out Romilly's Bill, repealing the penalty of death for petty robbery, in the Lords, there were seven Bishops, who represented only too faithfully the political tendencies of their order. We rue at this hour the behaviour of the Bishops in Ireland to the Presbyterians, and to the memory of those wrongs—carried across the Atlantic in the breasts of the Presbyterian exiles,— was due in no small measure the fatal rupture of the American Colonies with the Mother Country. To the deadening influence of political patronage also must be ascribed the torpor or worse than torpor into which the Anglican clergy as a body fell during the last century, and which extended to the Universities, then, unhappily for both parties, in their hands. This, we repeat, is something more than the natural and salutary conservatism characteristic of an ancient institution. If English liberty and justice are good things, the political record of the Anglican clergy is mournful. History proclaims in its saddest, bloodiest, and most shameful pages that the words "My kingdom is not of this world" are not only true, but true in the most comprehensive sense, true of political alliances as well as of political ascendancy.

A change evidently must come. It must come, if for no other reason, for this, that while the Church has lost the power of self-government and self-adaptation, her head now, instead of being an Anglican king, is a Parliament made up of men of all creeds, and of men of none; she is, in effect, unorganised, and without corporate life. The question for statesmen is how the change shall be made with the smallest shock to the spiritual life of a nation of which the Established Church has so long been an organic part, and without impairing the religious reverence, which, as is pointed out in a sermon preached by an eminent Methodist clergyman in Toronto, and quoted by Lord Selborne, in his appendix, has been ingrained in the national character by the public profession of religion. Tithe, we feel sure, whatever may be its legal history, is an impost which must share the doom of church rates, if it is not voluntarily renounced. It has no stronger historical basis, we repeat, than a pretension of the clergy, founded on a misapplication of the Mosaic law, and superstitiously admitted by the State. But the rest—fabrics, parsonages, glebes, Episcopal or Cathedral estates, together with the whole mass of really private benefactions—may yet be retained; and in return for the renunciation of tithe, self government and corporate life may be recovered. This, we apprehend, is the best bargain that can be made, and there is no time for making it like the present. If the Church stands stiffly to all the claims that legal learning and skill can set up for her in the historical Court of Chancery, the result will be that she will go by the board, and popular religion will be involved in the same ruin.

Lord Selborne opens with an appeal, in the form of a letter, to Mr.

* Macmillan and Company, London and New York.

Gladstone. The appeal ought not to be in vain. Mr. Gladstone is committed to the maintenance of a State Church, not on mutable grounds of expediency such as those on which Sir Robert Peel, before his conversion, was committed to Protection, but on the immutable grounds of principle. His principle, we believe, as set forth in his memorable work on the Church in its relations to the State, he has never renounced; but he says that he was absolved from allegiance to it by the act of the nation in augmenting the grant to Maynooth. It is difficult to see how the defeat of a principle in a particular instance can absolve any man's conscience from allegiance to it; still more difficult is it to see how it can warrant him in heading an attack upon it, and riding into power upon its overthrow. Yet some ambiguous phrase of about as much value as the words which an Inquisitor used in delivering a heretic to the mercy of the secular arm will be all that Lord Selborne's affectionate adjurations will produce. If Disestablishment is the winning card, Mr. Gladstone will play it. In his craving for one more spell of power he has passed the moral bounds of ambition, and he hears such voices as that of Lord Selborne no more.

NOTES ON NEWS FROM PARIS.

There are strange "toquades" in the world, but that of fasting seems certainly the most novel and least comprehensible. Signor Succi, savouring a little of the quack with his mysterious elixir, has had difficulty enough in forming a committee of surveillance. At last the desired number of gentlemen have volunteered to watch, and mark the efficacy of the dark liquid, which, its discoverer pretends, makes eating unnecessary during a certain period of time. The faster has begun his task—for the sake of science, or rather to obtain a sale for his drug. However, since he is willing to attempt to prove the virtue of his prescription by the unusual method of testing it himself, we can scarcely quarrel with him. In the meantime a rival enthusiast has been edifying the learned and the curious by his feats in this new art. The young Merlatti, if he is still alive, is now finishing his thirty-fourth day. But this abstemious youth does not seem to be prompted by any ardent love of either science or humanity, only moved by the same feelings that urge small boys to walk on shaky bridges and narrow ledges. Nevertheless, he kindly offers himself to the faculty to be studied.

A new play of M. Dumas', "Francillon," is about to be given at the Théâtre Français. His last, "Denise," was not a little appreciated by the sympathetic auditors, to whom the maudlin spirit of this playwright is peculiarly attractive. There is something grimly amusing in the tears of these old *roués* weeping over catastrophes, the like of which their own peccadillos brought about so oft in days past; nay, may in all probability be causing at the very moment! It is to be hoped the key-note struck in the "Dame aux Camélias" and "La Dame aux Perles" will be changed in this, their author's latest effusion, and we shall at last hear something of "La Dame Moraliste."

At the Gymnase a dramatised version of Georges Ohnet's "La Comtesse Sarah" will be played shortly. This is another of the Parisian's favourites. Though he takes all the Gaul's usual delight in the questionable sides of life, still a certain virility, rather lacking in M. Dumas, makes some atonement. His "Maître de Forge," you will remember, began its marvellous "run" about three years ago.

In "Michel Pauper," by Henri Becque, Mlle. Weber reappears at the Odéon. Some ten months since this young actress made her *début* in "Les Jacobites," and then the most experienced critics expressed unbounded delight, and hailed a new Rachel. But, strange to say, in no other *rôle* besides this one of "Marie," where she seemed, it is true, rather to be acting out her own nature, *playing* hardly any part, has she been extraordinarily successful. However, she possesses all the passionate nature of a *tragédienne*, and we have a right to expect great things from this young girl, with her pale, expressive face, flashing eyes, and deep-toned voice.

It was proposed a short time ago to remove the Gobelin tapestry manufactory to Compiègne, but so great was the despair manifested by the workmen engaged in it, who declared all their cunning and genius would take flight once away from inspiring Paris, that the scheme was abandoned. These artists live, move, and have their being in this *entourage*. The manufactory is to them home and studio, and the ground adjoining it a place for recreation, where each cultivates his little garden when the day's work is over. Though the pay is small—an apprentice receiving three hundred francs a year, and the most skilful artist three thousand francs—employment in the Gobelins is much sought. But the father's vacant place is almost always filled by his son; indeed, the ancestors of some there now were workers in the time of Louis XV. and Louis XVI.

The manufactory received its name from one Jean Gobelin, who, four centuries ago, erected a dyeing establishment on the banks of the Bièvre, a brook on the left side of the Seine. Later, tapestry began to be made in the same building. This manufactory was bought by Colbert, Minister of Louis XIV., and afterwards carried on at the expense of the Government. It was found in time not to pay, so its products were excluded from the public market, and reserved henceforth for the family of the reigning monarch, or presented to foreign courts and dignitaries.

In the exhibition rooms we find to-day pieces of tapestry copied from paintings, all more or less famous, but many most valuable ones were destroyed by the Communists of 1871.

Where work is going on we might learn no easy lesson of patient perseverance. There they sit, these pale-faced men, copying in wools and silks with magic fingers the picture at their side. The stretched threads of the loom before them, a loom resembling the ones in general use, bear a part of the design, upon which they are actually engaged, drawn in chalk. At present hangings for the Palais de l'Elysée, the Luxembourg, and the Panthéon are in the hands of the artists.

Monsieur Caro—*le philosophe des dames*—has distinguished himself this year at the Académie Française by his sympathetic and eloquent panegyric on virtue, delivered *àpropos* of the "Prix de Vertue," which were being awarded to the doers of noble deeds. About a century ago M. de Montéjou bequeathed a considerable portion of his fortune to the Académie, requesting it, at the same time, to eulogise in a public discourse every year the most virtuous action recently accomplished. A little later Chamfort rather ridiculed this idea, asking if it were possible to pay virtue, and adding, if we wished to honour it, a worthier homage would be given by allowing it to be its own reward. But M. Caro cast very far from his *confrères* the imputation that they presumed to set a price on the brilliant deeds he was about to record. Even if they could be paid, what mines of gold or diamonds would they not exhaust? No; all the Academicians pretended to do was to hold up for admiration and imitation these heroic creatures, to whom such recompense alone might be acceptable, and the money offered—merely a slight aid to prolong their self-sacrificing lives. With regard to the classifying of the actions recommended to them, again the modest speaker disclaimed for himself and his colleagues any pretence to that degree of perfection which would warrant their standing in judgment—"*Amis de la vertue plutôt que vertueux.*" (I suppose this is on the principle of critics being those who have failed in literature and art.) But is there no deep-rooted affinity between that taste which is excited by the beautiful and the sympathy which what is good inspires—another form of taste? Is not the discernment that the study of letters produces an initiation, as it were, to the study of charity? This latter is perhaps the best thought M. Caro's speech contained; but, unfortunately, it is only one of Rousseau's ideas inverted. With regard to choosing the worthiest among the extraordinary actions, the record of which lay before him, the orator vowed he found it difficult enough. Still, self-sacrificing joy in one's family was certainly more comprehensible, a more natural outcome of nature, than devotion to beings unknown. Whereupon the Academician immediately begins to speak of deeds belonging to the former category as first worthy of notice! A poor child was dreadfully burnt from the chest to the knees; the only means of salvation was by epidermic graft. Without hesitation his parents offered themselves to supply what was necessary to save him. Five large grafts were taken from the father, and twenty-two smaller ones from the mother. The boy survived; and so on, many other accounts of like devotion. Then came the stories of those actions "more shocking to the common sense of this good world"—life-long sacrifice to creatures having no other claim than "I am cold, hungry, sick; I am dying." One noble woman, whose face is completely disfigured by a terrible cancer, not content with bearing bravely her own troubles, is unwearying in her care of others. Some time ago a young consumptive, forgetting all that was revolting in her appearance, and seeming only conscious of the exquisite goodness that pervaded her whole being, prayed his devoted nurse to kiss him before he died!

