

# THE WEEK:

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## The Week,

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY AND LITERATURE.

Edited by W. PHILIP ROBINSON.

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C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher.

## TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

IN the United States they are still counting the ballots, but there seems to be no reason for doubting that Cleveland is duly elected. Nor is there much reason for fearing that if he is duly elected any resistance will be made to his installation, or that trouble of any kind will ensue; though the Irish supporters of Blaine, as a matter of course, are holding truculent language, and, on the other side, some of the Democrats are making a show of standing to their arms. The difficulty is confined to the State of New York, where law reigns, and it would be impossible to perpetrate such acts of fraud or violence as those the perpetration of which in Louisiana took the Presidency from Tilden and gave it to Hayes. The scene of political interest therefore shifts from the United States to England, where the Franchise Bill, unchanged, is now going up again to the Lords whose leaders have so far given no sign of surrender or compromise. The Lords will be encouraged in resistance by the result of the election in Warwickshire, where a Conservative has, by a large majority, replaced a Liberal. The Parnellites, after all, voted for the Franchise Bill, judging, and probably with reason, that the extension of the suffrage would add to their force, both by giving them more seats and by swelling the volume of Disunionism. The very fact, however, that Disunionists think the measure favourable to their designs, is likely to send not a few Unionist Liberals over to the other side. We may be sure that strenuous efforts are being made to bring about a compromise and avert the mortal shock between the Commons and the Lords, both by the moderate party among the Press and by any one who may specially represent the wishes of the Court. But the Warwickshire election will make their task less easy. It may prove a fatal victory to the House of Lords.

ANY one looking to the oscillations in the rate of discount charged by the Bank of England, which has now gone up to four per cent., would be at a loss to know whether, in a series of years, the rate of interest was falling or rising. But if he extended his observation further and took other criteria for his guidance, he would soon cease to be in doubt. Governments are able to refund their debts on more favourable terms. In this way France and the United States have lessened the burden of interest which they carried; and France, whose credit has not improved within the year, contemplates a further reduction. The Canadian Government now borrows at four per cent., and good municipal loans are placed on better terms than could be obtained ten years ago. The railway companies of Great Britain, in which every financial movement is maintained with great regularity, shows a reduction in their interest account within the last ten

years which is not the less significant because it is small, the average rate paid having fallen from 4.29 to 4.21. More perhaps than anything else these figures mark the real tendency to a decline in the rate of interest. But they do not represent the full extent of the decline, because many loans obtained at higher figures are still current. If the railway debts had been greatly reduced, the reduction would of itself have tended to raise the credit of the companies, but this is not the case. In ten years the debts have fallen only from the proportion of 26 per cent. to the capital to 25 per cent. Reduction of debt was not the means of improving the credit of the companies, and the rate of dividends on ordinary capital has undergone no change that could affect the credit of the companies one way or the other; the greatest variation in the decade having been from 4.99 to 4.02, and the average over 4.50. In some directions the field for the employment of capital is being restricted. Railway construction in the United States has met a check which will continue to be felt for some time; the Canadian Pacific will be completed within the year, and a lull in construction must follow in this country. England is over-built to an extent that is probably unprecedented, and the locking up of capital in that direction must undergo a great decline. Some extension of railways into the wheat-growing districts of India there will probably be; but in spite of dull times and bad trade the growth of capital is likely to go on faster than the demand for investment can absorb the accretion. And, besides, there are not wanting indications that in manufacturing and trade circles the worst is about over, and that the tide must shortly turn. The reduction of stocks of goods in England has gone about as far as it is likely to go contemporaneously with a reduction of prices. Renewed activity may cause some demand for floating capital, but this will not trench on the stock of capital which awaits what is called permanent investment, and which consists of an addition, the creation of saving, to the pre-existing total. How far the downward movement in interest may go is uncertain, but the present tendency admits of no doubt. It is not perhaps in the nature of things that any minimum rate once reached will ever be permanently maintained: fluctuation depending upon an infinite number of incidents, by which the rate of profit and the proportion between the supply and the demand for a loanable capital are affected, is not likely ever to cease. But in the recent past the rate of interest, speaking generally, has declined, and the forces that produced the decline, far from being exhausted, are apparently growing more potent and may acquire increased activity.

THE death of the Postmaster-General Fawcett can hardly make much difference to the English Government. As an administrator he was very zealous, and in some respects successful; but he will be easily replaced. The report that Redistribution had been placed in the hands of a subordinate member of the Government is not likely to be true. Both as a writer on Political Economy, and as a speaker, Mr. Fawcett was clear and sound, without being original or striking. He was Radical, but at the same time judicious, and his arguments always had weight. As a speaker he was heavy in manner, partly perhaps owing to his inability to see the faces of his audience. But extraordinary interest attached to him as the most remarkable and triumphant instance of a struggle against what to most sufferers is the overwhelming infirmity of blindness. That he should have achieved as much as he did in the way both of acquisition and of action seems miraculous. His determination to defy blindness indeed amounted to a passion. Not only did he pique himself on appearing to share all the ordinary impressions and pleasures of those who see; he tried to share their sports, and went salmon-fishing. He fell short only of Montaigne's blind friend who insisted on going out hunting, and was allowed by his dependents to gallop about for a time in an open field, and then assured that he had killed a hare. As a political economist Fawcett may be connected with the school of Mill, having certainly not more than Mill of the Socialistic tendency, which is now beginning to prevail. His character for political independence and integrity stood high; but he was extremely aspiring, and when he thought himself neglected assailed the flank of Mr. Gladstone, whom he once succeeded in defeating by a junction with

the Tories. The sympathy felt by everybody for his infirmity, and for his gallant struggle to overcome it, had no small share in procuring for him originally his seat in Parliament, helped him greatly in public life, and gave him perhaps a position somewhat higher than by mere force of ability he could have attained.

WHOEVER rises by the strength of one party in the State can safely count on receiving the malediction of the other party. An illustration, not singular but remarkable, of this unerring law of party, occurred in Nova Scotia during Lord Lansdowne's visit to that Province. The new Governor-General, in his innocence, thought the rise of a Nova Scotian "to an honourable position, both in his own country and in the Federal Councils," would naturally be a subject of pride to Nova Scotians, and he said so; but the storm of criticism which followed the innocently intended remark rudely awoke him to the consciousness that he was treading on dangerous ground. Lord Lansdowne did not know how much more delicious is the indulgence of party hatred than of national pride in a fellow-countryman's success. He, at all events, could have had no possible motive to do anything that bore the remotest semblance to a preference of one political party to another; and the remark which he made about Sir Charles Tupper was what any stranger to the ways of partyism in a small arena would naturally make. Sir Charles Tupper, it may safely be conceded, is quite as far from perfection as the average politician, if not a little farther. Yet if the voice of the dominant party is the voice of the country, he may claim to have risen to the positions signalized by Lord Lansdowne by the voice of his country. It is quite true that, as a political partisan, Sir Charles has done things which had better have been left undone. He bore a conspicuous part in bringing Nova Scotia into the Canadian Confederation without her consent and against her will. For this act it was in the power of his country, through the constituency to which he appealed, to punish him by permanent exclusion from public life; but it did not punish him, and even Howe finally endorsed the initial act of Confederation by taking a seat in the Federal Government. But Howe was thenceforth put aside by his previous admirers as a broken idol; and his memory has in their eyes lost much of the lustre that would otherwise have adorned it. Still people who are not intense partisans may, we trust, be allowed to see in the career of Joseph Howe, taken as a whole, something to admire. Whatever Sir Charles Tupper has achieved he owes mainly to his successful use of party machinery; and we submit that the admirers of the machine, to whichever side they may adhere, have no right to complain.

THE admission is now made that Sir John Macdonald has found public business to transact while in England, and it is added that this business has been satisfactorily settled. His early return to Canada may be looked for, the 22nd inst. having been fixed as the day of sailing. What that business was every one remains at liberty as before to guess, and until Sir John vouchsafes a revelation of what has been done, which perhaps he may not do till Parliament opens, guessing in the dark will continue to be the order of the day. At the same time, it is a great relief to know the annexation of Jamaica is already a dead issue; the question having been killed by the Council of the Island. Mr. Solomon's was the only affirmative vote.

In a few days the shareholders of the Federal Bank will receive a statement of the condition of their property, and a proposal will be made to reduce the nominal amount of the stock by the sum of the actual and probable losses. The reduction is not likely to be less than fifty per cent. Parliament in consenting to reductions of stock, when losses have been sustained, makes it a rule not to lessen the liability of the stockholders. One result of the application of this rule, which it would not be proper to relax, will be that when the stock is reduced to one-half its present nominal amount, the shareholders will, under the double liability clause, be liable for four times the amount of the reduced value of the shares, but this liability will be limited to past transactions, and in future the ordinary double liability only will attach. If it should be found that any of the stock was brought into existence by means of advances made by the bank, or is still security for such advances, Parliament may hesitate to cancel that portion of the stock. On a previous occasion it refused to authorize the cancelling of stock brought into existence by the old "wild cat" process of stock notes; since to cancel any stock on which loans have illegally been made would be to condone the offence. The shareholders will expect a full and explicit account of how their capital has been lost. When the last dividend was paid they were given to understand, not only that the capital was intact, but that there was in addition a rest of \$1,500,000. A very short time before a profit of eighteen per cent. on the year's business was said to have been made. When this statement was put forth

and continuously, one officer of the bank was engaged in heavy speculations in the stock. The large profits, if actually realized, must have been lost almost as soon as made; and the shareholders are about to hear from the new manager how much he thinks has been lost, and to what extent the stock ought to be reduced. The old manager remains to point out to his successor where the *débris* of the wreck is to be found, and their united services for acting as a salvage corps are understood to be paid for at the rate of \$20,000 a year. A large number of agencies, including that of Montreal, has been closed, and the business is being rapidly contracted to the limits of the remaining capital. The management of the Federal Bank will be pointed to as a warning rather than an example; and it will be well if the warning be taken by those in a position to profit by it. The shareholders of banks should see that their officers scrupulously abstain from speculation in the stock; and if they do not choose to take this precaution, they must be prepared to suffer the inevitable loss to which this dangerous license will sooner or later lead.

THE disclosures in the Senécal bribery suits scarcely come as a revelation. They are only what would have been expected from the French-Canadian political Boss, whose preéminence in his art there is none to dispute. Senécal's mode of procedure was stated in a few words by Judge Sicotte in giving judgment. When he makes up his mind to buy an electoral district, Senécal, by a rule of his own, determines the amount of the purchase money. He cares little to whom the money is paid, provided the object is attained. Trusting nobody, he is his own committee; and the realizing of his programme consists in organizing the election. He has no other influence than that which his money buys. Found guilty of paying considerable bribes to different persons to influence the result of the Vercheres election, and of paying others to work for one of the candidates, he was fined \$800, in sums of \$200 each. In presence of these facts it cannot be said that the Castors are without cause for their revolt; for the Castors are not less anti-Senécal than anti-Chapleau. And in Vercheres the Castors proved stronger than Senécal's seductive dollars. Of course Senécal does not pour out money like water in the elections without an object. How he looks for re-imbursement is no secret. On the morrow of his bankruptcy, in which his creditors got only a fraction of their claims, he appeared as a purchaser from the Quebec Government of the North Shore Railway. The purchase-money mounted into the millions, and Senécal, by a speedy re-sale, made something like a million (\$900,000) out of the transaction. Last Session he headed a deputation which went to Ottawa to demand, in the name of Quebec, a subsidy to the North Shore Railway. At first the Government hesitated; then the deputation threatened, and finally the amount demanded was granted. The Members of either Legislature, Federal or Local, whose seats he helped to purchase, M. Senécal feels he has a right to command; and he would not hesitate to order them to vote against the Government on any question in which he was interested, if this were the nearest road to success. For some time last Session his attitude was that of hostility, armed to enforce his demand, if an open rupture became necessary. A large contingent from Quebec threatened to cross the floor of the House of Commons, and the story flew on the wings of the wind that the leader of the Opposition at last saw victory within reach. The revolt was encouraged by assurances from the Opposition press of Ontario that Quebec had nothing to lose by its members crossing the House, as their present opponents would be prepared, in that event, to treat the Province with liberality. Senécal acts as if he were an independent power in the State, and gives himself the airs of a grand seigneur, to whom, his presence being known at the seat of Government, Ministers of the State should do homage. But his greatness does not always find ready recognition. By means of purchases which are expected to wear an innocent commercial look, M. Senécal has managed to get a firm grip on the French press of Quebec. The notoriety of these transactions has made for him bitter enemies in other journals, whose *bête noir*, and very *noir* it is, is Senécalism. The attempt to introduce Boss Tweedism into the politics of Canada is not wanting in audacity; and, unfortunately, it cannot be denied that it has so far had a measure of success.

DISTURBANCES which, but for the intervention of a large body of police, might have been serious, have more than once taken place at the church in which M. Chiniquy, an ex-Roman Catholic priest, was preaching, in Canning Street, Montreal. A mob five hundred strong, after being driven off by a free use of the baton, once more made a stand and threw stones at the police. They also lay in wait for M. Chiniquy's carriage, and would have done serious mischief but for the activity of the guardians of the peace. Father Chiniquy has, in his day, dealt hard blows at the church which he has abandoned: bringing the resources of a long experience and some special reading to bear on the weak spots to which he directs his

attacks, he has pointed to the confessional as a canker that has eaten the morality out of the system. To some of his references, in proof of the practices which he denounces, it is not hard to find the key. He tells much which, even if true, he was under the strongest obligation that can bind a human being not to reveal; and it is impossible sometimes to know whether he be a self-accuser, whose conscience would not allow him to remain silent, or whether all his denunciations are intended for third parties. It is difficult to read his book on the confessional without suspecting exaggeration; but some of the evidence in support of the charges of immorality is unimpeachable and cannot be put aside as doubtful or insufficient. In this category must be placed a letter from a well-known archbishop, written, however, before he reached that dignity, in which is given the opinion of theologians as to how often a confessor may sin without being accounted a bad priest. M. Chiniquy has braved the hatred of the whole body of confessors, whom he has accused of something like habitual immorality with their female penitents. But while it is possible to understand the hostile feeling which he has aroused against himself, it is not possible to excuse the outrages to which he is subjected. And whatever truth there may be in his accusations against the confessional, the men who form these mobs should be the last to resent them; for if any one suffers from the practices described it is the layman. But the outrages are the legitimate outcome of the teaching that no religion but that of the Church of Rome can show a right even to toleration.

