

THE WEEK:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

Second Year.
Vol. II., No. 13.

Toronto, Thursday, February 26th, 1885.

\$3.00 per Annum.
Single Copies, 7 cents.

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The Week,

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY AND LITERATURE.

Edited by W. PHILIP ROBINSON.

TERMS.—One year, \$3.00; eight months, \$2.00; four months, \$1.00. Subscriptions payable in advance.

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C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THE *Globe* has been setting before us a black list of members of the majority at Ottawa with the special ties of interest, or expectations, which bind each of them personally to the Government. Without pretending to vouch for the accuracy of details, we can well believe that the picture is substantially correct. No doubt we are governed largely by influences more or less corrupt: it is well that we should know it, and that the proofs should be distinctly brought before us. The *Globe* might reckon, if it pleased, as part of the bribery fund all the places in one branch of the National Legislature. The mistake is in supposing that the description applies only to the party which happens now to be in power at Ottawa. Ontario, which is in the hands of the other party, is governed by the same method as the Dominion. Seldom perhaps has patronage of every kind down to the very humblest local office been more systematically used for the purchase of political support than it now is in this Province. No department of the public service, not even Education, escapes; and a Grit, we are assured, to be made a justice of the peace needs only education enough to enable him to write his name. The compact with the Archbishop is surely at least as unclean and as demoralizing as any influence exercised over politicians on the other side. Nor is the effect of the system in narrowing and degrading the representation more conspicuous on one side than on the other. On both sides those are excluded who refuse to prefer faction to the public interest, and no man prefers faction to the public interest from motives of the highest kind. The Bribery Investigation has incidentally shown us to what sort of candidates wire-pullers in quest of repeated moral must be repeated once more. On no particular party or leader, but on the party system, rests the blame. When those great ques-

tions of public principle which justify party divisions are exhausted, as exhausted in time they must be, what is there to hold a party together but personal interest, which will always be more or less corrupt? And what is there to prevent corruption from deepening and spreading till the cancer reaches the life of the Commonwealth? These are the momentous questions which we have so often desired to see fairly faced and thoroughly discussed by those who wring their hands over Black Lists, and at the same time uphold the party system.

SIR LEONARD TILLEY'S promise of ten years full tide of prosperity is not likely to be realized. Ominous reports come from Ottawa that the Minister of Finance is short of cash and is borrowing from the Bank of Montreal. The surplus seems to have disappeared, and in its place a deficit begins to yawn. There is evidence in the confession of the *Montreal Herald* and the general tone of the press that the condition of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company was correctly stated when it was said to be in want of funds to finish the road. Sir John Macdonald, in parrying troublesome questions, does not get rid of the impression that the Company has applied to the Government, whether in writing or not, for aid; and the statement that there is no intention to bring down a measure of relief this session can only mean that, up to date, no decision had been taken. Sir John may be convinced that some form of aid is necessary; he may even be willing to grant it, but he is alarmed at the spectre of the black-mailer who is waiting an opportunity to pounce down upon him the moment he advances to the relief of the national railway. Quebec demands more millions, this time on account of the North Shore Railway, which has been sold, and in respect to which the Province should no longer have anything to ask. Nova Scotia demands an increase of subsidy, and Ontario gives warning that she cannot consent to suffer from any further disturbance of the financial basis of Confederation—that for any special privileges granted to other Provinces she must get an equivalent. The location of the shortest line, governed by two conditions which decree that it shall not be the shortest, from Montreal to the Atlantic, gives rise to all sorts of local demands. St. John and Halifax must be taken on the way; that is a condition precedent, and is inconsistent with the general purpose of finding the shortest line. Quebec insists on being made the summer port of the Canadian Pacific; but in this demand she gets no support from Montreal. She wants the St. Lawrence River bridged by something better than the traditional ice-bridge, the value of which in the mind of the average citizen has become doubtful; for the realization of this wish she is half willing to wait, seeing she is not in a condition to enforce her demand. If the Pacific Railway is to be finished in the time promised there can be no doubt that some measure of relief will have to come. And then will come, also, a host of demands on the Government, compliance with which will virtually be made a condition of voting for the relief bill. Sir John hesitates to make the plunge, which he knows must be made, for fear that the sharks finding him at a disadvantage will seize the opportunity to work their will upon him.

"If Canada should be called upon by the British Government to furnish troops for the Imperial service, the British Government would, of course, foot the bill. So, too, if the offer of help that has been made by a number of Canadian officers, acting on their individual responsibility, should be accepted, the British Government will pay the shot." Thus speaks our highest authority, being no doubt well-advised. So much for the pledge given the other day to the gaping English by a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath that Canada would be ready to share the responsibility and the cost of British wars. Great Britain is at liberty to recruit in Canada, as the Americans did on the largest scale in the time of the Civil War, provided she will give commissions to Canadians, which the Americans did not. That is the net amount of the assistance really offered her. It is not worth much, because Canadians, though fully as brave and as intelligent as Englishmen, are, from their more democratic habits, less amenable to military discipline, and as the nominal wages of labour here are higher, will be less attracted by the British rate of pay. Australian loyalty takes a different line; it foots the bill and pays the shot. Perhaps Canada may

plead with reason that of the earnings of her people a hundred and fifty millions have been spent in the construction of military railroads in the supposed interest of the Empire, though for military purposes the roads are worthless, while the Intercolonial, which is one of them, is likely soon to become worthless for any purpose whatever. Only, in the name of common sense and self-respect, let a stop be put to professions made to the Mother Country, not by the people of Canada, or with their authority, but by professors of loyalty in their name.

LIEUTENANT GORDON of the *Neptune*, who took the corps of observation to the Strait and Bay of Hudson, is developing a turn for diplomacy. Finding that Hudson's Bay is a rich fishing-ground, which has been worked chiefly by American enterprise for twenty years, he proposes to turn this experience into a left-handed prescription under which the Americans will henceforth pay for a privilege which all the world has hitherto had the right to enjoy for nothing. Here is one of the equivalents with which our ambitious diplomat proposes we should purchase reciprocity from the United States. It is not easy to understand the ground of this suggestion. If it involves the claim that Hudson's Bay can be treated as a close sea, fishing in which may be denied to all but one nation; other nations need not be expected to acquiesce in their own exclusion. The riparian rights of the owner of the soil have a defined limit which cannot restrict the right of all nations to fish in the deep sea. Along the vast shallows of the western coast the fishing might be expected to be good; but as they extend a great distance from the shore good fishing could be found outside the three mile limit. If nothing more substantial than fishing in Hudson's Bay can be offered as an equivalent, reciprocity with the United States must be a long way out of reach.

M. LAUDRY's attempt to restrict the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court though rejected by a large majority in the House of Commons, probably served the purpose of the mover. He extracted a promise from the Government that, in the appointment of judges to this Court, special attention should be paid to the interests of French Canada. The proposal to abolish the jurisdiction of the Court in Provincial cases is too indefinite to admit of practical application; the Court itself being the authority which, more than any other, has to decide what are and what are not Provincial cases. But even if this could be done, the result would be an appeal to the Privy Council instead, no authority, not even the British Parliament, having the right to say that Her Majesty shall not in her Privy Council listen to the complaints of any of her subjects. To increase these appeals would be a doubtful improvement.