Though a little outside the rules of the Académie, its members had, however, decided to grant to the Institut Pasteur several thousands of francs from the fund Comte Honoré de Sussy. It was edifying in no small degree to hear the warm praise M. Caro bestowed on the scientist of whom to-day France has most reason to be proud—the untiring worker who realises so thoroughly Buffon's words, "*Le génie est une longue patience.*" "*Quand je ne travaille pas il me semble que je commets un vol.*" Yes, but robed science is not his only thought; the poor, frightened humanity, waiting without his door, are also remembered.

By some Nature is called immoral. No, it is not immoral; it merely ignores, takes no account of morality. Provided the species still continue, the death of the individual is of no account. Therefore is it she sows the

germs of life on and in the sea with such wild prodigality. What matter if thousands of the weak, useless ones perish? Victory is to the strong. At this point charity steps in, "giving, as it were, a soul to Nature," not changing, but working in, moralising her. And so the poor world goes on, and the good which is in it kept alive by the free, loving souls that exist in spite of the blind forces surrounding them. Thus ends M. Caro's oration, a highly satisfactory production to every one.

I have come across the description of a certain lady's ornament at a recent *soirée*—an odd affair in its way. The rope with which some unfortunate fellow committed suicide hung round her snowy neck, and to it was attached a large emerald! Upon a friend's being informed that the necklace in question had strangled no devoted swain, but only an unknown individual, the worthy dame vowed that, were she to wear a jewel of similar originality, it would only be the bullet that had pierced a skull for her sake!

After a despairing number of refusals to accept the post of Resident-General of Tonkin, M. Bihourd has been brave enough to take the unenviable position. His ship will cross in the Red Sea that in which the coffin of Paul Bert is being brought home.

Truly dingy streets of crowded towns seem fitter rendezvous for dilapidated socialists than this free little land; nevertheless, at Chaux de Fonds will be held shortly, convoked by Prince Kropotkine, a meeting of all the fractions of the Anarchist sect, to decide the ground of action on which those are to stand who wish to resolve social questions by revolutionary methods.

Montreux, Suisse, Nov. 29. L. L.

SWEET OF MY LIFE.

Love is to life as perfume to the rose,
A sweet unseen enjoyment that doth lend
Rapture to beauty; so doth Nature send
The harmony of happiness, that flows
Half way between hot Passion's leaps and throes
And Apathy, where worn-out feelings end.
Throughout the universe there doth attend
Upon all active ordering—repose.

O thou! the fair embodiment of good,
Who first within me found the chord of love,
Necessity of life! in thee doth move
The very quintessence of womanhood;
Without thy love my life would be as bare
As would the rose without its perfume rare.

Paris. E. G. Garthwaite.

*JOTTINGS OFF THE C. P. R.**

Our camping-ground at Six-Mile Creek proved so seductive that, the following day being Sunday, we unwittingly assumed the privileges associated with the sabbath, and slept late, viz., until after eight o'clock; consequently it was ten before a start was effected. We continued our way then over the high grass benches on which we had sojourned the previous night, and followed the course of the river farther and farther up the beautiful Kootenay Valley. A cold wind blew down upon us from the Rocky Mountains, near which we were riding, and made the temperature anything but agreeable for early September weather, especially as the sun was concealed behind heavy gray clouds, while masses of mist rolled along the sides of the range, and threatened every moment to envelop us in sheets of rain. We caught occasional glimpses of the Kootenay winding far below us through its yellow hay marshes and extensive flats, similar in character to the one we had passed on Saturday. At noon we reached the second crossing of the river. Here the ferryman had a picturesque log house, charmingly situated on a cliff high above the water, and commanding a most extensive view of the country we had just ridden through, as well as that upon which we were about to turn our backs. We got off our horses and descended on foot the steep gravel road leading down to the Kootenay, which we crossed, animals and riders, in a large flat-bottomed scow, propelled by the force of the current and worked with pulleys upon a heavy rope stretched in primitive fashion from a tree on one bank to a tree on the other, the river here being some hundred feet wide only at low water. Mounting again we left the Kootenay behind us, and rode on through a wooded bottom of young poplars, where some grouse got up under our horses' feet, but escaped into the thick cover about us. We soon came to the end of this flat, and ascended a high hill into more park country beyond. A gallop over this brought us to one of a chain of small lakes covered with wild fowl, where we stopped to dine, and were *en route* again by three o'clock; we had not gone far before the threatening clouds of mist descended upon us in a solid, penetrating rain. After cantering on for about a mile through this damp medium, Colonel Baker's ranche came suddenly into view, and was hailed with proportionate delight. It consisted of a number of detached buildings situated on a gently-rising ground from the broad plain below, which stretched away to some wooded grass benches, and was bounded in the gray distance by the main range of the Rocky Mountains rising in serrated peaks upon the horizon.

We received the warmest of welcomes, and were soon drying ourselves over a huge fire in the sitting-room. The house proper was a long, low, log building, entered by a hall its full width, whose walls were decorated with numerous saddles, bridles, and other equestrian appointments; from this, one door opened upon a succession of bedrooms, occupying all the available space upon that side; the other upon the typical, or rather ideal, living room of a gentleman's residence in the wilds of British Columbia. This apartment was very large, and was filled with chairs, lounges, tables, and bookshelves; a gun-rack, with nine handsome rifles and various implements of the rod and chase, occupied a prominent position on one side, almost opposite to a writing-desk of business-like proportions, with pigeon-holes filled with papers and documents. The crowning feature of the whole was an enormous fire-place at the end, quite large enough to roast the proverbial ox in, which certainly accommodated a full-length cordwood stick with perfect ease. Above the high mantel-piece a magnificent cariboo's head reigned monarch of all he surveyed, as no doubt his owner had done in his day, and below this were the spiral horns of a small, white-tailed deer, killed near the ranche. The floor was covered with rugs and matting; the walls adorned with coloured pictures from the *Graphic* and *Illustrated News*, and the windows commanded an extensive view to the west, of rolling mountains and wooded plains with the noble Selkirk Range lying in the distance.

The rain continued to descend in torrents until late in the evening, and we congratulated ourselves heartily on being under a roof. We found the same party of Englishmen (which, however, included Mr. Forbes, part owner of the celebrated American yacht, *Puritan*, himself a Bostonian), whom we had met and camped with in the Kootenay woods; they were, like ourselves, enjoying Col. Baker's hospitality, and we spent a most agreeable evening, discussing various adventures by land and water, and relating our personal experience in the country. We found they had only arrived two hours before us, having crossed the Kootenay River after we parted with them, and followed a different trail to ours up the opposite side of the valley. The following morning we realised one of the numerous phases of ranche life in the departure of these gentlemen, with numerous pack-horses and packers, on a hunting expedition in Montana. Another Englishman, who had been shooting for two months in the Rocky Mountains with a solitary attendant, had also turned up the previous evening, drenched to the skin, and made his exit with four more horses a couple of hours later in another direction. The arrival and departure of travellers and hunters serves to break the monotony of ranche life in the interior, where communication with the outer world is only maintained by a mail once in six weeks, and the society of fellow-creatures is warmly appreciated amid so much unavoidable isolation.

The day broke decidedly damp and chilly, with a heavy mist hanging over both mountain and valley; but a rising barometer indicated fine weather, and by noon all the clouds had dispersed, and a glorious sun was drying up the well-soaked ground. I took a short walk with mine host after lunch to see some of the beautiful views that Cranbrooke boasted, and was lost in admiration of golden stubble-fields, a mile long and a mile wide, which Col. Baker has rescued from the plain, and which extended, in well-fenced lines, to the distant foothills below the mountains. We concluded our little expedition by a visit to the Palace Hotel, on the same property and not far from the house. This rambling log-building of ambitious nomenclature was the abode of a prosperous Chinaman, known in the neighbourhood as the "Captain;" his rank dated, I believe, from the time when he commanded a pirate junk. Previous to his nautical experiences he held the honourable appointment of Lord High Executioner in the Celestial Empire; and a notable character he was—gray, grizzled, and communicative. We went into the Palace, sat down, and chatted with him for a time, so far as his limited command of the English language would permit; he bestowed upon me some delectable condiments called China candy, consisting of small, dried plums, like prunes, and slices of sugared citron, not particularly clean. His hotel (save the name!) was the resort of all his countrymen, numbers of whom were mining in the neighbourhood, and was largely patronised. The room we entered immediately from the door and sat in was curiously adorned with a tawdry altar and Chinese god, placed high above my head on the wall, while the partitions were lavishly decorated with brilliantly-coloured hieroglyphics. The lodgers and visitors occupied open bunks, supported on light poles, which did not look inviting, as goes without saying. E. S.

*Continued from The Week of Nov. 11.

CORRESPONDENCE.

JOHN BRIGHT.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—You speak of John Bright's love of Milton. Bright once asked, who ought to be deemed the greatest of Englishmen, and answered his own question by naming Milton on the ground that he, above all other men, combined the greatness of a man of letters with the greatness of a citizen. Bright is very fond of poetry of the Miltonic class, and reads it magnificently. But finest of all is his reading of the Bible. In that he has no peer.