WHATEVER the incident may portend, writers in Paris have begun to ask whether there are no conceivable circumstances under which the French Canadians would consent to return to the condition of a French colony. And the sorrowful reply has had to be given that there is none. At a time when M. Jules Ferry tells his countrymen that "the future is to the nations which seek expansion abroad," the feeler may not be entirely without meaning. The query is very much in the formula used by Lord Ashburton when the negotiations for settling the north-eastern boundary were in progress, and Colley Grattan, his lordship's solitary assistant, reported that there was no chance of the American negotiators accepting the English view of the case: "Do you think he (Judge Preble) would listen to reason?" Grattan confessed that the smile which accompanied the question seemed to cover a depth of finesse which he could not fathom. Whatever Lord Ashburton may have meant, he did not ask without an object. The Parisian is only curiously speculative; and whether he talks for the sake of hearing the sound of his own melodious voice, or wishes to hear a confirmation of his own views from Canada, he finds his answer echoed back from the banks of the St. Lawrence. As a suggestion of a re-marriage would be too prosaic a thing to leave much room for coquetry, we must accept the echo as a faithful index of the soul. Still such a question, put affirmatively and answered in the asking, is a curious thing. But if this be a speculative negotiation, say *pour rire*, Jean Baptiste does well by beginning with something more than a simple No. He adds that he has lost all relish for the conscription, to which he has become a stranger, and that on the whole he is doing very well under a Government which does not thrust upon him the honour of spilling his blood in defence of the British Empire at large, great as he feels the honour would be. He does not object to the excitement of an occasional campaign, as the militia rolls of 1775 and 1812 attest; but, strange as it may seem, he must confess to the degeneracy of having conceived a positive repugnance to the time-honoured conscription. With many thanks, his present mood is to say, and he does say: "*En toute sincérité, nous ne désirons pas de changements.*" The speculative Parisian will of course accept the answer as final and not be importunate in the attempt to gratify an idle curiosity.

FRENCH attempts at colonization in New Caledonia have met with the minimum of success. New Caledonia has been used as a second Botany Bay; but the convicts, when they have served their term of transportation, are incapable of being turned into prosperous farmers. The men who went in search of La Perouse described New Caledonia as the raw material out of which the genius of France would be able to make a new paradise—so inviting was the aspect and so sterile was the soil; and now nearly a century later, there are in New Caledonia three hundred men playing at farming with such poor success that if the heavy government expenditure were to stop they would be in danger of starvation. M. Jules Ferry will have to revise the formula in which he believes the political wisdom of the time to be comprised, and the new version will have to contain the confession that it is useless to seek profitable expansion abroad unless the means of securing it be employed. Neither in New Caledonia nor in Cochin China have they been successfully

used; and, what means a great deal more, the same is true of the favourite colony of Algeria, of which France is at so much pains to make the world believe she has countless reasons to be proud.

LOUIS RIEL is not the best possible agent for giving voice to the demands of the Half-breeds of the North-West. But they have accepted his agency, and he has given form to eleven different claims, some of which are reasonable and others quite the reverse. It becomes evident, on reading the list of grievances which he has drawn up, that his object is to ingratiate himself not less with the Indians than with his fellow Half-breeds. He tells the Indians that the Canadian Government ought to feed them. The Government, he complains, expends less on the Indians than the Half-breeds and settlers expend. He is ready with condemnation on the strength of this allegation; though he avoids particulars and offers no proof. But even to the voice of Louis Riel a deaf ear ought not to be turned when what he asks is reasonable. And surely the creation of new Provinces in the North-West, when a given population is reached, is not an unreasonable request. Safety must be sought in trusting the settlers. Whether the Half-breeds of the North-West should not be accorded the same consideration in the allotment of lands that was extended to their race in Manitoba deserves the consideration of the Government. It may be that many of these grants were parted with to white speculators for a very inadequate consideration, and it might be desirable to take some precaution against a repetition of like acts of improvidence on the part of the Half-breeds. But if they are to be treated as free men, it is very difficult to restrict them in the sale of their lands. It is not easy to see on what ground future Half-breeds, who may be born during the next twenty years, should have reserved for them lands, the equivalent of which the children of other settlers are not to get, or that four generations of Half-breeds, born and to be born in Manitoba after 1870, should be entitled to like exceptional treatment. The demand for the setting apart of two millions of acres to form a fund for the maintenance of schools, hospitals, and orphans' homes, for the exclusive use of the Half-breeds, is probably coined in the same mint that produced that for Government contributions to convents, wherever there is a sufficient number of these people to justify, in the opinion of the persons demanding the money, the erection of such establishments. But if extravagant and untenable demands must be met by refusal, that is no reason why those which justice and prudence recommend should not be granted.

#### "BYSTANDER" ON CURRENT EVENTS AND OPINIONS.

THE election of Cleveland is the triumph of administrative integrity and sterling worth over the arts of a brilliant but unscrupulous and untrustworthy schemer. It promises the adoption of a rational tariff, and closes the boundless vista of corruption opened by his rival's proposal to go on raising an enormous surplus revenue and spending it in Pension Arrears, River and Harbour jobs, or Negro Education. It promises also a foreign policy of good sense and sound morality, instead of the coruscations of a demagogic Jingoism. The best friends of the United States therefore, as well as the best men in the United States, rejoiced when the congratulatory telegram from Jay Gould to Cleveland showed, as it seemed decisively, that fortune had passed to the camp of Cleveland. To complete the grounds for satisfaction, it appears that Tammany after all was faithless to Cleveland, many Tammany votes having been bartered for Republican support in the municipal elections; and as the Irish Nationalists everywhere supported Blaine, and are proclaiming their readiness to go to the length of "blood" for him, he will after all be free from obligations to the great power of corruption and at liberty to tread the path of reform pointed out to him by the better section of his supporters and by the nation. He owes his success mainly to the Independent Republicans, and notably to *Harper's Weekly*, which by its intrepid adherence to the cause of reform has well deserved the gratitude of the country. Something is also due, accidentally, to the Prohibitionist candidate, who carried off a considerable number of votes which would otherwise have been chiefly Republican. Mr. Cleveland's personal bearing throughout the struggle, and especially with reference to the charge of youthful incontinence brought against him, made the most favourable impression and strengthened the hands of his friends. To place a libertine at the head of society would be very wrong; but Mr. Cleveland is not a libertine: he has once fallen; his tone in speaking of his fall shows that he feels rightly on the subject; and his fault is not one which directly affects his public character; it has in fact been only too common among men whose public characters were the highest. The President is an Executive Officer. His legislative power is confined to a qualified veto. But that veto may be put on Pension Arrears

Bills, River and Harbour Bills, and dishonest dealings with the Banks or with the Currency. It may guard both the Treasury and Commerce against the Demagogue. In determining whether the Civil Service Bill shall be honestly and effectively administered, the President must have great influence, and there is every reason to believe that with Mr. Cleveland as President that influence will be exerted on the right side. Let the new President only put the thought of restriction behind him and his way is open to pure and lasting fame. The contest however has been dangerously close; even now mutterings of an intention to contest the result are heard from the side of the vanquished, and it is easy to understand the eagerness with which commerce, represented by Mr. Vanderbilt, strives to clinch the decision, and prevent the occurrence of another national agony, such as was produced by the dispute between Tilden and Hayes. When the fury of the battle shall have subsided, and the dust shall have been laid, patriotic and sober-minded Americans will perhaps begin to consider what must be the effects on national character and political security of a system which exposes the Republic to the perils of a monarchy with a disputed succession, besides stirring up the worst passions from their depths, bringing every issue to a dangerous head, dividing society, disturbing commerce, leading to a vast waste of money on demoralizing objects, and turning the minds of the people from the calm and wholesome discussion of public questions to a carnival of violence, calumny, and corruption.

THE Presidential election has been watched in England with an interest inferior only to that which it has excited in the United States and hardly less practical in character. American Republicanism has never been propagandist; in fact the Americans are rather disposed to rejoice in their monopoly of the institutions which they think place them above all the old and benighted nations. But everything which seems to betoken the success or failure of the Democratic experiment tells on politics in Europe, especially in England; and with greatly increased force since communication has become so much closer. There can be little doubt that the spectacle of this election with all its evils, all its perils, and all its exposures of the character of Democratic statesmen, will be a weight cast into the scale of the Conservative Party in England at a critical moment. Critical in the highest degree the moment is; for it is evident that the struggle about the Franchise Bill is becoming merged in a struggle for the reform or abolition of the House of Lords. Mr. Gladstone, we may be sure, unfeignedly desires to avoid an issue from which he recoils, not less on social than on political grounds, as well as from the weariness of contention natural to a man of seventy-four. His reluctance is more than shared by the Whig section of his Cabinet. But the ambition of Mr. Chamberlain is now thoroughly kindled, and its highest prize is glittering in his view. He is completely accepted by the Radicals as their leader; their loud acclamations everywhere greet his name, and he may well feel that he has a great popular force behind him. Evidently he is determined to force the fighting on the grand and perilous issue. He does not even hesitate to break through the most sacred traditions of English public life by taking up a position apart from the Cabinet of which he is a member and in almost avowed opposition to the majority of his colleagues. Whether the prince of wire-pullers will also prove the foremost of statesmen, as he is certainly among the foremost of party speakers, and whether he will be able not only to grasp but hold supreme power, will presently be seen. Jacobinism is a perilous game for a commercial millionaire with a hothouse flower in his button-hole. But be the issue of Mr. Chamberlain's personal enterprise what it may, it seems hardly possible that the House of Lords should come out of the battle without receiving a wound which sooner or later must prove mortal. The principle of hereditary government on which it rests is too hopelessly dead, its own record is too fatally bad, its uselessness, and worse than uselessness, even as a conservative institution, is too flagrantly apparent. Moreover its material foundation, the immense rent roll of the landed aristocracy, is now, owing to the depression of agriculture, rapidly slipping away. Slow as the march of English progress is, numerous as are the sources against Democracy in a land of ancient wealth and fixed tradition, the days of the House of Lords are now numbered. The attempt to find for hereditary monarchy and aristocracy a new basis in demagogism, under the name of Tory Democracy, having failed in the hands of Disraeli, who was its projector, is not likely to succeed in those of Lord Randolph Churchill.

WHATEVER the effects of protection may be in the case of a self-contained and self-sufficing continent like the United States, no man of sense, unbiassed by special interest, can doubt that to such a country as Canada it would be ruin. Wisdom enjoins us therefore to watch the

movements of Protectionist Propagandism, and to resist betimes the imposition of a yoke which when once imposed and riveted by the force of vested interests, it is desperately difficult to shake off. Appalling pictures are drawn of the depression and distress prevailing in certain English industries, and we are bidden to behold the fatal consequences of Free Trade. In so vast an aggregation of manufactures of all kinds the fluctuations of commerce are sure to be specially felt, and one trade or another is sure always to be depressed. Moreover England, having had a monopoly of manufactures and commerce after the Napoleonic wars, is now losing it, and presents in some measure the aspect of decline. But will any one venture to say that the condition of the working classes in England, or that of the people generally, has been worse since the adoption of Free Trade? Whoever does must be strangely ignorant of the facts. The state of industry and trade in England when the Free Trade movement commenced was wretched: it was in truth quite as much English misery as Irish famine that forced open the ports and repealed the Corn Laws. There was at the same time a large and chronic deficit in the revenue; and this, as Cobden's biographer truly says, "was not merely the result of an absence of fiscal skill, but a sign, confirmed by the obstinate depression of trade and the sufferings of the population, of an industrial and commercial stagnation which could only be dealt with by an economic revolution." The growth of wealth after the change was almost fabulous; the volume of commerce increased four-fold; prosperity advanced, as Mr. Gladstone said, by leaps and bounds; and the national finances shared the general improvement. The repeal of the Navigation Laws, which was to ruin the mercantile marine, was followed by a large increase of tonnage, while the mercantile marine of the United States has been protected out of existence. That the lot of the American workman is better than that of the English workman is far from certain, when prices as well as wages are taken into consideration. Mr. Burt reports that it is not; the correspondent of the *Pittsburgh Despatch*, cited at length by Sir Lepel Griffin, reports that it is not; and British artisans not a few, having tried America, have gone back to England. The correspondent of the *Pittsburgh Despatch* says, that "where one expects to find in England pauper labour by comparison with America, there is a condition of comfort in habitation, clothing and food, which cannot be excelled in any American manufacturing locality." The Pittsburgh riots, and the Molly Maguire outrages in Pennsylvania, are not signs of happiness and contentment; nor have they had any parallel of late years in England. But the comparison between America and England is not fair. In America the working classes have the immense advantages of a new country. Let the wages and the general condition of the people in England be compared with those of the people in France, or in any other old country under the Protective system and the result will not be doubtful. We should have had a sharper experience by this time ourselves were it not that our artisans when thrown out of employment by the shutting down of mills, can find a refuge in the United States.

WITH the general question of Municipal Government comes up the special question of Exemptions in Toronto. No fair title to exemption can be pleaded on behalf of any property to which services are rendered by the Municipal Government. A church, a monastery, or a Government office benefits by the paving, watching, lighting, draining, and securities against fire just as much as any other building, and its owners, like those of any other building, ought to pay for that which they receive. The notion that religious buildings ought not to be taxed is a survival from the days of Established Churches. It has been truly said that, though the Church is a spiritual society, its foundations, like those of man, who is a spiritual being, are in the dust. She has material interests and concerns which belong to this world, are protected by this world's laws and must pay this world's rates. The builders of sacred edifices do not charge lower prices for the materials, nor does the mortgagee charge a lower rate of interest on his mortgage. The plea that, as every citizen belongs to a church, it comes practically to the same thing whether church buildings are taxed or not, in the first place requires qualification to make it true: to say nothing about the Agnostics, who have no church at all, the more Ritualistic religions have larger and more expensive churches, while no denomination has monasteries except the Roman Catholic. In the second place, even if true, the argument would hold just as good on the side of taxation as on that of exemption, and the fiscal system might as well be made uniform. But while everything ought to be taxed to which the municipality renders service, and taxed in proportion to the service rendered, there can be no claim to tax anything to which service is not rendered. A national Government by its army and navy, its police and its law courts, protects property of every description and wherever situated, as well as all personal rights and liberties; and whatever it



protects it may justly tax for protection. But a municipal Government does nothing for any property which is not situated within the city limits, and therefore to property within the city limits its power of taxation must in justice be confined. On a public salary, or an income drawn from sources beyond the limits it can have no right whatever to lay its hands. It might just as well claim the right of taxing the entire earnings of a railway company because the company happened to have at its head-office in the city. The recipient of a public salary, of an income derived from an investment in American bonds, or of profits drawn from business in other parts of the Province or Dominion, pays as a householder and owner of property within the city his proper share for all services rendered him by the city government. To extort from him more merely on the ground that his person or the centre of his business happens to be within the municipal grasp is a plain violation of justice.