MUCH of what the Licensed Victuallers ask from the Dominion Government is just and reasonable. A sumptuary law which deprives men of personal rights, in obedience to the demands of their neighbours, ought not to go into effect unless sanctioned by a clear majority; and the resort to coercion, intimidation or bribery, when the vote on the Scott Act is taken, ought no more to enjoy immunity than they would in a Parliamentary election. As the working of the Act is subject to much dispute, it would not be unreasonable to attempt to arrive at the real facts by means of a Royal Commission. There can be no real doubt that the general tendency of the measure is to substitute the secret, unlicensed sale of spirits for the legal sale of light wine and beer. And there is much reason to doubt whether the quantity of alcohol consumed is lessened by the restrictions of the Scott Act. In the County of Northumberland, New Brunswick, the Act has been in force since September, 1880, and the county council, by a vote of seventeen to seven, expresses the opinion that the sale of intoxicating drink has not been lessened, but rather increased. This agrees with what the Licensed Victuallers affirm. Sir John Macdonald was not able to promise that the demand for compensation for the deprivation of business will come before the Legislature backed by the united support of the Government. The Government is not a unit on the subject. Speaking for himself, Sir John said that if Prohibition became general he should favour compensation. Until Prohibition becomes general, should it ever go so far, it would be difficult to measure the extent of the damage. So long as distilleries and breweries go on, the curtailing of their business would be only an imperfect measure of the extent of the injury which the loss occasions; if they were closed altogether, the difficulty of ascertaining the damage would not be insuperable. Sir John said the question of compensation had already been raised in Parliament; but a money vote can only be taken on the initiative of the Executive, and this initiative will not be forthcoming. The forms of Parliament provide for cases, where the Executive initiative is absent, by means of an address to the Crown. Should Parliament pass the address, the Government would have the duty put upon it of deciding whether it would introduce a measure of compensation; but

Parliament is not likely to place itself in opposition to the current of feeling which is running strongly in favour of the Scott Act. Compensation is a distinct matter; but the advocates of the Scott Act have given indications that they are prepared to disregard the justice of the claims which the Licensed Victuallers have put forward. To rely on the hope of compensation by Parliament is, apparently, to rely on a broken reed. What appears to be an immediate response to the liquor-dealers' claim comes in the form of a pamphlet, "The Liquor Traffic and Compensation." No light is thrown upon the controversy by the brochure, which consists principally of a reproduction of arguments and denunciations such as have been appearing for fifteen years past in the *Alliance News* and other paid organs of the Prohibitionists in England. To stifle the voice of equity, the pamphlet resorts, we are sorry to see, to the usual appeals to passion, comparing the case of a trade which has been licensed by the State, and is pursued by many persons of unimpeachable character, to the cases of slave-dealing, highway robbery, and prostitution. When people write in this style it becomes evident that it is on violence, not on justice, that they are bent.

IN the midst of wars and political conflicts the Land Law Amendment Association pursues the even tenor of its way in the promotion of an unobtrusive, but most important and beneficent reform. It manifestly gains ground. Legislation, simplifying titles to land and conveyances by the application of the Torrens principle, is about to be introduced by Sir Alexander Campbell for the North-West, and by Mr. Mowat for Toronto and the County of York. It has not been thought desirable to legislate at once for the whole Province of Ontario, because a cry of centralization might arise. When the measure is seen to work well, county councils will petition for its general application. The North-West is a clean sheet of paper which lends itself naturally to the introduction of the new system. Some parts of Toronto, on the other hand, are in urgent need of the simplification of titles: in the case of a sale, or mortgage of a small lot, the examination of the title sometimes bears a ridiculous and iniquitous proportion to the amount of the price or loan. When the reform is completed land will be dealt with and will descend like personalty, and it will no longer be necessary to search for the heirs-at-law, a process even more difficult and vexatious where the law divides the inheritance than it is in England where primogeniture prevails, and there can be only one heir. In the Old Country, though the Torrens system has been introduced in an optional form, the inveterate and jealous Conservatism of English landowners, which resisted even registration of deeds, stands in the way of its practical adoption. But agrarianism is spreading from Ireland to Skye, from Skye to other districts, and theories of land nationalization are rife. The only practical antidote is a system which nationalizes land by rendering its acquisition as cheap and easy as possible to every member of the nation. All our Loan Societies have the strongest interest in supporting Land Law Amendment, and even those who are professionally connected with the present system will not have much to fear, since the process of change must be slow, and there will be a great deal of work to be done in the transition.

A BILL is before the Senate of the United States, and seems likely in some form to pass, for the restriction of Labour Immigration. So the era in which the Republic opened her hospitable arms to the distressed and discontented of all nations appears to be drawing to a close. The measure evidently emanates immediately from the Trade Unions, and is an attempt on their part to close the labour market against imported labour. Their action can hardly be blamed. Monopoly for the capitalist, competition with freely imported labour for the working-man, has been the policy of Protectionist manufacturers. The Canadian Protectionist goes still farther: his policy is not only unrestricted but assisted immigration. But the working-man now begins to see that monopoly, if it is good for capital, is good also for labour, and that he is just as much interested in shutting out the competition of foreign labour as his employer is in shutting out the competition of foreign goods. Between the two, the community would be brought back to the industrial regimen of the Dark Ages. When things come to this pass, revolt against all monopoly will probably begin. The measure, however, has a political as well as an industrial aspect. The native Americans are becoming seriously alarmed by the growth of the foreign element. They have reason. Statistics of foreign birth give a very inadequate notion of the danger. The child of naturalized parents, while he is born to the privileges, seldom inherits the qualities of a citizen. The Irish especially, held together by their Church, remain Irish to the third and fourth generation. With the foreign element, Communism is on the increase; and recent events at Cincinnati and Chicago combine with the memory of the Pittsburg riots and the Irish riots in New York to fill

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the American mind with fears of disturbance, which, as was seen by the lurid light of the Pittsburg fires, would be most formidable in a country almost destitute of military force. The Anglo-American race itself does not increase; probably it dwindles, thanks to the prevalence among its women of ideas and habits which certain philanthropists are labouring to import into Canada. It is doubtful whether the element of the population in which the traditions of self-government resides will retain its ascendancy long enough to complete the training of the other races. A policy of industrial exclusion would scarcely be practicable or consistent with humanity; but it is time for the Republic to refuse to be made a dumping-ground for European pauperism, and to provide, if it be possible, that the naturalization law shall be strictly enforced.