Anglus.

A DEER HUNT IN THE NEW FOREST.

Let it be one of those glorious spring mornings that now and then gladden the hearts of the sons of men wearied with winter and longing for genial warmth and bright skies. It matters not where the meet may be; in this beautiful country it cannot but be a lovely spot, and the ride to it almost a dream of beauty. In a mile or so we leave the high road and branch off on to springy turf under an archway of grand old beech and oak such as would be the pride of any park in Europe. How green and velvety is the thick moss on the north side of every forest giant, and how bright and glossy are the numerous thickets of holly that clothe the base of almost every other spreading beech. The turf is soft and springy after last night's rain, and every little rill shows how the land is yet full of the rainfall of the sullen winter that is grudgingly retiring. Here we emerge on to a grand open glade; a clump or two of beech shows its vastness as they stand like islands in a sea of grass and heather. What an exquisite tint of pale green is over all that rolling volume of beech trees, and how well it is relieved by the golden tinge which is creeping over the adjacent masses of oak. Through a gate we pass into a vast plantation of fir, oak, and larch. What a beautiful colour has come on to the larch with the bursting of innumerable buds on every spray, and how exquisitely patches of it contrast with the more sombre green of the Scotch fir as we stand on the hill top and gaze over a huge sea of verdure rolling for hundreds of acres beneath us. And so down into the valley we plunge, where all is dark green, lighted up with the red stems of the fir—for it is too early yet for the young oaks to burst into leaf and clothe all with the dense mass of foliage that summer brings—and along the wide green rides we canter till we emerge at the crest of the opposite hill, and, passing out on to the heather, pause for a moment to take in the view before us. All around, and as far as the eye can reach, is a rolling expanse of heath and gorse—the latter golden with blossom and redolent with perfume.

. . . .

Very unlike fox-hunting in its preliminary stages is the chase of the deer. These animals, let it be remembered, naturally consort in herds. In this plantation or in that are, it may be, fifteen or twenty deer of which but one or two are huntable. It is the duty of the harbourer to observe these deer when on the feed, to watch or track them to the thicker covert, and to be able to point out to the huntsman the actual track of a warrantable deer—if possible alone, or in company with two or three deer only. Without information of this kind much time must be wasted. Deer after deer of the wrong sort may be found, only to stop hounds on their line; and it will be either by great good luck or by great perseverance on the huntsman's part that a warrantable deer will be found at all while there is light to hunt him by. But to-day all is *couleur de rose*. The report of the harbourer is as favourable as possible. The herd of the does, which comprises all the deer of that sex which frequent this particular district, have moved over the hill into an immense plantation, which for to-day we hope to avoid, and in the wood hard by are two noble bucks, both of warrantable size, but one is an especially fine one.

. . . .

A note on the horn and the huntsman holds them [the hounds] back, and as they pass to the leeward of the thicket you see each head flung upwards; a pause of a moment, and the hounds drive into the thorns as if they "knew something." Tally ho! There he goes! and out over the tops of the bushes bounds a grand buck, with thorns as wide as the outspread palm of a man's hand, followed in a second by his friend, a deer even bigger than himself. Away go the tufters almost in view, away go master and whip; for, before anything can be done, these two deer must be separated. Nor does this take long; for both of them together plunge into the thickest part of the adjoining plantation.

. . . .

Here then is one of the chief of the many difficulties encountered by the man who endeavours to hunt the wild deer. The object of every old deer is to substitute another for himself at the earliest possible opportunity, and no pains are spared by him to achieve this object. In fact it may be taken for granted that if once the hounds are laid on to an old and cunning buck there will be on foot, in front of the pack, a younger or smaller deer within twenty minutes. It is here that all the huntsman's skill is required in order to detect the moment that the change takes place, even though he may not view the deer, so that as soon as he can be assured that he is not hunting the warrantable deer he started with, he may go back and by a clever cast recover the line of him. However in this case all has gone well; one great difficulty is over and nothing remains but to call up the pack as quickly as possible, and to lay them on to the line of the best of the two bucks. Not much time is lost over this, and it is a beautiful sight to see the huntsman bring up the eager well-trained pack clustering close round his horse's heels until he is within a few yards of the line of the deer. Then with one wave of his hand every hound is on the line, and a glorious chorus bursts from them as they drive to the front like a field of horses starting for the Derby. Riders must sit down in the saddle, and catch hold of their horse's heads, if they mean to live with them as they swing over the open heather and grass at a pace that will soon choke off the butcher boy out for a holiday, and the gentleman in livery who is trying to get the family carriage horse near enough to the front to see *what* mischief his young masters and mistresses are getting into. But it is too good to last—the deer is hardly yet aware that he is hunted, and has gone straight into the thickest part of one of the plantations, where he has again lain down. A check of a moment as the hounds flash over the line, and then a deafening burst of music as swinging round they wind him and rouse him in their midst. Away he goes, but only runs a short ring, dodging backwards and forwards till a stranger exclaims that he is "beat already!" Not so; he is but exercising his craft, and, while he turns short enough to baffle the hounds, he searches every thicket in order to push out a younger comrade to take his place and relieve him from the very awkward position he finds himself in. No such luck is in store for him to-day, and ere long, fairly frightened, he sets his head straight and, abandoning for the present his wiles, he takes refuge in flight. Running the whole length of the covert, he is viewed over the fence and away over the open moorland. Not far behind him are the hounds, and they stream over the heather in what has been well described as "the mute ecstasy of a burning scent." Mile after mile is covered; one large plantation is entered, but the pressed deer threads his way through the rides almost without touching the covert, and hardly a check has occurred till after forty minutes of hard galloping the hounds fling up on the further bank of a small river. There our deer has "soiled," nor has he very quickly left the cooling shelter; but it is a beautiful sight to see the older hounds carry the scent down the very middle of the water: here questing the bubbles which float on the surface, there trying a rush or alder bough which, hanging over the water, has perchance scraped the deer's back and absorbed some of the scent particles—steadily, if not rapidly, they carry the line down the water with ever and anon a deep note or light whimper as some subtle indication brings to the mind of some veteran of the pack assurance doubly sure that he is on the line of his quarry. It is a curious faculty, that of hunting the water in this way, and it seems to be born with some hounds, while others never acquire it. Doubtless it is hereditary, like the power of owning a line upon hard roads and similar places which some hounds have possessed in so marked a degree and transmitted to their progeny. But to our chase. A chorus from the pack marks the spot where our deer has left the water, after travelling for over half a mile down it. Yet the hounds cannot at first hunt the line of the wet animal as they could before he entered the river. Ere long, however, the scent improves, and the pack is soon driving along the green mossy glades of a beautiful oak wood, mixed with thickets of holly and blackthorn. Ah! what is that that bounds out of one of these thickets right in front of the leading hound? A doe, as I live! followed, by all that is unlucky! by one, two, three others! Of course the hounds have got a view, and naturally are straining every nerve to catch the deer which fresh and not alarmed bound gaily in front of them. Here then is another of the manifold difficulties which the deer hunter has to contend with—that of a change on to fresh quarry at the end of a fine run. All seems lost; the hounds are running almost in view, and some of the more desponding of the field turn away for home.

Those who remain to see the end remark hopefully that the huntsman "is not beat yet"—nor luckily is his horse, or that of his whip, and aided by a turn of speed and a knowledge of the line of the deer, they have got to the heads of the pack before they penetrated into the fastnesses of the neighbouring plantation. A blast on the horn, a rate and a crack of a whip, has stopped the pack, well-trained to do so. And so it is essential they should be, at whatever cost, in a country where this manœuvre must be so often repeated. But now the huntsman has his pack in hand, and it is for him to recover the line of his hunted buck, or else go home. He knows well how far they brought him, but all the ground forward of this point is foiled by fresh deer, and it will be no easy matter to keep clear of the lines which he knows to be wrong. Yet he has a strong opinion withal as to where his deer was making for, and very carefully and with judgment he holds his hounds forward on a wide swinging cast clear of foiled ground. See at the very end of his cast they hit a line, apparently a cold one, but those who know how the scent of a beaten deer fades away to nothing, become hopeful. The hounds too are very keen on the line, though they can hardly carry it on. At a soft place the master catches a glimpse of his slot, and is reassured to find that he is on the line of a single male deer at any rate. See, too, how the deer has followed every little watercourse and rill, however tortuous; none but a hunted deer would do this, and excitement becomes doubly keen after the late reverse, as the hounds' pace quickens and quickens, till the field is galloping again. Now they come down to the banks of a small stream, and carry the line down the water, to where the banks are covered with a dense growth of blackthorn. Suddenly all scent fails on the line, but every hound has flashed out, and on to the bank with his head and bristles up, "feeling for the wind." Look out! he is here! and ere the words are spoken the *hunted buck* bounds from the thicket and strides over the heath almost like a fresh deer. And indeed many, who see him think that he is a fresh-found deer, but those who had a good view of him in the morning know well that their huntsman's skill and patience and his good pack of hounds have brought this excellent chase to a satisfactory finish, in spite of every difficulty. The buck runs gaily as long as he is in the open view of all, but as he gains the bushes his head droops, his tail drops flat, his stride contracts, and he shows that "tucked up" appearance which in all quadrupeds is the indication of extreme fatigue. The hounds are close on him, and he regains the stream only to plunge into the deepest pool, and with head erect, and noble mien, he "sets up" at bay. The first hound that dares to approach is instantly driven under water, and crawls yelping from the stream to dry land, but the pack is at hand. The fallow deer can offer no resistance like that of his noble red congener, and in another moment the scene is a confused mass of muddy water, a dun carcase, a pair of antlers, and struggling hounds. Into this chaos descends the active whipper-in, an open knife in one hand and a hunting whip in the other. One rate and the coast is clear—a flash in the sun—a wave of crimson rolling down the stream, and then two or three men are hauling the dead body of a magnificent deer up the bank surrounded by the pack, whose deep baying is answered by the long blast of the horn and the thrilling who-whoop of the huntsman.—*The Hon. Gerald Lascelles, in the Nineteenth Century.*

