

THE WEEK.

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CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

	PAGE.
TOPICS OF THE WEEK.....	321
CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES—	
Current Events and Opinions.....	<i>A Bystander</i> , 322
Here and There.....	325
Inter-Dominion and Provincial Finances.....	<i>C. L.</i> , 327
Notes on Some of the Younger American Poets.....	<i>Chas. G. D. Roberts, M.A.</i> , 328
Another Aspect of the Bribery Case.....	<i>S. G. Wood</i> , 329
Charles Reade.....	<i>W. P. R.</i> , 329
The Churches.....	<i>Asterisk</i> , 330
Ottawa Notes.....	<i>Ed Ruthven</i> , 330
CORRESPONDENCE.....	331
LITERATURE—	
Three Love-Letters.....	<i>D. J. Mac</i> , 331
The Adventures of a Widow.....	<i>Edgar Fawcett</i> , 331
THE SCRAP-BOOK.....	332
LITERARY GOSSIP.....	333
THE PERIODICALS.....	334
CHESS COLUMN.....	334

The Week,

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C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THE meagre information which is to be gleaned about the Egyptian "campaign" helps rather to the further confusion than to the solution of the muddle. The attitude of the Government would seem to indicate a calm confidence in their policy—or that they have none, and are trusting to the chapter of accidents. It is sincerely to be hoped the former is the case; for, if the opinion of the only capable man on the spot who speaks out—the *Times* correspondent—is worth anything, Gordon is in imminent peril, and the masterly inactivity of the Cabinet is likely to result in a crushing defeat of that general and his devoted followers. It is inconceivable Mr. Gladstone and Lord Hartington can mean that Gordon can "come home if he likes, and when he likes, and there's an end on't"—yet, that is the policy which, in so many words, is attributed to them by an influential London review. Mr. Gladstone's aversion to interference in the Soudan revolt is perfectly understood, even by those who do not sympathize with it; and he may extract all the consolation possible from the fact that he was forced, by circumstances, into the occupation of Egypt—that it was the necessary outcome of the policy of the late Government; but, having gone so far, he must go farther. For the moment, Egypt is, in all essential respects, under English control, and she is bound to give Generals Gordon and Graham, and Clifford Lloyd, the necessary assistance to crush the revolt, and inaugurate reforms calculated to prevent its recurrence.

THOSE who are in a position to form a pretty correct judgment of Mr. Gladstone's policy and health say, that though he is not going to leave the House of Commons yet awhile, the probabilities are increasing that he will not be one of the members of the next House. He has arrived at an age when a politician who has laboured incessantly for fifty years may well seek the repose of private life, and it is clear that his health is no longer robust, or equal to the strain of the late hours which the House keeps. It may, therefore, be expected that whenever the dissolution comes it will be accompanied by a notification that the Prime Minister does not intend to seek re-election. He may perhaps be

persuaded to go to the House of Lords, and so still keep up some connexion with political life, but this is very doubtful. Of all men who ever entered that assembly he would find himself most out of place, and most of his admirers would probably rather see him retire from politics altogether than subside into the obscurity of the gilded chamber.

THE language of the *Montreal Herald* on the policy of Sir John A. Macdonald in reference to the Grand Trunk Bill leaves nothing to the imagination. Probably the Prime Minister, himself, would be the last person to deny that his conduct of that measure was influenced more by party exigencies than by the requirements of Quebec, or the welfare of the railway corporation. But it is doubtful if the writer, who is said to be an ex-colleague of Sir John's, will not do himself and his journal more harm by the use of Billingsgate than he will the implacable politician, from whose shoulders "derangements of epitaphs" seems to glide like water from a duck's back. It is written that not what enters but what comes from man defiles him.

IT would appear that the constitution of County Boards of Audit, in Ontario, requires modification. At present, each is composed of the County Judge, County Attorney, and an official representing the county town. The duties attaching to the first and last offices are usually included in the general routine of the persons who fill them, without extra salary, the County Attorney being the only paid member of the board as such. Amongst other duties, the board has the passing of accounts for expenses incurred by city policemen in pursuit of criminals who cross the boundary into the county, and it is urged that so many reasonable charges of this kind have been disallowed as to discourage the city police from following up criminals—the suburban force, furthermore, being usually insufficient for the work. It should also be remembered that the law stipulates such charges must be borne by the counties. The result is that criminals take advantage of this state of affairs and escape. It is manifestly the interest of the County Attorney to keep down charges, so as to retain the favour of the ratepayers, and if he can, by any influence, get either of his co-officials to vote with him, he controls the board. This, it is stated, is often done, and a city official who protested, the other day, against the "consideration for thieves" which such a niggardly policy on the part of a board displayed, was publicly rebuked by the Judge. If the critic's contention that the reimbursement of moneys paid out of their private purses by constables in pursuit of criminals was refused, there is a premium being placed upon crime, for the most vigilant officer cannot afford, out of his small salary, to pay for the cost of taking his prisoners.

THE *Financial Reformer*, in an editorial note on Lord Lansdowne, and after reminding its readers that the Governor-General resigned his seat in the Gladstone Ministry rather than be a party to the passing of the Irish Land Act, says:—"However, his Limerick estates were dealt with a few days ago, and the commissioners reduced his rental by just the trifle of 25 per cent.—from £2,400 to £1,800. Folks can now understand the 'noble' independence of his lordship in his heroic retirement from the Ministry. It is to be hoped that his salary in Canada will constitute a sufficient solace for the 'outrage' done to him by the fixing of a fair rent for his depleted tenantry in Limerick."

INDICATIONS that the "uncrowned king" of Ireland must soon abdicate or be dethroned accumulate. The rumour that Mr. Parnell will retire from the leadership of the National party is revived, and following close upon the reports of disaffection amongst his followers, and the pretensions to that position of at least two others, each of whom is the exponent of a sharper policy, is significant. The truth is, that would-be leaders had no idea the "perquisites" of chieftainship were so large until that unfortunate £40,000 was presented to Mr. Parnell, since when the more adventurous spirits, with an eye to a share of the spoils, have been struggling to supplant him. If a recent cablegram is to be believed, the Nationalist leader has no stomach for the physic he so glibly prescribed to his brother landowners, and, despite the big *douceur*, objects to the "no-rent" theory being adopted by his own tenants, one of whom he is reported to have secured a verdict against for arrears of rent.

CURRENT EVENTS AND OPINIONS.

MR. BLAKE'S defeat on the question of the grant to Quebec has, as might have been expected, caused uproarious exultation among his victorious foes, who pursue him through column after column of jubilant satire and invective. It was, no doubt, a signal overthrow. Yet Mr. Blake seems to have made an excellent speech, and unquestionably he had right upon his side. Even to Sir John Macdonald it must sometimes occur in the pensive hour of moral reflection that government by intrigue, corruption and gerrymandering, though it may be a sad necessity in his case, as it was in that of Walpole, cannot elevate a nation. But Mr. Blake was forbidden by the fell exigencies of the situation, which he at heart feels as much as does his antagonist, to take the high and strong ground of pure government. Had he done this he would have been deserted, as he too well knew, by the whole of his following, except that part of the Ontario delegation which is true to the interests of its Province. He was therefore obliged to take the less moral and less straightforward course of demanding, formally at least, better terms all round. He thus fell into an inconsistency of which the Arch Enemy did not fail, with his usual adroitness, to take advantage. But as there is sometimes method in madness, so there is sometimes sense in inconsistency. In Mr. Blake's inconsistency on this occasion there was only too much sense. Is he, or is anybody prepared with a policy which shall supersede provincial interests and unite all the Provinces in the common pursuit of a great federal object? Unless somebody is prepared with such a policy there is nothing to be done but hold the discordant elements of the Confederation together, and maintain a basis for a government by influences of the sort employed by Sir John Macdonald; and of that business Sir John Macdonald is a far greater master than Mr. Blake.

THE annual dinner of the St. George's Society is held this year under circumstances of rather more than common interest and importance. As a dispenser of relief to distressed immigrants from England, the Society has, during the past winter, been tasked beyond the usual measure of its burden, indeed almost beyond its resources; and the energies of its ever zealous Secretary, Mr. Pell, have been strained by the multitude of claims on his attention, to the very verge of breaking down. But the political juncture is also such as to lend special significance to an institution which has partly for its object the maintenance of a feeling of brotherhood among all men of English blood throughout this continent. The position of the English in America is peculiar. They represent the country from which mainly the language, the literature, the institutions, the religion, the moulding influences, generally, of society on this continent are derived. The name of New England is the monument of their glory as the founders of that illustrious group of colonies which was destined to be the vital germ of the whole. Yet, of all the nationalities they are the weakest, and politically the most despised. No politician ever thinks of appealing to English feeling or paying court to the English vote. The main reason of this is that the English are not like some of the other nationalities, gregarious and clannish. The leading features of their political character, as of their character generally, are independence and self-reliance, which they too often carry even to the extreme of isolation. Wherever they settle they become citizens in the full sense of the term, identifying themselves thoroughly with the interests of the community which has adopted them, going each of them about his own business, and not seeking to form any sectional combination for the promotion of any separate interest of their race. This, while it is a political virtue, is also under the circumstances of society here, a political weakness, and that it is seen to be so by the worshippers of political force appears from the general tone of the Press, as well as from the demeanour of the politicians. Negative disregard is in fact beginning to assume the form of something like a positive prejudice, and this, strange to say, is more visibly the case in Canada than it is in the United States, where traditional dislike of England is combined with a liking for the individual Englishman. Therefore, men of English blood have a special motive and a justification, not indeed for sectionalism, much less for conspiracy, which it is to be hoped will always remain alien to their natures, but for availing themselves of such centres of friendly union and such opportunities of demonstrating their community of feeling as the St. George's Society affords. The Society is charitable and social, not political; nor will it ever call upon its members to take the field under any political banner. But an occasion may possibly present itself on which they would take the field uncalled. If, for example, an attempt shall again be made by any political tactician to capture the suffrages of Irish Catholics by using the Parliament of Canada as an engine for dealing the Mother Country a dastardly blow in her hour of peril, the schemer will

find that though, happily, there is no such a thing as an "English vote," there are a good many English votes.

It is always fair to form our estimate of the character of a movement from the utterances of its best men, and the character of the Temperance movement, or, as it should rather be called, the Prohibition movement, (for we hope that we are all of us friends of temperance) will certainly suffer no injustice if our estimate of it is formed from the utterances of Mr. Samuel Blake. In him we are sure to find the equity, the impartiality, the calmness of one who has sat upon the judgment seat, combined with the pre-eminent charity of a leading Christian. Especially is he sure to be scrupulous above the measure of the mere laymen, his associates, in respect for the rights of property, of which, as a judge, he was, and as a member of the legal profession still is, an appointed guardian. A special significance therefore, attaches to his words reported in a Temperance journal as to the consideration to be shown to the people whom it is proposed to deprive of their trade. "If there was to be compensation given at all he would like to know from whom it is going to come. The temperance people were really the injured ones; it was they who were entitled to compensation. Liquor dealers had better leave compensation out of the question. It would get them out of their depths. It was a farce to talk of compensation when those men who dealt in liquor were the wealthiest in the country. They had put the city to the expense of building the hospital, the gaol, the central prison, and they had caused the expenditure of \$150,000 or \$200,000 a year for the administration of justice. They had had a monopoly for years, and should now take warning and get out of the business." Mr. Blake's trained sense of justice will assent to the proposition that when it is proposed to turn men, without compensation, out of a trade in which they have invested their property, with the full sanction of the State, and by which they are earning their livelihood and that of their families, the case against them ought to be stated with strict accuracy and perfect candour. Is strict accuracy observed or perfect candour displayed when the liquor trade is charged with causing the expenditure not only of the central prison, but of the hospital and the courts of law. Are there no maladies or casualties, is there no litigation except among drunkards? Is it fair even to hold the trade responsible for the entire cost of the gaol when Prohibitionist Maine both has a gaol and needs it, while she stands above all other communities in the statistics of divorce? However, be the blame what it may, why is it to rest on the dealers alone? A licensed dealer is an agent of the State. The community of which Mr. Blake is himself a member has largely shared, under the form of license fees and excise, the profits of the traffic, and is therefore just as responsible as those actively engaged. To reconcile the moral sense of his audience to measures of violence, the ex-judge compares the trade in liquors to the trade in dynamite for murderous purposes; but the trade in dynamite for murderous purposes has not yet been licensed by the State. Slave-owning is at least as bad as liquor-selling; yet no emancipationist proposed to abolish slavery without compensating the slave-owners, nor would England have any reason to be proud of emancipation if it had been merely an act of philanthropic plunder. The suggestion that it is the temperance men who ought to be compensated by the liquor dealer for his criminal opposition to their views reminds us a little of the French Jacobin, who, when charged with peculation, replied that he could not possibly have been guilty of it since all property of right belonged to the patriots. Among the men whom Mr. Blake thinks proper to treat as felons, almost as fiends, and to put out of the pale of common justice, there are many just as respectable and just as hostile to drunkenness, as the reformers themselves. To say that the daily practice of Christ, the Apostles, and the best men in Christendom down to this hour, is in itself criminal, is rather too much. Mr. Blake, therefore, has to fall back on the assumption that the use of wine must inevitably lead to a craving for stronger liquors and to excess; but the instances already cited are as fatal to one hypothesis as to the other, and the notable absence of drunkenness in the wine-growing countries is as decisive as any experience can be. It seems to come pretty much to this, that views and practice at variance with those of certain eminent philanthropists must be proper subjects of coercive legislation, and that facts, whatever they may be, will be pleaded in vain. This is not a spirit to which, when it indulges in suggestions of high-handed violence, society can afford to give up the reins, nor is it likely to be satisfied with victory in a single agitation. The assertion that drunkenness is spreading with alarming rapidity in Canada is contradicted by the best authorities on our social history, who aver that within their memory, temperance has made great progress. But if strong measures are necessary, let strong measures be taken; only let them be consistent with social morality, which

forbids us to ruin innocent citizens without compensation, for the convenience of the public. Nobody proposes anything extravagant; we only want reasonable notice, and when that is insufficient to obviate wrong, a reasonable amount of indemnity. Above all, we want in the highest interest of society, a recognition of the principle that philanthropy, even when most convinced of the paramount excellence of its object, is to keep itself within the bounds of justice.