In a little pamphlet by M. C. S. Salmon, the Cobden Club has shed light on the prevailing "depression in the West Indies." The mode of raising revenue largely by duties on food has some serious economic disadvantages, the chief of which is that a large part of the negro population is underfed. The writer rejects the theory that the negro can be kept in an effective working condition on a root diet. He rather implies than says that the negro performs little labour because he is underfed. By comparison with the negro of the Southern States he is underpaid, and the food which he would consume if he could get it is heavily taxed. It is unreasonable to suppose that a negro in the West Indies can be induced to work effectually for one-sixth or one-ninth of the wages paid to the liberated slaves in the Southern States. The proprietors, who are often not in a position to work their estates to advantage, are practically debarred from the only resources—loans on mortgage—from which relief could come. There has been in force since 1808 a rule founded on a decision of Lord Elgin by which a "consignee's lien" is allowed precedence over any other debt, even if it be secured by mortgage, or founded on a will or marriage settlement. It would be strange if this fatal rule had not worked ruin in the course of three-quarters of a century. There can be no return of prosperity to the West Indies so long as this rule deprives the proprietors of the chance of borrowing on mortgage the means of improving their estates. If it existed in Canada, many parts of the country would be turned into a wilderness in less than half the time it has been working mischief in the West Indies. The West India tariffs have, as a rule, not protection but only revenue for their object. A bad selection of articles on which to put duties is made, with the result that food is taxed as heavily as if the food of England paid twenty millions sterling a year. In Jamaica flour is taxed eight shillings a barrel, which on a low grade article is often equal to forty per cent. on the first cost. In one respect we read in the West India duties on food our own experience over again. "A duty on one breadstuff necessitates a duty on all of them. A duty was put on made biscuits, etc., to protect the revenue derived from flour. For the same reason a duty needs to be put on wheat." In the same way Sir Leonard Tilley is perplexed by the counter demands for protection for the farmer and the miller. Duties on exports, which are equal to a bounty on the produce of other countries, are still retained. If the West Indies produced something which no other country could supply, consumers might be obliged to pay its export duties; but when cane sugar is pressed with severe competition by beet sugar the exporters are fighting with a rope round their necks. Depression must continue to be the normal state of things in a country subject to the economic conditions which prevail in the British West Indies.

PULLMAN, as all the world knows, is the model village built by the Pullman Car Company for its workmen near Chicago, the rival of M. Godin's "Social Palace" at Guise and of Sir Titus Salt's Saltaire. All three are experiments in what may be called Millocratic Socialism, being alike attempts of great employers to erect ideal abodes for their work-people. To all outward appearances Pullman is a complete success. Every-thing about it is smiling and attractive. Every possible provision has been made for the comfort, health, instruction, and amusement of its denizens. Among the provisions for their amusement is one of the prettiest little theatres in the world. The cursory visitor goes away with the image of an industrial paradise deeply engraven upon the tablet of his memory; but a closer observer, writing in *Harper's Monthly*, after dilating through a long article on the fair outside of Pullman, ends by revealing to us that the model village is honeycombed with discontent. Nobody looks upon it as a home. Nobody can enjoy the comfort and dignity of freehold or even of secure occupation. The management in its arbitrariness is Bismarckian; the dread shadow of the Company is everywhere present; nobody dares to speak his mind or can do so except under penalties; and enhanced comfort does not to the American mind make up for the loss of freedom. There are complaints also that with regard to appointments and promotions in this ideal

society favouritism and nepotism prevail. The inhabitants of the Happy Valley are not happy. May it not be inferred that happiness is not very likely to be found in any Socialistic Utopia? In all of them alike individual freedom must be resigned and complete submission must be rendered to a paternal government which will distribute the employments and apportion the remuneration. Are the secretaries of Trade Unions and the editors of Labour Journals, when invested with supreme power by the Socialistic Revolution, likely to be less arbitrary, less addicted to favouritism, or more popular than the benevolent founder of Pullman?

THE silver interest at Washington is resolved that the coinage, which under the present law cannot fall below two millions of dollars a month, shall suffer no check. The President elect is, if possible, to be prevented saying anything on the subject in his Inaugural Message, over one hundred democratic members having in a written memorial asked him to pass over the subject in silence. While the mono-metallists in Congress have for some time past been putting their faith in a proposal for tacking a clause to the Appropriation Bill providing for the suspension of silver coinage, the bi-metallists have been trying to prevent any adverse action next session receiving an impulse from the sanction of the President. Meanwhile the increasing proportion of gold to silver may well create anxiety among thoughtful men. On the 1st of January, 1884, there were in the treasury one hundred and forty-two millions of gold besides the amount necessary to meet seventy-seven millions of outstanding gold certificates; a year later the net gold over and above what was necessary to meet outstanding gold certificates was one hundred and twenty-five millions. The outstanding silver certificates rose during the year from about ninety-seven millions (\$96,958,031) to nearly one hundred and fourteen millions (\$113,858,811) and the net silver over and above those amounts rose from twenty-six to thirty-six millions. Already the silver certificates exceed the gold certificates in amount. It is usual to represent the silver in the treasury as idle and useless; the greater part of it is certainly not idle, though it is undoubtedly mischievous. The one hundred and fourteen millions of silver in respect to which certificates have been issued is the property of the owners of the certificates, and while allowed to remain in the treasury as a safe and convenient place of deposit, it is not the less in circulation through its representative. And in this insidious circulation by proxy the real danger lies. The silver dollars themselves could no have gone into circulation; the silver certificate, which readily passes from hand to hand, puts one hundred and fourteen millions of silver in the place of gold. The total amount of gold in the treasury is two hundred and thirty-seven millions, and already the stock of silver reaches two hundred and ten millions. All this silver is token money to which a fictitious value is given above its intrinsic value. This would not be objectionable if the total amount were no more than is required for change—the proper function and limit of tokens—but when it is made to do duty so largely in lieu of gold the irregular interference with the standard carries with it a serious danger. And the evil is increased every month by the coinage of two millions more silver dollars. The Silver Ring counts on being able to keep its grip on the throat of Congress.

IN Egypt the scene shifts too swiftly for the comments of a weekly journal to keep up with the course of events. But surely, as we said before, the wailing has been excessive. Khartoum fell by treachery, and, saving its heroic commandant, there was not a British soldier in it when it fell. This was a misfortune, which, though deplorable in itself, neither brings any stain upon the British arms nor tends in any way to shake our faith in the prowess of the British soldier, which has everywhere been most gloriously displayed. The mistake, if civilians may venture to criticize, seems to have been in allowing an adventurer with whose heroism insanity evidently mingled, to take up a position far beyond the scope of regular operations. To send an army on a desperate expedition for his relief, when the miraculous influences and agencies on which he relied had failed him, might be generous, perhaps it was a point of honour; but evidently it was to court disaster. At Khartoum the Mehdi was on his vantage-ground, with all his fanatical hordes around him and with the desert in his front. Should he venture to advance, being, as he probably is, without regular commissariat or means of transport, the balance of advantage will be reversed. It seems that he is, unfortunately, provided with better arms than he was at first, and his movements are directed by foreign advisers. Yet there can surely be little fear as to the result of an encounter between him and Lord Wolseley in the open field. An expensive and protracted struggle is now in prospect, unless by some sudden turn of fortune the Mehdi should collapse, as barbarians and impostors are apt to do; but victory must in the end rest with the civilized power if the Government and the Generals are only allowed to conduct the war.

ONCE more we are told that Mr. Gladstone is on the point of retirement. No man likes to close a long and glorious course under a cloud, though it is but an illusion of fancy which makes us attach so much importance to the end of a life or a career. Mr. Gladstone, therefore, though he might have willingly given ear to the warning voice of his physician had all been going on well, will probably, under the present circumstances, cling to the helm as long as his strength lasts. He cannot be expected to see, what many of his heartiest admirers cannot help seeing, that the present situation is one of the kind with which even in the zenith of his greatness his special gifts would have least qualified him to cope, and that by persisting in the attempt with his declining powers he is imperilling both the fortunes of the country and his own illustrious name. Should he retire, he would be called upon to advise the Queen as to the appointment of his successor, and he would certainly name Lord Hartington. Lord Granville, the leader of the House of Lords, is still nominally the head, after Mr. Gladstone, of the party; but he feels growing infirmities and, it is understood, wishes for rest: very likely he would retire at the same time. Lord Hartington led the party in the Commons during Mr. Gladstone's angry secession from command, and the generous readiness with which he afterwards resigned his pretensions showed his thorough loyalty to the cause. He is besides, though not a man of genius, or comparable in eloquence and parliamentary power to Mr. Gladstone, decidedly the best man for the leadership on the Liberal side. He has administrative capacity, judgment, firmness and a reputation for integrity and truthfulness, which make him an object of general confidence. His weak point is his liability to be any day transferred to the House of Lords. The Radicals dislike him least of the Whigs, and he would have more chance than any one else of preserving in some measure the combination of Whig and Radical elements which sustains the present Cabinet and party. But to keep Lord Derby and the preachers of Socialistic Democracy long in the same government is beyond the powers of any leader, whatever his tact and however comprehensive may be his policy. A rupture more or less violent must soon come, and new combinations must follow. The feeling that, on the Liberal side, after him will be chaos may well be a strong reason with Mr. Gladstone for remaining as long as possible at his post.