The Week,

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

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C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, *Publisher.*

WE had reason for feeling assured that the confidence of the Conservatives was sincere, and it appeared likely to be not altogether unfounded, though Mr. Mowat's majority, including the almost certain fruits of his Gerrymander was, as we said before, too large to be pulled down without a great change of public opinion. The event has shown, however, that, whatever the Protestant feeling against Roman Catholic domination might be, the party lines were still too strong for it. Nor was any attempt made on the part of Mr. Meredith to satisfy the people that he had men about him who would be competent to manage their affairs in the event of power being transferred to his hands. The Gerrymander has told, and we have received a warning of the danger in which Constitutional Government may be placed if the party which has the majority is to be at liberty, both to redistribute the constituencies at pleasure, and to dissolve the Legislature when it pleases. But about the most notable feature of the election is the menacing growth in the east of the Province of the French element, the vote of which was of course cast for the allies of the Roman Catholic Church. The adjurations of Liberals to disregard race and religion are not heeded by their French confederates; nor can the time be far distant when the British and Protestant element in this Province will be brought to bay, and compelled to make a stand against the advancing tide of encroachment. But the movement which has now commenced, and which is likely henceforth to furnish the dividing line between parties in this Province, must find a leader of its own. It cannot be led with any prospect of success by one whose hands are tied like those of Mr. Meredith, by connection with a French and Roman Catholic party at Ottawa. The Labour Party in Toronto has done its utmost, but without success. No one can be more heartily desirous than we are of seeing the opinions and interests of the wage-earners thoroughly well represented in the Legislature; yet we cannot bewail the defeat of candidates brought forward with the too exclusive stamp of a class upon them, and in a spirit of antagonism to the community at large, which the community has done nothing to deserve. That the prolonged continuance of the same party in office, with an Opposition too weak to exercise an effective control over the Government, is not a good thing in itself, and that in that respect the event is not matter for rejoicing, would be admitted by all who look only to the interests of Constitutional Government, and may be said without departing from a strictly neutral point of view.

A NOTE of admiration is the only comment on the political literature upon which the civilised public of Ontario has been feasting for the last month. The craving of Canadians of our generation for this description of mental food seems to be ingrained and incurable, like the passion for faction fights, which are always growing more senseless as the issues upon which the factions were originally formed recede further into the past. If they relinquish it for a moment it is only to return to it with increased appetite. But new forces begin to work in the public mind, and the taste of the next generation will not be the same as that of the present. So much, we think, even the result of our own experiment warrants us in saying.

THAT an Election is a nuisance, few citizens of Ontario, after the experience of the last three weeks, will deny. It stirs up all the bad passions, sows the seeds of strife in the community, floods the country with calumny, and pollutes all the public questions which are sucked into its muddy vortex, to say nothing of the waste, or worse than waste, of money, and the disturbance of trade. To avoid multiplying elections, as well as to preserve the integrity of the Constitution, it is most desirable that Parliaments, in the absence of any constitutional necessity for an appeal to the country, should be allowed to sit for their full legal term. An appeal has been made to English precedents in support of the doctrine that Parliaments are liable to dissolution, without reference to constitutional necessity, at any time when a new election suits the convenience of the party in power. The appeal is groundless; English rules, amidst the fierceness of the recent party struggles, and with the reins in a lady's hand, may have lost something of their salutary strictness, but they have not been relaxed to so monstrous an extent as this. In 1834 Sir Robert Peel having, like Pitt, taken office with a minority, appealed, like Pitt, to the country. In 1837 Parliament was dissolved upon the death of King William IV. In 1841 the Whig Government, having been defeated by one vote on a motion of want of confidence, appealed to the country. In 1847 Lord John Russell appealed to the country upon taking office with a minority. In 1852 Lord Derby did the same thing upon a like occasion. In 1857 Lord Palmerston appealed to the country against the adverse vote of the House of Commons on the Chinese policy of the Government. In 1859 Lord Derby appealed to the country against the condemnation of his Reform Bill. In 1865 Parliament had completed the six years which form its customary, though seven years are its legal, term, and a fresh election accordingly took place. In 1868 Gladstone having, as the leader of the Opposition, carried his resolution in favour of the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, Disraeli resigned, but afterwards agreed to an appeal to the country, which, after a delay of some months, took place. In January, 1874, Gladstone sprang a dissolution on the country with the most disastrous results to his party; but he had been defeated not long before on the Irish Universities Bill, so that his dissolution had in some measure the character of an appeal from an adverse vote, and might be deemed necessary in order to ascertain whether the Government had the confidence of the country. In 1880, when Disraeli dissolved, the customary period of six years had nearly run out, and Sir Stafford Northcote explained that it was a question between a dissolution at Easter and a dissolution at Whitsuntide, which public convenience decided in favour of the former. Thus the doctrine of free dissolutions and elections at the Prime Minister's pleasure finds no real confirmation in the record of British practice. It was a great mistake, if it could possibly have been avoided, to leave anything in the Canadian Constitution to unwritten usage and tradition. These may control public men in the Old Country, but our colonial politicians were sure, like the Americans, to use their legal powers to the utmost. The place of unwritten usage and tradition in England must here be supplied by the authority of the Governor-General, who embodies English usage and tradition. It is to be hoped that His Excellency will never grant a dissolution except for cause stated by the Privy Council in writing, and that, in deciding whether the cause stated is sufficient, he will exercise his discretion in the interest, not of the party in power, but in that of the whole community. If the Governor-General's office is to be nothing but a mask for bad practices, and a veil to hide from Democracy its needs and dangers, the salary is worse than wasted.

A PROHIBITIONIST, incensed at what he deems the betrayal of the cause by Mr. Blake, and venting his wrath in the *Mail*, speaks of Canada as "a drink-enslaved country," and as calling for deliverance from "a worse than Egyptian bondage." Now, is this true, or is it a rhetorical figment? Is Canada really drink-enslaved, and in a state of Egyptian bondage to liquor? That is the fundamental question. Nobody will deny that in extraordinary cases of necessity ordinary rights and liberties must give way. In time of war or pestilence dealings with private property and personal habits which at any other time would be tyranny are warranted by the supreme law of public salvation. If the people of Canada have really lost their power of self-control, and are perishing of drunkenness, it may be right to impose upon their personal habits restrictions which a Frenchman or a Spaniard would spurn. It may be right that the liquor shops should be forcibly closed; only that in this case, as when in the case of war or pestilence private property is seized or destroyed for the benefit of the State, the loss, unless philanthropy has completely cast out justice, will be borne by the community, not thrown upon the trade. But the fact, as it appears to us, is that the people of Canada, instead of having lost their self-control, are a temperate and a progressively temperate nation. Nothing can be more positive than the testimony borne by those who have passed long lives in the country to the improvement which has taken place in the habits of its citizens. Even in the cities, where intemperance most prevails, the number of people seen drunk is small compared with the number in the great cities of England, and most of the cases brought before the magistrates are those of unassimilated immigrants, whose nationality it would be invidious to specify. On the Prohibition platform it has been asserted that the number of annual deaths from drink is ten thousand, something like half the total number of adult male deaths in the country; and even this proportion has, we believe, been exceeded in the transports of enthusiastic declamation. The Canadian Mortuary Statistics for October give two cases of death from drink; in those for November there is not

one. The tables embrace our twenty-four principal cities and towns. All due allowance being made for medical reticence, this is an exhibit widely different from that of the ten thousand cases a year, nor does it indicate a population "drink-enslaved," or in Egyptian bondage to liquor. Voluntary agencies have been doing the work here, as they have been doing it among the English gentry, whose habits have been completely reformed within the last fifty years, not only without the aid of legal restraint, which would only have made reform odious, but in spite of free access to the most tempting liquors. But voluntary agencies, including those of the Good Templars, the Bands of Hope, and other temperance fraternities, will be suspended as soon as compulsion is introduced; and unless compulsion is effectual, which hitherto it has never been, the practical result will be the paralysis of reform.

Talleyrand was asked what he thought of the death of Pichegru. "I think it was very sudden and very opportune," was the diplomatic reply. We cannot help applying the same epithets to the call of private business which arrested Mr. George's lecturing tour at Montreal. The glad tidings that all freeholds are to be forfeited to the State, going forth to the farmers on the eve of an election, would scarcely have helped the party to which Mr. George is supposed to belong.

Mr. Powderly, as dictator of the Knights of Labour, to his credit, puts his veto on contributions in aid of Anarchism. Thereupon a mutiny breaks out, and a part of the Knights show that they identify themselves with the cause of the Anarchists. Anarchism, Socialism, Communism, Nihilism, Fenianism, Henry Georgeism, and the political Labour Party are fast blending into one revolutionary movement for the subversion of society, with which society will some day probably have to accept wager of battle. The more sober-minded and responsible of the Labour Reformers will soon have to make up their minds whether they mean to join in an attack on the community or not.