THE writer of a letter to the *Globe* the other day sought an answer to the doubts created in his mind by the difficulties which arise about discipline in our public schools. Why are extreme measures necessary? Why are our young boys so disrespectful towards their teachers in school, and sometimes afterwards? Why are many of them equally disrespectful to their parents, even in the presence of strangers? Why are they so insolent in the streets, using profane and foul language, puffing their cigar smoke in the faces of passengers, spitting on the dresses of ladies, and committing every sort of outrage? The facts, unhappily, cannot be disputed. Even Lord Dufferin, who poured his eulogies so copiously over everybody and everything, could not help declining to eulogize the manners of children. The blame, as the writer in the *Globe* is inclined to think, rests on the home. It cannot fairly be said to rest upon a schoolmaster, who is denied effective means of maintaining discipline among the pupils, and if he whips a young barbarian for the grossest outrage or the most contumacious disobedience, is brought before a magistrate and fined for excessive punishment, his moral influence being at the same time totally ruined. The home, no doubt, is the chief seat of the evil. But the home itself only participates in the general decay of authority. Few of those who have studied social history without prejudice doubt that democracy, with all its drawbacks, is, on the whole and for the mass of the community, a vast improvement on any previous state of things. But democracy has its drawbacks, at least while it is crude, and before people have learned that without authority there can be no true liberty. The world has been too much occupied in deposing or constitutionalizing kings to think how order, which is indispensable to progress itself, was to be maintained when the kingly power was gone. Men are now afraid to rule their own households lest they should offend democratic sentiment. Indeed, the headship of the family is itself the object of a special attack in which some, even of the churches, led by their anxiety to cultivate popularity, are beginning to join. The home being the mould of character, domestic anarchy will breed insubordination in the commonwealth. Then comes such literature as *The Boys of New York, a paper for Young Americans*, and fires the undisciplined imp with that precocious passion for playing the bandit, of which instances, at once ridiculous and revolting, are constantly reported in the papers. Destruction of any property left exposed to his playfulness is the chartered right of the embryo citizen. Reverence for parents, or for age, on this continent, is fast becoming a thing of the past; it is feeling, like everything else, the decay of the religious sentiment on which it has hitherto been largely based; to see the beauty and sanctity of domestic life you will soon have to go to some quiet nook in the Old World. A firmer basis than ever may be presently found and all may come right again; but we, at any rate, live in the transition. No book seems to be more popular, and certainly none is more characteristic of the time, than *Peck's Bad Boy and his Pa*, a merry narrative of a series of practical jokes played by a boy on his father, whose age and infirmities, it is assumed, make him the natural object of insult and derision. One of the liveliest of the jokes consists in substituting a lot of small rubber hose for the "old person's" macaroni, and watching his futile attempts to chew it with his failing teeth, a show which affords the party "more fun than they would have at a circus." The father is represented throughout as fully accepting his degradation, and if his son were represented as kicking him, there would be nothing in the act at all out of keeping with the rest of the book. Indeed, kicking him would not be a much stronger measure than soaping the door step and giving him a bad fall. The author of this witty work would no doubt be startled if he were told that the grossest indecency which he could pen would neither be more revolting to right-minded men nor more noxious than what he has written. He has the excuse of living in a general atmosphere of irreverence, and perhaps he may partly trace his inspiration to another popular work in which a manufacturer of jokes goes round all the most sacred places of history, including the Holy Sepulchre, and profanes each of them with his mechanical grins. Machiavel's *Prince*, and Mandeville's *Fable of the Bees*, Chesterfield's *Letters to his Son*, are each of them literary portents in its way; and so in its way is *Peck's Bad Boy*.

THE anguish which, to judge from the language of her journalists, Chicago felt when an arrow from Matthew Arnold's silver bow had, as she

supposed, touched her Philistinism shows how sensitive she is upon that point. Philistinism has always been, to minds not celestial, a somewhat cabalistic word, but if it means devotion to pork and grain, we can scarcely deny that to the eye of the close observer something of the kind is visible beneath the beautiful surface of Chicago's intellectual and spiritual life. However, Matthew Arnold is large-minded and will no doubt have judged fairly. He will have set the marvellous proofs of energy, enterprise and commercial intelligence against anything in the pork or stock-jobbing department on which the Muses and Graces would not smile. He must know that culture is necessarily sacrificed to hard work; that Apollo, if he could touch the lyre while he was watching the herds of Admetus, could not have touched the lyre while he was turning a hog into sausages; and that the intellectual apex of society must rest upon a coarse foundation. No doubt he will also have been warned by native Americans that round the commercial gambling table of Chicago, as round that of New York, there are almost as many foreigners as natives, so that it is hardly the place where a fair idea of American character, even as it exists in the cities, can be formed. But there is still danger lest, by Matthew Arnold and other Englishmen who visit the States, city life and character should be taken for the life and character of the whole people. Englishmen now come to the United States much more than they did; for such of them as are in public life or mean to enter it, a visit to the Republic has become an essential part of political education; and though they may, as we are told, have composed the Longfellow inscription in deplorable ignorance of the fact that there were other Portlands besides that in the State of Maine, and may otherwise show that they have still a great deal to learn, it is yet pretty safe to say that they know as much about the people of the United States as the people of the United States know about them. Still they hardly go beyond the cities, or, at most, the villas on the Hudson. Country life they see only from the train; and if the political facts relating to it are pretty well known to them from conversation with American politicians or from books, the social facts are not. Rural society is by no means pervaded by the devouring greed of gain which gnaws the vitals of the Chicago or New York speculator, and hurries him through a restless life into an early grave, any more than it is pervaded by the nervous excitement for which social philosophers are always prescribing remedies. The farmers and the village merchants are industrious and thrifty; their standard of material civilization is high, and therefore they want to earn more money than would satisfy a Mexican or a Negro. That they care for nothing but money would never be said by anyone who had lived among them: they care for higher things than money, and care for them a good deal. The cluster of church steeples which crowns every American village is a proof that though the inhabitants may be far from being philosophers, their hearts are not set wholly on pelf. In a new country, where the development of wealth is rapid, and the prizes dazzling, money-making is an exciting game; and it is the excitement of the game as much as the gross love of money that prevails in the American breast. In all countries, however, new or old, just now the empire of Mammon is pretty strong. There has ceased to be a rival near his throne. The missionaries, the crusaders, the cathedral-builders of former days had a faith, and believed, foolishly it may be, but sincerely, that if they sacrificed the material to the spiritual they would win a spiritual crown. In our day the man of science, the writer, the artist, may still be lifted above the love of money by their special pursuits; but in the minds of ordinary men, desire of wealth and the pleasures which it brings must, for the time, dominate, and Philistinism, if that is to be the name for gross tastes, must have its hour. The Agnostic is not asked to believe against evidence that religion is true. He is not asked to renounce the belief that something far better than religion is in the womb of evolution and will presently come forth. But without doing either, he may admit that between that which has been and that which is to be there is likely to come an interregnum marked by phenomena, including dynamitism as well as mammonism and sybaritism, of which social science will find good specimens at Chicago.

LORD LORNE's proposal to make the Province, instead of the county, the basis of local self-government in Ireland, and to introduce Provincial Home Rule, was propounded and discussed twenty years ago. At that time Lord Russell was inclined to approve it. It has its advantages; among other things, it would enable public education to be localized; Ulster might have her own system; the Catholic provinces might have theirs, and if they failed to deal with the subject at first in a liberal spirit, the responsibility would not rest on the Government of the United Kingdom. But the difficulties of inaugurating any plan of local self-government in Ireland are now greatly increased. To decentralize the police under present circumstances is impossible; it would be baring the breast of loyalty to the knife

of the Leaguer. Local assemblies of any kind would now certainly be worked not for the purpose for which they were intended, but as agencies of disunion. A large measure of local self-government, including Ireland as well as the other kingdoms, had been prepared, and was on the point of passing through Parliament when the rebellion broke out; but this was not what Mr. Parnell wanted; nor had there ever been much agitation on that subject. The grievances, when set forth with all the pomp of language by the literary heralds of the "Irish Revolution," amount to little, and have their parallel in England, where the county is still administered not by an elective council, but by the Justices of the Peace in Quarter Sessions. Nor would the people of the Catholic provinces be likely to make much use of an elaborate system of councils and boards if it were bestowed upon them to-morrow. Many would prefer the personal rule of any sort of local chief. It is not in the political region that the root of the evil lies. The constant growth of a redundant population in an island over the greater part of which wheat will not ripen, is the Alpha and Omega of the sad Irish question. Religious animosity and the memories of historic wrongs are secondary sources of bitterness, but they are nothing more. We have the very thing before our eyes in Quebec, where the French peasants, encouraged by their church, as the Irish are, to marry early and to take little thought for the morrow, having numerous families, living in a poor country, and being deficient in industrial energy, outrun the means of subsistence and are forced to emigrate by thousands to the adjacent States. If Quebec were an Island, the case of Ireland might have a perfect parallel; and the French emigration into Maine and Vermont might just as well be ascribed to the tyranny of Government and styled an "extermination" of the people as the Irish emigration into England and across the Atlantic. Quebec, however, is happily free from the curse of incendiary demagogism, which in Ireland not only diverts the energies of the peasantry from fruitful self-help to barren agitation, but, by rendering all property insecure, precludes investment, arrests commercial progress, and prevents the development even of the limited resources possessed by a country poor in cereals and almost destitute of coal. Were Ireland allowed to be at peace, the beauty of her coast would soon attract a wealthy class of residents, and her rich pastures, restored to their natural use, would supply with meat and dairy produce the manufacturing cities of the sister island, which, in their turn, would furnish employment to the redundant population of Ireland. But this, as well as the depletion of the congested districts, which is indispensable as the first step in improvement, is hopeless, because the country is always in the hands of adventurers who subsist by public discontent. It is called inconsistent in those who have written in a friendly spirit about Irish history and character to withhold their sympathy from the Fenian movement. It would be inconsistent in any true friend of Ireland not to pray, in unison with all the property and intelligence of the island, that agitation may end, and that there may be peace.

THE agitators are now quarrelling among themselves, and there is a revolt against the despotism of Mr. Parnell. This is the invariable course of events. O'Connell, combining all the forces of that day, religious as well as political, under his leadership, was able to preserve his ascendancy; and with him it was possible, after a fashion, to make terms. But the supremacy of all the leaders since O'Connell has been partial and ephemeral; and it has been fruitless to negotiate with the idol of the day, when he was certain, almost before the compact had been sealed, to give place to the idol of the morrow. Had the arrangement styled the treaty of Kilmaham taken effect, the only consequence would have been the dethronement of Mr. Parnell by some "irreconcilable" rival. If there were a definite and, at the same time, a patriotic object, there might be union among these men; but there is not. Some of the insurgents are for complete separation: others are for a Federal union: though the latter class might spare themselves the trouble of further argument, since the solution of the problem to which no British statesman ever can or will consent is the establishment of two independent Legislatures under one Crown. There is scarcely more agreement on the agrarian than on the political question; Mr. Davitt is preaching the extermination of the landlords and the nationalization of the land, while Mr. Parnell is suing a tenant for rent. Mr. Parnell, Mr. Justin McCarthy, and others of the less rabid section probably shrink from contact with dynamite, though they are fain to be beholden to it for their funds; but the more advanced section is now completely identified, not only with Irish dynamite, but with European anarchy; and the Irish priests, who adhere to the Nationalist cause, find themselves practically in alliance with the most furious propagators of atheism and disseminators of the *Comic Life of Christ*. It is not unlikely that with this appearance of the Red Spectre a current of reaction may set in. What sort of government is to be set up in Ireland when separ-

ation has taken place, neither Mr. Parnell nor anybody else has yet attempted to explain. Nationalism embarks on a shoreless sea. There is no native dynasty, there is no available centre or basis of any kind. Monarchy, which is congenial to Roman Catholics, would therefore be almost out of the question. For republican institutions the Celts are suited neither by their natural character nor by their historical training. It was from England, whether under a good or under an evil star, that Ireland received Parliamentary Government, nor is there the shadow of a reason for surmising that she would ever have created it for herself. The political tendencies of Ulster are directly opposite to those of the rest of Ireland, as are those of the priesthood to those of the Anarchists and Atheists. To found a new constitution, even in countries prepared for the process, is the most desperately difficult of all undertakings, and in this case the edifice would have to be built upon a soil absolutely saturated with the blood of historic feuds, and cumbered with the deadliest Upas tree of mutual hatred. Personal rivalries among leaders, not one of whom could have any recognized title to allegiance, would infallibly be added to the other sources of confusion. Distress, and with it discontent, would increase; for England would be at liberty, and would certainly avail herself of her right, to close her ports against Irish immigration, and if Ireland excluded her products, as Nationalists threaten, she would exclude Irish products in her turn. Can any Irish patriot foretell the sequel? "In revolutions," said Danton, in a moment of frankness and resipiscence, "the worst men always prevail." The more violent, at any rate, always prevail for a season. A reign of anarchy and terror, probably accompanied by massacre of land-owners and Protestants, as well as by confiscation and plunder, would probably be the immediate result: the ultimate result would most assuredly be re-conquest.

UNDER the startling title of *The Coming Slavery*, Mr. Herbert Spencer, in the *Contemporary*, once more essays to stem the current of the regulative and semi-socialistic legislation which is setting in, and which appears to him to threaten with extinction individual liberty. He is the surviving spokesman of that old school of Liberalism of which *laissez faire* was the motto, while John Stuart Mill was the oracle, and which has now been ousted from the command of the Liberal party by the Collectivists, as, to add one more uncouth term to the pile of jargon, they style themselves, whose chief is Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Herbert Spencer would carry his principles a good deal too far, and militarism haunts his dreams. The functions most proper to government no doubt are national defence, the maintenance of public order, the protection of the rights of property and the repression of crime. But its actions cannot be always confined within these bounds; it must sometimes become paternal; it must, as in the case of children employed in factories, take care of those who cannot take care of themselves; it must enforce regulations which, though interferences with private habits, are essential to public health or comfort; it must sometimes interpose to save people even from the consequences of their own misconduct, and prevent them from dying of hunger on the street, though their destitution may be the consequence of their own faults and the penalty affixed to such faults by nature. Strictly to define the duties of a government is impossible; they must vary with circumstances, with the character of the nation and the stage of civilization which it has reached. Government is the organ of the community for such purposes as it may be found, from time to time, expedient to effect by common action. But unless we have renounced our faith in liberty and its fruits we must all hold that the narrower is the range of coercion, the wider that of free action, the better for each man and the community it will be. Mr. Herbert Spencer at all events does us a service by calling attention, as he has done in language of great force and clearness, to the revolution which has taken place in the aims of a large section of the Liberal party, and the growing tendency to revert from liberty and economy to paternal government, accompanied as it must be, with vast expenditure and heavy taxation. Regulative enactments have of late been rapidly multiplied, each in turn forming a precedent for others, and the first impulse of every social or sanitary reformer now is, not to recommend his improvement for free adoption, but to get it enforced by legislation. Candidates for the popular suffrage are fast learning to take this line. With the number of regulations that of regulators increases, and ground is not wanting for Mr. Herbert Spencer's apprehension that in the end a bureaucracy may be formed which will be practically too strong for the community, so that the Arch-Bureaucrat whoever he is, will be master of the State. Attention has been called in these columns to the growing practice of creating boards, such as those for schools and free libraries, with taxing powers not under the control of the citizens or their regular representatives. Often, as Mr. Spencer truly says, the paternal legislator in his "practical"

wisdom sees nothing beyond the immediate consequences of his act, and unwittingly kills voluntary agencies, which his coercive measure very imperfectly replaces. Undertaking to provide for the poor better lodging at the public expense, he prevents the investment of private capital in house building, and thus aggravates the dearth of house room in the long run. Larger and more threatening developments of the paternal principle begin to loom, and Government is in some quarters encouraged to become the universal educator, sanitary guide, purveyor of literature, and provider of amusement for the people, as well as the reliever of every kind of distress. The money necessary for all this beneficent outlay is regarded as the largess of a superior power called the State, when in fact it is taken out of the earnings of the more industrious classes for the benefit, too often, of those less industrious. Finally we come to proposals for confiscation, for turning out as "marauders" all whose property is in land and all those who have been allowed "to lay hands on our great railway communications," that is to say, on roads which the stockholders constructed with their own money, and quite as often to their loss as to their gain. Socialism, the ultimate consummation of the system on which the world seems now disposed to enter, would actually, as Mr. Spencer says, be a revival of Slavery, since each man in the army of workers would be compelled to render absolute obedience to the command of the officers appointed to set each his task. Then liberty and progress at once would cease.