IN Ontario not a voice was raised in favour of the now defunct proposition of annexing Jamaica. Government journals were silent, though it seems the Government was inclined to entertain the scheme. But in Halifax advocacy of the measure has been loud. Halifax would be the winter, though hardly the summer, port of the Jamaica trade; and Nova Scotia, utterly disappointed, as she avows, by the commercial results of the Confederation into which she was dragged by the hair of the head, naturally grasps at any promise of increased prosperity. But it would be far better for us, if she is in sore need, to give her twenty, or even fifty, million dollars worth of Better Terms than to take Quashee and his concerns to our arms. A correspondent of the *London Times*, writing from St. Lucia, says that the condition of the West Indies is deplorable, and that nothing can save them but an Imperial loan; so that with regard to the financial consequences of annexation we are warned beforehand; and even if the burden of defending the two thousand miles of water-way could be entirely thrown on the Mother Country, there are many expenses, such as harbours, lights, and public works of all kinds which would certainly fall on the Dominion. But the political consequences would be by far the worst. Can any one doubt what part would be played in Canadian politics by a negro delegation, or a delegation mainly elected by negroes, whose homes and principal interests would be two thousand miles away? We have not yet made the people of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick or British Columbia Canadians, and how much chance would there be of our making Canadians of the population of Jamaica. Only the presence of a small and diminishing number of whites prevents Jamaica from being a St. Domingo. A St. Domingo in fact it almost was while it had responsible government. It is now kept in order, and peace between the two races is maintained by the authority of a Royal Governor. Slavery has left its evil mark on the negroes, who are generally lazy, while much of the work is done by coolies; and we may feel sure that with laziness are combined ignorance and great indifference to anything above yams. The advocates of annexation remind us that there is a large negro element in the United States. That might be a very good reason for not allowing ourselves to be annexed by the United States, but it is no reason for annexing Jamaica. The cases however are not parallel. The negro element in the South States is held under by the more civilized race, while the South altogether is now politically but a fraction of the Union; nor is there anything that can be called a negro delegation, or any negro interest to be bought and sold. There were some negro delegates in the Republican Convention at Chicago, and calumny was busy with their names. When St. Domingo offered itself to the people of the United States they steadfastly refused to accept it, though President Grant pressed upon them the dark boon with all his powers. Between the Black Vote and the Blue, it is very likely that British Canadians would soon be fain to take refuge in the American Union. Once more, then, if Nova Scotia is in great distress, let us give her Better Terms, but let us not be amalgamated with Quashee. Happily, Jamaica herself seems at present to be as little inclined to this strange marriage as Ontario, and Mr. Solomon, on bringing the question before the Council of the Island, finds himself the only supporter of his own scheme.

A WRETCHED, and at the same time instructive, incident in Jamaican history is recalled to memory in the *Life of Carlyle*. Once Chelsea found a hero. The hero was Governor Eyre, who having put to death four hundred men and women, and scourged six hundred, without any cause, was at once recognized as an example of the identity of might with right and a model of moral greatness. He was recognized at least by Carlyle and Mr. Ruskin; for Mr. Froude's faith failed, and he now bewails his fate like Peter bewailing his denial. An agrarian affray took place in a corner of the island between the black peasantry and the whites. Which

fired the first shot was not certain, but lives were lost on each side. The disturbance did not spread beyond the district, and only one white was killed after the fight. The Governor had overwhelming forces at his command, nor was any resistance made even to the smallest party of the military. Yet the hero allowed himself to be completely carried away by the cruel panic of the whites, and carried on for five weeks a murderous and infamous reign of terror. No less than 439 men and women were put to death in cold blood, while 600 at least were cruelly flogged, for the most part on the merest surmise, if not simply on account of their race. The hangings and scourgings of women as well as of men continued for twenty-five days after the complete restoration of tranquillity had been proclaimed by the Governor himself. But these were at all events acts of public atrocity; the hanging of William Gordon was a personal murder. Gordon, a leader of opposition in the Legislature, was Governor Eyre's personal enemy, and the object of his deadly hatred. He was arrested by Governor Eyre himself in Kingston where, no disturbance having occurred, the ordinary law still prevailed, and carried into the district which was under martial law. He was brought before a court martial, the composition of which Eyre himself changed for the purpose, and when even that packed tribunal, fearing to take the innocent blood of a man of Gordon's position on its own head, specially referred the sentence to the Governor, Eyre signed with his own hand the death warrant of his enemy. Gordon's house was sacked and his widow left desolate. Murder, said John Bright, is foul, and judicial murder the foulest of all. A protest was raised and the cognizance of justice was invoked by those who desired that the rule of England over the subject races should for her sake as well as theirs be a rule of righteousness, and knew that, if it were not, the infection of violence and iniquity would in time spread to her own government, as indeed was made clearly manifest by the conduct and language of the Tory aristocracy and their partisans on this occasion. These men, the list of whom included Bright, Mill, Thomas Hughes, Darwin, Huxley, Herbert Spencer and Harrison, are of course described by Carlyle as "a set of empty insincere fools," and collectively as "a vast blockheadism" into the "abominable belly" of which "impetuous Ruskin plunges his rapier up to the hilt." Such is the emasculate violence which the Chelsea clique mistake for force. Class feeling, embodied in a Grand Jury, closed the gates of justice; but the charge of Lord Chief Justice Cockburn nobly vindicated the principles which Governor Eyre's murderous cowardice had impugned. Mud was of course thrown by the Chelsea clique on the Chief Justice's ermine, which lost nothing of its purity thereby.

AN almost agonized cry has gone up from some of the clergy, or from some one who speaks on their behalf, for the restoration of religious teaching—that is in effect of clerical control—in Public Schools. This is just at the moment when in Belgium the tide has turned again in favour of Liberalism, and the victory gained by the clergy on this question has proved accidental and short-lived. The cry will not be heard: the divisions between the churches themselves and their creeds are too insurmountable; too many people are now outside churches and creeds altogether; the feeling against ecclesiastical supremacy is too strong. The next movement in the educational domain will not be for the restoration of religious teaching, but against Separate Schools. Is it wise to proclaim that religion has no chance of maintaining its hold upon the minds and hearts of the people unless special powers of inoculating the rising generation are put into the hands of its ministers? Is it wise, or worthy of a sincere believer? It is impossible to believe in a God and to doubt that He will uphold the Truth, or to think that the reason which He has given us as the instrument for finding truth if conscientiously used, will in the end lead us astray. That the moral side of our Public School system is weak and needs improvement is too likely; but are the Separate Schools in this respect any better than the rest?

THERE seems, however, to be no reason why we should not be able to provide for our schools something in the way of a moral catechism of a rather more practical and effective kind than the common manuals of Ethics. It ought surely to be possible to impress upon the mind of a child in simple and yet telling words, something like those of the old catechism of the Church of England, the leading rules of its life, individual, domestic and social; its duties to its parents, its brothers and sisters, its school-fellows, its teachers, and all with whom in different ways it is brought into contact; and to place before it the grounds of those duties, the rewards of performing them, and the penalties of neglecting them, not in vague generalities, but in such a form as to reach its heart. To say that instruction of this kind would be very effective might perhaps be rash; certainly it would not approach in effectiveness precepts uttered by living

lips, and enforced by living influence and example; yet it might not be without use. The materials for such ethical instruction are perhaps being prepared in a quarter where we should hardly have looked for them. France in general seems to be divided between two violent extremes, the Ultramontanists and the Atheists, waging internecine war. But there is also a remarkable school of French writers on philosophy and ethics at once Liberal and religious, the existence of which is one of the pleasantest and most cheering phenomena of the intellectual world at the present day. If its local origin were traced we should perhaps find in it affinities to the religion of Pascal and Port Royal, and the Protestantism of modern France, as well as a reaction against the creed and morality of the Jacobins. Jules Simon is one of the eminent writers of this school. Another is Paul Janet, whose position is truly described by his American translator as that of a religious moralist, and whose "Elements of Morals" deals with conduct in all the lines and relations of life, professional as well as general, in a thoroughly practical way, and without a shadow of sectarianism, yet in perfect harmony with religion. The "Elements of Morality" is fitted for a University or a High School, not for an elementary school; but it may supply materials and strike the key-note for something of a more elementary kind.

"PUBLIC benefit must have precedence over individual right" are the words, if the report may be trusted, of a prominent advocate of the Scott Act. This, if an equally summary, is at all events a less offensive way of cutting the moral knot than saying that Licensed Victuallers are to be treated as dynamiters or vermin. Yet it is language which cannot safely be allowed to pass unchallenged while so many theories of public rapine are afloat. We delude ourselves, like the school philosophers of old, with abstract terms which are taken for realities. We are always talking of the State as though it were a personage of itself, with rights and duties of its own apart from and above the individual citizens who compose it. "The Public Good" is another phrase of the same kind and liable, in like manner, to perversion. It becomes enthroned in the imagination as something entirely distinct from the good of individuals, and infinitely more sacred, so sacred as to afford a warrant for that which would otherwise be iniquity. But as the State is nothing but the aggregate of individual citizens, so the Public Good is nothing but the aggregate of individual interests, for the preservation of which every community is formed. Wrong is not less wrong, nor less subversive of the social union, when it is done by a majority to a minority or even by all the other members of the community to one man. To expropriate is sometimes necessary, and when necessary is consistent with public morality, but there ought always to be reasonable compensation. It is said, and probably with truth, that the chief agencies at work in this crusade are those of the preachers and the ladies; and in both those quarters we should expect rather high sentiments and aspirations than a strict regard for common justice.

THE "Bystander" has to thank his friends in the *Globe* for an attestation of his political neutrality, which perhaps was not altogether needless. Having had to rank himself among the opponents of the Government on great issues, such as those of the Senate and Protection, as well as on several special questions, such as that of Section B, he was in some danger of being taken for a partisan of the Opposition. But the *Globe* has set him right by assuring its readers that regarded from the Opposition point of view he is a partisan of the Government. Not only partisans of the Government, but some who are its bitter enemies, and faithful adherents of the *Globe*, are saying, like the "Bystander," that if the Opposition wishes to find its way back to power, it must have a definite policy, and that the people must have this policy kept constantly before their minds, and not be sent to look for it in the back files of newspapers. How can the masses be expected to remain deeply impressed by a brief and cursory allusion, or to preserve a strong recollection of a silent vote given for a motion of reform two or three years ago? On one rather important occasion the "Bystander" was allowed to have the function of Opposition pretty much to himself. Under evil pressure, as it is charitable to suppose, an appointment was made to the judiciary from motives manifestly improper, and the most vital part of our institutions was threatened with corruption. The "Bystander" spoke as loudly as he could. Why were the leading organs of the Opposition press silent? Certainly not because the subject was unimportant, because the offence of the Government was slight, or because habitual delicacy restrained the censor's pen. Here again reason is given us for doubting whether a change of ministers would bring with it a great change of policy. Apparently we should be just as much as ever under the influence of the Catholic vote. But if this is the case, how can Orangemen be upbraided with a dereliction of their principles because they support the Government? What would their cause gain by the transfer of power to the Opposition?

M. RENOUF's treatise on the "Ancient Religions of Egypt" leads to the same conclusion with regard to the origin and growth of religion as M. Réville's on the "Ancient Religions of Mexico and Peru." Not ghosts, either of ancestors or of chiefs, but the sun and the other great powers of Nature were the original objects of adoration in that country, which, with its historical records stretching back for two thousand years before Christ, presents a peculiarly instructive field of inquiry. The religious sentiment, in short, was awakened in the breast of the Egyptian in the same way in which it was awakened in the breast of the Indo-European races and those of Central America. In each case, apparently, the sentiment must have existed, in however rudimentary a form, as an element of human nature, or it could not have been evoked. Ra, the great god of Egypt, is the sun, He crosses the sky in a boat, as the sun-god of other mythologies crosses it in a chariot. Thoth is the moon, which he wears upon his head either as crescent or as full disk. The struggle between Light and Darkness, the succession of the Seasons, are the elements out of which the mythology is woven. There seems reason, according to M. Renouf, to believe that the sublimer forms of Egyptian religion were the earlier, and that the observed uniformity of celestial phenomena led the higher minds, at all events, to belief in a Universal Power, the service of which was righteousness. The animal worship, which has been the object of so much ridicule, seems not to have been primæval. Nor does it appear to have had its origin in fetichism, as has been taken for granted, but in symbolism. The Bull was naturally regarded as an emblem of strength and dominion; but from being an emblem and associated with the divinity in that character, he became himself divine in the eyes of the vulgar, and the result was the worship of Apis. The striking qualities and movements of the hawk, in the same way, led first to its adoption as an emblem and afterwards to its canonization. Egypt therefore affords us proof that its original deity was a fetish. The prodigious number of Egyptian deities in later times seem to have arisen from the grossness of the popular fancy, which took each separate aspect and appellation of a God for a separate God. Ra had seventy different aspects and appellations. Local worship also multiplied the deities, one of whom each place took for its special patron, as the Virgin and patron Saints were multiplied by local worship in the Middle Ages: Our Lady of Loretto or St. James of Compostella being in the popular imagination a different divinity from the Virgin or the St. James of other places. Both in regard to this and in regard to the perversion of emblems, the vulgarizing and degrading process which Christianity underwent in the Dark Ages may, in some measure, afford a key to the religious history of ages still darker. Archæology might have mistaken the crowd of Saints for a Polytheist Pantheon and the materialized symbols, perhaps even the Host, for Fetishes. Evolutionists indeed seem inclined to connect the emblematic Dove with fetichism, and they might with equal reason extend the interpretation to the emblematic Lamb, Pelican and Fish. The Egyptians made offerings and burned incense to the shades of their ancestors; but this was quite a subordinate part of their religion; and there seems to be no sort of reason for supposing that it preceded, or at all affected, the worship of the sun. Perhaps, if the truth were known, what the people paid to their ancestors was rather veneration than the worship which they paid to a God: as a Roman Catholic distinguishes between the worship which he pays to God and the worship which he pays to the Saints. The Egyptian had also, like the Roman, his Genius, or spiritual double and guardian, but his Genius was not his God. A belief in ghosts, doubles and wraiths is, as we can almost tell from our own experience in childhood, a growth from a root totally distinct from the religious sentiment. The ghost theory of the origin of religion is drawn from an exclusive observation of savages, the accounts of whose beliefs and traditions, as Sir Henry Maine has remarked, are often most untrustworthy, and whom we can no more identify with primæval man than we can identify the dwarf horse of the Shetlands, or the blind insect of the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, with the original type of the horse or of the insect. M. Renouf is explicit as to the absence of any confirmation of Mr. Spencer's hypothesis, so far as the Egyptians are concerned. Yet that hypothesis, based on Mr. Tylor's observation of savages and nothing else, has been put forward as incontestable fact, decisive at once as to the past and as to the future of religion. Surely this is not science.

A BYSTANDER.