THE Tories in England seem to think that they have victory within their grasp. It is cabled at least that the Carlton has passed a unanimous vote in favour of their assumption of office in case the vote of censure should be carried. But the bear of whose skin the Carlton disposes, though hunted with uncommon acrimony, is not yet killed. The Egyptian policy of the Cabinet has no doubt oscillated between the inclinations of the Whig and Radical sections; and Mr. Gladstone himself, in this case as in the case of the war with Russia, has drawn the sword with a most unwilling hand, and has allowed his desire of peace to weaken the operations of war. Feebleness and miscarriage have been the consequence. Yet no one looking simply to the interest of the country would desire a change of Government at this moment. The Tories are evidently angling for the Parnellite Vote, and their chance of securing it is improved by the necessity under which Mr. Gladstone has just been placed, as leader of the House, of calling upon the Speaker to repress Irish outrage. There is likely, also, as we said before, to be a certain amount of latent hostility to the Government on the part of members whose seats are doomed by the Redistribution Bill. Extreme Radicals may fly off, though, after relieving their consciences by peace homilies and perhaps a peace amendment of their own, they will probably vote against a motion to place the Tories, that is the extreme war party, in power. The mass of the Radicals will vote with Mr. Chamberlain, the mass of the Whigs will vote with Lord Hartington, and their combined though not united forces will most likely save the Government.

If the friends of the party system will turn their eyes to the British House of Commons they will behold an instructive spectacle. They will see a body not of American demagogues, but of English gentlemen, boasting that they have been trained in the highest traditions of public and private honour, yet willing to combine with the sworn enemies of the realm, and the objects of their own fiercest denunciations, for the purpose of gaining a party victory over the Government; and this at a moment of national disaster and of serious peril to the State. The extreme section of the Tories, led by Lord Randolph Churchill, has been always ready to storm office by a coalition with the Parnellites, leaving moralists, as his lordship frankly put it, to say what they pleased. At sight of what was impending, however, as it appears, the Irish Conservatives have recoiled

and taken up a position of independence towards the rest of the party. They are about twenty in number, and if they hold together they will suffice to balance or nearly to balance such a force as has of late been completely under the command of Mr. Parnell. Everyone talks of the Irish and their cause as though Ireland were a unit in favour of Mr. Parnell and his designs, forgetting that his following has at no time amounted to a third of the Irish delegation, and that the vigorous, brave and prosperous Irish of the North, the very sinews of the population, are heartily attached to the Union.

By the dismissal of Irish workmen from English works, in consequence of the dynamite outrages, attention has been called to the fact that multitudes of Irish are domiciled in all the great cities of England, and are eating the bread of the country which they are vilifying and conspiring to destroy. It must surely be deemed strange that, if the English people have behaved like cruel and insolent tyrants to the Irish, all these Irish should have chosen to take up their abode in Great Britain. What would have become of them if England had not offered them subsistence? Their own island could not have maintained them, and their fate would have been what that of the French Canadians would be if their rapidly-growing population were shut up in Quebec. The Irish will now be made aware that, if boycotting and expulsion are to be the order of the day, they may not be the only sufferers by that game. It is deplorable, we are told, that the crime of the dynamiters should thus be visited on innocent workmen. It is deplorable, most deplorable, that hatred shall thus be stirred up between two races which are inseparably intermixed with each other and inevitably destined to live under the same roof. But on whom does the blame rest? Nor, if the Irish in England generally are innocent of the dynamite outrages, are they innocent of offence against the English people. They have on the contrary exhibited their hostility in the most irritating and insulting manner; they have broken in upon public meetings; they have held meetings of their own to pour abuse upon England and parade sympathy with her enemies; and they are notoriously preparing to use the British franchise in aid of a conspiracy for the dismemberment and ruin of the realm. Would any other nation be willing to cherish its avowed enemies in its bosom? How would the Americans have treated open sympathy with rebellion in the time of their Civil War? How did they treat the Irish when the Irish rose in favour of the South?

OVERT signs of disaffection in British India there are none, and the hysterical notes of alarm which have been sounded may be set down as emanating from the general panic bred by the critical character of the situation. But disaffection of the most dangerous kind may soon be bred if Anglo-Indian agitators continue to appeal to native sentiment as they are appealing now. Mr. Hyndman has long been doing his utmost to stir up social revolution in Hindostan as well as in England. In the current number of the *Fortnightly Review* Mr. W. Scawen Blunt publishes an article the special object of which seems to be to excite hostility to British government in the rulers of the Native States, respecting whose fidelity to the Empire suspicions already prevail. Mr. Blunt is evidently a strong partisan of Lord Ripon, whom he deems virtue incarnate; and as the general policy of the Calcutta Foreign Office is not, or is supposed by him not to be, in accordance with that of his favourite, he assails it in the same fashion in which an Opposition pamphleteer in England would assail the conduct of the Government. He represents it as carrying on in the most unprincipled and treacherous manner an organized policy of aggression with a view to annexation, and for the infamous purpose of multiplying lucrative places for officials. "It is necessary," he says in the true style of an inklinger, "to understand that the Calcutta Foreign Office is even more absolutely without moral scruple than our own." He does not hesitate even to accuse it of criminally plotting against Salar Jung, the late Prime Minister of the Nizam, and one of the staunchest friends of England; nor does he shrink from insinuating that Salar Jung was assassinated, and that upon the officials at Calcutta rests the ultimate responsibility for the deed. These are the sort of things that Mr. Biggar and Lord Randolph Churchill say of their political opponents in England. Of course the article finds its way into the Native Press, and intensifies at a perilous moment the suspicions of the Native Princes. Whether British Empire in India is a blessing or a curse to England and to India herself is a very complex question. But supposing the maintenance of the Empire to be desired, there is no doubt as to the conditions under which alone it can be maintained. During the reign of the Company British democracy and demagogism were excluded. India indeed in those days of slow and circuitous communication was practically too remote to feel their influences. But now they are actively at work; and they threaten the stability of the

Empire far more than it is threatened by any dislike of foreign rule among the languid Hindoos, to whom freedom and dominion are alike unknown, or even among the less resigned Mahometans whom England deposed from the conqueror's throne.