AMONG the curious and characteristic phenomena of the time is the proposed erection of an international monument to Schopenhauer. To his own generation the prophet of Pessimism seemed crazed. But he has now found a number of people to believe with him that this is the worst of all possible worlds, and that the only hope of man is release from consciousness, or what Buddhists call *Nirvana*. Undoubtedly he can make a case, if not as to the whole, as to a large portion of mankind. To a Roman slave, for instance, who spent his life in hard labour for a ruthless master, was lodged with his fellow slaves in an underground dungeon, and perhaps in the end was crucified, this might well appear the worst of all possible worlds. He might well think with Schopenhauer that it could not have been worse without going to pieces altogether. His was an extreme case, but with regard even to mankind at large, when bereavement is taken into the account as well as death and pain, the pessimist has surely a formidable array of evidence on his side. Christianity has a reply to him. She avows that the present state of man in the main is evil, but asserts that it is not the final state; that this world is a training place and a theatre of action, not a permanent abode; that the evil may by moral effort be turned into good; and that the Gospel contains the secret of that process. Her faith may be a dream, but her hypothesis covers the facts. Not so with the philosophy whose hope is summed in intensity and duration of earthly life, to which pain is necessarily evil, and painlessness is the goal of all effort, or rather of all evolution. "The absolutely good, the absolutely right in conduct," we are told in the *Data of Ethics* "can be that only which produces pure pleasure—pleasure unalloyed with pain anywhere. By implication, conduct which has any concomitant of pain, or any painful consequence is partially wrong; and the highest claim to be made for such conduct is that it is the least wrong which, under the conditions, is possible—the relatively right." On this hypothesis, unless the pains of childbirth can be abolished, it will always be at least partially wrong to bring a man into the world. From the positive pain of bereavement, which will become more intense with every increase of our sensibilities, there is evidently no escape any more than from death and the shadow which death casts over life. But whatever may be the visions of philosophy with regard to the future they will not cure the ills of the present, on the supposition that the sufferers have no hope beyond. A man dying of thirst on this planet would not be refreshed by knowing that a being like himself was quaffing sherbet in Uranus. Nor will the pain and sorrow of to-day be deprived of their sting by any philosophic forecast of happiness to be enjoyed by others, thousands of years after we are dead and gone.

A BYSTANDER.

LECTURING on "Emerson" at the Crystal Palace, Mr. Joseph Foster said: "A man who thinks of the success of his writing, and not of his writing only, may gain a superficial success; he may be noticed in the *Times*, but he never gains, and never deserves to gain, a hold on the brains and hearts of mankind. It is not by pleasing the vulgar that a man succeeds; it is by pleasing the wise and discriminating, who dictate to the vulgar what to admire. Genius can only be thoroughly appreciated by genius. A man can only be really judged by his peers. But still we little people may pick up some thoughts and ideas suitable to our size, and, if we are strong enough, carry them away."

HERE AND THERE.

CONTRARY to general expectation, the wedding of Princess Victoria of Hesse to Prince Louis of Battenburg is not postponed on account of the death of Prince Leopold, though the marriage ceremony will be shorn of much of its intended brilliancy. Despite the deep grief experienced by the Queen at the death of her favourite son, her Majesty has proceeded to Darmstadt, in order to be present at the ceremony. The Emperor William, whose iron constitution at length begins to show signs of decay, has, by the advice of his physicians, gone into retirement at Weisbaden, and as the Empress Augusta is also in delicate health, neither will be present. Their absence and the general mourning of the Royal families present will invest the whole ceremony with a certain amount of gloom.

It is very curious to note how the legendary influence and position of the *London Times* is insisted upon by journalists and others who ought to know better. On Saturday a leading Toronto daily spoke of the erstwhile "Thunderer" as "the great organ of public opinion" in England, whereas the *Times* rarely represents, nor does it but seldom influence, public opinion there. It does not even possess the merit of being independent, for it usually inclines to the Government of the day, though it never becomes an out-and-out party organ. At the present moment the *News* and the *Standard*, respectively, represent the Liberals and Conservatives, the *Morning Post* is the extreme Tory and aristocratic organ, the *Chronicle* is the paper representing the masses, whilst the *Telegraph* is, somewhat after the manner of the *Times*, a trimmer, and has its strength more in providing general sensational reading than in posing as the exponent of public opinion. On the Continent and generally abroad the *Times* is still looked upon as occupying the position it did of old, hence the many mistakes made by writers and politicians in other countries as to English public affairs.

WHEN, some twelve months ago, in London, a general attack was made upon amateur actors and play-writers, almost all the world said "Amen!" And amongst those who subscribed to the anathemas, probably none did so more heartily than the unfortunate friends of the misguided people who deluded themselves by thinking they were destined for a kind of aristocratic sock-and-buskin career. The same condemnation cannot by any possibility be extended to the ladies and gentlemen whose performance of "Iolanthe" in the Hamilton Opera House last week met so enthusiastic a reception. On the contrary, the public verdict seems to be that the representation of Gilbert and Sullivan's sparkling production then and there given was one of which a professional company might well be proud, and the fact that it will probably run to four performances would appear to confirm this. Should the "company" consent to perform at Toronto, it would be safe to promise a hearty reception.

It is customary and proper in arranging celebrations, anniversaries, or the like, for the executive committee to invite local composers to write some musical or poetical composition commemorative of the event, or to advantage themselves of the opportunity and undertake the fitting production of some similar existing work which the author has not yet given to the world. Would it not, in connection with the forthcoming Toronto semi-centennial, be a graceful act, and one extremely appropriate to the occasion, to arrange a performance of Mr. Davenport Kerrison's symphony—"Canada," dedicated to the people of the Dominion? This musical composition has been favourably reviewed by the press of Toronto, and is well spoken of by those connoisseurs who have heard it. The author introduces English, Scotch, and Irish national airs, with cunning variations, and naturally assigns a prominent position to his Canadian national anthem. The composer's task is at best a hard and ungrateful one, and if opportunities of recognizing talent, like the forthcoming one, are overlooked or neglected, there is little to encourage a native composer to make any effort to do credit to native art.

A CHARMING yachting picture, representing the cutter "Eileen" rounding a buoy in an imaginary race, has just been finished by Mr. Robert F. Gagen, of King street, Toronto. The artist, in the working out of the "combination" picture, photographed Com. John Leys, Capt. W. Gooderham (owner), and seven friends separately on a temporary "deck" placed at an angle of about forty-five degrees, so as to get the correct posture, then painted the boat, water, and sky, and arranged the photographs in position. The result is a striking and natural picture, which it is intended eventually to photograph in reduced size. Mr. Gagen has also in hand some water-colour coast views painted round and about Bar

Harbour, and a number of beautiful flower pictures. One, a large bunch of hollyhocks, is certain to command much attention at the forthcoming exhibition, at which all the subjects mentioned will be shown.

Mr. Foster, also of King street, is finishing a speaking full-length portrait of Mrs. McLaren, companion to one already executed of Mr. McLaren—of Caldwell v. McLaren fame. The same clever artist has also been commissioned to paint a third picture of the two Misses McLaren.

IN the course of a paper on "The Deer of the Ottawa Valley," read before the Field Naturalist's Club of the capital, and re-printed in *Forest and Stream*, Mr. Lett says:—"A well-beaten yard, often acres in extent, within twelve miles of Ottawa, is now no mean representative of the wide trodden haunts of the Virginian deer in the near past. The multiplication of hunters, superinduced by arms of precision and volunteer companies, but above all the lawless assassin who slaughters them, male and female, old and young, upon the crust, during deep snow, have tended, in a measure, legally and illegally to more than decimate the magnificent denizens of the forest surrounding the city of Ottawa. The clearing away for agricultural purposes, and the destruction by bush fires of the forest in many places, have driven the deer back to more distant haunts. The wolf, too, although not more sanguinary in its instincts than the lawless crust-hunter, has done his part in thinning the deer in the Valley of the Ottawa. Still, it is almost astonishing to know that there are large numbers of them on both sides of the Ottawa River, and in the forests bordering upon its many large tributaries. In summer the Virginia deer delights to hang around clearances for the purpose of feeding on grass, clover, turnips and potatoes. In former times many were killed from scaffolds in the nights by watchers in the turnip and potato fields."

THE St. John, N.B., *Daily Telegraph* has commenced a series of articles which will set forth the advantages which New Brunswick offers to intending settlers from Europe. This action is taken "pending the publication of an official hand-book upon the Province." The writer maintains that farms which will compare favourably with those in the west are to be found within a day's journey from the steamship landing—about half-way between Europe and the western prairies. The settler-farmer has there the option of buying a tract of new land out of which to make a homestead from the virgin forest; or he can purchase an improved farm in the heart of a thriving district, with excellent buildings and stock upon it. In the latter case he would be near schools and churches; in both events he would be near the port of shipment. "It is a geographical fact that some of the finest farming districts in America lie awaiting occupation, less than a day's journey from the Atlantic coast of New Brunswick."

THERE were twenty-two failures in Canada, reported to Bradstreet's during the past week, as compared with thirty-six in the preceding week, and with thirty-two, six, and four, respectively, in the corresponding weeks of 1883, 1882, and 1881. The same authority reports 155 failures in the United States during the past week, as against 193 in the preceding week, and 160 in the corresponding week of 1883.

THE Philadelphia *Progress* wishes Mr. Arnold would write a book about America—principally because the great critic says he will not do so. "When he is so positive in denying the statement that to write a book is his purpose he must have strong reasons, and we would like to know what those reasons are. He has something to say, without doubt, and it is possibly because he believes that something would not please us that he refrains from making a book. Americans, however, are not nearly so thin-skinned as they were when "Martin Chuzzlewit" appeared, and if a foreigner criticizes us in print, and does it honestly and intelligently, we are not likely to abuse him in return. A book by Mr. Arnold would have a large sale in this country and fair consideration. It is to be hoped that the distinguished gentleman may be induced to change his mind. Let him write a book, even though he wants to return to our republic. His book would have to be very severe and very unjust to induce us to put our hands behind our backs on his arrival. He should have sufficient confidence in his own judgment and ability not to fear to speak of us frankly. But it looks as if he had not."

PRESIDENT ELIOT, of Harvard, is hard upon base-ball. Speaking to a meeting of high-school teachers in Boston he said it was a "wretched game"—"one of the worst games," although he knew it was called the American national game. There were 950 men in the college, he said, and the college team only numbered nine men. Out of these nine, only two

occupied "desirable positions," he understood—that of pitcher and catcher—"so that there is little chance for the youth to gratify his ambition." It would be interesting to know what was the President's "favourite weakness" in games "when he was a boy."

By refusing the bill to remove the disability of non-jurists, the U. S. House of Representatives have declared themselves on the side of intolerance and superstition. In the words of a Republican contemporary, "Religion got in the way of the legislators, and blinded their eyes to honest judgment." Nobody maintains now that a man's creed or unbelief affects his credibility in commercial affairs, or that love of truth and religious conviction are concurrent. A few visits to an ordinary police-court, where a majority of witnesses glibly perjure themselves, will be sufficient to convince unbiassed thinkers of the uselessness of the oath.

THE following, read in the light of an extract from the *Chicago Current* which was given in these pages last week, is interesting:—

The cultured society of Chicago is passing through another very painful crisis since the discovery that the Matthew Arnold letter was a hoax. The prominent citizens who denounced and exposed Mr. Arnold so freely on the strength of the letter, are now engaged in the very trying process of getting out of the scrape. Professor Swing modifies his remarks so as to make Arnold simply an "egotistical" or "blunt" man, who frightened a servant at his table by the peremptory way in which he said "Salt." Most of the others who committed themselves are silent, except Canon Knowles, who observes enigmatically, "I regard the thing as below par." General McClurg, who was Arnold's host during his stay, is the only one who comes off really creditably, for he refused to comment on the hoax, and is now able to say that he always regarded Mr. Arnold as "a gentleman of culture and refinement." We trust the affair will be a warning to the scholars and critics of Chicago, for it is a very humiliating one. They ought to have been able to detect the fraud at a glance, by the style. Professor Swing, in particular, seems to us to need a little ripening.—*N. Y. Nation*.

THACKERAY'S life has never been written—Mr. Anthony Trollope's unsatisfactory sketch tells us little we did not know—and his private letters remain unpublished. But some of his letters occasionally see the light, especially those which warn people off authorship. One written to "Dear John" is especially good. It is so frank. "Dear John," he begins, "pray do not dream of authorship, there's a good fellow. It would never pay you, I give you my honour. Many have failed. But few succeed. You are utterly incapable of passing so toilsome a life. Your very feeble health would not permit of it. Besides, what you send me for perusal is not poetry; there is not (pardon me if I pain you) a bit of true poetry in it—and there are over three hundred lines. I am glad to learn that you have been studying my essay 'On Going to See a Man Hanged;' I hope you will receive profit." This is true friendship. It is like Carlyle's advice to Sterling—which Sterling always took with true humility, and never acted upon.

MR. SWINBURNE has been moved by Mr. Matthew Arnold's preference for Byron, as compared with Shelley, to an outburst of violent anger against Byron, which should remain one of the curiosities of literature. He publishes his wrathful prose in the *Nineteenth Century*. Its language is of the choicest. Byron's "Childe Harold" is called blundering, floundering, lumbering and stumbling; his images, jolter-headed jargon; no real music, not a gleam of imagination; Byron was no poet. He depends for his effects on the most vulgar and violent resources of rant and cant and glare and splash and splutter; his verse illustrates the sickly stumble of drivelling debility. Other phrases there are, such as "the impotent nakedness of utterly unutterly rubbish," and "his drawling, draggle-tailed drab of a muse; and Byron is placed in a rank inferior to that of Crabbe. "All the ramping renegades and clattering corsairs that strut and fret their hour on the boards of a facile and theatrical invention vanish into natural nothingness, if confronted with the homely horror of an indisputable personality such as that of the suspected parricide, alone in his fisher's boat at noon among the salt marshes." This is a newer method of swearing than that of Bob Acres, and it shows how lovely a thing it is to spend one's days and nights in the study of the beautiful. Byron offends Mr. Swinburne, too, by his impurity. "The Russian episode in 'Don Juan,'" he declares "is a greater discredit to literature by its nerveless and stagnant stupidity that even by the effete vulgarity of its flat and stale uncleanness." Mr. Swinburne has a nobler idea, and would be ready to protest with Mr. Matthew Arnold against the French goddess Subriety. In nobler superiority he cuts himself apart from Byron's too seldom virtuous muse; and his rebuke is magnificent.

SAYS the out-spoken Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*:—"Pleasing compliments between political opponents are not confined to Congress. Sir Stafford Northcote in lately accusing Lord Randolph Churchill with 'playing the part of bonnet to the government,' virtually called Mr.