AN Exeter (Eng.) hairdresser has discovered three works of J. W. M. Turner. Mr. Ruskin having been consulted as to the pictures has intimated that he has not the least doubt that the three paintings are the works of Turner, and he congratulates the owner on his good fortune. Each picture is 36 in. by 24 in. One represents the north transept of Exeter Cathedral; the second gives a view of the west end, the Cathedral yard beyond; the third is a painting of the central portion of the building.

## HERE AND THERE.

It cannot be denied that M. Max O'Rell is a successful author, nor is it a matter for surprise that his books satirizing Mr. and Mrs. John Bull are bought up with avidity by Frenchmen during the present epidemic of Anglophobia. Moreover, in *brochures* which manifest so unmistakably that their author writes with only a superficial knowledge of his subject, blunders must evidently abound. But, in common justice to the people he has undertaken to criticize, M. O'Rell ought to have prefaced his books by an explanation that his studies of English life and character have been made almost entirely amongst the lower classes, and that in speaking of ladies and gentlemen he does so from such acquaintance as he obtained from seeing the one on Regent Street and the other dining in the Gaiety Grill-room. The self-possession of a well-bred lady is, in M. O'Rell's eyes, boldness: the whole English sex is credited with "sweethearting" in the country lanes after the somewhat demonstrative fashion of factory girls. If our facetious author were to be credited, both English women and men are given to gluttony—the latter more especially being described as eating four heavy meals per day and washing them down with prodigious quantities of alcohol. M. O'Rell appears to have "observed" English life as a certain American is said to have "done" the Continent, by spending exactly quarter of an hour by the clock at each place of interest. Everybody who has *lived* amongst Englishmen knows that they practically take but one good meal daily—and that is dinner; whereas a very short residence in France is sufficient to impress the most unobservant with the lupine manner in which the majority of Frenchmen devour what are practically two heavy dinners each day, besides breakfast, and that these are preceded and followed by innumerable nips of cognac, liqueurs, or absinthe. When years ago the English comic papers lampooned everything French, it was much nearer the time that the two nations grappled in bloody warfare; besides which travelling was costly and difficult. There is no such excuse now. Paris is only four hours from London, and both peoples are at peace. But Jean Crepeau has a long memory for humiliations. Until he shall have forgotten 1815 and England's attitude in 1870-1, he will always be jealous of the country he has taught himself to think of as "*Perfide Albion*."

CONTEMPORANEOUS with reports of the long-foreseen disintegration of the Salvation Army is a paper in the *Andover Review* over the signature "Fidelis" (republished by Williamson and Co., Toronto, under title "Red-Cross Knights of the Salvation Army") in which the means and work of that organization are defended with more zeal than discretion, and its continuance prayed for. However opinions may differ as to the stability of Salvationists' work, no person who is *au courant* with the "General's" operations in England can deny that his duplicity in connection with the London Eagle Tavern episode effectually degraded him in the eyes of the English public, and is largely answerable for the discredit now attaching to the Army in that country—not to mention the "beggarly array of empty benches" which greeted Mr. Booth at Glasgow the other day. The unseemly scramble for the spoils which is practically the cause of the American Brigade's mutiny is only what might have been expected from a "staff" led by a man who has never from the inception of his idea given a detailed balance-sheet of the receipts and disbursements of the Army—of which, it must be remembered, he is at once "General," treasurer, and secretary. Good has unquestionably been occasionally done, however objectionable the means; whether it will be lasting time will show. But that the lax discipline of the Army has permitted of many abuses and has brought contempt upon Christianity amongst the thoughtless, is only too apparent.

CHEAP literature is being produced wholesale on both continents. The vendors of the gutter are selling wildly in the streets of London to-day a complete two-cent edition of Dickens' "Sketches by Boz." Their success ought to encourage them to try something better, as a rule, than the indecent books and questionable pamphlets which to often form the staple of their wares. One ought not to despair of having penny "Paradise Losts," penny Carlyles, and penny Ruskins before the century is out.

SOME \$1,300 have been subscribed to give the poet Gray a memorial in his own university on the River Cam. This seems a small sum for the author of the best Elegy in the language and one of its best Odes, but the subscription list is even more remarkable from the fact that the donors belong almost entirely to the literary and artistic classes. Lord Derby and the Duke of Devonshire give ten guineas each; the Duke of Westminster gives five pounds, Sir Charles Dilke a pound, and Mr. Faw-

cett gave a guinea. But the people who have been touched by an appeal for the worthy commemoration of the poet in his own college are of the stamp of Sir Frederick Leighton, Mr. Alma Tadema, Mr. Boughton, Mr. Luke Fildes, Mr. Hubert Herkomer, and Mr. Watts among artists, and Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. Frederick Meyers, Mr. Coventry Patmore, Mr. W. J. Courthrope, and Mr. Aldis Wright among literary men. Is the inference that the man who wrote the poem which, for its length, is most quoted in all our literature is known only to the select few; or that the public has ceased to admire the poet of Stoke Pogis? Anyway, there is the singular fact that the general public fulfil the poet's wish, and drop upon his tomb "(twas all he asked) a tear." They do not drop shillings.

THE correspondence and diary of Lord Beaconsfield's pet aversion and Lord Macaulay's most detested opponent, Mr. John Wilson Croker—the Rigby of "Coningsby," and the real hero or villain of Macaulay's essay on "Boswell's Johnson"—will be good reading. It tells us all about the men of Croker's day, from the Duke of Wellington to Sir Robert Peel, and is likely to be the best picture of those times which we possess. It is to be out almost immediately.

THAT great stylish and fanciful teacher, Mr. John Ruskin, is still anxious to teach us how to teach. His new *Fors* is almost wholly devoted to children. He does, indeed, by way of preface, declare against Mr. Henry George and land nationalisation, urging that the hereditary principle is a necessity in dealing with land, and the State the worst possible landlord. But having thus delivered an *obiter dictum*, he passes on to say hard things about blockheads who want everybody to be educated alike. We should not educate all classes alike, nor all children of the same class or family alike. Each child should be treated without much compulsion, and unspurred by rivalry or competition. It should not be plagued with arithmetic. It should be taught rather music and elocution than vulgar fractions. To aid in the teaching of music, Mr. Ruskin tried to invent a lyre, upon which English children might learn the principles of sound; but the manufacture turned out so ugly a thing that the experiment failed, though the charge for the instrument was the same as for a piano. There should be a reading room, Mr. Ruskin says, in every school where children who like to do so might have stories read to them an hour a day. They should also learn geography from maps without railways. Thus educated, they would be more useful men and women than the victims of detestable cram who are produced at present. Mr. Ruskin announces that he intends to stop *Fors*. He wants to do some autobiographical work.

Do mice think? Because Professor Paley tells in *Longman's a story* which would lead to the inference that they regard a bank note as too valuable to be destroyed. When he was a boy in Yorkshire, England, his mother lost a bank note from her storeroom. There was no doubt about it, but theft was out of the question. At length a mousehole was discovered in a corner of the floor, and it was explored. "Immense quantities—two large jars—of minute paper were drawn out, the accumulation of years. Strange to say, in one corner of the heap, the carpenter got hold of a nest of young mice, and brought them out *lying on the bank note*. It was wholly uninjured, save for a slight stain; not the smallest portion had been nibbled away, and it was absolutely the only piece of paper left entire in all that heap. It happened, then, that the mouse had carried the note, folded up as it was, through its hole, and then unfolded and spread it out as a lining to its nest, and had used it as a blanket, evidently conscious of its softness and flexibility. The really wonderful part of the story is the leaving of this one piece of paper entire, apparently because it was of a different texture from the rest." Professor Paley says this was mere instinct, and instinct is a word so indeterminate in meaning that it is good enough to cover anything. But does not this form of instinct cover a process of induction.

WRITING to a London weekly, a lady declares that she has made a downright serious trial of the divided skirt as invented and recommended by Lady Harberton, and she can make nothing of it. She says: "The Harberton idea consists of a skirt separated practically into two skirts for its entire length, and the whole covered quite out of sight by an overskirt of usual length, so that to the outside observer there is nothing unusual. I couldn't understand why it would be any worse than regular skirts and petticoats, but in taking a walk I discovered a vital defect. In going down stairs, or an incline of the street, in stepping into a carriage, in crossing a muddy gutter—in short whenever it became desirable to lift the skirt, with the clutch and whisk so characteristic of a graceful woman's management of her drapery, the thing was put to a trial that found it

wanting. One hand reaching back for a grip, wouldn't accomplish the purpose at all. Nothing smaller than the hand of Providence would suffice to get a hold of both divisions at once, and the alternative was to use both hands, for all the world like an ancient spinster from the country, who takes that method of securing herself against a possible unevenness of her hem. No, the Harberton skirt won't do.

THE columns of a leading daily journal bear testimony to the truth of a rumour which lately went the round of newspaperdom: that a well-known and valuable writer was about to return to his old love in Toronto after a sojourn in the North-West. His firm touch and intimate acquaintance with public matters will be of valuable assistance to the staff he strengthens, and his personal popularity in the journalistic world is a pleasing instance of talent recognized independently of political bias.

THERE were thirty-two failures in Canada reported to Bradstreet's during the past week, as compared with thirty-one in the preceding week, and with thirty-two, twenty-two, and nine, respectively in the corresponding weeks of 1883, 1882, and 1881. The same agency reports 166 failures in the United States last week, as compared with 205 in the preceding week, and with 219, 149, and forty-nine, respectively, in the corresponding weeks of 1883, 1882, 1881. About 84 per cent. were those whose capital was less than \$5,000.

### A NEW ONTARIO INDUSTRY.

A PLEA for the culture of the vine in Ontario is not untimely. The cheap lands of the American and Canadian North-West—rich, virgin, with a climate adapted in the highest degree to the production of wheat, have, though only a small fraction of their area has been brought under the plough, very materially lowered the price of wheat. A few years more of their development, and competition in wheat-growing on the part of Ontario will be unprofitable. But Ontario wheat-growing is threatened, too, by a formidable competitor in the Orient. The export of India has increased nearly twenty fold in ten years, and the twenty-nine-million-acre wheat-field of that country is merely opening to the world. Three thousand miles of railway are projected to bring its vast supply into the market. Wheat-growing in Ontario, therefore, is likely not only to be shorn of its profit, but diminished so greatly that within a few years the Province, instead of furnishing millions of bushels to feed the more eastern Provinces and Britain, may have to import wheat to feed its own population. To what must the Ontario farmer turn to supply the loss of this important source of his profits in the past? To the production of beef? There is not much hope in that direction. The development of the cattle export which has brought millions of dollars to the farmers in late years has been largely the result of the existence of cattle disease in Britain. But disease there is almost stamped out, and the system of prevention and suppression of epidemics has been so perfected that a recurrence of an outbreak such as the late one is rendered improbable. The dead meat trade from Australia and other countries which can produce meat very cheaply, has attained large dimensions, with a prospect of still further increase. The British stock-raiser, too, relieved of the depressing influence of cattle disease, has already greatly increased his herds. Canadian exporters have this year lost heavily; cattle in Canada have fallen to a price which no longer in the dearer lands of the Province admits of the raising of cattle from birth to maturity with any direct profit. The development of our fat cattle export seems to have approached its limit, and only in the new northern districts does there appear to be much hope in further extension of cattle raising. The cheese industry, too, which has contributed to make in recent years a golden time for Canadian agriculture, has reached its limit, and further expansion would be inadvisable. Grain-growing must, for the sake of keeping up the land, be continued, but not only wheat but barley-growing must in future be attended with small profit. The American brewing interest is undergoing a change. Dakota and the West are producing a bright barley which renders the American maltster almost independent of the Lake Ontario and Bay of Quinté district. Moreover, the introduction of rice into brewing admits of the use of inferior barley without affecting the bright colour of beer, which heretofore has compelled the use of the Canadian grain. The outlook for Canadian farmers is therefore not at all bright, unless radical changes are made in our agriculture. Very mixed farming is now demanded. Improved butter-making is urgently called for and promises a resource which may compensate partially for the loss of profits on grain and beef. More is needed. The production of wine for home supply and export appears to hold promise of making up for the decline of the great branches of the farming of the past.

"Absurd!" many will answer. Let us consider. Perhaps "there's millions in it."

For the production of many of the best and most popular wines, particularly clarets and champagnes, the chief climatic conditions are a season sufficiently long for the ripening of the grape, a mean temperature for the three mid-summer months of not more than 71° and not less than 64°, a large amount of sunshine, and not excessive humidity. These conditions obtain in South Germany, and in the best wine districts of France—Burgundy, the Bordelais and Champagne. They also obtain in almost the whole of Ontario, from the Ottawa south-eastward, and in part of the Province of Quebec. The mean temperature of the lower Ottawa for the three warmest months exceeds 68°, while parts of southern and south-western Ontario exceed 70°, with a longer season without frost than much of the French and German districts mentioned. The period of exemption from frost is quite as long in parts of Ontario as in the warmest parts of Burgundy, and longer than at Vienna or in the Tokay wine district of Hungary. Almost the entire Province south of the Ottawa and Muskoka is warmer than the Rhine. In the popular opinion of wine countries "distance lends enchantment to the view." It is only about once in three years that the Rhine vintage is not injured by early frosts, and even in the south of France frost early in September is sometimes known to reduce the yield of the vine. "Smoking the vineyard" is an expedient to avert frost common over much of France. In a considerable portion of Ontario the grape has never been known to suffer from frost, and in some of the elevated inland districts, even a height of 1,000 feet above the level of the sea, only two failures of our most productive grape, and these partial, have been known in twenty-six years. Our winter cold, it is almost superfluous to say, is rarely found to injure our best wine grapes, which are derived from the hardy, native vine, though it may be prudent in the eastern and northern counties, where snow generally falls deep, to lay down the vines for the winter. A good choice of varieties, early and late, is afforded to suit the climate of different parts of the Province, and the Concord, our most productive wine grape, ripens not only in southern Ontario, but at Montreal and Ottawa. The Clinton grape requires a touch of frost to perfect it, and in the Lake Ontario counties has had to hang over-ripe till the end of October, before sufficient frost has occurred to give it its proper qualities for wine-making.

Can our grapes produce good wines? Yes, though much remains to be done in hybridization to obtain as rich a variety of good grapes as France possesses. Still, the progress made is encouraging. Our Delaware and Isabella grapes produce a wine of rare bouquet and quality. The Catawba, forced northward from the Ohio River by the mildew-breeding heat and moisture of that district, has found in the islands and shores of Lake Erie a climate better suited to its cultivation than any other on this continent. Catawba wine is pronounced by one of the greatest authorities in Britain to be one of the best wines in the world, while our standard wine grapes, the Concord and Clinton, which are grown in almost every county in Ontario, and have been introduced into California and Europe to take the place of European vines destroyed by phylloxera, are declared by an eminent continental writer on wines to be well adapted for wine purposes. A Clinton wine from near Toronto received a medal at Paris. The Italian judges at the Centennial pronounced some of the wine from Ontario equal to any produced in Italy. Prominent members of the British Association have expressed astonishment at the excellence of Canadian wines, some of which they said would command a ready sale in Britain at \$4 per gallon. The insipid and nauseously-sugared wines too often sold at many of our hotels as "native wine" are the very reverse of fair samples of our properly made wines. Experience is wanted by most of our wine-makers, but that is gradually being supplied through Frenchmen and Germans establishing vineyards in the Province.