A correspondent sends us from Stroud (England) a newspaper clipping with an account of the death of a boy four years old, who was fatally scalded by a kettle of boiling water, which he upset over himself, and, being taken to the hospital, there lingered in agony from Saturday afternoon till Monday morning, when he died in presence of his mother. Our correspondent asks what could be the good of keeping the child in agony for forty hours, when it was known at once that he could not recover. In such a case as this it could not possibly be pretended that there was any moral or spiritual gain to be set off against the physical torture inflicted on the child, and the mental anguish inflicted on the mother. It is not mere breath, but moral life that is sacred. We should be more than sorry to say anything loose or dangerous upon a question of ethics; but we cannot help thinking that in the interest of suffering humanity it is time to examine the grounds for the belief that when all hope of recovery is gone, morality or religion commands us to protract to the utmost the pains of death.

Turn where we will we are met by proofs of the unique inaccuracy, to call it by no harsher name, of Mr. Froude. In the preface to Mr. Morse Stephens's History of the French Revolution, of all places in the world, we find one instance more. There is in the British Museum the completest collection in the world of French Revolutionary pamphlets. Of this, Carlyle, in writing his "French Revolution," made no use. Mr. Froude's account of the matter is that Carlyle "after six weeks' wrestle with officiality was obliged to find the collection 'inaccessible' to him." He adds that "idle obstruction will put the most enduring of men out of patience, and Carlyle was not enduring in such matters." But Mr. Morse Stephens informs us that there was no "inaccessibility" or "idle obstruction" in the case. Carlyle demanded a private room in the British Museum to work in, and as this accommodation could not be granted him he declined to avail himself at all of the museum collection, and contented himself with the books which he could buy or borrow, to the detriment, assuredly, of his work. The reason for noting these Froudiana, as we said before, is that the same unconscientious and reckless, though exceedingly clever, pen, tampering with history, has put morality under the feet of tyrants, traduced virtue, and done cruel injustice to misfortune. All who have had occasion to examine any portion of Mr. Froude's history critically know that he is not a whit more trustworthy as a historian than he is as a describer of places and society in Australia, or as a biographer of Carlyle, His somewhat liquorish love of dwelling on matrimonial scandals, and the pride which he takes in displaying his knowledge of the female heart, have, we suspect, led him astray in dealing with the matrimonial affairs of Carlyle as well as in dealing with those of Henry VIII., and Mary Queen of Scots. His works will not long survive him.

Everything that Mr. Mallock writes is clever. But his last work, "The Old Order Changes,"* is one which we cannot say we greatly admire. A mixture of politics and religion with voluptuous love-making is, to say the least, as unpalatable as sweets and savouries on the same plate. The affectation of aristocratic fastidiousness and of contempt for everything middle class on the part of the author would be extremely offensive if it were not supremely ridiculous. Who is the writer that he should talk of "preferring a dinner of herbs with gentlemen to a stalled ox with people of no family?" That sentiment, if we do not misread him, is his own, and not merely dramatic. But there is a worse fault to be found with the book. Nothing is either more unfair or more cowardly than the abuse of fiction as a cover for libellous attacks on real characters. The Radical leader, "Japhet Snapper of Birchester," is as manifestly Mr. Joseph Chamberlain of Birmingham as the Socialist "Foreman" is Mr. Hyndman. By the mere substitution of a transparent pseudonym Mr. Mallock enables himself with impunity to publish against Mr. Chamberlain charges of brutality as an employer, and inhuman covetousness as a landlord, which if brought openly would expose their author to the penalty of libel. If this is the chivalry characteristic of Mr. Mallock's aristocratic circle, we prefer the vulgar honesty and manliness of the baseborn middle class. Would Walter Scott ever have stooped to use his art as the minister of personal or party libel? In its political aspect the book betrays a disposition, prevalent, no doubt, among the men and women of the writer's party, to coquet with the most violent revolutionists, and play them off against the moderate reformer, who is the especial abhorrence of aristocrats, above all of aristocratic women. The French aristocracy played this game, and it brought them to the guillotine.

A Canadian work of art has attracted notice. There is an engraving of Brant's monument at Brantford in the London *Graphic*.

Mr. Schnadhorst, the great wirepuller, announces an organisation "in which men and women can unite for the advancement of Liberal principles." He is asked whether he means to set up a matrimonial bureau for Liberals only.

Further particulars from the South African gold-fields more than confirm the earlier reports of their extent and richness. "From every town and village in South Africa during the three past weeks," writes a correspondent of *The Times* in a recent number, "a stream of fortune-seekers have wended their way to the De Kaap and Witwatersrand. The population of Barberton has more than doubled, and is daily increasing," and new syndicates and companies are constantly formed. The balance-sheet of the Sheba Reef Company, with a capital of £15,000, and a recent dividend of 62½, is enough to inoculate the soberest of speculators with gold-fever; and the latest explorations, it is said, continue to reveal fresh reefs across the whole extent of the Transvaal—across a plateau as big as France.

The Duke of Devonshire, who is a man of remarkable attainments and erudition, has marked his reign at Chatsworth by great attention to the library, which had also been a special interest to his predecessor. The collection of books belonging to the family has been now concentrated at Chatsworth, with the exception of John Kemble's remarkable collection of plays, purchased in 1821, which, for the convenience of consultation by dramatic authors and others, is at Devonshire House. The library at Chatsworth, which is centuries old, contains among its varied contents a remarkable collection of scientific works made by Henry Cavendish, the scientist and millionaire, who left some one million two hundred thousand pounds in the funds. A splendid catalogue, illustrated with views of Chatsworth, within and without, was printed a few years ago.

"I see it announced," writes a correspondent to the Liverpool *Post*, "that Messrs. Blackwood have published at Edinburgh a Gaelic translation of the Queen's last work, 'More Leaves.' This reminds me of a strange but a true story of the late Earl of Beaconsfield. He was heard on one occasion to make a statement to Her Majesty that when he was in want of literary consolation there were only three books he would read, viz., the Bible, Shakespeare, and Her Majesty's works. He once made the remark that with ordinary people he had to put on flattery with a spoon—with Royalty he had to employ a trowel. He used to take the greatest delight in private in describing the great change which had come over the attitude of the Queen towards him. When he was presented as Chancellor of the Exchequer for the first time, and had to kiss hands, he described Her Majesty as having to submit to that operation with palpable aversion."

* G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Williamson and Company, Toronto.

Few trades or mysteries, quoth the *St. James's Gazette*, have made greater progress of late years than the librarians'. They only began to be conscious that they were a distinct craft the other day, and their conference is yet but a few years old. Yet they have done more for the advancement of their art in their short organised existence than many older bodies have accomplished in generations. And their labours directly concern the whole reading public as well as themselves. A great library, even a great catalogue, is and must ever be to the uninitiated a wilderness of books. In time and by practice the diligent student acquires the clue to the maze. But the skilled librarian can make his labours light, and the ignorant or lazy custodian can render them insupportable. To facilitate the studies of others is the librarian's business; and so far have many of them now carried their art, that a brief chat with the officer in charge will teach the casual reader what he used to learn less perfectly by the tedious study of ponderous and perplexing catalogues.

Australia now appears to have its Chinese labour question. The writer of a letter on this subject in the London *Daily News* expresses himself as not hostile to the emigrants from the Middle Kingdom. Only, he says, he wants to see the rich and promising country he inhabits an English settlement, an l not "a mere Chinese colony under English supervision." The danger of this last undesirable consummation is, he declares, imminent. The supply of Chinamen is inexhaustible. Swarm after swarm visits the colony, makes its "pile," and returns to the "Flowery Land." And their presence is fatal to the white settler. They can "live and thrive" on a little rice and fish, they can lodge anywhere, they are exceedingly laborious and ingenious, and they never "strike." Trade after trade is passing into their hands, and they threaten to "live down" the white workman altogether. The writer took the chaplain's Chinese class one evening; and "their hunger and thirst after knowledge," he declares, "and the startling rapidity with which they get on is something fearful to contemplate."

According to M. Victor Meunier, of the Paris *Rappel*, who has, he says, made a serious study of the matter for years past—ever since the time when he had the good fortune to be brought into familiar relations with a young chimpanzee—the industries of the future will be conducted by machinery controlled in its motion by domesticated apes. To secure a suitable ape it is necessary to take him in hand from his earliest years and prevent him from developing the bestial habit of going on all fours. This once done, there can be no doubt that they will undertake the *rôle* for which Nature, in endowing them with their marvellous faculty of imitation and with the human hand, has obviously destined them. "Apes," as M. Meunier says, "are workmen who need to be taught a trade. We shall instil into their different races special industrial aptitudes capable of hereditary transmission, just as we have trained dogs to various special functions. This is only a detail of the great art of creating zoological castes." We commend this fact to the Labour organs, which have seemingly overlooked such a danger when deprecating State-aided immigration. Evidently, in the interest of labour, the immigration of apes also, as well as men, must be prevented.

It is a specialty, says the *Spectator*, of sanitary reformers, who are among the most useful of the many intellectual nuisances in the world, to be deficient in the quality of humour. One of them, some years ago, recommended that a man's dead relatives should be burned at the corners of streets to save gas-lamps; another, not two years ago, lectured on the unhealthiness of boots in bedrooms; and lately Mr. Mansergh, at the close of a most sensible address to the Sanitary Congress on water supply, brought in his views on teetotalism in the oddest way. He told his audience that "systematic hot-water drinking had been proved in America to be destructive of the appetite for alcohol." We entirely believe him, and if he extended the destructive effect to the appetite for mutton-chops, fruit, or wheaten bread, we should believe him also. But why limit us to hot water, when tartar emetic, ipecacuanha, unrefined cod-liver oil, and perhaps twenty other drugs, would be at least equally potent? The old remedy of Rechab, total abstinence, is an easier one than that, and as perfectly effective as long as it is pursued. The difficulty of the temperate is not to leave off alcohol, but to believe in the use of leaving it off. They do not find that the most perfect abstainers in the world, life-convicts, become better people.