Gladstone and the ministry card-sharper and thimble-rigger,—since 'bonnet' is thieves' slang for the confederate who plays innocent for these swindlers in order to decoy greenhorns into the trap. And yet Sir Stafford comes of one of the most ancient landed families of England, with a pedigree going back 780 years, and he ought to be a gentleman."

A good clerical story is told in an English paper. Canon Knox Little had been preaching in St. Paul's, London, and his peculiarly revivalist style was being much criticised before a high ecclesiastic. "*Vox et præterea nihil?*" asked one of the commentators of the dignitary. "Oh no," he replied, affecting to be shocked, "*Knox et præterea Little.*"

THE scene in court when Lord Coleridge was attacking Mr. Yates and the *World* is said by a London correspondent to have been very exciting. Lord Coleridge can be as severe as any living man; but he is capable of intense indignation, and the way in which he denounced the *World* and its contributors and its readers made the court stare. For a moment the Chief Justice assumed the rôle of a chastiser of the faults of the age; and as he used the whip, the follies he abominates seemed to fly. No such a scarifying judgment has been delivered from the English bench in our time. The same authority thinks unless Mr. Yates can manage to defeat the judgment of the Court of Queen's Bench by raising what seems like an unpromising technical point, he will find himself placed in prison for four months. Mr. Yates is now fifty-three years of age, and probably the thing he will have most to fear would be the sudden cessation of his very active habits.

RACING proper, in England, may be said to begin with the Newmarket First Spring Meeting, which commences on Tuesday and the following days of next week, and racing representatives of all nations will be drawn together on the classic downs, associated with that far-famed home of horse racing, for at this meeting the horses in training belonging to Lord Falmouth are to be brought to the hammer. Racing in England has attained to such gigantic proportions that it may be almost looked upon in the light of an important native industry, and regarded as such. The retirement of Lord Falmouth from the turf must be deemed a national calamity. Since the retirement of Lord George Bentinck, in 1846, no event has excited so much surprise, or caused such universal regret, as the announcement that the whole of Lord Falmouth's stud was to be disposed of. The turf is now in a transition state, and the loss of one who has for so long been its brightest adornment and its strongest pillar is an irreparable one. In the last year or so the turf has, by the iron hand of death, lost too many of its most distinguished votaries: Prince Batthyany, Lord Stanford, Count Lagrange, Mr. Gretton, and Mr. Stirling Crawford have all crossed to the majority. The voluntary retirement of Lord Falmouth makes the gap the more conspicuous. For over a quarter of a century his lordship has figured prominently in racing circles, and now retires with a reputation for probity and straightforwardness against which the breath of scandal has never been raised.

History sometimes repeats itself. Lord George Bentinck disposed of a Derby winner in "Surplice." There are more unlikely things than that "Harvester" may credit his purchaser with the Blue Riband of the turf, though, unlike Lord George, the colours of Lord Falmouth have twice been carried to victory in the classic event—to have secured which Lord George would have given ten years of his life. It is well known that Lord Falmouth never bets. He is said to have made but one in his life, and that sixpence, with Mrs. Scott, when he laid against his own mare "Queen Bertha," who won the Oaks in 1863. The bet was paid with a brand new sixpence, set in diamonds, and mighty proud of it was the happy possessor. All the great events of the turf have, in turn, fallen to the manipulation of the powerful triumvirate, Lord Falmouth, Matthew Dawson, and Fred Archer. The value of stakes won in the last fifteen years amounts to considerably over one million dollars, yet it may well be doubted whether Lord Falmouth retires a winner in the long run from his racing speculations.

A LADY went from London to Oxford to ascertain for herself about the difference between Puseyism of that day and Anglicanism. After having spent a short time there in visiting several churches and university chapels, she was constrained to leave without having satisfied herself fully upon the point. On her way up to London, however, she met a reverend gentleman in the train who happened to be Dr. Pusey himself, and, without knowing who he was, she asked him if he could enlighten her about the object of which she was in quest. His quaint reply was: "I, also, heard a good deal about the Puseyites, but I can assure you, madam, that I am not one."

INTER-DOMINION AND PROVINCIAL FINANCES.

ONCE more, a demand for an increase of the Federal subsidies to the Provinces has been granted. It is in the nature of those calls that twice as much as is asked has to be given. Three or four provinces, finding themselves deficient in revenue, call upon the Federal Government to supply their wants; and the necessity of balancing one dole by another makes all the provinces sharers in the increase. For the addition some provinces had no need; and the supposed adjustment of interests by these make-weights involves inevitable waste. Some Provinces get money which they do not want, and which they must either needlessly spend or uselessly hoard. Temptation to extravagance is put in their way; and if they yield to it, as they are sure to do sooner or later, habits will be formed which will demand a constant increase of expenditure. The imprudent expenditure of Quebec, which lies at the root of these demands, will meet no check so long as supplies can be got from the Federal Government for the asking. The money distributed to the Provinces must first be collected from them; but as it will be collected in different proportions, the richest Provinces, consuming most dutiable goods, will be made to contribute to the local expenditure of the poorer. What is offered as an equitable adjustment really causes an unequal and unfair distribution of burthens. If Quebec requires more revenue, her necessity does not warrant her in forcing Ontario, indirectly, to assist in contributing to its increase. The subsidies do not form the sole resource of the Provinces; powers of taxation were conferred upon them, to enable them to supplement this source of income; but they will not risk the opposition of their constituents by an exercise of those powers, so long as they can supply their wants by repeated demands for an increase of the subsidies.

The great danger of these concessions is that they are not controlled by the check of any constitutional limitation. The gulf into which the increasing amounts are, from time to time, thrown, is unfathomable. A constitutional limitation there was—each Province was to get a stated sum—but means were found to break through or get over the fixed limit; and there is no scruple about making demands to supply wants created by imprudent expenditure. The latest amounts granted are capitalized, and interest thereon is payable to the Provinces. If the whole of the subsidies were capitalized, and represented by securities liable to be paid off, and a constitutional inhibition against any further increase of the amount were set up, there would be ground for hope in connection with what is now the most hopeless feature of our finances.

It is perhaps unfortunate that any agreement for subsidies was ever made. But the bargain, once entered into, should have been strictly carried out. On the Dominion was thrown the burthen of the greater part of the pre-existing public debt. Nor was this an unreasonable arrangement, since to the Dominion were accorded the customs and excise duties. But Quebec becoming impatient under its share of the load of debt, a redistribution of burthens was made; the load of Ontario and Quebec was lightened, not wholly thrown off, at the expense of the Dominion; the other Provinces receiving an increase, by way of make-weight. The demand for the shifting of the burthen came from Quebec, and Ontario acquiesced in the settlement. The other Provinces were glad to receive an increase; so strong is the delusion that the Provinces can be benefitted individually by robbing themselves in the aggregate.

Some of the Provinces backed the demand for increased subsidies by an argument which is, from any point of view, inadmissible. The ground was taken that, since the Federal Government receives the customs and excise revenue, it is bound to supply the Provinces all the means necessary to maintain the local administrations in a state of efficiency. To a subsidy of eighty cents per head of the population, according to the census of 1861, certain powers of local taxation were added; and by the exercise of these powers any additional revenue that might be required was to be obtained. If any Province does not choose to exercise those powers, it must be prepared to limit its expenditure to the amount of the subsidy; its neglect or refusal to do so can give it no claim on the Federal Government. The Federal Government, unlike the local, which may have a resource in public lands, has no revenue but what it raises from taxation; and to increase taxes, either by local or federal legislation, is not a welcome duty, but a duty it is that must sometimes be performed. There is one element in the autonomy of the Provinces, on which the advocates of local rights do not sufficiently insist: the right and the duty of each Province to raise its own revenues, beyond what is secured to it by the terms of Confederation. Beyond this, what Parliament gives, it can take away; there can be no security for provincial autonomy when the purse-strings are liable to be closed by the hand of a stranger, and closed they would have to be, if any great pressure were put on the finances of the Dominion.

This necessity becomes apparent from a glance at the financial history of the United States. The close of the war of Independence found the young nation burthened with a debt, much of which, consisting of paper currency, it was destined never to pay. The original confederation was not accorded the customs and excise duties. The break-down of the old confederation partook largely of a financial complexion; and the time came when the States had to give over to the Federal Government the duties of customs and excise, without compensation of any kind. The unconditional transfer was necessary, in the highest interests of the nation. The transfer of the public lands, the property of the original States, followed, from the same law of necessity; and it was made in every case, except perhaps one, without equivalent. The Federal Government of Canada, not having national expenses to meet, has not come under the same pressure of financial necessity; but it would be unsafe to count on a perpetual enjoyment of this immunity. Under any great pressure, the extra subsidies would be the first to go; and the Provinces which had relied upon them would find themselves at a disadvantage. They would have to seek new sources of revenue at a time when it might be most difficult to obtain them.

The tendency, from all sides, is to throw heavy financial responsibilities upon the Federal Government. Eighty cents a head of the population, the amount of the subsidies, with which the Dominion set out, exactly suffices to pay the interest on the debt of the United States, which the civil war rolled up. Besides this, we have the interest of our public debt to pay, a debt that has increased with galloping speed since the first day of confederation. The time will come when it will be necessary to halt, to retrench, to restore finances that will have fallen into disorder; and then any extra subsidies which it is possible to lop off will have to go. In view of this contingency, the Provinces would act wisely if they put themselves in a position to meet any such emergency.

Direct taxation has become a political catch-word, the necessity of resorting to which by a province is assumed to be proof of every vice of administration. The necessity would, however, prove nothing of the kind; it would only show that a provincial legislature had the courage to exercise powers which were vested in it for the public good. The refusal to exercise these powers, under pressure of necessity, may be proof of moral cowardice and a neglect of duty. Besides the subsidy, license duties, crown lands and timber, the Provinces have no source of revenue but in direct taxation. Though Provincial legislatures have sometimes mistaken indirect for direct taxes, and thus unwittingly exceeded their powers, no Province has asked authority to levy indirect taxes. But a demand for an extension of the taxing power of the local legislatures is sure to come; and, to a certain limited extent, it will be impossible to refuse compliance. The restriction to direct taxes furnished a security against heavy taxes being raised for local purposes. But it has induced inaction in raising Provincial revenues in this way, and led to successful demands for an increase of the Federal subsidies. The policy of drift and shiftlessness has run its course. A new start must now be made.

C. L.

NOTES ON SOME OF THE YOUNGER AMERICAN POETS.

Just at this day, when the acknowledged chiefs of American song for the most part have fallen, or have laid down the pen, it may be of interest to examine the qualifications of some of those younger poets on whom the leadership will next devolve. It is evident, at first glance, that the new generation is not following the traditions of the old. On this account, before dealing directly with my subject, I may be permitted to review very briefly those names which have become representative in American poetry. Between these poets and their contemporaries in England a striking difference exists, in the absence on the American side of that quality which goes to the formation of "schools," or gathers a following of pronounced disciples. This really proves less than might at first be imagined, but it suggests and emphasizes several points of difference, besides accounting for what was noticed above—that the methods of the new men are new.

Of all the earlier singers, the pioneers of American verse, Edgar Poe is perhaps the one who has stamped himself most on the work of other men; but it is certain that he has founded no school, such as those that carry on the traditions of Keats or Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning, or Rossetti. He has left his impress to a certain extent on the music of other masters, even upon that of Tennyson himself, and has exerted an influence on some of the later French singers; but in America even less than elsewhere will he be found to have gathered disciples. Upon Bryant is the mark of Wordsworth more ineffaceably than upon any writer is stamped the mark of Bryant. Emerson himself, who has indeed a devoted and illustrious following, can hardly be said to have a single imitator, or any who could directly assert that from him they had learned their art.

Again, what poet owes as much to Longfellow as does Longfellow to the German Romanticists? So far as I have been able to observe, Longfellow has scarcely left a trace on those of the younger verse writers who are worth taking into account. Where his influence is perceptible it shows mainly in the fashion of quaint similes—a fashion which he knew how to wear to advantage and with new and exquisite effect, but which most readily grows offensive upon a lesser wearer. Let me not be misunderstood as joining in what is just now quite prevalent, a wholesale depreciation of Longfellow's genius. Some slight depreciation at the hands of the literary class was inevitable, from his fervent acceptance by the masses. But his best work—unfortunately very restricted in quantity—possesses qualities which have perhaps quite failed to hit the sight of the admiring people, excellences other than those which have won him his wide-spread popularity. These are, a consummate grace of thought and diction, an undistorted vision, and sweetness and purity of tone, which, with his wholesome naturalness and his universal tenderness, must set his fame secure, if not high, as time goes on, even among those who now somewhat decry him. His individuality, though much less obtrusive and insistent than, for instance, that of Emerson, is none the less a fact. And that his genius is, to some extent, begotten of German romanticism on one of the finer developments of New England culture, no more detracts from his originality than does the general theory, that Tennyson is the outcome of Wordsworth and Keats make Tennyson's title less secure. But neither has there arisen, nor from the nature of his genius is there likely to arise, from among Longfellow's throng of admirers a group of disciples to perpetuate his style and traditions.

As for Whitman, who, in the judgment of many of the finest intellects of the day stands out the most prominent figure in American poetry, with all his admirers he has no imitators, for which we are devoutly thankful. Yet Whitman's genius is so great that, in spite of his immodesties, his irritating egotism, his extravagant affectations, his reckless constructions, his inapt and awkward coinage of unnecessary words—in spite of the deadly dullness of his catalogues, his pages on pages of utter failure, at length the most hostile critic, unless blind of the mind's eye, is constrained to yield him homage. When most truly himself, the inspired interpreter of Nature in her largest and freest moods, his genius refuses to be hidden by the rags wherewith he decks it. The elemental strength and the truth of it will out. Whitman's song has the power to set one face to face with nature. It is perhaps the fullness of satisfaction to be obtained, in certain moods, from Whitman, which has made his advocates so unqualified, almost furious, in their advocacy. Yet how rarely is he at his best, or even at his second best! And who could tolerate his manner in a smaller poet? Himself we accept gratefully, with all the bitterness he will sometimes force down our throats. But the prospect of feebler Whitmans who could endure? Therefore it is a matter for congratulation that his admirers, some of whom themselves are poets, display no tendency to become his imitators.

It is Dr. Holmes, I think, of whom it may most safely be predicted that a follower will not be lacking to him while cultured society in America continues to exist. He is the unquestioned master in this country of what is called "society verse"; and no future writer in this form can afford to neglect his instruction. His following indeed will probably ever be small, as the qualifications for a successful society poet are most rare; but it will be select, discriminating, and also very devoted. Dr. Holmes has written a few poems in the purely serious vein—poems like "The Chambered Nautilus" and "The Iron Gate"—which take their place with the best of American song; but his title will be derived from his most characteristic and individual work, his *vers de société*, a form of verse which has been moulded and altered in his hands, and on which he has set the impress of his genius indelibly.