In the *Quarterly Review* there is a biographical sketch, indited by a loving and perhaps slightly fabling pen, of Dean Mansel, the author of the famous Bampton Lectures on "The Limits of Religious Thought." Dean Mansel was a most acute logician and profoundly learned in metaphysics, but his culture was almost limited to that sphere; it included little of history or general humanity. When he was made Professor of Ecclesiastical History, the subject which he chose for his lectures was Agnosticism, in which the metaphysician was at home. He was, or affected to be, the most bigoted of Tories; acted as the Tory wirepuller and chairman of committees in the Oxford Elections, and made himself the special organ of Tory antipathy to Mr. Gladstone. The "stupid party" adored him as its god. At the same time he was the hero of a college common room, more remarkable in those days for conviviality than for refinement, and its established jester, in which capacity he brought forth from his treasury things unclerical as well as clerical. By Bishop Wilberforce he was described as "wanting in religiosity," though he was in orthodoxy supreme. Such in his gifts, equipments and environments, was the author of that curious system of religious philosophy on which its adversary, Frederick Maurice, indelibly stamped the name of Orthodox Atheism. In the armoury of metaphysics Mansel imagined himself to have found the sword which would kill Rationalism, and perhaps give a blow indirectly to general Liberalism at the same time. He identified God with the Absolute and the Unconditional; and, as the human mind was incapable of apprehending the Absolute and the Unconditional, it followed that man's reason and moral sense could tell him nothing about God. The only religion possible, therefore, was the unreasoning acceptance of revelation as contained in the Bible, and as expounded by the orthodox interpreters. The moral difficulties connected with certain passages in the Old Testament were summarily disposed of on the principle that, as the absolute morality of God differed in kind from human morality, an act which was criminal according to one might be righteous according to the other. The historical method which traces progress in morality, and vindicates the early steps of that progress as part of the education of the race, had never presented itself to Dean Mansel's mind. Such was the gist of the lectures the author of which was hailed by delighted Orthodoxy as a second Butler, though no parallel could be less happy, since Butler's philosophy as well as his soul was full of that "religiosity" which Dean Mansel wanted. Before the lecturer had concluded his series he seems to have felt misgivings as to the ultimate tendency of his reasoning, for he betrays a disposition to hedge. Misgivings he might well have. It is evident that if our reason and moral sense can tell us nothing about God, we have no means of knowing even that God exists, much less have we the means of deciding that an alleged revelation comes from Him. The moral evidences of revelation at once fall to the ground if human morality differs in kind from the Divine. But the evidence of miracles falls also, since there is nothing to assure us that power, any more than justice or benevolence, is an attribute of God. With Natural Religion Revealed Religion must perish, and Agnosticism must triumph over their common grave. It was, in fact, not long before Dean Mansel had the pleasure of seeing his argument complacently endorsed and incorporated by a great Agnostic philosopher, who found fault with it only as being somewhat too destructive, since it annihilated not only belief in God, but reverence for the Unknown. The Atheistic and immoral consequences of his theory were afterwards brought home to him by Mill, with a force of superior morality to which he hopelessly succumbed. The net result was simply a demonstration of the weakness of metaphysics. Suppose we are incapable of apprehending the Absolute or the Unconditional; suppose we are incapable of understanding any part of the vocabulary of modern Scholasticism to which these terms belong: this does not hinder the moral and intellectual nature of man from pointing true to that of its Maker. The treatment which great and truly religious writers received from this logical sledgehammer of Orthodoxy diminished the general sorrow at his catastrophe. But there is no doubt that he was an excellent man and Tory, as well as a writer, in his way, of great acuteness and power, though as a theologian he was led, by excess of logic and defect of religiosity, while he sought the life of Ritualism inadvertently to slay Religion.

SHERIDAN made his appearance one day in a pair of new boots. These attracting the notice of some of his friends, "now guess," said he, "how I came by these boots." Many probable guesses then took place. "No," said Sheridan—"no; you've not hit it; I bought them and paid for them."

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY ON IRISH WRONGS.

WHAT are those wrongs of Ireland at the present day which justify Irishmen in trying to massacre a holiday crowd of English without regard for age or sex, and warrant other Irishmen in lending their countenance expressly or by tacit acquiescence to such deeds? An answer to this question may perhaps be found in a paper by Mr. Justin McCarthy in the *Contemporary Review*, on "Dublin Castle." The arbitrary rule of the Lord Lieutenant, according to Mr. McCarthy, is the crying grievance of the Irish people. "The Lord Lieutenant," he says, "is, under the present condition of things, as absolute a master of the political rule of the country as the Austrian Governor of a Venetian Province in the old days." Exaggeration so extravagant is enough at once to stamp the character of the writer and of his cause. The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland is the servant of a Parliament, to which he is responsible for every act which he does, and in which Ireland has more than her full share of representation. He is under the control of a press which is perfectly free to criticize the actions of the Government. At present, through sheer necessity, for the purpose of preventing a civil war and for the preservation of loyal life from the murderous tyranny of the Land League, he is armed with special powers of repression; but under ordinary circumstances he can arrest no man nor inflict any penalty except through the agency of regular courts of law in which the trial is public, the jury Irish, and the judge an Irishman. Was this the position, were these the powers of an Austrian Governor of Venetia? "The Lord Lieutenant," continues Mr. McCarthy, "is not expected to have any greater sympathy, any greater affinity of feeling with the Irish people, than the Austrian Governor had with the population of Venetia." It required some effrontery to pen those words. Mr. McCarthy knows well that popularity in Ireland is always in the eyes of a British Minister the highest merit of a Lord Lieutenant; that Lord Carlisle, the Duke of Abercorn, Lord Spencer, and all other holders of the office in recent times have been selected specially with that view. He knows that there is not a man living more full of kindly sympathy, or more sincerely anxious to promote the happiness of the people under his rule, than the present Lord Lieutenant. He knows that all the charges of perverting justice and wilfully shedding innocent blood brought against Lord Spencer by himself and his fellow patriots are utterly baseless and calumnious. What is the cause which requires thus to be served with slander?

That the Lord Lieutenant or Secretary has not often been an Irishman is true. The mutual fury of Irish factions, which divided society as well as embittered politics, has been the main cause. Whenever the Government could find an Irishman like Lord Naas or Mr. Chichester Fortesque, able to get on with both parties, it was too happy to appoint him. At present, no doubt, there is an impediment of another kind. Does Mr. McCarthy believe that any Government in the world would appoint to an office of trust in a disaffected Province a man who was actively and avowedly engaged in organizing rebellion?

Through a dozen pages of vague and unmeasured denunciation we search for specific instances of tyranny on the part of the Castle comparable to that of Austrian grievances in Italy. Mr. McCarthy gives us one—the imprisonment, which is not stated to have been long or cruel, of "a respectable and educated Irish girl." Mr. McCarthy subsequently multiplies her into "educated and respectable girls," and insinuates that the inhuman and groundless imprisonment of young women is a normal and characteristic feature of Castle rule. But the only case mentioned by him is that of Miss Mary O'Connor, sister of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., who was arrested for taking part in a meeting of the Ladies' Land League. The Ladies' Land League was formed in aid of an illegal and terrorist organization, the object of which was public plunder, and which, in pursuit of that object, had committed hundreds of outrages and scores of murders. When a woman chooses to take part in conspiracy she renounces the privileges of her sex. Those wives and mothers who saw their husbands and sons butchered in cold blood by the emissaries of the Land League may not have been the equals of Miss O'Connor in education and social grade, but they were women and Irishwomen as well as she.