A correspondent of *Science*, alluding to Sir William Dawson's address before the British Association, expresses the opinion that in discussing the geology of the Atlantic and the constitution of the earth, too much is ordinarily attributed to original action of sedimentary deposition; and he illustrates his point with the following: "If," he says, "we suppose a five-inch globe of terra-cotta (red and well-burned clay) to be dipped for a few moments into a muddy ditch, when it comes out with a film of water adhering to its surface, this thinnest film, filled with animalcules, adhering but so quickly evaporating, will on this scale represent all the water contained in all the oceans and lakes; and the small quantity which the slightly porous terra-cotta globe has absorbed will represent a greater quantity of water than all that is contained, or ever has been contained, in the depths and caverns and fissures of the earth itself. The microscopic Desmidiaceæ, Pleurosigmæ, wriggling vibriones and bacilli, so well known to modern science, and playing such important parts in life and death of man, will, swimming in the adherent film, be greatly magnified representations of the huge monsters which crawled in the slime of morasses, and swam in the oceans of primeval chaos, when the earth first took form, and ceased to be void. The almost infinitesimal film of water will represent all the water that ever constituted a part of this world in which we live; for science tells us that no violence has ever been able to project a stone beyond the sphere of the earth's attraction, and that no vapour of water, nor gas, can float in the thin ether which surrounds or penetrates our fifty miles of atmospheric depth. What part, then," he asks, "in the constitution and formation and changes of the matter forming the depths of the earth can this very small proportion of water's sedimentary deposits play in the general construction of the globe?"

A writer in the *Daily News* draws attention to a decree, said to have been issued by the Empress of Japan, that henceforth ladies attending her Court receptions are to be attired after the European style. The change is to extend to the coiffure, which proves, says the writer, that the lady is logically consistent. But there are unsuspected pitfalls in the way. Does the Empress imagine that all Europeans dress alike? Has she had any opportunity of estimating the differences in dress as worn by the smart Parisian, the coquettish lady of Spain, the vivacious Italian, the house-wifely German, and the trim English girl? How puzzled would her Majesty be, were she to be carefully introduced to the mysteries of divided skirts, rational costumes, hygienic boots and shoes, and the innumerable wild vagaries of gloves and sleeves! The details of the new Court gowns will be found excessively puzzling. Is the dress-improver to have a place in the new order of things? Is the captivity of the corset to replace the freedom of the flowing garments with which Japanese ladies until now have indued their figures? How agonising will prove a pair of shoes with pointed toes, after the delightful liberty of the little Japanese slipper which slips on and off the foot with an ease only attainable by entire absence of heel. How will the experiment end? Surely the Empress herself will be the first to complain of the terrible tightness of a Parisian boot; and after a week of tight-lacing the imperial lady will fling to the winds her European corset and the hideous cushion which custom now places beneath the upper draperies of a fashionable skirt. She will fly to her Court Chamberlain, and at once issue a proclamation revoking her decree. If, however, undaunted by all these sufferings, the ladies of Japan persist in wearing their European costumes, let them summon all their fortitude. What Japanese lady could contemplate with composure the idea of having her figure "regulated" to suit the Procrustean European code? Appalling to the loosely clad must seem the notion of being moulded into a corset with "unbreakable" bones and "unyielding" busk. The art of adaptation is here stretched to its utmost capacity. Of one corset we read that it "reduces stomach." Would not a little starvation be less painful and even less dangerous? Having alluded to the use of the chignon, the writer points out that the ladies will find further woes awaiting them in the treatment of the complexion, as practised by the civilised ladies of Europe. Raw cutlets worn on the cheeks all night cannot be agreeable. A tar poultice applied to the complexion is scarcely adapted to make the hours of slumber sweet. There still remains the battle of the hair to be fought. Whether it be golden hair or ruddy bronze, or the new and fashionable tint of crimson, the process is a tedious one. The black locks must first be bleached, then dyed to the correct shade of the moment. To acquire a dimple or two, or be fitted out with a pair of little pink false ears, will perhaps seem easy after all that has gone before. The heroic sufferers may then rest on their laurels, having successfully combated nature with the weapons of art, and conformed themselves to the enlightened sway of "European fashions."

Irish wit is not quite extinct. When Mr. Justice Day visited the bullet-pitted Shankhill Road on a tour of personal inspection, an irate Orange barrister who accompanied him handed round a pencilled quotation from Tennyson's "In Memoriam," "On the ball'd street broke the blank Day."

THE DYING YEAR.

The old year dies! Of this be sure,
The old leaves rot beneath the snow,
The old skies falter from the blow
Dealt by the heavens that shall endure
When sky and leaf together go.

And some are glad, and some are grieved,
Much as when some poor mortal dies;
The first sensation of surprise
Is lost in sobs of his bereaved,
Or cold relief with dry-dust eyes,

That view his coffin absently,
And wonders first how much it cost,
And next, how came his fortune lost,
And how will live his family,
And how he looked when he was crost.

But tears—no, no—they only surge
From those who knew him. They were few;
He had his faults; he seldom knew
The thing to say, condemn, or urge;
'Tis better he is gone from view.

So neither do we weep—God knows,
We have but little time for tears!
A time for hopes, a time for fears,
A time for strife, a time for woes
We have—but hardly time for tears.

O it were good, and it were sweet,
If we could weep our fill somewhere,
In other world, in purer air,
Perhaps in heaven's golden street,
Perhaps upon its crystal stair!

For "power and leave to weep" shall be
The golden city's legend dear;
Though wiped away be every tear,
First for a season shall flow free
The floods that leave the vision clear!

So if we could we would, Old Year,
Conjure a tear up when you go,
And pace in solemn order slow
Behind your gray and cloud-borne bier,
Draped with the wan and fluttering snow.

Yet what is it, this year we miss?
An arbitrary thing, a mark,
A rapid writing in the dark,
Dead wire, that with a futile hiss
Strikes back no single answering spark.

There is no year, we dream and say,
Again, *no year*, we say and dream,
And dumbly note the frozen stream,
And note the bird on barren spray,
And note the cold, yet bright sunbeam.

We quarrel with the times and hours,
The year should end—we say—when come
The last long rolls of March's drum,
And too—we say—with grass and flowers
Should rise the New Year, like to some

Gay, antique goddess, ever young,
With pallid shoulders touched with rose,
Firm waist that mystic zones enclose,
White feet from violets shyly sprung,
Her raiment—that the high gods chose.

And yet the poet, born to preach
With yearning for his human kind,
His verse but sermon undefined,
Will fail in what he means to teach,
If he proclaim not, high designed,

The Old Year dies! It is enough!
And he has won, for eyes grow dim
As passeth slow his pageant grim,
And many a hand both fair and rough
Still wipe away a tear for him—

For him, and for the wasted hours,
The sinful days, the moments weak,
The words we did or did not speak,
The weeds that crowded out our flowers,
The blessings that we did not seek!

Seranus.

"VENGEANCE IS MINE."

"I want you to tell me a story, Theo."

"A story, Gwen? Utterly impossible, my dear girl. I never told one in my life."

"What a—beginning then! But seriously, Theo, I am *pining* to hear this one ever since I asked Gerald Cavendish, this afternoon, who your beautiful visitor was; and he smiled such a *complicated* smile, and said: 'Better ask your friend, Mrs. Gardner; she can tell you better than most people, I fancy.' I assure you I have been nothing less than a living, breathing monument of patience and anxiety till this moment, wishing all your charming callers miles away; and now I have you all to myself, sweetheart, do not think to escape. We have a whole hour before dinner-time, and if ever there was a witching time for telling a story it is this. Look! a blinding snow-storm outside, and inside the cosiest room I know, with only the firelight to send weird gleams and dreamy shadows over your boudoir *lares et penates*."

"Is the firelight bright enough, *chérie*, to throw some light on my heroine; for I must imagine, from what you say, that you have one ready-made for me?"

"Quite, Theo dear," laughed her friend, "and eminently becoming to that magnificent Titian head of hers. I wonder why it is that red-gold hair always makes history. I never yet knew a woman who had it to pass a 'mute inglorious' existence. Of course I am speaking of Lady Cornelia Grey, the new beauty; she has fairly bewitched me. But there, I have done. I am all ear; only, Theo, begin—as the children say—at the beginning."

"Alas, Gwen, there is no 'once upon a time' to the tale you are so anxious to hear, neither can I answer for the 'happiness ever after' which is supposed to finish a good old-fashioned story; perhaps the very fact of being old-fashioned, a 'fairy', accounted for the happiness—because the end is only just beginning, as it were, and, until now, Lady Cornelia's beautiful tresses have been to her more a crown of thorns than of gold. However, to go back to the days when she was Cornelia Gower: I think you never saw her first husband. We must imagine ourselves in Wales, in Llaneach, where Lord Gower owned one of the loveliest places in the country, Penmarne. There it was I first met her, and I remember thinking her the happiest and certainly the most beautiful woman I had ever seen—out of a book; and I am sure she was happy. If ever there was a heaven upon earth, it was Penmarne. Without, a man's paradise—a grand sweep of park, woodland, and, beyond, low ranges of hills, to make an ideal 'hunting-ground.' Within, a woman's: light and warmth and fragrance everywhere—Claude Melnotte's fancy's home, made real for no less lovely a Pauline.