In yield of wine per acre Ontario vineyards decidedly surpass those of France. Before the advent in that country of the *phylloxera*, an insect almost innocuous on our native grapes, the average yield per acre of the 5,000,000 acres of vineyard in France was 23 hectolitres (about 460 gallons). In 1850 a maximum of 640 gallons per acre was reached, and in 1854 a minimum of only 99 gallons. Lady Verney, in the *Contemporary Review*, gives the average in recent years as 187 gallons per acre. The figures quoted, however, embrace the heavily watered second pressings. Of Concord wine, first pressing alone, the average yield around Toronto is nearly 600 gallons per acre. At Sandwich, for ten years, it has been nearly 800 gallons, and in 1882, on a five year old vineyard, the yield of grapes was 12,600 lbs. and over 1000 gallons of wine per acre. Still heavier yields are known, but the figures cannot here be quoted. Near Montreal the average yield can fall little short of 600 gallons.

Methods and appliances are simple. A good cellar, such as is found



under many a farm house, the requisite number of fermenting vats and storage casks, and a small press resembling a cider press to break the grape skins, is the wine making outfit required for a small vineyard of ten or twelve acres. Space forbids a description of the methods of making and handling wine, but they are not at all as complicated in the production of good clarets as many people imagine. Fortifying any of our wines with spirits is to be deprecated. It is a cover for adulteration and is wholly unnecessary as, owing to the heat of our summers, our wines are naturally a little stronger than French clarets or Rhine wines and keep well.

Prices of course vary with age, kind of wine and grape. Excellent Concord clarets command a ready market for all that is produced, at \$1 to \$1.25 per gallon. Clinton wine, which requires longer to mature, and Delaware and other choice wines, command higher prices. The cost of producing Concord claret, the staple wine of this continent, is from 12 to 20 cents a gallon. With so large a margin for profit, it is no matter for wonder that the average net earnings per acre of several vineyards should exceed \$450 per annum. Growing grapes for sale, where a wine-making establishment is accessible, is much more profitable than any other farm crop. The original cost of a vineyard is not great; one man employed half the year can do the work on ten acres; risks are small, and wine makers pay 3 cents per lb. for grapes. The average yield of Concord grapes averages from four to six tons per acre. Of course some parts of the Province are better adapted than others for grape-growing, but even on the Ottawa, in favorable localities, a net profit of \$150 per acre may be obtained.

The area in vineyard in Ontario is not yet more than 4000 acres, but is rapidly increasing. Numbers of French vineyardists have planted out vineyards, and nearly a dozen vine-growers from the Rhine have also established vineyards within the past two years. Our own farmers, in growing grapes for wine-making—growing for dessert is easily overdone—may find a most profitable addition to the products of their farms, and the Province be considerably enriched by the industry. The moral aspect is no less important. Were whiskey and fortified and adulterated imported wines prohibited, and in lieu of that whiskey which is fit only for medicine, pure and wholesome wines introduced into general use, drunkenness would in time become as rare as it is in Spain, Italy and southern and middle France.

A. A.

#### ON THE IMPORTATION OF ENGLISH DOMESTICS.

THAT Ontario is very inadequately supplied with domestic servants is a fact that almost every housekeeper has forced upon her in a most unpleasant manner—so much so that one might be led to suppose that the scheme of the Hon. Mrs. Joyce, of Winchester, England, to send out servants with well-attested characters, would meet with the general favour of Canadian ladies. It only requires us to be convinced that the description of servants needed would be sent for the scheme to be heartily supported. There are, however, several points which Mrs. Joyce in her St. James' School-house address did not take into consideration. The first is: Would the class of domestics which she proposes to provide us with be the ones we want here? Secondly: Have she and her co-workers acquainted themselves with the duties of servants in Canadian homes, and the difference between those required of them here and those in the "Old Country"? Again, are they aware that where one upper house-maid or parlour-maid might be asked for, there would probably be a demand for a hundred good, plain cooks, and perhaps two hundred good general servants? If Mrs. Joyce is desirous of making the supply answer to the demand it is obvious she must acquaint herself with the qualifications sought for. In a city like Toronto there is an occasional demand for the really first-class English servant who, knowing one line of work will do that and nothing more, and who, if she is a nurse, looks for an under-nurse, or being a good cook expects a kitchen-maid to do the rougher work for her; but it would be useless to flood the country with domestics of that description. They would be sure to be disappointed, and find it difficult to get places of the sort. Nor, on the other hand, do we want ignorant, incompetent girls who would be more dissatisfied still. What we want are servants equal to taking places in families where only one or two are kept, who would be willing to work for comparatively low wages until, having learned the ways of the country, their services would be worth as much as the Canadian servant.

The demand for servants in our towns and villages is very great; but then it is principally for general servants in houses where only one is kept, where the duties are various. Suitable servants for such situations must be willing to turn their hands to anything—good, plain cooking and

laundry work being the essential requirements. If Mrs. Joyce could supply us with girls of this sort, the demand for them would be practically unlimited. The present general experience of housekeepers in smaller Canadian towns is that emigrant girls demand more wages and do less work than Canadian ones; that gratitude is an almost unknown quality among them, and that as soon as their mistresses have taught them Canadian ways they leave for other places. Good servants, willing to adapt themselves to new ways, cannot fail to get on in Canada, especially if they will content themselves with living in our towns and villages; and housekeepers would hail with delight any scheme which provided them with such servants.

In regard to securing a "home" or temporary resting-place for these emigrant girls to recuperate after a long voyage, there can be little doubt as to the necessity and humanity of the idea. But the institute, if established, should be at least partly self-supporting, and a registry office ought to be opened in connection with it. That Toronto alone would be willing and able to support it is doubtful; but call in the towns and villages in Ontario to contribute, and make Toronto the distributing point, and it might succeed. The registration fees alone would be a good source of income. Desirable as it may be for friendless girls to have a home for them in the first place to go to, and afterwards to return to in case of illness, it certainly would not be conducive to the inculcation of self-respect in the young women to have ever before their eyes a home free of expense for them whenever they chose to avail themselves of it. A certain time might be allowed immigrant servants to rest and look out for places, after which they might be required to pay something for their board—as low a sum as possible. The fact of having a matron interested in their welfare, and a place from which their conduct would be taken notice of, would surely be a great incentive for them to do well, and at the same time prevent them from feeling the utter desolation of home-sickness, which must necessarily prevail to some degree on their arrival in a strange country, and also be a guarantee of their respectability to their employers.

J. M. LOES.

#### MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT AT WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 4.

WASHINGTON, like Toronto, enjoys the distinction of having been especially laid out, upon virgin soil and a definite plan, for a pre-conceived purpose; and it also resembles the Canadian city in being the seat of a political government. Its municipal development has some features of interest and some full of instruction.

It was in 1790 that the National Legislature accepted the present site for the residence of the Federal Government, and, after ten years spent in laying out the future capital and providing partial accommodation for Congress and the Executive, the officers, records and effects of the Government were removed thither from Philadelphia. At that time the President's mansion, the Congressional building and the offices of the four executive departments stood each in an open field, with great stretches of common between any two, and only an occasional house, or shanty or cabin to break the monotony of the surface of the land. Narrow plank foot-walks were laid from one public building to another, but the usual mode of travel between the legislative building and the executive offices, a mile or more away, was by horseback, along a narrow bridle-path cut through the bushes.

In 1802 the city had attained a population of nearly 3,500 souls, and the question of local government had become urgent. The members of Congress knew but one form of municipal government, and that they applied. The city was incorporated, with a council, elected by the taxpayers, arranged into two chambers, and a mayor, armed with a qualified veto upon the acts of the council, who was to be appointed by the President of the United States in recognition of the interests which the National Government had in the affairs of the municipality. It is significant of the faith which in those days prevailed in respect of the inherent right to and efficiency of local self-government that, although Congress met at Washington every year for purposes of legislation, and although the Federal Government had by far the largest personal and property interests in the new city, the grant of power to the city council was surprisingly ample, and was courageously added to from time to time. The public health, morals, safety, education, peace, honesty and comfort, and the conveniency of trade, traffic and transportation were all committed to the city council, with broad powers of taxation, assessment and legislation.

In 1812, conformably to the growth of Democratic principles, the selection of the mayor was accorded to the city council, but their choice was limited to a freeholder, and the members of the council were also to be freeholders, and were to be apportioned among the wards of the city, and be actual residents of their respective wards. Commissioners of election were also created, with a view to fair elections and true returns of the balloting. Taxation and expenditure were to be ratably apportioned among the several wards constituting the city. Another important modification of the original scheme was the levying of the cost of special street improvements upon the adjacent property, but such improvements

were only permissible upon petitions of a majority of the owners of the property to be benefited.

In 1820 further concessions to the rising tide of Democracy were made by providing that the mayor should be elected by direct popular vote, and by increased stringency of provision that all taxes not required for general objects should be expended in the wards where levied. The Federal Government also agreed to bear its *pro rata* cost of special street improvements like adjacent private owners. About this time, too, the General Government had to come to the financial relief of the corporation, which had gotten badly into debt by means of a costly and wholly useless canal, and had issued great quantities of "shinplasters," to the distress and derangement of local business. But on the whole, the affairs of the municipality were honestly and economically managed, and the city made steady progress in wealth and population.

The year 1848 was one of revolution and riot in Europe and of political fermentation in the United States, in the interests of human equality and the rights of man. Congress, responsive to the popular impulse, struck from the electoral law of the capital the requirement that each voter should be a taxpayer. Thereafter, municipal elections at Washington became characterized by turbulence, violence, repeating, bribery, ballot-box stuffing, colonization of voters, "cooking" of returns and recriminations. The drill-rooms of the militia companies and the engine-houses of the volunteer firemen were invaded by the kind of political parasites now known as "heelers." Candidates for office imported from Baltimore, only forty miles distant by rail, rival gangs of thieving and murderous ruffians, self-designated as Short-Hairs and Blood-Tubs, to assist in carrying elections. This sort of thing lasted till the breaking out of the Civil War in the spring of 1861. In the autumn of that year the Republican Congress established a metropolitan police system over the entire county or district in which Washington was situated, such district containing some sixty-four square miles, and having then a population of about 75,000 in all, of which three-fourths were in the city.

After the war the property qualification for office-holders was abolished, and the emancipated negroes, who had swarmed into the city from the surrounding slave States, were admitted to the municipal franchise. The power of appointing subordinate officers was taken from the mayor and vested in the two branches of the city council in joint convention. Under this system municipal duties and interests were shamefully neglected and the taxpayers mercilessly plundered. The innocent but ignorant and credulous negroes were organized into battalions, regiments and brigades, clad in the shoddy uniforms which had been supplied to the Government in enormous numbers during the war, and enrolled as "Boys in Blue": a naked device to gratify the negro's love of show and parade, and to secure to the handful of unscrupulous whites constituting the general staff of the quasi-military organization the control of a passive vote sufficient to overbear the votes and voices of those to whom good government had still a meaning and a value.

The government thus based upon illiterate and penniless suffrage worked in the only way possible to it. Within a year, Congress became alarmed at its own creation and repealed the long-standing law which had permitted the municipality to make special improvements, at the national cost, adjacent to the national property—the provision requiring consent of a majority of private owners having been unfortunately repealed in 1864. In less than four years from the admission of the freedmen to the ballot the entire municipality was swept away and a government established over the whole county, officially designated as the District of Columbia. A governor, a legislative council and a board of works were to be appointed by the President, and a house of delegates elected by a manhood suffrage. The two chambers were invested with extensive legislative powers; but the Board of Works turned out to be the dominant part of the machinery and speedily reduced the rest to passive conformity. Enormous works of grading, paving and sewerage were undertaken; publicity and competition in contracts were boldly set aside, and a carnival of waste, corruption and fraud went on for three years such as the world probably never saw equalled within so small an area. A peculiar condition of politics favoured this state of things. Congressional support and large Federal appropriations were necessary, and these were obtained by combinations of the contractors, adventurers, lobbyists and self-seeking officials outside of Congress with the numerous corrupt elements within that body. "The District Ring" even presumed to extend its operations throughout the country by seeking to defeat the re-election of honest Democrats and Republicans who had opposed the plunder of the Federal treasury and the people of Washington, and to re-elect those of both parties who had lent a guilty support to the gang. But popular reprobation and resentment throughout the country were at length so greatly aroused that the leaders of the Republican Party became anxious about the consequences to the party itself, and after a vain attempt to "whitewash" the Board of Works and its performances, and the acts of the Federal officials who had sold themselves to it and the contractors, Congress passed an Act abolishing the whole framework of government, and put the municipality into the charge of three commissioners to be appointed by the President. The District legislature received news of this action while in session, and the members immediately began stripping the chamber of all the moveable property in it, one distinguished statesman getting a clock and another the official dust-brush; whence the name, "Feather-duster Legislature," which it still retains in the annals of the city. This was over ten years ago, and since then not a vote has been cast in Washington, nor an election held. Universal suffrage has been strangled in the chief seat of the high-priest of democracy, and it would not be possible to find a dozen men whom one would be willing to confer a private trust upon who desire its revival.

The present government is presided over by a commission consisting of

two civilian members appointed by the President for a term of three years each, and an army engineer, not below the rank of major, known as the engineer-commissioner, and to whom the charge of the public works is especially committed. The independent police, fire and health boards have been abolished and those departments are in charge of single superintendents appointed by the commissioners. The annual budget is prepared by the commissioners, revised by the Secretary of the Treasury and passed or amended by Congress. The commissioners then collect one-half the amount by taxation, and by licenses upon sundry trades and occupations, and daily deposit their gross collections in the national treasury. To each dollar deposited the Federal Government adds a dollar. The deposits are arranged into funds for the various objects as specified and limited in the Budget Act; disbursements are made by warrants drawn by the commissioners, and the accounts are settled by the auditors of the Federal treasury. The whole rate of taxation is one and a-half per cent. upon real and personal property, moderately assessed, and this, with the contribution made by the general government in consideration of its enormous possessions and the extravagant scale upon which the city has been laid out for national purposes, keeps the city and county well governed and provided, supplies the yearly interest upon the vast debt created by the board of works, and meets the requirements of the sinking fund established for the gradual extinction of the debt. As an offset to the ruinous assessments laid upon private owners by the board of works between 1871 and 1874, no assessments for local improvements have been made since the latter year, and Congress, realizing the national responsibility for the saturnalia brought about by its own enactments, has assisted the people liberally in recovering from their distress and exhaustion.