Participation in debauchery of a revolting kind has been brought home to two Dublin officials—or one official and one ex-official—by a detective in the pay of the Nationalists. In this achievement, of course, Mr. Justin McCarthy revels; and perhaps he may be right in treating it as a great glory of his cause; indeed, there is nothing like it in the exploits of Washington or Garibaldi. Depravity, such as unhappily exists in most great and luxurious cities, is found to have existed in Dublin, and to have infected two persons in the service of the Government. Does that prove the Government to be a tyranny? Mr. Cornwall was Secretary to the Post

Office, in which capacity he can hardly have had the opportunity of perpetrating any grievous acts of oppression, and his high value as an administrator was certified by Mr. Fawcett, the Postmaster-General, a strong Radical, and no friend to arbitrary rule in Ireland or elsewhere. That the Government had the slightest reason for suspecting him or his brother official of immoral habits, calumny itself has not ventured to affirm. Why, then, is it to be blamed for having continued to employ them? Mr. McCarthy complains that it has failed to bestow on Mr. William O'Brien the meed of praise which was his due for bravely unmasking secret vice. Praise would have been due to a moral reformer who had risked an action for libel in his zeal for the purification of society. But for the venomous and vindictive agitator who, with the help of a discharged detective, succeeds in stabbing a Government through the private character of its servants, his success is surely reward enough. It is evident that there were a number of persons tainted with this depravity in Dublin: why did not the moral reformer proceed against the rest?

Mr. McCarthy bids us compare the condition of the municipalities, which are in the hands of the native Irish, with that of the Castle, which he says is in the hands of English or Scotch Protestants, and observe how superior the native administration is. We are to infer that government would be pure and excellent if only the English and Scotch Protestants were out of the way. There is no Dublin Castle or tyranny of English and Scotch Protestants at New York, or in any American city. Mr. McCarthy knows the United States, and he can say whether there is or is not any element of truth in these words of a New York journalist: "What has the Irish vote brought to this city? Any citizen may answer the question for himself, if he will stop to think of Tweed, for one thing, and all Tweed's scoundrel train; a heavy city debt; John Kelly; our corrupt aldermen; Owney Geoghagan; Bill McGlory; our bad police force; the riots of '68 and '74; a dirty and turbulent tenement-house population; a complete and highly-organized system of blackguard gangs; ill-paved streets and O'Donovan Rossa; and every American town that has ever fallen into the hands of the Irish has pretty much the same story to tell." "Irish rule," says the same writer, "in our cities means, and always has meant, misrule; the Irish vote at large is simply the mob vote, generally controlled by the loudest, smartest and most venal demagogue in the field." Is it not possible that the respectable portion of the community in Ireland, when ruled by the leaders of the Land League, might have some reason for wishing themselves back in the Union? Would Ireland left to herself be more free? Everything in her history and in the habits of her people point to the opposite conclusion. From the days of the Celtic chiefs down to the time of O'Connell, Tweed and Parnell, the Irish have invariably shown a want of political independence, an indifference to constitutional principles, and a disposition to submit to personal rule as well as a tendency to throw themselves at the feet of the priests. For free institutions and for all those liberties which other nations of the same race and religion have failed to obtain Ireland has been indebted to the Union. To the Union she has been manifestly indebted for national education, which under the sway of the Catholic priesthood would no more have been introduced than it was in Italy, Spain or Mexico. It is an ungracious task to dwell on the weaknesses of any race or Church; but when Celtic and Catholic weaknesses are turned into British crimes, truth must be told and justice done. No good whatever has come of the opposite course.

The mock Royalty of the Lord Lieutenant is undoubtedly an anomaly, and has been kept up of late years largely for the benefit of the Dublin tradesmen. The expediency of maintaining it has long been an open question with British statesmen. But if the existence of the office and its system has been so vast an evil, why have not the representatives of Ireland in Parliament moved, and moved persistently, for its abolition? They are one hundred and five in number; the Scotch members are only sixty in number; but the Scotch members would long ago by steady and united action have got rid of any local grievance. Everybody talks of England as governing Ireland. It might be supposed from the language used that Ireland was a helpless dependency. She has more than her share of representation in the United Parliament, and her representatives by concerted action of a constitutional kind might get everything that in reason they could desire. For many years they actually held the balance of power. Let those who complain that Ireland has no voice in her own affairs, and justify legislative "bush-whacking" on that ground, point if they can to any important measure of relief for Ireland which has received the unanimous, or anything like the unanimous, support of the Irish delegation and has been rejected by the House of Commons. If they cannot they must find some better apology for bushwhacking than the assertion, however strenuously repeated, that Ireland has no voice in her own affairs.

At this moment the local government of Ireland could not be withdrawn without leaving the throats of all loyal citizens at the mercy of Mr. McCarthy's friends. Otherwise Mr. McCarthy knows that the abolition of the Lord Lieutenantcy could be obtained, if that was what he and his party wanted, by approaching Parliament in a constitutional way, and in language such as is used by civilized men. But it is not the abolition of the Lord Lieutenantcy that they want, nor is it Land Law Reform which, when introduced by Mr. Gladstone, they, as it tended to allay disaffection, almost killed with cold support, and would have been glad enough to see miscarry. Nor is it the reform of local self-government, which the Government and the Legislature had taken in hand when obstruction and rebellion began. It is the dismemberment of the United Kingdom; and not only the dismemberment of the United Kingdom, but, as Mr. Parnell not obscurely intimates, the spoliation of the English and Scotch Protestants and their expulsion from the island. Mr. Parnell is himself an Englishman, as well as a Protestant; but he renounces his race, and his race must accept the compliment.

RIGHT.

THE FUTURE LIFE.*

THERE is no subject which more strikingly illustrates the change which has passed upon the spirit of Christian theology than that of the life after death, and, more particularly, of future punishment. The leaders in the great evangelical revival were excellent men, but they were not theologians. This is fully acknowledged by one who was quick to discern all the good that was in them, Sir James Stephens. Their successors of the second and third generation were in this respect no better; nor can much more be claimed for the dry Anglicanism which they disturbed, and with which they waged a war in which neither side took a very intelligent part. Theology and philosophy were certainly at a very low ebb at the time when these two schools held dominion in different sections of the Church.

It is to S. T. Coleridge more than any other man that we owe the deeper spirituality alike of our philosophy and our theology; and it is to his most loyal disciple, Frederick Maurice, that we owe it that we are now able calmly to discuss the subject of Eschatology with freedom and safety. He was its martyr; and we may say this without expressing entire agreement with his opinions. To those who, at the present time, read Maurice's "Theological Essays," it will hardly be credible that they should have excited such lively contention and such embittered opposition. Yet he was expelled from his professorship at King's College, London, on account of the opinions put forth in that book. Now, Maurice had expressed no definite opinion on the subject; he had simply said that the case was not so clear that we could positively say what was the future condition of those who had died in impenitence. He had certainly thrown doubt upon the tenet that a considerable body of the human race would exist forever in torments.

The alarm among the technically orthodox was extreme. As Dr. Pusey tells us Father Faber held, so held many theologians at that period, that hell helped to fill heaven, in other words that many men would not strive for heaven but for their fear of hell; and people were afraid that, if doubts were thrown upon the popular belief on this subject, men would lose one great motive for forsaking sin. No doubt, there are some people who are terrified into being good, in some sense of that word. No doubt, also, there are many holy men and women who have received their first impulses in the Christian life from the sentiment of fear. It is tolerably clear, however, that the great masses of the Gospel-hearing population are very little affected by the terrors of future perdition.