"And sometimes, very rarely, life seems to pass these happy people by, leaving them for a few years in undisturbed repose; pitiful, nay, regretful . . . who knows?—when it must stand at the door and knock, and call, 'awake, it is I, thy life, awake from sleep and live!' So it was here, for when some seven or eight years later I again went to stay at Penmarne, only a deeper happiness seemed to reign there; Lord Gower was, if possible, more in love with his beautiful wife than on the day he married her, while, as to Cornelia—though on *that* day people whispered she was not marrying 'all for love'—ten years had left no trace upon her exquisite beauty, and I might have seen her last but the day before had it not been for the presence of two lovely children '"Cornelia's jewels." 'Theo, my husband calls them,' she said to me with a smile, as she brought them up to be kissed.

"The boy looked in his dark green velvet, with fair hair falling on the deep lace collar, as if he had just stepped down from some old ancestral portrait. But if Leonard was a picture of old-time grace and chivalry, what shall I say of his little sister? They called her Elsbeth, but the sweetest name could convey no adequate idea of this darling child; she resembled her mother in feature, but as yet the violet eyes held no questioning look, and the soft, clinging curls were all gold—no red alloy—pure gold, like the baby-heart within. Unlike Leonard, who was all fire and motion, she was the *stillest* child I think I ever saw, and she had a strange, almost pathetic little way of watching her mother's face, of keeping her eyes fixed upon it whenever she was with her—a little way which subsequent events brought to my mind with a vague wonder as to whether a mother's coming events cast their shadows on the children's souls!

"For now a cloud, no larger than a man's hand, was on the horizon. Lord Gower received orders to leave for India at once. Two short days—two hours they seemed to him—was all the farewell he was allowed to take from years of happiness, of peace, of idolised companionship. To part with life itself could scarcely have cost a keener pang, yet he would not hear of his wife and children going out with him. 'A year, love, and I am here again. My treasures are safest at home, where, be sure, my heart is also, and all my waking thoughts.' He sailed, leaving his children in the mother's keeping, all else to the temporary guardianship of his cousin, Sir Tristan Grey. Ah, Gwen, there is something in that old-fashioned 'once upon a time,' after all, for I have come to the 'once upon a time' of my story; for now life came to the door and knocked, nay, boldly entered the enchanted castle, and taking the beautiful princess by the hand, said, 'Awake, fair sleeper!' In the words of everyday, Gwen, Sir Tristan looked and loved, and Cornelia, as yet, looked and smiled. Each time he came he stayed longer, each time he was more warmly welcomed. Leonard hailed his visits with rapturous delight; the long rides among the hills with a companion ever ready to listen to his enthusiastic prattle, the hour before dinner—the children's hour—when he would listen entranced to thrilling tales of that other Tristan who had fought so bravely in the day of King Mark of Cornwall—while Lady Cornelia sat half in the shadow of

the tall tapestry screen and listened, not to the tales of *that*, but to the voice of *this* Tristan, which, dear heart! was so soon to silence all other voices in the world to her. For here was no Iseult of Brittany, 'meek, pale-blooded, prayerful.' Baby Elsbeth alone, the little prophet-soul, as I used to call her, was never won to love this new friend—her heart melted not to coaxings or new toys, but I verily believe that she was the only living thing at Penmarne whose heart did not go out in welcome to this man; every soul in the village adored him, and small wonder, for to know Sir Tristan was to love him. You look indignant, Gwen, but remember one must be just; and even now there is no man in all Llaneach who does not swear by him.

"To return to my story. Lady Cornelia still clung to, at least, the memory of all the happy days passed with her husband, and yet—and yet as time went on she would less often say, 'How happy I was,' than 'How happy I am'—for, heaven! that it should be so, life had come to her, come through this man, her husband's friend! Earth was new-born; for her the world was created but yesterday! You will say 'How terrible the awakening!' Ay, and so sudden, so terrible. None ever knew how Lord Gower heard how affairs were progressing at Penmarne, but gossip, that mustard seed of society, is wafted far, and one day a letter came for Sir Tristan from India. It ran thus:

'Traitor! I sail for England in the steamer *New Zealand* to-morrow, and if there is justice on earth or mercy in heaven, I shall kill you! GOWER.'

"Their dream was over. These words were as an angel's flaming sword, by whose gleam they saw their Eden in its true light—no Eden, but a howling wilderness. Lady Cornelia awoke to realise that love and despair were all one—yet she was fain to ask herself was *this* an awakening, this, when all the springs of life had stopped, the very sunlight looked gray, and she might have been dead and buried a year ago, for aught she felt.

"With a dim, far-away look in the beautiful dark eyes she came—little Elsbeth in her arms—out in the terrace to bid farewell to Sir Tristan, perhaps the last on this side heaven, yet even this thought failed to rouse her from the deadly torpor which held but one word, one sensation—to-morrow! 'To-morrow,' her husband wrote, to-morrow he and Sir Tristan would meet, to-morrow life would begin or end for her. To-day is nothing but an empty sound; nor does her face change when a moment later Sir Tristan appears, equipped for his journey to London—within an hour of the arrival of that terrible letter. Leonard hangs on his arm, his eyes dancing with delight at visions of the bow and arrows his guardian promises to bring him; he had not heard the 'if I return, dear boy,' Sir Tristan added brokenly. A hearty embrace from the boy, emphasised with 'I'll ride the pony down to the station to-morrow when Jock goes to meet you. Mother can't say "no" to that,' and he turns to Lady Cornelia—but words fail him; what is there to say? Silently he bent and kissed little Elsbeth, once, twice—were both for the child? Then, giving the mother one look which 'caught up the whole of love and altered it,' he threw himself on his horse and galloped down the avenue.

"'Mother, mother,' cried Leonard, 'look how red the sun is; it is going down like a ball of fire. Jock says that means we shall have a bright to-morrow, and Jock *never* makes a mistake.' For an instant the Lady of Penmarne stood and watched the sunset, then—with a child on either side, but oh, what stricken loneliness in her heart—she turned and went in.

. . . .

"Arrived in London, Sir Tristan drove at once to the India Steamship Company's for news of the expected steamer—only to find, of course, that neither there nor at any of the telegraph offices could he learn any information at such a late hour. Finding all search useless, he went to the hotel he usually stopped at when in town, in Albemarle Street, and spent the night in writing, in preparing for the settling of that dread account against the morrow. There would be justice, and he was ready to meet it; that there would be mercy in heaven—afterwards; he bent his head and prayed. With what strange and varying thoughts he watched the sun rise! What a lifetime of agony, of dread, of love, will be compressed between its brief rising and setting! This morning the measure of life seems full, pressed down, and running over, and to-night it may be nothing, gone from light into gloom, like the passing away of an *ignis fatuus*. A cold douche brought him back to the realities of the present moment, and, dressing hastily, he went down to the coffee-room. It was quite deserted at that early hour. After ordering his breakfast, he took up the *Times*, and walked to the nearest window. Presently, glancing down the column of 'Morning News,' his eye caught this paragraph:

Wrecked.

"Steamer *New-Zealand*, off the coast of St. Helena, in a tremendous gale. Before assistance could reach her she sank with all on board. Not a man was saved." REN.

"MARGUERITE."

FIRST of the new Canadian volumes promised during the present Christmas season is Mr. George Martin's "Poems," published by Dawson Brothers, Montreal. The appearance of the book is highly creditable to th s well known firm, the use of heavy cream paper, fine type, and red marginal lines distinguishing it as a publication which would do honour to an older country. Of the poems, the opening one, "Marguerite," dealing with a romantic legend of New France, is characterised by careful preparation and a genuine enthusiasm. The story is well told, and the fate of the heroine vividly brought before the reader, but the poet is hampered by the prosaic metre in which he has cast his verses. It is Byronic, certainly, and once would have found hosts of admirers, but the world moves apace, and finds a newer metre absolutely necessary for the unfolding of its modern tales. However, Mr. Martin has managed to awake interest in one of these beautiful legends of Old Canada, and for that we owe him all honour and much praise. "Marguerite" contains some fine passages, but will be best understood and appreciated if read aloud; its melancholy incidents sweeping along towards the grim climax in a masterly way as related by the gentle nun. "Eudora," the second poem in the book, opens with the following beautiful stanzas:

> Like a white blossom in a shady place,
> Upon her couch the pure Eudora lay,
> Lovely in death; and on her comely face—
> So soon to make acquaintance with the clay—
> Fell faint the languid light of evening gray,
> Flecked with the pea-blooms at the window case.
>
> Deep sobbings echoed in the outer hall,
> And all things in the chamber seemed to mourn;
> The pictures, which she loved, along the wall,
> The cherubs on the frescoed ceiling, lorn,
> Looked downward on the face so wan and worn,
> And sad each wavy curtain's foamy fall.

"The Street Waif," the "Apple Woman," the "News Boy," "Blind Minstrel," and the "Drunkard" are powerful figure-studies from life, which will lend themselves admirably to elocutionary purposes. The two most satisfactory poems in the book are two of the shortest—no unusual thing: "Bound to the Wheel," recalling some attributes of Sidney Lanier, and "To Keats." We give the opening lines of this noble poem:

> Full late in life I found thee, glorious Keats!
> Some chance-blown verse had visited my ear
> And careless eye, once in some sliding year,
> Like some fair-plumaged bird one rarely meets.