Why is this species of verse so hard to fit with a name? No one appears quite satisfied to call it "society verse." But this title, under protest as it were, has been universally adopted, and must, I think, stand as the best attainable. It has been suggested, and not without a grain of wisdom, to call it "evening verse"—this earnest song with a smile upon its lips, this laughing song that is never quite unmindful of life's pathos. Such a definition is particularly applicable to Dr. Holmes's verse, of which the tone and manner and language are those of such refined and informal social intercourse as an evening gathering alone can best afford. Of such society, whence broad buffoonery is excluded, where the strong passions and the tragedies of life, though recognized, are not dwelt upon, where hearts are sound and flippancy is not acceptable, the verse of Dr. Holmes is the expression.

Further particularizing is not necessary to show that among our elder poets, as compared with their brethren in England, there has been some

lack of those characteristics which are apt to exert deep influence on future song. Whether they have adequately stamped themselves on the mass of their fellow-countrymen is quite another question. For instance, we see no trace of Whittier upon the new verse, yet undoubtedly his influence has been wide and deep on American life and sentiment.

We may omit discussion, therefore, of Stoddard and of Bayard Taylor; as well as of the essayist-poets Lowell and Stedman, the former of whom is less a master in his verse than in his prose, while the latter, speaking to us as our wisest critic of song, proves his title to this office, now and again, by the production of a perfect lyric. Passing over, also, a later poet, Mr. Aldrich, whose standing has been fully secured to him, whose gem-like richness and elaborate art have long been widely recognized, we come at last to what may be considered as distinctively the younger school. The most prominent members of this are:—Joaquin Miller, Edgar Fawcett, Sidney Lanier, Richard Watson Gilder, Charles de Kay, Miss Ellen Mackay Hutchinson, H. H. Boyesen, Maurice Thompson, F. S. Saltus, Starr H. Nichols, Miss Edith M. Thomas, with others who may be referred to later.

I have mentioned here the name of Miss Thomas, although as far as I am aware her poems are not yet gathered in book form, and are therefore only to be obtained, few in number, by gleaning from the magazines and periodicals. Yet so red-blooded are these verses, of thought and of imagination all compact, so richly individual and so liberal in promise, that the name of their author is already become conspicuous. Miss Thomas's work, in some of its best characteristics, recalls to me Shakspeare's sonnets. We are justified in expecting much from her genius.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS, M.A.

ANOTHER ASPECT OF THE BRIBERY CASE.

MR. ARMOUR's thoughtful paper on the Bribery Case has opened for discussion some interesting questions in ethics. It is well worthy of consideration whether the means taken for the detection of the offence were justifiable, and, upon the whole, the best that could be adopted in the interest of morals.

Let it be granted, as to which there can be no dispute among honest men of whatever political opinion, that the transaction was one tending grievously to lower the tone of public morality, and to bring serious and lasting discredit upon the whole community; then it follows that the Government was not only justified by the instinct of self-preservation, but also bound in the interest of public morals to take such steps as would insure the offenders being brought to justice and prevent the failure of justice through any defect in the evidence. To have brought the charge and to have failed in the proof would have been, politically, disaster to the Government, and (assuming the charge to be true in fact,) it would have been morally a defeat of right and a triumph of wrong.

Again, if the members approached had contented themselves with indignantly declining the bribe and kicking the person who offered it down stairs the offence, no doubt, would have been complete, but the punishment would have been entirely inadequate. Had such a course been adopted, can any one seriously believe that exposure of the conspiracy, the due punishment of the offenders, or the prevention of like attempts in the future, would have been the result? If the matter had come to light at all, would it not have been merely in the shape of a few nights' sensational debates in the Local House and a few days' scurrilous articles in the city dailies? The attempt would have been denied or explained away by the alleged offenders, and the whole affair would have proved but a nine days' wonder—a result widely inconsistent with the theory of morals and the object of criminal law, and a heavy blow and great discouragement to the moral instincts and sentiments of the community.

But it is suggested that by the means adopted to secure the detection of the alleged offenders, the persons approached not only trifled with and jeopardized their own honour, but created and procured the commission of the offence. The latter charge seems entirely contrary to the evidence, inasmuch as it clearly appears that the first overtures were made by the bribers. As to the former, while it may be conceded that there are men whom even the boldest briber would not dare to approach, it does not follow that a man is regardless of his honour because, in order to promote the ends of justice, or on some special emergency, he permits it to be temporarily placed in an ambiguous position. Or to take the illustration offered by Mr. Armour, circumstances may be imagined in which it might be needful and commendable for a woman to allow herself to be placed, for a time, in circumstances of apparently doubtful propriety in order to ensure the conviction of an offender and the protection of herself and others against the repetition of disgraceful overtures, and her fair fame should sustain no damage. Self-preservation is an instinct of

nature and a moral duty, yet occasions not unfrequently arise when that instinct and duty must give way to some paramount affection or obligation.

On the whole, it is safe to say that by the course adopted in this case such a beacon and a barrier have been raised against the repetition of the offence that the like will not be attempted for generations to come, in Canada—a wholesome result which, it is also safe to say, would not have been effected if the game had been merely blocked, if it had been simply checked by a point blank refusal, which Mr. Armour mildly proposes as the appropriate remedy. Supposing the Ministry and Messrs. McKim and Balfour to have been actuated by a sincere desire to stamp out for the future all similar attempts, and, so far, to bring about a more satisfactory condition of morals, no more effectual measures could have been adopted.

While, as Mr. Armour sententiously remarks, it is subjecting morals to grave risks to incite to the offence of bribery, it may confidently be submitted that if the offence were permitted to go unhindered, undetected, unpunished, the risk to the common-weal would be of much wider extent and far graver import.

S. G. WOOD.

CHARLES READE.

THERE is no writer of the Victorian era whose just place in letters it is more difficult to assign than the distinguished novelist who died last week in London. Contemporary with such great masters as Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer, Disraeli, and George Eliot, he won for himself a place and a name in the very teeth of his rivals' achievements. The same causes—the inbred hatred of cant and tyranny, the whole-souled love of manliness and truth—which inspired Dickens to expose the "Squeers" and "Pecksniffs" of a past day impelled Reade to tear the masks off sham insane doctors and brutal jailors. It is a question if his extreme humanitarian views and impulsiveness did not, to a considerable extent, mar him as a writer. Though his greatest admirers would not claim that Mr. Reade was a genius, he had a ready command of dramatic language, was often epigrammatic in style, and charmed his readers by an intuitive grasp of every-day thought, and life and feeling, and by a magical power of portraying men and women that lived and loved and struggled. His books are full of human nature, and are perceptibly the work of an earnest social reformer. Indeed, it is probably owing to the latter fact that they have been called "pamphlets." Few persons have read "Peg Woffington," "Never Too Late to Mend," "Hard Cash," or "Put Yourself in His Place"—representative books—without loving his heroines, admiring his earnest men, hating his shams. He sometimes lacked polish of expression, but his sincerity was ever so manifest that he was sure of present forgiveness. When something of import was to be said—when a corrupt institution was to be destroyed—he wrote with a pen dipped in gall, and struck sledge-hammer blows at abuses. He selected subjects of the day, the hour, and was keen of scent for scandals and wrongs. In his "Cloister and the Hearth," however, he gives a graphic account of life on the continent in the sixteenth century, in a style not unworthy of comparison with Scott. His readers loved him for his fearlessness and devotion to purpose, and were fascinated by passionate language which at the same time conveyed a sense of the very manner in which the turbulent blood danced through the writer's veins under the excitement of some generous and often ill-regulated sympathy. His later works seemed to indicate that, in the absence of any soul-stirring impulses—or perhaps owing to the hallowing influences of age—he paid more attention to literary finish than to dramatic effect, a modification which proved somewhat disastrous to his reputation, for the public attributed the change to failing powers. But in "Hard Cash" and "Never Too Late to Mend"—both of which were dramatized with considerable success—Mr. Reade has demonstrated his claim to a foremost place in the ranks of modern novelists.

In temperament Charles Reade was hasty, fiery. Certainly he frequently quarrelled with his contemporaries. Physically he was tall, thin, light-complexioned, with a natural *brusquerie* that would occasionally proclaim its presence. He is said to have left copious notes for a biography, but whoever edits them will have an unenviable task in dealing with some of the extraordinary stories told about him. He had been ill for some time before his decease, and had just returned from Cannes, where he sought relief from the bronchitis which so long troubled him, and was the ultimate cause of his death at the age of seventy. As indicative of the earnestness and perseverance of his character, it may not be uninteresting to recall an incident the outcome of which fully justifies "Hard Cash." A few years since, the inmate of an insane asylum died and was buried. Reade was not satisfied with the affair. He immediately

devoted his time and his money to a personal investigation. He inquired, interviewed, questioned, inspected; even had the body disinterred. Then he offered £500 reward for proof that this man had been killed by an attendant jumping upon him and breaking his breast-bone. Dreading a libel suit, no paper would publish this offer even as an advertisement. He thereupon had printed and distributed thousands of circulars all over the United Kingdom. The press outside of London began talking of it. It grew into such proportions that the London papers were obliged to take notice of it, and the attendant is now serving out in an English prison his sentence for the crime of manslaughter.

The mortal remains of the deceased novelist were buried at Willesden, beside those of Mrs. Laura Seymour, who was his dearest friend, and for a score of years lived in his house at Albert Gate, London. He was never married. His celibacy was a condition of his retaining a fellowship of Magdalen College, Oxford.

W. P. R.

THE CHURCHES.

WHEN the national Congregational Council met in St. Louis in 1880, a committee of twenty-two of the most eminent and scholarly ministers, representing also the various shades of theological opinion in that denomination, was appointed to formulate a statement of doctrinal belief. This committee has done the work assigned it, and the result is, what has recently been published as, "The New Congregational Creed." It has been variously received. Generally the new symbol has been very favourably regarded. The more advanced theologians object to some of the articles as being too dogmatic, while the strictly orthodox consider that it errs by defect in not being sufficiently explicit and definite in some of its statements on cardinal points. Those belonging to the orthodox school think that its eschatology is weak. The time-honoured symbols of the Anglican and Reformed churches have been most widely departed from in these particulars. The resurrection of the dead has been substituted for the resurrection of the body. The new creed is silent on the state of the soul after death, nothing to indicate whether it is conscious or unconscious. The question much discussed at present, whether there is a state of probation after death is left untouched.

The new creed is binding on no one, not even on those who constructed it. They have not to report it to the council by whom they were authorized to draw it up. Individual churches may adopt, reject, or leave it alone as they choose. It is not even to be used as a test of ministerial communion. It is simply a declaratory embodiment of the doctrines generally held by the Congregational churches of America. For the benefit of readers who may desire to see the new creed for themselves, it is herewith subjoined.

THE STATEMENT OF DOCTRINE.

"I. We believe in one God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible; and in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord, who is of one substance with the Father; by whom all things were made; and in the Holy Spirit, the Lord and Giver of life, who is sent from the Father and Son, and who together with the Father and Son is worshipped and glorified.

"II. We believe that the providence of God, by which he executes his eternal purposes in the government of the world, is in and over all events; yet so that the freedom and responsibility of man are not impaired, and sin is the act of the creature alone.

"III. We believe that man was made in the image of God, that he might know, love, and obey God, and enjoy him forever; that our first parents by disobedience, fell under the righteous condemnation of God; and that all men are so alienated from God that there is no salvation from the guilt and power of sin except through God's redeeming grace.

"IV. We believe that God would have all men return to Him; that to this end He has made himself known, not only through the works of nature, the course of his providence, and the consciences of men, but also through supernatural revelations made especially to chosen people, and, above all, when the fulness of time was come, through Jesus Christ His Son.

"V. We believe that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments are the record of God's revelation of himself in the work of redemption; that they were written by men under the special guidance of the Holy Spirit; that they are able to make wise unto salvation; and that they constitute the authoritative standard by which religious teaching and human conduct are to be regulated and judged.

"VI. We believe that the love of God to sinful men has found its highest expression in the redemptive work of His Son: who became man, uniting his divine nature with our human nature in one person; who was tempted like other men, yet without sin; who by his humiliation, his holy obedience, his sufferings, his death on the cross, and his resurrection, became a perfect Redeemer; whose sacrifice of himself for the sins of the world declares the righteousness of God, and is the sole and sufficient ground of forgiveness and of reconciliation with him.

"VII. We believe that Jesus Christ, after he had risen from the dead, ascended into heaven, where, as the one mediator between God and man, he carries forward his work of saving men; that he sends the Holy Spirit to convict them of sin, and to lead them to repentance and faith; and that those who, through renewing grace, turn to righteousness, and trust in Jesus Christ as their Redeemer, receive for his sake the forgiveness of their sins, and are made the children of God.

"VIII. We believe that those who are thus regenerated and justified, grow in sanctified character through fellowship with Christ, the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, and obedience to the truth; that a holy life is the fruit and evidence of saving faith; and that the believer's hope of continuance in such a life is the preserving grace of God.

"IX. We believe that Jesus Christ came to establish among men the kingdom of God, the reign of truth and love, righteousness and peace; that to Jesus Christ, the Head of this kingdom, Christians are directly responsible in faith and conduct; and that to him all have immediate access without mediatorial or priestly intervention.

"X. We believe that the Church of Christ, invisible and spiritual, comprises all true believers, whose duty it is to associate themselves in churches, for the maintenance of worship, for the promotion of spiritual growth and fellowship, and for the conversion of men; that these churches, under the guidance of the Holy Scriptures and in fellowship with one another, may determine—each for itself—their organization, statements of belief, and forms of worship, may appoint and set apart their own

ministers, and should co-operate in the work which Christ has committed to them for the furtherance of the gospel throughout the world.

"XI. We believe in the observance of the Lord's Day, as a day of holy rest and worship; in the ministry of the word; and in the two sacraments, which Christ has appointed for his church; baptism, to be administered to believers and their children, as the sign of cleansing from sin, of union to Christ, and of the impartation of the Holy Spirit; and the Lord's Supper, as a symbol of his atoning death, a seal of its efficacy, and a means whereby he confirms and strengthens the spiritual union and communion of believers with himself.

"XII. We believe in the ultimate prevalence of the kingdom of Christ over all the earth; in the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ; in the resurrection of the dead; and in a final judgment, the issues of which are everlasting punishment and everlasting life.

Philotheos Bryennios, Metropolitan Bishop of Nicomedia, a few years ago, discovered, in the Library of the Most Holy Sepulchre at Constantinople, several ancient manuscripts of much importance. From these he has supplied the six missing chapters of Clement's First Epistle; and now he has succeeded in awakening general interest in his discoveries by the publication of "The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles," consisting of sixteen sections or short chapters. Several eminent church historians have advanced the opinion that the Seventh Book of the "Apostolic Constitutions" and the "Epitome of the Apostolic Rules" have their origin in the document recently discovered. "The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles" is a copy of an earlier but long since lost manuscript. Its genuineness is accepted by most scholars. Dr. Rosewell Hitchcock of Union Theological Seminary, New York, is at present engaged on the translation of a copy of the original Greek, printed at Constantinople. Its publication is announced by the Scribners.

ASTERISK.

OTTAWA NOTES.

PARLIAMENT has been prorogued, and Ottawa has nothing particular to do just now but to await the opening of the lumbering season. By the time this reaches the readers of THE WEEK all that can well be said in the way of summing up the work of the session will have been said. But the last few days of the session were marked by so many important measures that a few notes will not be out of place.