It would be interesting to trace the progress of the controversy and to note how opinions on the subject of future punishment, once thought rationalistic or even infidel, have found their way into every school in the Church. At first, it was a free lance like Mr. Andrew Jukes who could teach something like universalism, or again, a somewhat latitudinarian Congregationalist like Mr. Edward White, who declared his belief in annihilation. But by degrees the more orthodox bodies began to be invaded by these new opinions. Mr. Birks and others among the Evangelicals were conspicuous examples of the breaking up of the hard stereotyped notions of their party.

Canon Farrar, of Westminster, it was, however, who set all the world reading, talking, and perhaps even thinking on the subject. Indeed with a great many men there had been a good deal of thinking and very little speaking. It was hardly safe to speak. We do not think very highly of Dr. Farrar's works on these subjects, either as literary productions or as

* The Spirits in Prison and other Studies in the Life after Death. By E. H. Plumptre, D.D., Dean of Wells. London: Faber, 1884.

THE CHURCHES.

consistent expositions of any intelligible doctrines of retribution. In one place he declares he is not an universalist, and yet he reaches conclusions which are, to most men, quite indistinguishable from universalism. To him, however, belongs the credit of making the discussion of the subject popular. The decision in the case of "Essays and Reviews" by the Privy Council had made it safe for clergymen to hold views which had formerly been condemned; and Canon Farrar did much to remove the popular reproach which had fallen upon those who had availed themselves of the liberty which had been gained.

One great service which the discussion conferred upon theology was the fresh impetus it gave to the study of the history of the doctrine of the future life in the early Church. There are many persons who profess entire indifference as to the teaching of the past; but wiser men will always have a certain regard for the testimony of the Christian conscience throughout all ages. No doubt the great thing is to satisfy our own consciences by examining carefully the Bible testimony in a reasonable and devout spirit. But it will help our own convictions to find that they have been shared by others.

Now it was soon found that the particular doctrine of future punishment which had been elevated to the place of a Catholic dogma had been by no means an universal belief. Origen had held universalism, and it is by no means clear that he was ever condemned by the Church for doing so. Nor was Origen alone in that belief. It was shared by Gregory of Nyssa and others. Arnobius held that the wicked were annihilated, but there were few, if any, who shared with him that belief. Moreover, it was never a doctrine of the Church, although it might be the opinion of individuals, that the wicked were condemned to everlasting torment. That some would "perish everlastingly" was undoubtedly the general belief, but theologians distinguished between the *pœna damni* and the *pœna sensus*. It was lawful to believe that there might be everlasting loss, without everlasting suffering. This is brought out fully by Dr. Pusey in his book, "What is of Faith Respecting Everlasting Punishment?" to such an extent, indeed, that Dr. Farrar claimed that there was no material difference between their respective teachings. This is certainly a remarkable result, worth thinking of, and something to be very thankful for. Who does not feel the atmosphere clearer in this sphere of thought and belief?

Dean Plumptre's volume now before us is one of the most valuable contributions to Christian Eschatology which has yet been published. Its germ is a sermon preached in St. Paul's Cathedral, in the year 1871, before Dr. Farrar had begun his crusade. The rest of the book is made up of brief essays or notes upon the various topics referred to in the sermon. To those who are familiar with the publications of the accomplished writer, it will hardly be necessary to speak of the abundant learning which the work displays, or the agreeable and attractive form in which it is presented.

According to Dr. Plumptre the "Spirits in prison" are representative of those who have not enjoyed full Christian privileges. Just as Christ went and preached to those who perished in the flood, disobedient as they had been, so the author believes that to many who have not had the ordinary privileges which Christians enjoy, the Gospel may hereafter be offered in the intermediate state. Death, then, is not necessarily the end of man's probation. Further, whilst he declines to commit himself to universalism, and indeed repudiates that theory, he is, if possible, further removed from the cruel doctrine of an endless torment, clearly leaning to the opinion that there may be, in the future, everlasting loss to those who have persistently and finally broken with conscience and with God. Against the modern theory of annihilation (for the exceptional case of Arnobius can hardly bestow antiquity upon it) he is clear and strong. He can see no evidence for it but that which is unlawfully deduced from a hard literalism of interpretation which finds no support in the analogy of Scripture. It is no matter that the advocates of this view call it "conditional immortality" and the like. He holds that it is contradicted by the instincts and aspirations of the human spirit, by the teaching of the Scriptures, by the innate nobility of the mind of man. It is impossible for us in this place even to enumerate the various topics connected with the main theme which are discussed in this volume; but it will abundantly reward a careful perusal on the part of every one who is interested in the subject which it discusses.

C.

In the "Life and Times of the Rev. Sydney Smith" the following story is told:—"In 1838 he admitted to George Ticknor that the influence of the aristocracy was, as a rule, 'oppressive.' 'I never failed, however, to speak my mind before any of them. I hardened myself early.' A story told by the Princess Marie Liechtenstein, if correct, shows that he declined to be meek even before a Queen of Society. 'Sydney, ring the bell,' Lady Holland is reported to have said to him in an imperious tone, to which he answered, 'Oh, yes; and shall I sweep the room?'"

THE gaieties of fashion have given place to the sombre quietude of the penitential season. Lent is, ecclesiastically at least, being better observed every year. In the Catholic and Anglo-Catholic communions the special services are attended by increasing numbers, and the religious duties of the season are fulfilled by many who formerly regarded them lightly with greater scrupulosity and zeal. The organ of the Lutheran Church in the United States, the *Lutheran Observer*, advocates the universal observance of Lent by all sections of the Christian Church, because it would be a more suitable manifestation of essential unity than is afforded by the week of prayer, and because religious services would not be so frequently interrupted as is the case during the holiday season. The *Observer* does not advocate a uniform manner of observance of the Lenten season, neither does it consider that every denomination should be bound to hold it during the forty days.

THE protracted suit of Langtry v. Dumoulin gives little indication of reaching a speedy end. True the esteemed rector of St. James' Cathedral, deeming it unseemly to carry on the contest any longer, has been relieved by his vestry and the Law Court as well, from the position of defendant in the suit, his place being supplied by his wardens. The case was called in the Supreme Court last week, and though Justice Strong declined to assume the responsibility of granting the application for a direct appeal spoke so favourably that it is said the defendants and their friends feel greatly encouraged.

THE venerable Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin died last week after a brief but severe illness. Archbishop McCabe was in his seventy-ninth year. He received his education in his native country, having graduated at Maynooth College. His promotion from a humble parish cure to one of the highest ranks in the Church was gradual and regular. He was appointed Archbishop of Dublin on the death of Cardinal Cullen in 1879, and Leo XIII. raised him to the Cardinalate in 1882. It is not without meaning that the Lenten Pastoral he had prepared before his death should have contained a scathing denunciation of the miscreants who profess to seek the political regeneration of Ireland by means of dynamite. The reading of the pastoral is said to have produced a profound sensation in the Dublin churches.

THE Bishop of Exeter, Dr. Temple, formerly Head-Master of Rugby, a contributor to the once celebrated volume of "Essays and Reviews," has been promoted to the Bishopric of London. The Broad Church bishop has succeeded in the See of Exeter by a noted Evangelical, the Rev. Edward Bickersteth, D.D., Dean of Lichfield. The new incumbent of the Exeter Episcopate is advanced in years, and has a reputation for Biblical scholarship, having been a member of the New Testament Revision Committee and a contributor to the "Pulpit Commentary."