Poems on our Winter Sports, the Carnival, Jack Frost, the Ottawa River, Viger Square, Mount Royal, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, and Charles Heavysege attest to the endeavour of the author to provide some genuine Canadian material for the national delectation. "Peter Wimple's Courtship," an early attempt in the semi-comic style, is not in keeping with the rest of the book. The "Sonnets" show a wonderful aptitude for that difficult poetic form. A poem to "a friend of early days" combines a sort of paraphrase of certain celebrated stanzas of "In Memoriam" with a dignity of diction and purity of thought inseparable from all Mr. Martin writes. In fact, to make the world purer and better is clearly his aim. He writes, hoping that he may:

> Thrill the tame world with sunlit poesy,

and henceforth he vows to try to "sublimate his life to purest gold."

With such aims as these the poet cannot go far astray; and should Mr. Martin in good time add other poems of Canadian flavour to "Marguerite," "Aspiration," and "Keats," we have no doubt it shall be said of him, in his own words—

> He left behind him, though he knew it not,
> A trail of glory on the world's highway,
> And loving fingers now denote the spot
> Where he was wont to build the witching lay,
> And champions of mind, admiring, say,
> "Grandly he tried,
> Before he died,
> To teach dull earth the majesty of thought."

SERANUS.

MUSIC.

THE *Etude*, an American journal published in the interests of music, contains in the current number an article entitled, "Wanted, in the musical profession, more brains and better morals." Here are some extracts for the benefit of the profession in Canada:—

"What the musical profession of America most needs is men of brains and moral character, who can talk intelligently about something besides music; men of strong personality and purity of life, under whose influence it may be safe to implicitly trust a susceptible young girl; men of intellect, dress, and address, who can ornament either their profession or society, and relegate slouchy, boorish musicians to the congenial shades of the saloon and beer garden; men of stamina and business responsibility, who apply business principles to their profession; men who know a promissory note from a parachute, and Xenophon from Xantippe; and men who can hear their competitors praised without a pang of jealousy, and who are content to stand or fall upon their own merits, instead of seeking to elevate themselves by pulling a rival down. Then, indeed, will the musical millennium have come."

Then, indeed, we echo with the essayist, shall the musical millennium appear, when the decline of genius will be co-existent with the growth of mediocrity. The essayist, however, is a little out in his allusion to a promissory note, as it is, we fancy, a highly useful invention not altogether ignored by the members of a fluctuating and uncertain profession, while the difference between the ancient historian and the much-abused spouse of the hemlock-dosed one is not so difficult to gauge as it appears. Who

could better answer the riddle propounded in amateur correctness than poor "Papa Haydn," for instance, tormented by the shrewish qualities of a stupid woman who left him neither time nor energies to pursue his creative destiny in peace? There is, however, much truth in the following extract from the same article, too much truth, in fact; as in many circles of so-called "good society," the musician must be either a monkey or a mountebank—he can never be rated as anything higher, being a musician. In short, the "professional musician is looked upon as a crank, or some kind of a freak of nature, rated with the average dancing-master, and desired solely for his technical knowledge as an instructor, or ability to entertain with fingers or voice. Like a squeezed lemon, he is valueless after being used. He has abnormally developed his musical side, to the exclusion of everything else that goes to make a rounded and symmetrical character. He is inane upon every subject outside of music, except in his jealous belittling of his professional compeers, which is too offensive to be interesting."

As an effort in the direction of improving the status of our teachers, especially those from the provinces, and of bringing them together for the purposes of mutual benefit and enlightenment upon all musical matters, and general good fellowship, we commend the formation of the Music Teachers' Association of Ontario, the annual meeting of which organisation took place this week. We see no reason why, although we do live in the hub of the Dominion, we should remain ignorant of what the other cities are doing in the way of musical matters. We fancy that if the programmes for all the concerts to be given this winter in Canada by choirs and societies of any repute were brought together before us, we should be greatly surprised, and certainly edified. There are two old-established and first-class societies in Montreal—the Philharmonic, Conductor Couture, as energetic and talented a Frenchman as it is possible to find, and the Mendelssohn Choir, which gives such exquisite rendering of standard part-songs and the lighter cantatas, under the dignified baton of Mr. Joseph Gould. Side by side these two organisations exist quite comfortably, and do not hurt but rather help each other. The Montreal orchestra is supplemented on special occasions by a contingent from Boston. This detracts from its standing as a local organisation, but ensures a good performance. In Hamilton, London, Ottawa, Brockville, Berlin, Guelph, Brampton, Bowmanville, excellent concerts by local societies, local "stars," or local amateurs, are frequently given with really admirably chosen selections. In Ottawa alone a String Quartette, a Philharmonic Society, a Choral Society, and various French-Canadian bands and guilds testify to its claims as being, next to Toronto, the second musical city in Ontario. Still occasionally the less smooth and more scamy side of things does reveal itself. We have seen with our own eyes a programme of a concert given at Windsor, on Tuesday, the 21st ult., by a church choir, assisted by the "choral talent of the town," and a Detroit contingent. The doors were opened at seven o'clock, and the oratorio was to begin at eight, solar time. The reason for this exemplary despatch apparently lay in the fact that "Joseph," the oratorio to be performed, is contained in nine scenes or *ninety* numbers, by *twelve* principals, and a chorus of Canaanites and Egyptians. By the way, who is the composer of "Joseph?"

The latest attempt on the part of American managers to cajole that wary old bird, Sims Reeves, over to this country, takes the shape of the suggestion of sixty performances of "The Beggar's Opera," with a company selected by the great tenor himself. They will find that this will not work. It is most likely that Reeves, having left it so long, will leave it a good deal longer still, may, in short, never come. Many circumstances would combine to render his advent a stale and unprofitable thing now, though ten or fifteen years ago a triumphal progress would have awaited him. The years do not stand still for singers any more than for the non-warbling portion of humanity, with the one bright and gracious exception, the phenomenal Patti, who is as youthful as ever. Those who heard Madame Trebelli a week or two since in her fine contralto rendering of familiar operatic airs may not know that she has an accomplished daughter, of nineteen or so, who is frequently to be heard at London concerts, and is remarkable for her high and exceedingly well-cultivated soprano voice.

SERANUS.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

We have received the following publications:—

Church Review. December. New York and Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company.
Domestic Monthly. January. New York: Blake and Company.
Harper's Magazine. January. New York: Harper and Brothers.
Eclectic Magazine. January. New York: E. R. Pelton.
Outing. January. Special holiday number. New York: 140 Nassau Street.
St. Nicholas. January. New York: Century Company.
Forum. January. New York: 97 Fifth Avenue.

Music.

Toronto: Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association.

"Indiana Waltz," by Liddell.

"Aurora Schottische," by Bucalossi.

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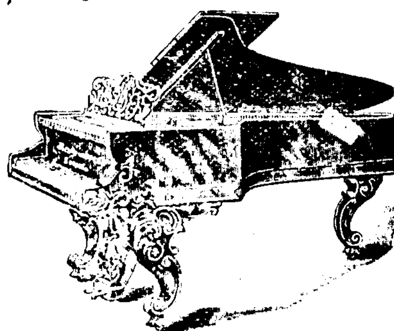

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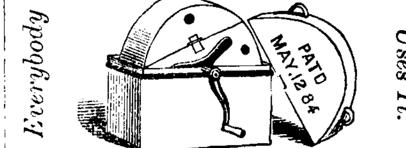

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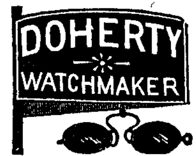

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DAVID BLAIN

AS MAYOR FOR THE YEAR 1887.

ELECTION TAKES PLACE ON MONDAY, JAN. 3rd, 1887.

TO THE ELECTORS

OF THE

CITY OF TORONTO.

I have accepted the nomination as candidate to contest the election for the Mayoralty. If elected I will give the citizens my best services uprightly, and, as far as I can, manage in a business way the important affairs that come under the attention of the Mayor. In speaking at Mr. Howland's nomination a year ago I pointed out that he entertained wholly erroneous views of the duties appertaining to the office he sought to fill, that the Mayor had to depend on his Council and ought to ratify its honest, deliberate actions. I then ventured to predict that he would not be able to carry into effect his proposed reforms, many of which, to speak charitably of them, were very questionable. The year of his mayoralty has expired, and although he and his friends have many apologies to make, these facts are well-known to all who take an intelligent interest in civic affairs. He has not attended to his duties on the committees where the real business of the city is done, and having quarrelled with his Council he has brought the affairs of the city to a practical standstill. They are in confusion and stagnation, the civic business cannot progress, and the deserving labourers are unemployed. All, no doubt, with good intentions, but by misdirected zeal. In brief, the Mayor's own action has rendered him powerless for good while filling the civic chair. If his contention be right, the whole municipal law must be changed, as it never contemplated such a condition of things as exists to-day in this city.

The limited time at my disposal prevents me from addressing you at any great length. I may, however, say that it is well known to the citizens that I am identified with many of the most important interests in Toronto and have a deep stake in its progress. It will therefore be my interest, as I would feel it to be my duty, to push forward all necessary and useful reforms.

If elected I will endeavour to direct the attention of the Council to practical measures of improvement rather than to experiments of doubtful utility, however well intended; to avoid extremes in the Civic Government, and restore harmony between the Council and its Executive Head.

In conclusion I have to express my deep regret at the intemperate and offensive language used by the Mayor in closing his speech at the nomination, and on behalf of the many honourable citizens who are supporting me I repudiate his language in the most pointed manner.

Yours faithfully,

D. BLAIN.

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