The city has now a population of 160,000, exclusive of Georgetown and smaller suburbs. Its area is almost ten square miles, and the boundary line is fourteen miles around. The estimates and appropriations are made for the District of Columbia and not specifically for the city, but fully seven-eighths of the revenue and expenditure are chargeable thereto. The yearly expenses may be thus approximately stated: Bureau salaries and contingencies, \$170,000; maintenance and development of streets, sewers, etc., \$700,000; water service, \$200,000; lamps, \$100,000; police, \$400,000; fire department, \$150,000; sanitary service, \$50,000; justice, \$30,000; charities and corrections, \$225,000; common schools, \$550,000; interest and reduction of debt, \$1,225,000; miscellaneous, \$25,000. Of these amounts one-half is raised by taxes and licenses, and the other half is voted from the public treasury by Congress. The streets are very costly by reason of their great width, such as 130 and 160 feet for many of them. Criminal, charitable and educational expenditure is much increased by reason of the great number of persons coming temporarily to the city to do business for, or with, the General Government.

Municipal government throughout the United States is habitually inefficient and largely corrupt. At Washington the latter evil disappeared with the disfranchisement of the "tax-eaters," while, as to the former, the municipal work as a whole is done with fair diligence, and the engineering, fire and sanitary services are probably unrivalled—certainly not surpassed.

Reviewing the history of local government at Washington, these facts stand out clear—that so long as the electors and office-bearers were chosen from the class that felt directly the cost of government, expenditure proceeded upon reasonable and efficient lines, and this experience repeats itself under a system wherein those who direct expenditure are freed from the control of those who felt their direct gain from taxation much more strongly than their indirect loss from waste and dishonesty. On the other hand, the admission to the electorate of a preponderance of citizens who only know that they are being taxed by a chain of reasoning of which many of them are incapable and to which all of them are practically indifferent has always resulted in municipal disaster and, in some instances disgrace.

C. F. B.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LATE LORD LYTTON.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—There has been in the papers an extra-unrational story about the late Lord Lytton and his wife. As it could not be expected that such a story, related in a letter of Lady Lytton's, would be credited without corroboration, additional evidence has been supplied. A copy is published of a deposition made by Lady Lytton's own maid. It sets forth that "one day in July, 1834, at dinner at their house, 36 Hertford Street, Mayfair, London, he seized a carving-knife, and rushed at his wife, when she cried out 'for God's sake, Edward, take care what you are about!' when he dropped the knife, and, springing on her like a tiger, made his teeth meet in her left cheek, until her screams brought the men-servants back into the room, and he has ever since hunted her through the world, with spies and bad women, and does not allow her enough to live upon for a lady in her station." Now, all the first part of this is either the evidence of an eye-witness or it is worthless. No one could testify to such details of facts without having actually seen and heard them. The lady's maid was not an eye-witness. No servants were present, or they could not have "come back." In any case, a lady's maid could have no business there at that time, nor does she venture to swear that she was present and saw and heard it all. But what throws still further suspicion upon it is that in Lady Lytton's letter and in the deposition precisely the same form and the same words are used—except that in one "like a tiger" is added and in the other "spurning of blood" and "agony." Now, putting together the facts that the maid was not present, and did not see or hear what she swears to, and that the words used are Lady Lytton's own, we arrive inevitably at the conclusion that the maid's lesson had been taught her, and that she swore by rote. So much suspicion, happily, thus rests on this dreadful story that it may be dismissed as unworthy of any

credence whatever, unless corroboration that is really of any value should be forthcoming. As the matter stands, it would have been far better for the story if no corroborative evidence had been offered. The deposition it seems was got up in case of a possible suit in the "Divorce Court," the woman being, as she says, "unable from the state of her health to appear personally. Those who are familiar with the proceedings of that court are well aware that evidence of this kind is not uncommon.

It appears from the somewhat disjointed narrative given in the papers that Lady Lytton condoned all that the maid relates, as all that was previous to July, 1834. It will be matter of opinion whether what she condoned could possibly have been such outrage as the maid describes. It was by Lord Lytton, and not by his wife, that a final determination upon a separation was taken in 1836. At that date he writes to her:—"I have only to say at present that it furnishes another to the unwarrantable and unpardonable insults and injuries you have so unsparingly heaped on your husband. On no consideration whatever will I live with you again." The deed of separation allowing Mrs. Bulwer (as she was then) \$2,000 a year, with the custody of the two children, and \$250 a year additional for each of them, was not ungenerous, considering the restricted circumstances—they had been living much beyond their means—of Mr. Bulwer, at that time. This also is a well-known part of his personal history.

Faithfully yours, D. F.

P.S.—The latter part of the deposition could not have been in any greater degree within the lady's maid's competent knowledge.

UNEQUAL EFFECTS OF PROHIBITION.

To the Editor of the Week :

SIR,—With your permission, I wish to call attention as to how the proposed prohibitory Act would operate in the cities if adopted. To my thinking, the principle involved in it either goes too far, or not far enough. In the first place, it involves a species of class legislation in so far as it, in its action, discriminates unfairly in favour of certain interests. There is risk of its not performing the good which some people predict from its operation, but the risk is not, in any instance, theirs. It is at the hazard mostly of those who do not wish the experiment, tried at all.

There are men who boast in public of the self-sacrifice they are making: said self-sacrifice consisting in giving up an indulgence, incidentally on doing so—I do not say for that purpose—saving so much money. These men profess that self-sacrifice is a moral duty and a Christian privilege, and yet by their action they would deny to others the privilege of voluntarily performing this duty by making them, not self-sacrificing, but the compulsorily sacrificed. And in doing so, they would force them to give up not only the indulgence, but their worldly possessions at the same time. Were they themselves to give up not only the necessity or luxury, but their own material possessions as well, that would be a self-sacrifice similar to what they would compel others to go through. In speech, they inculcate, in action, they contradict, the express meaning of their own term.

There is one section of a class which will not materially benefit by the workings of this principle, and that section is totally abstinent working-men. They are now in receipt of wages which must necessarily be lowered by the competition of those at present engaged in the trade proposed to be abolished. They incur a risk of non-performance of the beneficial influences prophesied. They do so voluntarily, and they deserve honour. But what of those who incur no such risk? What of those who, better able to pay for the experiment, stand aloof during the continuance of the ordeal—who do not even guarantee to their poorer brethren some portion of the material loss should the venture prove a failure? They are confident all will be well, but they do not emphasize their confidence by partially insuring the risk. If there be no hazard, why should they hesitate? Why not legally bind themselves to hand over so much percentage of their earnings, or stipends, or incomes in proportion to the percentage lost by these working-men out of their poor earnings? Surely this principle either goes too far or not far enough in not legally including all classes in the pecuniary responsibilities of a common venture. The employers of labour in the destroyed trade, being ruined, cannot help them—a trade which the customs of society founded, but which was neither created nor invented by those who in the struggle for existence found a means of making a living out of it.

As to working-men who are not total abstainers, they will be, with smaller wages, if work can be found at all, simply deprived of their accustomed necessity or luxury, without any corresponding benefit materially, and great loss morally, should the trial fail. They have not even the consolation springing from a voluntary self-sacrifice, nor the beneficent discipline of well-directed personal effort. The principle as laid down by Professor Drummond in "Natural Laws on the Spiritual World" seems to apply: "Any principle which secures the safety of the individual without personal effort or the vital exercise of faculty is disastrous to morality." Yours, etc., H.

Toronto.

INDIAN SUMMER.

BIRDS that were gray in the green are black in the yellow.  
Here, where the green remains, rocks one little fellow.  
Quaker in gray, do you know that the green is going?  
More than that, do you know that the yellow is showing?

Singer of Songs, do you know that your youth is flying:  
That Age will soon at the lock of your life be prying?  
Lover of Life, do you know that the brown is going?  
More than that, do you know that the gray is showing?

SERANUS.

AN English contemporary says: We beg our readers' pardon. Writing in high spirits from Boulogne last week we spoke of the *chemin de fer* as a good all-round-and-round game to win money over. We have counted our winnings since—two francs; and our losings—320½ francs. We meant to have called the game the *chemin d'enfer*.

GENTLEMAN DICK, O' THE GREYS.

WE were chums, Dick and I, in the old college days:  
Came to grief on the "Oaks," and enlisted—the Greys;  
Ne'er a braver than Dick ever sabre-blade drew,  
From his plume to his spurs he was leal and true,  
And his bright, handsome features and devil-care ways  
Won the soubriquet "Gentleman Dick, o' the Greys."

Yet he fretted and chafed at our barrack-room life,  
And he longed—how he longed!—for the maddening strife;  
How he sighed to forget all our "feather-bed" calm  
In the wild, dashing charge, in the midnight alarm;  
For he breathed but to tread in the footsteps of fame—  
Which for him, gallant heart, was the pathway of shame.

Accurs'd be the hour when Bulstroder Hayes  
Exchanged from the "Line" to our troop in "The Greys";  
Oh! the woe of a life 'neath a martinet's frown—  
'Twas a story oft known in a garrison town—  
When recruit and scarr'd veteran were under the rule  
Of a tyrant from India, or a youngster from school.

Hayes showed "the black heart" in a thousand of ways—  
Aye, he made life a hell to the men of "The Greys";  
Till one day in the stables, our captain, our foe,  
Insulted poor Dick, and Dick answer'd—a blow!  
But the wrath that felled Hayes to the ground with a crash  
Doomed "Gentleman Dick, o' the Greys," to the lash.

Six squadrons, four deep, on three sides of a square,  
With the officers, doctor, and "triangle" there;  
And I, his old friend, saw him led to his shame—  
To the infamy cast on a once honoured name—  
Saw the drummer's dread thongs, and the flesh torn! Ah, well!  
From the young heart they crushed rose a demon of hell.

When the roll-call was answered one morn, all alone  
He had fled where the brand of his shame was unknown;  
And the months came and went; then a rumour of War  
Flung a sinister gloom on the fair lands afar;  
And we heard on parade, with an answering roar,  
That "The Greys" had the route for the Crimean shore.

Down the valley their grey-coated infantry stepped  
In a whirlwind of fury their batteries swept,  
But "The Greys" led the charge in the bright morning light,  
With the foe to the front and the Sixth on our right;  
And, swift as the bolt from the cloud lightning-riven,  
The Muscovite flank on the centre was driven.

But ere we could re-form our grape-shattered ranks  
The Vladimir regiment burst on our flanks,  
And 'twas hack, cut, and slash—little parrying there—  
If the Russians were demons, what devils we were!  
Right nobly our handful disputed the field,  
For a Briton can die, tho' he never can yield.

Three Russians beset me; at last I fought free,  
Made much of my charger, and turned, God! to see  
A Vladimir horseman charge Bulstroder Hayes,  
And, midst the infuriate yells of "The Greys,"  
Deliver cut six—and Hayes dropp'd from his horse,  
And his curse-written lips were the lips of a corpse.

Too late for his life—that had gasped its last breath—  
But in time, by the gods, to avenge him in death;  
One prick of the spurs in the flanks of the grey,  
Three bounds, and I held the fierce Russian at bay,  
And, crash! as their trumpeter sounded "the wheel,"  
From his skull to his teeth I had crimsoned the steel.

As the sabre-cleft helmet discovered his face:  
As he fell from his charger in death, I had space  
For a glance—oh, my God!—at those wild staring eyes,  
For one look at those features upturned to the skies,  
And I reel'd in the saddle, my brain all ablaze,  
For the dead man was "Gentleman Dick, o' the Greys."

HEREWARD K. COCKIN.

SAVE possibly in music, upon which evidence, though far from complete, seems strong, it is doubtful if man progresses in Art at all, and certainly he does not advance at any calculable rate. Let the builders of Europe try to reproduce Luxor. No architect of our day, even when revealing the inner conceit which cynics say possesses all minds, and wiser men attribute to so many, would say that he hoped to surpass the builders of the Parthenon, or the often unknown men who in Germany and France and England seven hundred years ago made their dreams concrete and visible in the finest Gothic Cathedrals.—Spectator.



## THE SCRAP BOOK.

TYNDALL ON THE "RAILWAY MANIA," TEACHING, ETC.

IN the course of an address at the Birkbeck Institute based on the experience of his life, Professor Tyndall said:—It might prevent some of you young Birkbeckians from considering your fate specially hard, or from being daunted, because from a very low level you have to climb a very steep hill, when I tell you that, on quitting the Ordnance Survey in 1843, my salary was a little under twenty shillings a week. I have often wondered since at the amount of genuine happiness which a young fellow, of regular habits, not caring for either pipe or mug, may extract even from pay like that. Then came a pause, and after it the mad time of the railway mania, when I was able to turn to account the knowledge I had gained upon the Ordnance Survey. I was in the thick of the fray. It was a time of terrible toil. The day's work in the field usually began and ended with the day's light, while frequently in the office, and more especially as the awful 30th of November drew near, there was little difference between day and night, every hour of the twenty-four being absorbed in the work of preparation. Strong men were broken down by the strain and labour of that arduous time. Many pushed through, and are still among us in robust vigour; but some collapsed, while others retired with large fortunes, but with intellects so shattered that, instead of taking their places in the front rank of English statesmen, as their abilities entitled them to do, they sought rest for their brains in the quiet lives of country gentlemen. In my own modest sphere I well remember the refreshment I occasionally derived from five minutes' sleep on a deal table, with "Babbage and Callet's Logarithms" under my head for a pillow. On a certain day, under grave penalties, certain levels had to be finished, and this particular day was one of agony to me. The atmosphere seemed filled with mocking demons, laughing at the vanity of my efforts to get the work done. My levelling staves were snapped, and my theodolite was overthrown by the storm. When things are at their worst a kind of anger often takes the place of fear. It was so in the present instance; I pushed doggedly on, and just at nightfall, when barely able to read the figures on my levelling staff, I planted my last "bench-mark" on a tombstone in Haworth Churchyard. Close at hand was the vicarage of Mr. Bronte, where the genius was nursed which soon afterwards burst forth and astonished the world. It was a time of mad unrest—of downright monomania. In private residences and public halls, in London reception rooms, in hotels and the stables of hotels, among gipsies and costermongers, nothing was spoken of but the state of the share market, the prospects of projected lines, the good fortune of the ostler or potboy who by a lucky stroke of business had cleared £10,000. High and low, rich and poor, joined in the reckless game. During my professional connection with railways I endured three weeks' misery. It was not defeated ambition; it was not a rejected suit; it was not the hardship endured in either office or field; but it was the possession of certain shares purchased in one of the lines then afloat. The share list of the day proved the winding sheet of my peace of mind. I was haunted by the Stock Exchange. I became at last so savage with myself that I went to my brokers and put away, without gain or loss, the shares as an accursed thing. When railway work slackened I accepted, in 1847, a post as a master of Queenwood College, Hampshire—an establishment which is still conducted with success by a worthy principal. At Queenwood College I learned, by practical experience, that two factors went to the formation of a teacher. In regard to knowledge he must, of course, be master of his work. But knowledge is not all. There may be knowledge without power—the ability to inform, without the ability to stimulate. Both go together in the true teacher. A power of character must underlie and enforce the work of the intellect. There are men who can so rouse and energize their pupils—so call forth their strength and the pleasure of its exercise—as to make the hardest work agreeable. Without this power it is questionable whether the teacher can ever really enjoy his vocation—with it I do not know a higher, nobler, more blessed calling than that of the man who, scorning the "cramming" so prevalent in our day, converts the knowledge he imparts into a lever, to lift, exercise, and strengthen the growing minds committed to his care. At the time here referred to I had emerged from some years of hard labour the fortunate possessor of two or three hundred pounds. By selling my services in the dearest market during the railway madness the sum might, without dishonour, have been made a large one; but I respected ties which existed prior to the time when offers became lavish and temptation strong. I did not put my money in a napkin, but cherished the design of spending it in study at a German university.