The Bill to amend the Liquor License Act of 1883, usually called the McCarthy Act, reached its final stage only a few minutes before Black Rod summoned the Commons into the presence of the Governor-General. The motion on the subject was that the Commons do agree to the amendment made by the Senate to the Bill, and the Commons agreed without a dissenting voice, notwithstanding that the amendment was in effect to nullify a change made by them only a day or two before. As the present Bill was introduced, no hotel, tavern or saloon was allowed to open into a store or shop, but at the instance of the Government this was made not applicable to the hotels, because it was said, otherwise some of the largest hotels in the country would be injuriously affected. Mr. McCraney, of Halton, however, moved to have the clause changed back to its original shape, and this was agreed to. When the Senate got hold of the Bill they modified it so as to give Commissioners in cities and towns discretionary power in regard to this question. Mr. McCraney was absent from the House of Commons when the amended Bill came back from the senate, and the amendment was concurred in. It is not easy to see what object the Government can have in persisting in legislation which is clearly not needed now that the right of the Provinces to make such laws has been decided.

In the debate on the Railway Subsidies Bill, the Premier declared that he knew of no negotiations for securing the continued allegiance of the Bleus by the promise of \$12,000 a mile to assist their Provincial Railway. At the same time, he as good as said he did not believe that Mr. Blake was ignorant of overtures having been made by the Bleus to join the Opposition on certain conditions. Poor, innocent Sir John! The negotiations between him and his followers could not have been more open, nor could the terms offered have been better known unless the sale and purchase had been by public auction. Mr. Blake rose in his place and said that he absolved every person from pledges of secrecy on the subject, and called upon anybody who knew of overtures being made to him for the purchase of the Bleu vote to come forward and make the facts known. It is not probable that anything was said to Mr. Blake himself. Nobody would choose him out as the person with whom to conduct a quiet, friendly conversation upon political matters, because he has an uncomfortable fashion of hearing, not what a man wishes to say but what he wishes to conceal, and of conducting a conversation on that basis. But Mr. Blake's followers probably knew that, for certain considerations, the Bleus would drive the present occupants from the treasury benches and would put the others in their places. Choose the most pleasant diplomatic language possible to describe the state of affairs, and it still comes down to this—the Bleus offered their votes for the \$3,000,000 to be given to their Province, the Government made the bid, took the goods, and has given the country's note for the money. Such being the fact, whatever name may be given to it, it was a public crime and a public disgrace.

By the Railway Subsidies Bill all the poorer parts of the Dominion not already secured were bought up for the Government. A number of places interested were represented by Opposition supporters, but these like the rest voted for the Bill as a whole rather than run the risk of defeat at the next election, through local prejudice. The men who voted against the Bill were the Ontario Liberals. Mr. Allison, of Lennox, and one or two others whose constituencies benefit by the subsidies voted "yea," but the vast majority were on the other side. Mr. Sutherland, of Oxford, who very rarely speaks, said a few words in explanation of his vote, and it is

probable that he voiced the voices of the others. He said that his constituency had paid heavily in municipal bonuses for railways, and not only were they not "recouped," but the railways they had built under control of the Local Legislature had all been taken charge of by the Dominion of Parliament, and all the people of the Dominion given a right to say what rules should govern them. He protested against his constituents being compelled to bear their own burdens alone, and to help other parts of the country also, as this Bill would compel them to do. Mr. Sutherland's opponents call this "Sectionalism."

The Insurance Bill for the regulation of the business of co-operative or assessment benefit societies, was dropped at the last moment. The question is a ticklish one for the Government to deal with, because such bodies as the Masons and Oddfellows have societies of this kind in connection with their order, and to "regulate" such matters may alienate a good many votes.

The day of prorogation was marked by pleasant weather and a much larger turn-out of people than usual to see the closing ceremonies.

ED. RUTHVEN.

Ottawa, April 21.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several important contributions are unavoidably crowded out, and will appear next week.

JAMIE GRAHAM.—The subject is treated in this column by another correspondent besides which your letter arrived too late for insertion this week.
J. P. M.—"The Bribery Case" traverses the same ground as an article which was in type when your contribution came to hand.

THE BRIBERY CASE IN ITS SOCIAL AND MORAL ASPECTS.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—Permit me a few words in reply to Mr. Armour's article of your last issue. In his preliminary question he asks, "Was it consistent with a high tone of morality that the instruments of detection should toy with the blandishments of the seducers, and finally surrender themselves to be debauched in order to induce the actual commission of an offence which could not have been consummated without their consent." The italics are mine. In subsequent portions of his article Mr. Armour follows out the same idea, viz: that the approached members allowed themselves to be corrupted.

I contend that this is an entire misconception. The gravamen of the offence of bribery, so far as concerns the receiver of a bribe, is the intent with which he takes the money. If he takes it with the corrupt intent of allowing it to influence his parliamentary action, he is debauched. But if he take money with a legitimate and proper intent, how can he be "debauched" by its receipt? The detection of crime is a legitimate and proper intent. If Mr. McKim had taken those hundred dollar bills with the sole object and intent of receiving payment for a quantity of grain, sold in the ordinary course of commerce, that would have been right. Was it less right to receive the bills when his sole object and intent was to detect crime? How could he be debauched when the corrupt intent on his part was absent?

As a well known example of the importance of the intent with which an action is committed: You may take away a man's property without his consent, and the intent, with which you take it, makes all the difference whether you are guilty of larceny or whether you have done a correct and proper act. I am surprised that a clear-headed lawyer like Mr. Armour should have committed himself to such an evident fallacy. He uses as an illustration the case of allowing a woman to be seduced in order to bring the seducer to punishment for a completed offence. Bearing in mind the foregoing, it will be seen how misleading is the attempted analogy. Were it permissible in these columns, a few plain physiological words would show this completely.

Suppose that an honourable and high-minded man, by a combination of remarkable circumstances, found himself in such a position that by descending to the work of an ordinary detective for a brief period he, and only he, could bring to justice a murderer or a well known robber and depredator. If he had the requisite courage and address to do the detective's work, and bring the criminal to justice, would he not be doing right in every sense of the word, and be deserving of the greatest credit? And is not this a fair analogy in reference to the conduct of the approached members, put in perhaps a bluntly offensive way?

Like Mr. Armour, I of course assume the correctness of certain facts in the case, merely for the purpose of argument.

"I love not to meddle with politics, sir:" but these points struck me and for once I depart from my rule.

Yours truly,

OUTSIDER.

INTEMPERATE TEMPERANCE.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—Much as one may admire the manner in which "Bystander" generally treats the various topics under review, I beg to take exception to his treatment of the temperance question, in THE WEEK of April 10th. Without dwelling particularly on the case of "the cities of Maine," I think abundant proofs have been adduced to show that the evils of drinking have been very much reduced. If contrabandism exists, it cannot be truthfully said that the evils of contrabandism have been added to ALL the evils of drinking! The assertion that "even the Crooks' Act has resulted in the multiplication of illicit grog shops" I hold to be utterly foundationless. Let such authorities as can be found be consulted on this matter. Take the population of the cities before the Crooks' Act came into operation, the number of licensed taverns then, and the number of illicit grog shops; compare that with the population of to-day, the number of licensed taverns and the number of illicit grog-shops, and I venture to express the opinion that the number of illicit grog-shops will be found to have proportionately decreased instead of increased. Gladstone's experiment of light wines and beer to drive out the stronger drinks will hardly, even by him, be claimed as a very marked success.

Again, "Bystander's" assertion that concomitantly with prohibitory legislation in

the States, the importation of opium has increased by fourfold, would be more forceful if it were accompanied by some statistics showing the connexion between the two—that opium was being largely consumed by individuals who could not gratify their depraved appetite for stimulants (an appetite created and fostered by intoxicating liquors) in any other way. If there is a "new wine" of prohibitory argument, is it not just possible that the "old wine," which condemns without showing proof, may be a more dangerous spirit still?

Yours,

JAMES THOMSON,
Sec. Toronto Prohibitory Alliance.

THREE LOVE LETTERS.

Criss-cross she writes to him,
Dots and dashes rather dim—
All to please a girlish whim:
Sure it doesn't matter.

Criss-cross she writes again,
Dainty paper, ditto pen,
Just to tease "these horrid men":
Thinks it doesn't matter.

Criss-cross she writes no more,
Someone's heart is getting sore,
Wonders if—"Well he's a bore—"
So it doesn't matter.

Toronto.

D. J. MAC.

THE ADVENTURES OF A WIDOW.

By EDGAR FAWCETT, author of "A Gentleman of Leisure," "A Hopeless Case," "An Ambitious Woman," "Tinkling Cymbals," etc.

X.—Continued.

"It is a challenge then?" she asked softly.
For a second he seemed not to understand her. Then he nodded his head. "Yes—a challenge," he answered.

"She gave an inward sigh. . . A little later she had made the desired introduction. . . Presently, as Miss Upton moved away on Courtlandt's arm in the direction of her aunt and Sallie, she burst into a laugh of whose loudness and acerbity she was equally unconscious.

Martha Dares, appearing at her side, arrested the laugh. Pauline grew promptly serious as she looked into Martha's homely face, with its little black eyes beaming above the fat cheeks and the unclassic nose, but not beaming by any means so merrily as when she had last given all its features her full heed.

"You don't laugh a bit as if you were pleased," said Martha, in her short, alert way. "I hope nothing has gone wrong."

"It seems to me as if everything were going wrong," returned Pauline, with a momentary burst of frankness which she at once regretted.

"Good gracious!" said Martha. "I'm astonished to hear you tell me so."

"Forget that I have told you so," said Pauline, throwing a little delicate repulsion into voice and mien. "By the way, your sister is not here to-night, Miss Dares."

Martha's plump figure receded a step or two.

"No," she replied, in the tone of one somewhat puzzled for a reply. "I came with my mother."

"And your sister had a headache."

"A headache," repeated Martha, showing what strongly resembled involuntary surprise.

"Yes. So your mother told me."

"Well, it's true," said Martha. Pauline was watching her more closely than she perhaps detected. "Cora's been working very hard, of late. She works altogether too hard. I often tell her so. . . Here comes Mr. Kindelon," Martha pursued, very abruptly changing the subject, while her gaze seemed to fix itself on some point behind her companion. "He wants to speak with you, I suppose. I'll move along. . . you see, I go about just as I choose. What's the use of my waiting for an escort? I'm not accustomed to attentions from the other sex, so I just behave as if it didn't exist. That's the wisest plan."

"But you surely need not be afraid of Mr. Kindelon," said Pauline.

"Oh, we're not the best of friends, just now," returned Martha. . . She had passed quite fleetly away in another instant. And while Pauline was wondering at the oddity of her departure, Kindelon presented himself.

"You and Martha Dares are not good friends?" she quickly asked. She did not stop to consider whether or no her curiosity was unwarrantable, but she felt it to be a very distinct and cogent curiosity.

Kindelon frowned. "I don't want to talk of Martha Dares," he said, "and I hope that you do not, either. She is a very unattractable topic."

"Isn't that a rather recent discovery?"

"Oh, no. . . Shall we speak of something else? Your aunt's arrival, for instance. I see that she is quite surrounded."

"Surrounded?" replied Pauline, falteringly. Her eyes turned in the direction of Mrs. Poughkeepsie and Sallie.

It was true. Seven or eight ladies and gentlemen were gathered about the stately lady and her daughter. Both appeared to be holding a little separate and exclusive reception of their own.

"Courtlandt was right!" exclaimed Pauline, ruefully, and with a stab of mortification. She turned to meet the inquiring look of Kindelon. "I thought Aunt Cynthia would be unpopular here," she continued. "I

supposed that no one in my rooms to-night would care to seek her acquaintance."

"This is a grandee," said Kindelon, "and so they are glad enough to know her. If your cousin, Mr. Bukman, prophesied anything of that sort, he was indeed perfectly right."

Pauline shook her head musingly "Good heavens!" she murmured, "are there any people in the world who can stand tests? I begin to think not." "Her speech grew more animated, her eyes began to brighten indignantly and with an almost tearful light. "Here am I," she went on, "determined to encourage certain individuals in what I believed was their contempt of social frivolity and the void delusion which has been mis-named position and birth. With a sort of polite irony Aunt Cynthia appears and shows me that I am egregiously wrong—that she can hold her court here as well as at the most giddy fashionable assemblage. . . Look; my cousin has just presented Mr. Whitcomb, the 'coming historian' with the pensive face, and Mr. Paiseley, the great American dramatist, with the abnormal head. How pleased they both seem! They appear to tingle with deference. Aunt Cynthia is patronizing them, I am sure, as she now addresses them. She thinks them entirely her inferiors; she considers them out of her world, which is the correct world to be in, and there's an end of it. You can lay the Atlantic cable, you can build the Brooklyn Bridge, but you can't budge the granitic prejudices of Aunt Cynthia. . . Yet why do they consent to be patronized by her? Do they not know and feel that she represents a mere sham? Do they value her for what she is, or mis-value her for something that she is not?"

Kindelon laughed a little gravely as he answered: "I am afraid they do the former. And in being what she is, she is a great deal."

"Surely not in the estimate of those who are at all serious on the subject of living—those whom superficialities in all conduct or thought weary and even disgust."

"But these," said Kindelon, with one of his hand-sweeps, "are not that sort of people."

"I supposed a great many of them were."

"You supposed wrongly."

Pauline gave a momentary frown, whose gloom meant pain. And before her face had re-brightened she had begun to speak, "But they can not care to do as Aunt Cynthia does—to trifle, to idle."

"I fancy that a good many of them would trifle and idle if they had your aunt's facilities for that employment—or lack of it."

"But they paint, they read, they write, they think; they make poems, novels, dramas. They are people with an occupation, an ideal. How can they be interested in a fellow-creature who does nothing with her time except waste it?"

"She wastes it very picturesquely," replied Kindelon. "She is Mrs. Poughkeepsie; she represents great prosperity, aristocratic ease, lofty security above need. They read about her; they should not do so, but that they do is more the fault of modern journalism than theirs. Theoretically they may consider that she deserves their hardest feelings; but this has no concern whatever with their curiosity, their interest, their hope of advancement."

"Their hope of advancement!" echoed Pauline, forlornly, almost aghast. "What possible hope of advancement should they have from such a source?"

Her querulous question had scarcely ended when she perceived that Arthur Trevor had presented himself at her side. The young poet was exceedingly smart to-night. His tawny hair was rolled off his wide brow with a sort of precise negligence; it looked as if a deliberative brush and not a careless hand had so rolled it. He fixed his dreamy blue eyes with steadfastness upon Pauline's face before speaking.

"I am so sorry, Mrs. Varick," he began, giving a distinct sigh and slowly shaking his head from side to side. "I wonder if you know what I am sorry about."

"Oh, yes," returned Pauline, with a nervous trill of laughter. "You have come to me with a complaint on the subject of Mr. Rufus Corson. You see Mr. Trevor, rumor has forestalled you. I heard that you were furious because I omitted to ask your intimate enemy."

Arthur Trevor gave an exaggerated start; it was a very French start; he lifted his blond eyebrows as much as his shoulders. And he looked at Kindelon while he responded:

"Ah! I see! Kindelon has been telling you horrid things. Kindelon hates us poets. These men of the newspapers always do. But there is a wide gulf between the poetry of to-day and the newspapers of to-day."