THE WEEK has secured such favour that it has been able to make important improvements. The contributed articles maintain a high standard.—*Philadelphia Progress*.

LET bank managers and cashiers "stick to the shop" while they are in it and of it. "Bears" and "bulls" may be all very well in their way—but it is not, or should not, be their way.—*Shareholder*.

AGRICULTURE in Canada as well as the United States is certainly the "fundamental" industry, in the original as in every other sense of the word. It is at the bottom with all the others on top plundering it by legislative permission.—*Manitoba Free Press*.

IF Grover Cleveland is elected President, he is elected to a burden of responsibility greater than any President has borne since Lincoln. He has been chosen as the first distinct representative of the principle of reform of the Civil Service, and at the same time as the representative of a party which has been out of power for a quarter of a century.—*Republican*.

BUT all good men may now properly, pertinently and patriotically inquire: whether a century's experience does not justify a thorough consideration of the necessity for extending the Presidential term; for withholding the franchise from public servants; for greatly shortening campaign periods; and for fixing election dates in other than business seasons.—*Chicago Current*.

THE Panama Canal is a subject on which there is a sad lack of reliable information. A Washington correspondent of the *New York Herald* claims that De Lesseps's company has already spent nearly \$100,000,000, without having accomplished a twentieth of the work, and that the U. S. Government anticipates the early bankruptcy of the corporation. Its interest charges are already \$6,000,000 a year.—*Springfield Republican*.

THE truth is that no cant is worse than the cant of originality, and that no cant ought to have been more clearly recognized as cant by Carlyle. He himself was original only in what he omitted from the faith of his parents; for no man could have retained more vividly the impress of the religious type which they had handed down to him. That he retained his faith in Providence and immortality at all, was the consequence of the faith long and carefully preserved by his ancestors, and by them transmitted to him.—*London Spectator*.

WHEN the Maritime Provinces sent delegates to the Charlottetown conference some high hopes were entertained that a federal or legislative union of New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia would result from their deliberations. A union of the lower Provinces would have been a blessing. The larger union has proved an absolute curse. The man of Nova Scotia who professes loyalty to it is insincere, or has shut his eyes to what has occurred, not one day, not another, but all the while since the Maritime Provinces have been attached to their bigger brothers like tin kettles to dogs' tails.—*Halifax Chronicle*.

AT present we somehow associate with the words *belles-lettres* an idea of dilettanteism. Fastidious seclusion is the great danger of a purely literary life. If we can't put into poetry something as manly as the hum and roar of a train of cars, the case is hopeless; if we can't get the freshness and artlessness of common humanity the game is up; if mountains and miners, choppers and sailors, the horse and the cyclone, the flood and the storm at sea are not in literature, then let it be despised; if it is not as fresh as nature, let it perish; if it is not salted by the sea, freshened by the dew, or glorified by toil—then away with it in heaven's name. If there is not in your books a perfume sweeter than that of my lilacs and roses why do you stand between me and them?—*The Critic*.

THE ancients do not appear to have been troubled with sentimental objections against disposing of their dead in a rational and economical manner; with a few exceptions cremation appears to have been almost a universal custom, which continued in vogue up to the fourth century. No good and sufficient reason has yet been given as to its abandonment, but it was undoubtedly the outcome of the doctrine of the resurrection of the body. In modern times the introduction of cremation is most bitterly opposed by the ministry of the Christian Church, on the ground of its being unnatural. Whether or not this supposition is based upon the absurd notion that the resurrection of the body would in any way be affected by cremation we do not pretend to say; woe to the Christian martyrs who have suffered at the stake, if the fire by which they were consumed has forever precluded the possibility of the resurrection of their bodies.—*The Halifax Critic*.

THE man who all his life has resolutely kept his expenses within his income, and has not been able to do more, when it comes to paying the last offices of affection to his dead wife, may yield, and sanction an expenditure which he knows to be quite beyond his means when he is told that respect for the departed demands it. It is therefore to be wished that just and reasonable views should prevail as to what is fitting in such circumstances. Simplicity before all things would seem to be desirable. Anything which tends to mere costliness ought to be avoided. The custom which has grown so rapidly of late years of strewing the coffin with flowers, simple and beautiful as it is in itself, is assuming an aspect the reverse of simple. For the wreaths of costly flowers with which it is now the fashion to decorate the coffin, and which have come to be expected from relatives and friends, are expensive, and are apt to represent guineas which can ill be spared.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

LITERATURE, like the church, is beset with cant: its great and controlling ideals are surrounded by impure mists; its phrases of deepest import are repeated by irreverent tongues until they lose all meaning and become emptied of all sacredness. This is especially true to-day, when every topic that rises for an instant to the surface of public attention is made the focus of ten thousand pens. The great danger to our permanent and genuine literature just now comes from its necessary and inevitable contact with the ephemeral and frivolous writing of the day. We are in serious peril of losing all thought of the true mission and scope of literature in the sea of small talk which returns upon us like an incoming tide with every rising sun. In that flood of gossip Mr. Oscar Wilde shows a larger bulk than the author of "Paracelsus," and one so loses his intellectual perspective that at last the two seem to move in the same orbit and to belong to the same illustrious company.—*The Christian Union*.

A NEGRO, Prince Crosby, who has just died at Carthage Landing, N. Y., aged from 105 to 110, revives pleasant memories of James Fenimore Cooper. He was the slave of Enoch Crosby, who was the original of Harvey Birch, in the revolutionary story, "The Spy."



BOOK NOTICES.

MONTCALM AND WOLFE. Vol. I. By Francis Parkman. Boston: Little, Brown and Co. Toronto: Williamson and Co.

Mr. Parkman has made the field of early Canadian history his own, and we should find it difficult to point to a writer who has written with more sympathy for his subject, with a greater degree of preparation, or in a more captivating style. His new work, entitled "Montcalm and Wolfe," is the seventh of the series of his narratives on "France and England in North America." With regret we learn that, with the exception, possibly, of one other volume, dealing with the period between 1700 and 1748, the present work is to be the last. That he has meanwhile skipped the period referred to, we can well understand, as he has been anxious to give a measure of completeness to his project, by dealing at once with the larger subject which closes the period of French occupation of the continent. His health, we understand, is precarious; and whether we get from his pen a volume that shall fill the gap from the beginning of the century to the Conquest is not so important as it is to secure the filling in on his canvas of the larger figures and culminating events which complete the series of historical pictures. A perusal of the preface to the present volume will give the reader an idea of how adequately Mr. Parkman has furnished himself with trustworthy material for his new work. In its preparation he has laid under tribute the archives of both continents. To quote the author, "the subject has been studied as much from life and in the open air as at the library table." Here, no doubt, is the secret of Mr. Parkman's success as a historian. The volume before us may be said only to lead up to, and not actually to deal with, the central figures in the drama which closed with the Conquest. Montcalm alone, and not Wolfe, is introduced. The period dealt with is confined, in the main, to the years 1754-57; but within these years we have important ground gone over, and a picture presented to us of the trend of events immediately preceding the fall of Quebec. A few bold strokes on the canvas set before us the two opposing nations—the England, political, social, and military, of the Second George; and the France, with the glitter and silken nobility, of Louis XV. and the Pompadour. As a pendant to the picture of the social and political aspects of these nations, we have a crayon sketch of the attitude of the other European powers, and a silhouette of the American combatants. Here are two specimen bits from the canvas, pictures of the social England and France of the period:—

If politics had run to commonplace, so had morals; and so too had religion. Despondent writers of the day even complained that British courage had died out. There was little sign to the common eye that, under a dull and languid surface, forces were at work preparing a new life, material, moral, and intellectual. As yet, Whitefield and Wesley had not awakened the drowsy conscience of the nation, nor the voice of William Pitt roused it like a trumpet-peal. It was the unwashed and unsavory England of Hogarth, Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne; of Tom Jones, Squire Western, Lady Bellaston, and Parson Adams; of the "Rake's Progress," and "Marriage à la Mode"; of the lords and ladies who yet live in the undying gossip of Horace Walpole, be-powdered, be-patched, and be-rouged, flirting at masked balls, playing cards till daylight, retailing scandal, and exchanging double meanings. Beau Nash reigned king over the gaming-tables of Bath; the ostrich-plumes of great ladies mingled with the peacock-feathers of courtesans in the rotunda at Ranelagh Gardens; and young lords in velvet suits and embroidered ruffles played away their patrimony at White's Chocolate House, or Arthur's Club. Vice was bolder than to-day, and manners more courtly, perhaps, but far more coarse.

The prestige of the (French) monarchy was declining with the ideas that had given it life and strength. A growing disrespect for king, ministry, and clergy was beginning to prepare the catastrophe that was still some forty years in the future. While the valleys and low places of the kingdom were dark with misery and squalor, its heights were bright with a gay society—elegant, fastidious, witty—craving the pleasures of the mind as well as of the senses, criticizing everything, analyzing everything, believing nothing. Voltaire was in the midst of it, hating, with all his vehement soul, the abuses that swarmed about him, and assailing them with the inexhaustible shafts of his restless and piercing intellect. Montesquieu was showing to a despot-ridden age the principles of political freedom. Diderot and D'Alembert were beginning their revolutionary Encyclopædia. Rousseau was sounding the first notes of his mad eloquence—the wild revolt of a passionate and diseased genius against a world of falsities and wrongs. The salons of Paris, cloyed with other pleasures, alive to all that was racy and new, welcomed the pungent doctrines, and played with them as children play with fire, thinking no danger; as time went on, even embraced them in a genuine spirit of hope and goodwill for humanity. The Revolution began at the top—in the world of fashion, birth, and intellect—and propagated itself downwards. "We walked on a carpet of flowers," Count Ségur afterwards said, "unconscious that it covered an abyss," till the gulf yawned at last, and swallowed them.

Such was the social condition of the two nations that were about to take each other by the throat in the deadly struggle for supremacy in the New World. Mr. Parkman introduces the picture to account for the imbecilities that marked the relations of both countries with their kin across the Atlantic. In the opening and following chapters are strikingly set before the reader the difficulties the colonists had to contend with in maintaining a contest, not only against the forces of civilization, but against those of Nature and barbarism. The scene shifts from the Ohio to the Bay of Fundy, or from the St. Lawrence to the Monongahela. Every tribe of Indians successively confronts us, and every phase of the Jesuit is presented to view. We have the episodes of Acadian expatriation, and the horrors of the Indian massacre on Lake George—the fall of Oswego and the attack and surrender of Fort William Henry. Nor is the interest confined to events. Washington and Jumonville; Bigot and Vaudreuil; Winslow and Shirley; Braddock and Dinwiddie; Dieskau and Levis—all live again and play their part in history, so far as the volume goes. Montcalm we are first introduced to in France; but the scene quickly shifts from the domestic happiness of the family-seat at Candiac to the barbarity of Indian pow-pows at Montreal and the sickening sights of cannibalism and the war-dance on Lake Champlain. The portraits of Montcalm, of De Levis, and Bougainville, his companions-in-arms, and of Vaudreuil, the Governor of New France, are full of interest, to the Canadian reader especially. The descriptive passages are many and graphic. Some matters of history Mr. Park-

man puts, if not in a new light, at least with more clearness and effect, as he has succeeded in accumulating material bearing on the case. Everything he probes to the bottom; and his judgments are given with a frankness and dispassionateness which well become the historian. We are tempted once more to make a quotation, with which we take leave for the present of this most interesting book. The extract is from Mr. Parkman's summing up of the chapter on Acadian expatriation.