"Of course there is," quickly struck in Kindelon. "That is why the modern newspaper is read so much and the modern poetry so little."

Arthur Trevor chose to ignore this barbed rejoinder. His dreamy eyes and general air of placid reverie made such an attitude singularly easy of assumption.

"Poor Rufus feels your slight," he said, addressing Pauline solely. "Why do you call him my intimate enemy? We are the dearest of friends. He adores decay, and sings of it. I do not sing of it, but I adore it for its colour. There is always colour in decay."

"Discolour," said Kindelon.

"Decay," pursued Arthur Trevor, "is the untried realm of the future poet. Scarcely anything else is left him. He is driven to find a beauty in ugliness, and there is an immense beauty in ugliness, if one can only perceive it. The province of the future poet shall be to make one perceive it."

"That is like saying," declared Kindelon, "that the province of the future gentleman shall be to make one perceive the courtesy in discourtesy or the refinement in vulgarity."

Again Mr. Trevor ignored Kindelon. "Poor Rufus was so much less

to blame than Leander Prawl," he continued. "And yet you invited Leander Prawl. Prawl is so absurdly optimistic. Prawl has absolutely no colour. Prawl is irretrievably statuesque and sculpturesque. It is so nonsensical to be that in poetry. Sculpture is the only art that gives an imperious *rien-ne-va-plus* to the imagination. Prawl should have been a sculptor. He would have made a very bad one, because his ideas are too cold even for marble. But his poetry would not have been such an icy failure if it had been carved instead of written."

"You need not put up with this kind of thing any longer than you want," whispered Kindelon to Pauline. "Hostship, like Mr. Prawl's poetry, remember, has its limitations."

Pauline pretended not to hear this audacious aside. "Mr. Trevor," she said, making her voice very even and collected, "I regret that I could not quite bring myself to ask your friend. The Egyptians, you recollect, used to have a death's-head at their banquets. But that was a good many years ago, and New York isn't Thebes. . . Please pardon me if I tell you that I must leave you for a little while."

As Pauline was passing him, Trevor lifted his eyes toward the ceiling. He did so without a hint of rhapsody, but in a sort of solemn exaltation. "New York is surely not Thebes!" he exclaimed. "Ah, if it only were! To have lived in Thebes for one day, to have got its real and actual colour, would be worth ten years of dull existence here!"

"How I wish fate had treated him more to his taste!" said Kindelon, when Pauline and himself were a little distance off. "He meant to make an appeal for that mortuary Corson. He might better have tried to perpetuate his own welcome at your next *salon*."

"My next *salon*!" echoed Pauline, with a laugh full of fatigue and derision.

"What do you mean?" he asked shortly.

"I mean that I had best give no other *salon*," she replied. "I mean that this is a failure and a mockery."

She looked full up into his eyes as she spoke. They both paused. "So soon?" questioned Kindelon, as if in soft amazement.

"Yes—so soon," she answered, with a quiver in her voice and a slight upward movement of both hands. "What is it all amounting to?"

"What did I tell you?" he said.

"Oh, confirm your prophecy?" she broke forth, somewhat excitedly. "I know you warned me against disappointment. Enjoy your satisfaction. . . Look at Aunt Cynthia now. She is holding a perfect court. How they do flock round Sallie and herself, just as Courtlandt said that they would! I feel that this is the beginning and the end. I have misjudged, miscalculated, misinterpreted. And I am miserably dejected!"

Just then Martha Dares approached Pauline. "Will you please introduce me to your aunt?" said Martha.

"With the greatest pleasure, Miss Dares," returned Pauline.

"*Et tu, Brute!*" said Kindelon, under his breath. Pauline heard him, but Martha did not. . .

A little later Courtlandt had joined her, and Kindelon had glided away.

"Are you convinced?" said Courtlandt.

"Convinced of what?" she retorted, with an almost fierce defiance.

"Oh, of nothing, since you take it so ferociously. . . She saw that his calm brown eyes were coolly watching her face.

"When is your next *salon*!" he asked. "Is it to be a week from to-night?"

"It is never to be again," she answered.

(To be Continued.)

THE SCRAP BOOK.

COLIGNY AND THE POPES.

In this "age of separations and rehabilitations in the historical domain" no possible objection can be raised to the proposal to erect a monument in honour of Admiral Coligny at Paris. But it is difficult to see why Englishmen should be appealed to in its support or to take part. It is a matter of national interest for Frenchmen. Commenting upon this question and on the true inwardness of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the *Saturday Review* says: "Catherine de Medicis was a true disciple of Machiavelli, and for religious ends as such she cared nothing. As Mr. Froude puts it—and his testimony may be trusted here, for Catholicism is even more offensive to him than Catherine—'religion, in its good or in its bad sense, was equally a word without meaning to her.' She had favoured the plan for the marriage of Anjou, and, when that fell through, of her third son, D'Alençon, with the heretic English Queen. When the crisis came, and her interest required the sacrifice of Coligny, who had already been wounded but not killed by the shot of a hired assassin of the Duke of Guise, she would apparently have been satisfied with his death only. But the feeble and frightened boy in whose name she misgoverned France dared not go so far without going further. It was he who cried out in a paroxysm of tears, when driven to desperation by the fierce insistence of his infamous mother:—'Since you will have the life of the Admiral, take it; but, at the same time, you must kill all the Huguenots in France, so that not one may survive to reproach me.' Catherine declared that she only desired the death of six men and would charge her conscience—a tolerably elastic one—with no more; 50,000 actually perished. It must be noted that the whole North of Europe, Catholic as well as Protestant, including a large portion of the French Catholic nobility, protested against the ruffianly crime. But for the part played in the business of the St. Bartholomew by the

Popes of the day there is unfortunately nothing to be said. It cannot be proved, as Ranke points out, that Pius V. was privy to the preparations for the massacre, 'but he did things which leave no doubt that he, as well as his successor, would have sanctioned them.' He had formally approved the butcheries of Alva in the Netherlands, and had privately encouraged plots for the murder of Elizabeth. But Pius had gone to his grave four months before the fatal day. His successor, Gregory XIII., best known to the world as the reformer of the Calendar, was an able and cultivated man, and is described in the *Memoirs of Richelieu*, with imperfect accuracy, as 'prince doux et benin, meilleur homme que bon pape.' He at all events did not leave doubtful his estimate of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. He celebrated the event by a solemn procession of thanksgiving to San Luigi, and by medals struck to commemorate it, where the Archangel is depicted presiding over 'the slaughter of the Huguenots,' and a picture of it was painted, which may still be seen at the Vatican. It is curious that the Venetians, who had no interest of any kind in the matter, should have expressed in official despatches to their minister at Rome their satisfaction at 'this mark of God's favour.' Cardinal Santorio, who was the Spanish favourite some years later, in the Conclave of 1592, and narrowly missed his election to the Papacy, has designated the event in his autobiography, still extant in MS., 'the celebrated day of St. Bartholomew, most joyful to the Catholics.'

"On the whole it is impossible to exculpate the Court of Rome from full complicity, at least after the fact. In the chief perpetrators the crime must be attributed rather to political Machiavellism of the worst kind than to religious bigotry. In the subordinate agents there was probably a mixture of political and religious fanaticism, as the Huguenots were always looked on as the unpatriotic, and therefore naturally became the unpopular, part in the country. But some further explanation is needed for the peculiar atrocity of the transaction we are immediately concerned with, and it must be imputed partly to 'the fool fury of the Seine,' which has again and again since then deluged Paris with blood shed by her own citizens, partly to its Medicean authorship. Charles IX. is said to have suffered agonies of remorse on his death-bed, though he was far less guilty than his wretched mother, but he had in his veins French as well as Italian blood. And to 'the serpent of Florence' must be chiefly traced the original sin of the terrible tragedy of St. Bartholomew."

THE SLAVE WOMAN.

SHEDDING cool drops upon the sun-baked clay,
The dripping jar, brimful, she rests a space
On the well's dry, white brink, and leans her face,
Heavy with tears and many a heartsick day,
Down to the water's lip, whence slips away
A rivulet through the hot, bright square apace,
And, lo! her brow casts off each servile trace—
The wave's cool breath hath won her thoughts astray.

Ah, desolate heart! Thy fate thou hast forgot
One moment, the dull pain hath left those eyes
Whose yearning pierces time, and space, and tears.
Thou seest what was once, but now is not,—
By Niger thy bright home, thy Paradise,
Unscathed of flame, and foe, and hostile spears.
—Chas. G. D. Roberts in "The Century."

MODJESKA, COUNTESS BOZENTA.

Modjeska, the Countess Bozenta, is, without doubt, the most refined and accomplished artiste upon the English-speaking stage; in dramatic skill and culture she is excelled by none; in the details of character portrayal she is without a superior, and in power of execution she is the peer of any actress upon the contemporary stage. This is her record—and she has won her leading position upon the stage in a language foreign to her, and which she acquired only a few years ago, and for the specific purpose she has accomplished. A Polish actress and a Countess, with artistic renown and a title, she landed on the western shore of this continent to find a home among strangers. She learned English, appeared, was accepted in San Francisco, and the cities of the Pacific coast heralded the risen star. She reversed the stellar order, arose upon our horizon in the west, and shines as brightly in England as in America. She began her work on the English-speaking stage with only two or three plays, but steadily extended her repertoire, until now she presents all of Shakspeare's tragedies and comedies, and all the French and German standard dramas. This remarkable woman visited Toronto about a year ago, and was received by large and enthusiastic audiences. Next week's visit will be her "farewell." She soon sails for Europe, and we may never again have the pleasure of witnessing her finished acting.

MR. IRVING related in Boston that once travelling in Scotland near Balmoral, he met an old Scotchwoman with whom he spoke of the Queen. "The Queen's a good woman," he said. "I suppose she's gude enough; but there are things I canna bear." "What do you mean?" asked Mr. Irving. "Well, I think there are things which even the Queen has no recht to do. For one thing, she goes rowing one the lak on Soonday; and it's not a Chrestian thing to do!" "But, you know, the Bible tells us"—"I knaw," she interrupted, angrily. "I've read the Bible since I was so high, an' I knaw ev'ry word in't. I knaw about the Soonday fishing and a' the other things the good Lord did; but I want ye to knaw, too, that I don't think any the more, e'en of him, for adoin' it."

LITERARY GOSSIP.

MR. FROUDE is out of health, and when the Carlyle proofs are finished he will visit America and Australia, delivering lectures in the principal cities.

COL. ALBERT A. POPE, of Boston has published a little book entitled "What and Why," containing a quantity of information extremely useful to cyclists.

THE first paper on "The Art of Decoration," by Hester M. Poole, appears in the *Continent* for April 23rd, and is accompanied by a number of beautiful illustrations.

LITTELL'S *Living Age* for April 18th contains judicious selections from the great reviews, which well maintain its repute as one of the best eclectic publications of the day.

GEO. H. ADAMS & SON, New York, announce that the name of their forthcoming magazine will be "Descriptive America," and that this "new departure in the geographical world" will contain a new map each month.

THE British museum library had a little over 1,300,000 volumes at the last return. There are 160 miles of shelves filled, with twenty more empty, and literature of one sort and another arrives at the rate of a ton a day.

MR. FROUDE has finished the concluding volumes of his biography of Carlyle. The third volume will contain a preface, in which Mr. Froude replies to the abusive criticisms which have been showered upon him for his conduct in his capacity as Mr. Carlyle's literary executor.

JOHN BRIGHT is described as "perhaps the only living man in whom are united the supreme gifts of the orator—the most brilliant imagination, the most exquisite sensitiveness, the finest humour, the surest judgment, the most upright conscience, and the most elegant, pure, and vigorous language."

MR. D. J. MACMURCHY, has printed an essay on "Morning—in the City and in the Country," for which he was awarded the prize by University College, Toronto. It is a pretty piece of word-painting, and the writer is justly proud that an essay written in his second year should have won such distinction.

CHIN CHEN, secretary of the Chinese legation at Washington, plumes himself upon speaking good English, and when asked whether he would have sugar or cream in his tea at Mrs. Frelinghuysen's reception the other evening answered thus: "Me pass cream; me no takee sugar, me takee tea hot and strong as debbul, please."

THE date of publication of "Archibald Malmaison," by Julian Hawthorne, in *The Standard Library* (Funk & Wagnalls), will be May 5th. Another novel by Edgar Fawcett is soon to be published in the same series, and May 19th is the date fixed for the publication of Edward Everett Hall's "Fortunes of Rachel," also by the same firm.

THERE are 300 colleges and universities in the United States, of which only twenty-four have more than 200 students, and only seventeen have more than twenty teachers. A large number of these colleges furnish no better education than can be obtained in a high school of the first-class. One "university" has three professors and twelve students; and another has two professors and eighteen students.—*Globe*.

DAWSON, BROTHERS, of Montreal, have, at the request of the St. Patrick's Society of Sherbrooke, P. Q. published an address on "Thomas D'Arcy McGee," delivered before that body by Robert D. M. Gibbons. The pamphlet is a generous but dispassionate sketch of the life and work of the poet-journalist-politician who was so foully murdered because he spoke out his honest abhorrence of Fenianism.

MR. BLAINE'S first volume is out, and its value as a campaign document is enhanced by a full page steel portrait. Nobody else is so distinguished except President Lincoln. The first edition is 1000 copies but the second of 100,000 is under way, besides a superb edition with the portraits on Indian paper, the printing on linen paper, and Mr. Blaine's captivating autograph on the title page of each copy.

MR. HENRY GEORGE intends to reply to the article called "The Prophet of California," by the Duke of Argyll. He will probably be as personal as the Duke himself. Mr. George has been to Argyllshire, and if the stories told him are half as numerous as the stories told to me last year in Mull, he will be able to prove that the Duke is the worst landlord in Scotland. He may not be that, but he is certainly the most unpopular.

THE Rev John Paul, of Montreal, has published a "Tract for the Times," on "Future punishment, will it be endless suffering,?" in which he endeavours to show that the Bible, properly read, gives a negative answer to the query. In common with the large majority of intelligent men, Mr. Paul recognizes the revolting nature of the death and damnation doctrine, and would prefer to substitute even "destruction" for "torment" in such passages as the one upon which he founds his tract (No. 1), "They shall go away into eternal punishment," &c.

THE Right Rev. the Bishop of Ontario has printed "A Second Lecture on Agnosticism," delivered by him in Christ church, Ottawa, in reply to a pamphlet by M. Le Sueur. The Bishop again attacks the doctrines of evolution and the survival of the fittest, and in very moderate language shows their weaknesses. He claims that Herbert Spencer has advanced from pure unbelief, since the "High Priest of Agnosticism" has arrived at the conclusion that there is an "Infinite, absolute, and eternal energy, from which all things proceed." "Is this energy," asks the Bishop, "without aim or direction, governed by wisdom or by chance?"

THE PERIODICALS.