New England humanitarianism, melting into sentimentality at a tale of woe, has been unjust to its own. Whatever judgment may be passed on the cruel measure of wholesale expatriation, it was not put in execution till every resource of patience and persuasion had been tried in vain. The agents of the French Court, civil, military, and ecclesiastical, had made some act of force a necessity. We have seen by what vile practices they produced in Acadia a state of things intolerable, and impossible of continuance. They conjured up the tempest; and when it burst on the heads of the unhappy people, they gave no help. The government of Louis XV. began with making the Acadians its tools, and ended with making them its victims.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE Chicago *Current* of last week prints an unintentionally comic article by Mr. McGovern on "Some Aspects of Music." This gentleman desires to prove, first, that a music-box, though it begins by delighting the hearer, becomes afterwards somewhat monotonous. "There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave to tell us this." He next says that a piano, however well played, has the same result; that an organ is little better; that a full orchestra and large chorus lack variety of tone; and that, in fact, never will real lovers of music escape this monotony until in a future life they hear the "ten thousand harps" of Milton. Possibly even they may pall on a person of so ardent a temperament, unless he persuades some of them to be a little out of tune as a fillip to his jaded spirit. Mr. McGovern commences by the remarkable assertion that, "To people born with a 'musical ear'—that is, with a tympanum stretched tightly enough to respond to the upper octaves of vibration—it (the music-box) is always an unqualified delight at the early hearings. Sometimes the ear is so peculiarly true that the sensation of pleasure never departs, and the rapid vibrations continue to be the only music entirely in harmony with the nature of the hearer." What news this will be for musicians! They have hitherto supposed that he who could appreciate the smallest shades of difference in pitch had the best ear for music; but, according to this theory, the most perfect ear is that which approaches nearest to the perception of the highest notes of the twelve octaves which form the theoretic compass of the human ear. If the tympanum be subjected to unusual tension, so as to raise its fundamental note, the perception of acute sounds will be heightened, but the general sense of hearing will be dulled thereby, not improved. This can be easily tested by closing the nose and mouth and sending breath out of the lungs. By this air is blown through the eustachian tube into the cavity of the tympanum, forcing the membrane outwards and stretching it. This raises its fundamental note, diminishes its power of vibrating in sympathy with low notes, increases its range of sympathetic vibration upwards, and, on the whole, impairs the sense of hearing. Mr. McGovern goes on to say that those who have not this natural gift of appreciation of the higher notes become in time tired of the effect of the music-box. An explanation of the phenomenon would be interesting, as the instrument in question certainly contains bass, as well as treble notes; in the meantime musicians will be inclined to credit these people with a more developed musical taste than a less developed musical ear. Mr. McGovern modestly includes himself in this inferior class, as he not only confesses to getting tired of the peculiar "flavour" of the music-box, but also says that, having attended a piano recital of several hours' duration, that instrument had the same effect upon him. The programme of that recital would be a curiosity, as the average length of such a performance is about an hour and a-half, at most two hours; but "several hours" of piano recital would certainly be apt to pall, so would several hours of pictures, as any one knows who has "done" the entire Burlington House exhibition in one afternoon. Of the piano he says: "Its flavour is so marked that, except to him who is willing to have charity, there is no difference in tunes. It is not a Rubinstein 'Pres du Ruisseau,' nor a Beethoven Sonata, nor a Mendelssohn 'Song Without Words,' it is 'Piano,' a remarkable and interesting thing, but above all things 'Piano.'" Instead of "charity" a musical ear would be more useful for distinguishing tunes, and would then be much better employed than in appreciating the "upper octaves of vibration" and proving that it is "true" by never tiring of the music-box. The writer goes on to say that this, which he considers true of the music-box and piano, "May, we can opine, be true of the organ, the vast orchestra—aye, even the festival with a thousand voices and two hundred instruments," and concludes by surmising that only in a future life shall we get the disembodied essence of music that he longs for. He seems to consider that the only necessary proof of the music-box, piano, organ, and orchestra being on the same dead level of monotony is his dictum, "we can opine." We can opine much that is not the case, and certainly more proof is needed to support such a sweeping assertion. The piano, it is true, has only one *timbre* (the technical term translated by Mr. McGovern into the inelegant word "flavour"), and for those incapable of appreciating the endless shades of expression gained by the varying touch of an accomplished pianist it may be monotonous. The organ, however, has an enormous variety of tones and combinations, whilst the orchestra is practically unlimited in its resources. There are, certainly, limits to the length of time that any ear can listen to music, as there are limits to the capabilities of the eye for enjoying pictures without fatigue; but, within these limits any one who can complain of monotony should cease to be considered musical at all. There are

several ways of listening to music—first, as to an Æolian harp, to which some people like to listen for the enjoyment of the purely sensuous pleasure of having their ears tickled by the vague sounds without their intellect being brought into play at all. These are the people whose ears are so "true" that they never tire of the music-box. There are those, again, who demand that music shall say something definite, but of the simplest nature, so as to require no mental effort. There also the true lovers of music, who cannot bear that music shall talk platitudes, and whose intellectual requirements being first satisfied can yield themselves to be swayed by the art which, above all others is an emotional one.

ON Saturday last, Mr. J. W. F. Harrison gave the second of two organ recitals, in Christ Church, Ottawa, of which place of worship he is organist. The programmes were as follows:—Toccata, C major, J. S. Bach; Allegretto from 4th Organ Sonata, Mendelssohn; Gavotte, Handel; "Spring Song," Mendelssohn; Offertoire in F, Hainworth; Song, "In Native Worth" (Creation), Handel, Mr. Rowan-Legg; Melody, S. Smith; Pictures from the Orient (Nos. 1 and 2), Schumann; "Chant du Matin," Boscovitz; March and Bridal Chorus (Lohengrin), Wagner. Second programme:—Sonata, No. 4, B flat, Allegro con brio, Andante Religioso, Allegretto, Allegro Maestoso and Vivace, Mendelssohn; Nocturne, E flat, Chopin; Festal March, Calkin; Barcarole, Sterndale Bennett; Song, "There is a Green Hill," Gounod, Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison; March and Bridal Music (Lohengrin), by request, Wagner; "Capucine," Kullak; Overture to "Stradella," Flotow.

RHÉA IN TORONTO.

THAT Mlle. Rhéa's *Yvonne* did not evoke enthusiasm in Toronto may be matter for regret, but the fact is not surprising. In estimating the merits of the performance, however, it is not more than just to remember the extreme difficulty an actor experiences in speaking the lines of a language with which he or she is not familiar. Mlle. Rhéa's progress in English is little short of marvellous, and reflects the greatest credit upon her industry; but despite this it was almost impossible to follow her mid-way back in the orchestra stalls of the Opera House. Moreover, it is evident that, though she speaks in English she thinks in French—which occasionally causes misplaced emphasis with curious results. Above all, the talented tragedienne is thoroughly French in style, and, like many other prominent actresses, requires to be seen more than once to be understood. As to her ability—her power of sinking her own individuality in the parts she plays—her force in strong situations—there can be no question; though as *Yvonne* she occasionally forgets that the rôle is that of a young girl, and poses as the mature woman. This was specially observable in the first act, when she is wrongfully accused of a *liaison*. Another fault is that she does not sufficiently modulate her powerful voice in the more subdued passages of the "*Yvonne*." Otherwise Mlle. Rhéa as *Yvonne* is a distinct success, and the emotional tragedy of that name is well calculated to exhibit her particular style. Throughout the six acts interest is not allowed to flag for a moment, the movement of the play is constant and intelligible, and each "drop" leaves a situation which the audience anxiously awaits to see developed.

The plot is simple. *Yvonne* is the sister of the *Countess Grangelieu*. A *liaison* existing between a *Fernand de Lauriac* and the *Countess* culminates in the death of the latter at the hands of *Count Grangelieu*. The *Countess* accuses her sister, the plain and menial *Yvonne*, of having surreptitiously entertained *de Lauriac* in the house of her husband. The innocent *Yvonne* bears the disgrace to save her sister's name, and, under the protection of *Dr. Ferlin*, flees to New Orleans. Here a young French nobleman, *Marquis Raoul de Reinfort*, falls ill of yellow fever, and, under the care of *Dr. Ferlin*, recovers, being nursed through his convalescence by *Yvonne*. He loves her and broaches marriage, but she refuses an alliance on account of her past history. On his voluntary declaration never to examine the past, *Yvonne* yields. Subsequently at a *bal masque* in Paris the wily *Countess* draws from the *Marquis* his love for *Yvonne* and revives the accusation against her sister. *Yvonne* is present at the denunciation and witnesses the young *Marquis'* consternation. She shrinks away, stunned by her lover's cowardly distrust; but suddenly she tears off her mask and displays the pale face of the spurned *Yvonne*. The *Marquis* breaks out wildly in apology; but she repels him. The ignominious death of the *Countess* follows in due time, and the lovers are, of course, re-united.

The *Countess Olympe* of Miss Mac Clarke was a magnificent performance, and she, like Mlle. Rhéa is both pleasant to look upon and to hear. If it be true that Miss Clarke has only been three months before the public there is in every probability a brilliant career before her. Mr. Brook's *Raoul* was very uneven, and rarely rose above mediocrity. *Count de Grangelieu*, *Prince Monkief*, *Lieutenant Chassus*, were respectively well represented by Messrs. John T. Sullivan, John Swinburne and J. R. Amory. Mr. Wilson, as the kindly doctor *Ferlin*, was capital, and *Jean Bruno*, successively the *Countess'* lover, a burglar, and her murderer, was played with great ability by Mr. Leo Cooper.

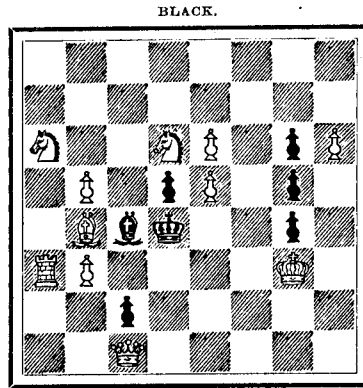
SAMUEL BRANDRAM, the noted Shakesperian student, is expected to give recitals in Toronto on the evenings of the 28th and 29th instant and at a matinee on the latter day.

[Unusual pressure upon our space necessitates the omission of a letter from Mr. Fisher, of the Toronto Choral Union, and another from Mr. Daniel, of the Toronto Metropolitan Church Choir, on musical matters. Valuable "Literary Gossip" is also unavoidably crowded out until next week.]

CHESS.

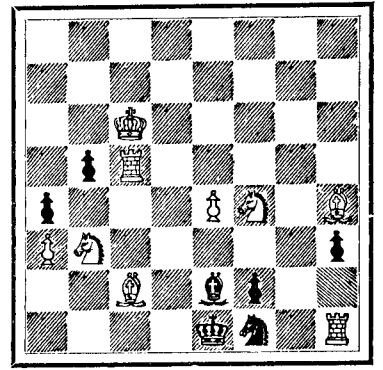
All communications intended for this department should be addressed "Chess Editor," office of THE WEEK, Toronto.

PROBLEM No. 57.  
Composed for THE WEEK by E. B. Green-shields, Montreal Chess Club.  
(No. 55 corrected)



White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 58.  
TOURNEY PROBLEM No. 11.  
Motto:—"What! no soap?"



White to play and mate in three moves.

TOURNEY PROBLEMS RECEIVED.

Motto:—"What! no soap."  
Motto:—"Chalk it up."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. N. K., Hamilton.—Thanks for game.

GAME No. 30.

Played in the Cincinnati Commercial Correspondence Tourney between Mr. H. J. Anderson, of Allentown, Pa., and Mr. H. N. Kittson, of Hamilton, Ont.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
Mr. Anderson.	Mr. Kittson.	Mr. Anderson.	Mr. Kittson.
1. P K 4	P K 3	13. P x P	Kt x P
2. P Q 4	P Q 4	14. B K 2	Castles
3. Kt Q B 3	Kt K B 3	15. B K 3 (f)	B Q 3
4. P K 5 (d)	K Kt Q 2	16. Q Q B 1	B Q 2
5. Q Kt K 2	P Q B 4 (b)	17. P K R 4 (g)	Q R Q B 1
6. P Q B 3	Q Kt B 3	18. Q Q 2	B x K B P (h)
7. P K B 4	Q Kt 3	19. B x B	P K 4
8. Kt B 3	B K 2	20. B B 3	P x B
9. Kt Kt 3	P x P	21. Kt K 2	Kt K 5 ch
10. Kt x P (c)	Kt x Kt	22. B x Kt	P x B
11. P x Kt	B checks (d)	23. Kt x P (i)	R x Kt ch
12. K B 2 (e)	P B 3	24. Resigns (k)	

NOTES.

- (a) Weak. P takes P is better.
- (b) Must be played early in almost every form of this variation of the French.
- (c) We prefer P takes P. White's Kt is useful.
- (d) Black plays well all through. After this move White's game is lost we believe.
- (e) If B Q 2, then B. Q takes Q P.
- (f) R K B 1 was imperatively called for.
- (g) Again R K B 1 is best.
- (h) Inaugurating a brilliant finish.
- (i) This is suicidal, but nothing can save him.
- (k) Black's play throughout is very fine, but Whites is indifferent.

EDGAR A. POE, ON CHESS.

In the introduction to a short story called "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," Poe thus dilates upon the relative merits of chess and checkers. We commend it to our readers as a specimen of sophistry gone mad.

"To calculate is not in itself to analyze. A chess player, for example, does the one without effort at the other. It follows that the game of chess in its effects upon mental character is greatly misunderstood. I will take occasion to assert that the higher powers of the reflective intellect are more decidedly and more usefully tasked by the unostentatious game of draughts than by all the elaborate frivolity of chess. In this latter, where the pieces have different and bizarre motions, with various and variable values, what is only complex is mistaken (a not unusual error) for what is profound. The attention is here called powerfully into play. If it flag for an instant an oversight is committed, resulting in injury or defeat. The possible moves being not only manifold but involute, the chances of such oversights are multiplied, and in nine cases out of ten it is the more concentrative rather than the more acute player who conquers. In draughts, on the contrary, where the moves are unique and have but little variation the probabilities of inadvertence are diminished, and the more attention being left comparatively unemployed what advantages are obtained by either party are obtained by superior acumen."

In other words, Poe would have us believe that the brain of the mathematician is more usefully taxed by studying simple addition than by worrying over the *pons asinorum*, or the "elaborate frivolities" of quadratic equations.

HAMILTON v. TORONTO.

This match which had been looked forward to with considerable interest by local players failed to come off. The Hamilton Chess Club having given the Toronto Club to understand that they would send six or seven players to Toronto the latter club selected a good team to do battle for them. These players, at great personal inconvenience in most cases, deferred or cancelled other engagements in order to be on hand on Thanksgiving Day to uphold the honour of their club. On November 5th a telegram was received quietly informing the T. C. C. that the match must be declared off.

Such treatment when the local club had gone to considerable trouble to make arrangements for the meeting is justly resented by them, and curses not loud but deep are heard at the conduct of the Hamilton Chess Club. In justice to Mr. Kittson, of the H. C. C., we must say that we believe he did all in his power to arrange the matter, but on his club the blame must rest. The Toronto Club received like courtesy from the Ambitious City, Good Friday last.

NEWS ITEMS.

Mr. G. H. Thornton, of Buffalo, N.Y., played a flying visit to Toronto Saturday last. His score with the local champion was; Thornton, 2; Phillips, 2; drawn, 1.

**WHAT IS CATARRH ?**

*From the Mail (Can.) Dec. 15.*  
 Catarrh is a mucopurulent discharge caused by the presence and development of the vegetable parasite amoeba 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 uericle, the germ poison of syphilis, mercury, toxomosa, 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 horrible 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,

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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:  
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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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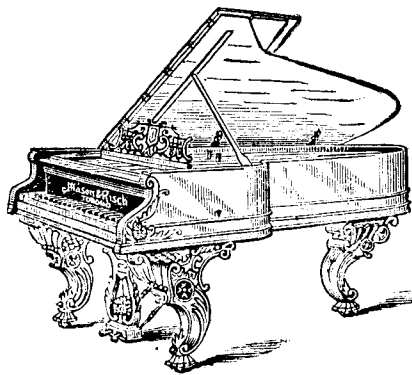
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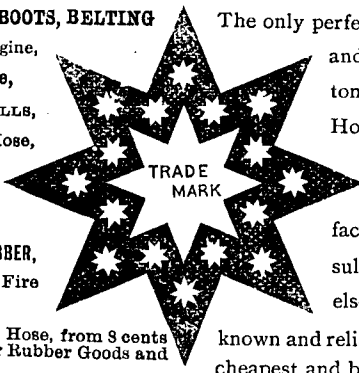
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