THE *May Century* is the first part of a new volume, and an exceedingly good number. For a frontispiece it has a striking portrait of Chief Joseph (Nez Percé), and the accompanying paper graphically describes the masterly retreat of this remarkable chief, over nearly two thousand miles of almost impassable country, with women, children, and chattels, after the encounter with the American troops under General Howard at Lapwai. An interesting contribution by Dr. Waldstein, lecturer on Greek Art at Cambridge, Eng., on "The Metopes of Parthenon" is illustrated by a beautiful engraving, showing the Lapith and Centaur as now exhibited in the British Museum. The first of a series of articles on "Recent Architecture in America," by M. G. Van Rensselaer, is profusely illustrated, as also is S. G. W. Benjamin's fourth paper on "The Cruise of the *Alice May*." Frank R. Stockton has a quaint contribution on "The Training of Parents," which hits off the increasing deference to the whims of children, and is sure to be much talked of. An article on "Trades-Unionism in England," from so good an authority as Thomas Hughes, is a valuable contribution to a difficult subject. The opening chapters of a new serial story, entitled "Lady Barberina," by Henry James, give promise of future good reading, and "The Salem of Hawthorne" will merit the attention of the historical student. Mr. John Burroughs writes a curious paper on "British Fertility." There is no lack of poetry, the "Slave Woman" of Chas. G. D. Roberts being a charming composition. Besides the serials, which are unfortunately continued from the last volume—"Dr. Sevier" and "An Average Man"—there is a story from the pen of Ivory Black named "Rose Madder."

In the *Atlantic* for May is an able criticism of the critics and eulogists of Shakespeare from the scholarly pen of Richard Grant White. The article is entitled "The Anatomizing of William Shakespeare," and, whilst fully recognizing the pre-eminent claims of the great dramatist, the essayist points out the absurdity of the fulsome praise which "the pedants, the poor idea-less scholars, the painful grubbers among musty parchments and mouldy books in black-letter" have poured upon his writings. E. P. Evans has a thoughtful article on "Linguistic Palæontology," and Harriet Waters Preston thus sums up a paper on "Matthew Arnold as a Poet." "There is no passion in them (his poems), as we have seen—or next to none,—no hurry, no excess. They are grave, concise, philosophical, unsparingly pruned from the beginning, and untiringly polished," from which the general tenor of the contribution may be judged. An exhaustive criticism of "The Diary and Letters of His Excellency Thomas Hutchinson" is given by George E. Ellis. Read in the light of a recent article in the *Week*, a paper by J. Laurence Laughlin on "The Silver Danger" possesses present interest. A carefully prepared contribution on "William H. Seward" is signed by Henry Cabot Lodge, and in "The Progress of Nationalism" Edward Stanwood treats a subject occupying the attention of many thinking men on both sides "the imaginary line." One of the most beautiful poems of the month is that by Edith M. Thomas—"Dew of Parnassus." The other principal contents are "En Provence," "In War Time," "At Bent's Hotel," and some valuable book reviews.

In a very readable article in *Manhattan*, M. G. Van Rensselaer calls attention to the infrequency with which English writers introduce childish figures in fiction. Thackeray, Dickens, and Eliot have given numerous and vivid pictures of child love, and so do the majority of French novelists introduce "children in fiction." Joel Benton, with the evident love of a writer for his subject, rejoices that at last the poetical works and other writings of John Keats are brought together in one volume, and adds his testimony to the long-deferred praises now accorded to the sweet singer. The contribution is aptly entitled "The Latest News about Keats." An article on "The Gunnison Country," by Ernest Ingersoll, is profusely illustrated. In "Whose Sonnet?" Appleton Morgan maintains that what are known as "Shakespeare's Sonnets" were not written by Shakespeare at all, and backs his position by a number of collateral evidences. Some very beautiful illustrations accompany "Rimini and the Malatestas," by Alfred Ashton. "Ulric Zwingli" is treated of by Charles H. Hall, and the notes Brander Matthews and H. C. Bunner are appended to a very stupid sketch called "The Seven Conversations." The opening chapters of "Trajan," a story without an author's name, and of which great things are expected, also appear, "Tinkling Cymbals" being announced to conclude in the June number. William H. Morse has a short story named "Leo XIII."

The *Overland Monthly* for April is full of good reading. The opening article, "A Pueblo Fête Day," is a most interesting account of a New Mexican festival. In "Barbaric Pageants" the writer gives some capital pictures of life amongst the Chinese. "Moslem Influence on the Renaissance" is a contribution equally instructive and readable. The fourth of a series of "Pioneer Sketches" tells how the writer in the long ago went from the Old World to California by sea, and what he found there. "The Doctor in Ordinary" is a story translated from the German. Other articles and stories are: "A Pedagogue Primeval," "A Heathen," "Mowema Lake," "A Romance of History," and "The Clothier of Civilization."

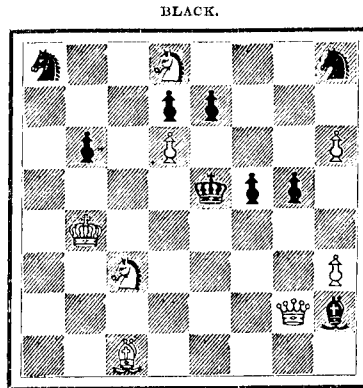
The drawings used by *The Century Co.* to illustrate a series of articles on the Life-Saving Service and other marine subjects were recently exhibited in the International Fisheries Exhibition at London, and the artist, Mr. M. J. Burns, was awarded a handsome gold medal.

CHESS.

All communications intended for this department should be addressed "Chess Editor," office of THE WEEK, Toronto.

PROBLEM No. 4.

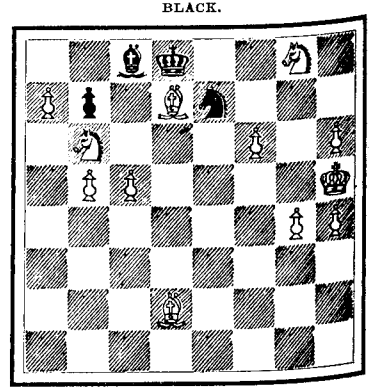
By J. PARKINSON (Toronto Chess Club).



White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 3.

By J. MCGREGOR (Toronto Chess Club).



White to play and sui-mate in three moves.

The stipulation of Problem No. 2 should have been "White to play and mate in two moves."

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 1.

White 1. R R 7; if Black 1. R moves, 2. Q takes B ch, etc.; if Black 1. P moves, 2. R Kt 6, etc.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

I. R. M. D. Hamilton.—In End Game No. 1, R Kt 2 will not win for Black. Solution in full next week. H. N. K. Hamilton.—Letter received. Much obliged. Will see about match at once. W. H. J. Hamilton.—Your's to hand. Thanks. J. W. S., Montreal.—Thanks. Hope to hear from you often.

GAME No. 3.

Between Messrs. Blackburne and Steinitz. Played in the Vienna Tourney, 1882.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE. Mr. Blackburne.	BLACK. Mr. Steinitz.	WHITE. Mr. Blackburne.	BLACK. Mr. Steinitz.
1. P K 4	P K 4	13. B B 2	Kt to Kt 3
2. Kt K B 3	Kt Q B 3	14. Kt Q 2	B K 2
3. B Kt 5	P Q R 3	15. Kt B 1	Castles K R
4. B R 4	K Kt K 2 (a)	16. Q R 5	Q R K 1
5. P Q 4	P takes P	17. Kt Kt 3	B Q 1
6. Kt takes P	Kt takes Kt	18. Kt B 5	P B 3
7. Q takes Kt	P Q Kt 4	19. P Q R 4 (d)	P Q 4
8. B Kt 3	P Q 3 (b)	20. P takes Kt P	R P takes P
9. P Q B 3	P Q B 4	21. B K 3	P takes P (e)
10. Q Q 1	B Kt 2	22. K R Q 1	Q B 2
11. Castles	Q Q 2 (c)	23. Q R 3 (f)	R K 4 (g)
12. R K 1	P B 5	24. R Q 7 and wins (h).	

NOTES.

- (a) Leads to a cramped game for Black.
- (b) Threatening to win White Bishop.
- (c) Taking the P would be very injudicious. White would recover the P in a few moves with a fine position.
- (d) An ingenious change of his base of operations, securing an open file.
- (e) A most injudicious capture.
- (f) A very strong move.
- (g) Falling into the trap. Rather extraordinary that Black did not see the object of White's previous move. He had nothing much better, however, his game is hopeless.
- (h) If 24. Q X R, White 25. Kt R 6 ch, etc.; if 24. any other the Q is equally lost, or Black is mated.

THE DUKE DE NIVERNOS.

(From the *Chess Players' Chronicle*.)

When this accomplished *ci-devant* nobleman was ambassador to England, he was going to Lord Townshend's seat at Ruislip, in Norfolk, on a private visit *en Ashville*, and with only one servant, when he was obliged by a very heavy shower to stop at a farm house on the way. The master of the house was a clergyman, who, to a poor curacy, added the care of a few scholars in the neighbourhood, which in all might make his living about eighty pounds a year. This was all he had to maintain a wife and six children.

When the duke alighted the clergyman, not knowing his rank, begged him to come in and dry himself, which the other accepted by borrowing a pair of old worsted stockings and slippers, and warming himself by a good fire. After some conversation, the Duke observed an old chess board hanging up, and, as he was passionately fond of the game, he asked the clergyman whether he could play. The latter told him he could play pretty tolerably, but found it difficult in that part of the country to get an antagonist. "I am your man," says the Duke "With all my heart," answers the clergyman; "and if you will stay and take pot luck, I will see if I cannot beat you." The day continuing rainy, the Duke accepted his offer; when his antagonist played so much better than he won every game. This was so far from fretting the Duke that he was pleased to meet a man who could give him so much entertainment at his favourite game. He accordingly inquired into the state of his family affairs, and making a memorandum of his address, without discovering his title, thanked him and departed.

Some months elapsed, and the clergyman never thought of the matter, when one evening a footman rode up to the door and presented him with a note, "The Duke de Nivernois's compliments wait on the Rev. Mr. —, and as a remembrance for the good drubbing he gave him at chess, begs that he will accept the living of —, worth £400 per annum; and that he will wait upon his Grace the Duke of Newcastle on Friday next, to thank him for the same."

The good clergyman was some time before he could imagine it to be any more than a jest, and he hesitated to obey the mandate; but as his wife insisted on him making the trial, he went up to town, and to his unspeakable satisfaction, found the contents of the note literally true.

CHESS INTELLIGENCE.

BRENTANO'S *Chess Monthly* is to be resuscitated.

MR. C. W. PHILLIPS has won the championship of the Toronto Chess Club.

IN Prince Leopold English chess has lost a generous patron and a skilful exponent of the game. He was with one exception the strongest player in his University, and was ever ready to lend his aid to any scheme for the popularizing of chess.

A TELEPHONE match between Hamilton and Toronto is the next event on the cards. It will, we believe, be the first on record.

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WHAT IS CATARRH?

From the Mail (Can.) Dec. 15. Catarrh is a muco-purulent discharge caused by the presence and development of the vegetable parasite ameba in the internal lining membrane of the nose. This parasite is only developed under favourable circumstances, and these are:—Morbidity of the blood, as the blighted corpuscle of urberle, the germ poison of syphilis, mercury, toxomias, from the retention of the effeted matter of the skin, suppressed perspiration, badly ventilated sleeping apartments, and other poisons that are germinated in the blood. These poisons keep the internal lining membrane of the nose in a constant state of irritation, ever ready for the deposit of the seeds of these germs, which spread up the nostrils and down the fauces, or back of the throat, causing ulceration of the throat; up the eustachian tubes, causing deafness; burrowing in the vocal cords, causing hoarseness; usurping the proper structure of the bronchial tubes, ending in pulmonary consumption and death.

Many attempts have been made to discover a cure for this distressing disease by the use of inhalants and other ingenious devices, but none of these treatments can do a particle of good until the parasites are either destroyed or removed from the mucus tissue. So we time since a well-known physician of forty years' standing, after much experimenting, succeeded in discovering the necessary combination of ingredients which never fail in absolutely and permanently eradicating this terrible disease, whether standing for one year or forty years. Those who may be suffering from the above disease, should, without delay, communicate with the business managers,

Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King St. West, Toronto, Canada, and inclose stamp for their treatise on Catarrh

What the Rev. E. B. Stevenson, B.A., a Clergyman of the London Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada, has to say in regard to A. H. Dixon & Son's New Treatment for Catarrh.

Oakland, Ont., Canada, March 17, '83.

Messrs. A. H. Dixon & Son: DEAR SIRS,—Yours of the 19th instant to hand. It seems almost too good to be true that I am cured of Catarrh, but I know that I am. I have had no return of the disease, and never felt better in my life. I have tried so many things for Catarrh, suffered so much and for so many years, that is hard for me to realize that I am really better.

I consider that mine was a very bad case; it was aggravated and chronic, involving the throat as well as the nasal passages, and I thought I would require the three treatments, but I feel fully cured by the two sent me, and I am thankful that I was ever induced to send to you. You are at liberty to use this letter stating that I have been cured at two treatments, and I shall gladly recommend your remedy to some of my friends who are sufferers.

Yours, with many thanks, REV. E. B. STEVENSON.

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Montreal, January, 1884.

CHARLES DRINKWATER, Secretary.

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THE MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY For April, 1884.

CONTENTS:

PORTRAIT OF MAJOR-GENERAL RICHARD MONTGOMERY—MAJOR-GENERAL RICHARD MONTGOMERY. Brevet Major-General George W. Callum, U.S.A.

Illustrations.—Antique View of Quebec, after engraving by Royce—Montgomery Place on-the-Hudson—Portrait of Edmund Burke, after engraving by Wagstaff of painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds—Portrait of Right Hon- orable Charles James Fox—Quebec and its Environs, from a rare map—Old City of Que- bec, from a rare map—Prescott Gate, Quebec —Portrait of Daniel Morgan, in the Shirt Uni- form—St. Johns Gate, Quebec—Palace Gate, Quebec—Where Arnold was wounded—Cape Diamond, from a rare print—Where Mont- gomery fell—The Plains of Abraham—Mont- gomery's Tomb—An Original Autograph Let- ter from Montgomery to Colonel Bedel, St. Johns, from the collection of Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet.

THE NATCHEZ INDIANS, A LOST TRIBE. J. H. Walworth. THE GRISWOLD FAMILY OF CONNECTICUT, ILL. (Conclusion). Professor Edward E. Salisbury. An exhaustive sketch—historical, biographical, and genealogical—showing the part taken in public affairs by various members of this notable family dur- ing successive generations from the begin- nings of settlement in Connecticut. Fresh information from English and other sources adds greatly to the interest and value of the contribution. THE GRISWOLD PEIRIGRE—THE UTAH EXPEDITION. Major-General John C. Robinson, U.S.A. ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS. Sir Henry Clinton's Original Secret Record of Private Daily Intelligence. Contributed by Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet. Introduction and Notes by Edward F. De Lancey. Chapter VII. (Began in October.) MINOR TOPICS: Let- ter from Mr. Thomas C. Amory; The Massacre of St. Andre. NOTES: Dr. Franklin as a Court- ier—A Poetic Morceau of 1772—The Murphy Sale of Americana—A Scrap of Unwritten History—Wayne's Indian Name—Mrs. Flet- cher's Tomb. QUERIES—REPLIES—LEARNED SOCIETIES—BOOK NOTICES.

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