WITH the view of securing a deeper interest there has in the City of Toronto been a new departure in respect to missionary meetings in connection with the English Churches. Instead of each congregation holding its own, a united meeting was held in St. James' School-house, at which the Bishop of Algoma and the Rev. W. S. Rainsford, formerly of St. James' Cathedral, now of St. George's Church, New York, were the principal speakers. Both spoke in a large-hearted, earnest and Catholic strain. Their addresses were much appreciated by the audience. The Bishop of Toronto urged systematic giving for the cause of missions, and spoke of the progress made wherever this principle was observed.

MANY French Canadians find employment in the factories at Fall River, Mass.; some of them are Protestants, but the great majority adhere to their ancestral religion. In one of the Catholic congregations there, irreconcilable differences have sprung up. Against the wishes of the parishioners the bishop had appointed an Irish priest, when their preference was naturally for one of their own nationality. The bishop was determined, and so were the people. Much energy has been displayed on both sides. Correspondence with Rome is now being carried on, and after the Pope has been fully informed as to the situation he will interpose his authority for the final settlement of the difficulty. Meanwhile the bishop of the diocese has exercised his authority to the utmost. The church is placed under an interdict, the sacrament has been removed, the altars stripped, the sanctuary lamp extinguished, and the doors bolted and nailed up.

MANY of the Presbyterian churches have been holding their annual congregational meetings. The reports presented generally indicated a satisfactory and encouraging state of affairs. Contributions for church, missionary and benevolent purposes, notwithstanding present business depression, have not appreciably decreased. On the contrary, not a few clergymen, both in city and country, have had additions voted to their salaries. St. Andrew's, Old St. Andrew's and Knox Churches, Toronto, have set good examples for others to follow.

OF late it is to be regretted that unseemly church contentions have been frequent. These have neither been confined to one place nor to one denomination. The daily press, from whose Argus vision few things are hid, has given wide-spread publicity to the miserable wranglings which in some cases would have disgraced an Indian pow-wow. Sometimes under the guise of zeal for principle, at others on the plea that outward and visible, i.e., financial, success is not commensurate with expenditure, great searchings of soul have arisen. In most cases, however, careful investigation will lead to the discovery that wretched personal feeling is the cause of many of those ebullitions of wrath and strife that bring reproach upon the Christian profession.

ASTERISK.

HERE AND THERE.

THE notorious incompetency, or worse, which is constantly shown by the news-collectors who cable items from London to New York is growing to be a glaring scandal. On a recent occasion a statement to the effect that Lord Dufferin was calling for a large body of troops to be sent to India was telegraphed so as to give the impression that the information was official. The fact is that it originated in the columns of the *Whitehall Review*, a journal entirely without status, owned by "The Universal Provider," and which is only read by those who have a stomach for the backstairs gossip of the Royal palaces—a material Mr. Whitney and his editor are thought to have special means of gathering. How this operates to our disadvantage will be seen at once when it is remembered that Canadian "specials" generally come by way of New York.

LAST week reference was made in these columns to the career of the *Standard's* late war correspondent. We are now enabled to supply the following memoranda relating to another martyr correspondent, Mr. Sandon Crosse. Though he had not the eminence of men like Cameron, he did good service during the Russo-Turkish War, and his death is directly the result of the trials he had there to undergo. Mr. Crosse died at the age of thirty, never having recovered from the illness which visited him when he was serving for the *Daily News* with Mr. Archibald Forbes in the Turkish provinces. He drank from a poisoned well, and was nearly killed. Then the fever of the country laid him down several times; cholera followed it; and though he has done good work since, especially as Berlin correspondent of the *Daily News*, he has at length succumbed to heart disease. His father, Mr. Andrew Crosse, was the well-known *savant* whose researches into electricity anticipated many of the more recent applications of that science. The son was bright and energetic. It was he who took the celebrated Plevna despatch from Bucharist over the Carpathians to Kronstadt, in Hungary. When the war ended, he settled for a time at Budapest, and sent home some wonderful descriptions of the floods at Szegeddin when the town was destroyed by the inundation of the River Theiss. He was no mere correspondent there, however. He was one of an active band of volunteers, fourteen in number, who did such brave deeds and saved so many lives. For his courage on that occasion he was given the Saxon Iron Cross. At Berlin he would probably have remained but for failing health. He came home hoping that his pen might write reminiscences of General Skobelev and other remarkable persons with whom he had been brought closely in contact; but, though he contributed to *Blackwood* one or two magazine articles he was unable to do as he wished.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE may not have much "go," but he can astonish the world. He told the Exeter people recently that the primrose was held in comparatively little favour until Lord Beaconsfield died. "I would give you some violets," says Ophelia, "but they withered all when my father died." Nobody has taken the conceit born of madness for other than poetry indulging the pathetic fallacy; but Sir Stafford utters it as a matter of pure prose that the primrose did not bloom for the world until the Queen laid her wreath of his favourite flowers upon the tomb of Lord Beaconsfield in Hughenden churchyard. Lord Beaconsfield invented Jingoism, gave us flowers of speech, and, it is said coveted the strawberry leaves; but he did not discover for the English people the primrose. Long before Lord Beaconsfield was famous the primrose was cherished and loved. Beaumont and Fletcher sang of it.

Primrose, firstborn child of Ver,
Merry springtime's harbinger.

Shakespeare makes the path of pleasure in two passages the path of primroses. Goldsmith used it as an emblem of sweet modesty—

Her modest look the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn.

Wordsworth makes it his greatest charge against the dull fool of his day that—

A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

Yet we are to hear that Englishmen did not appreciate the primrose, emblem of sweetness, gentleness, and modesty, until the statesman died whom nobody calls sweet; who was certainly not famed for the gentleness of his policy, and whose modesty—but who ever heard anybody refer to Lord Beaconsfield's modesty? Devonshire ought to raise its protest against the notion that they were taught to appreciate the primrose by the man who was bred and lived in London. The fact is that the universal primrose has been degraded, not exalted, by being turned into a party emblem.

THE lovers of history, in the modern literary sense of the term, will be delighted to learn that a fresh crop of material is nearly ready for harvesting. The Diplomatic Archives' Commission of France has already in the press the first volume of a series of despatches from French Ambassadors in London, beginning at the year 1538 and extending to modern times. The volume which is about to be issued includes the despatches of Castillon and Marillac from 1538 to 1543. This is excellent news for the reading public. No class of documentary evidence which modern industry has turned to account is so delightfully fresh and entertaining. When sovereigns were well served by their ambassadors they were provided every few days with the choicest dish of fact and scandal written by privileged hands, and intended only for privileged eyes. We are not obliged to take every bit of Court gossip for gospel truth, but it is certain that, from a compar-

ison of letters by ambassadors writing in opposite interests, we can gain a far more lively picture of great personages and important events than from the statuesque portraits of contemporary writers or the pompous phraseology of official documents. Readers of Mr. Froude know what great things he has done for the Tudor period in the way of lively personal portraiture and interesting detail by the free use of the Spanish Ambassador's letters to his Royal Master. Now that we are to have the French Ambassador's letters for the same interesting period, we may reckon upon gaining an even clearer insight into the intrigues and machinations of an age so fruitful in results to the English nation.

PROFESSOR NEWMAN has written to several English papers upon the vaccination question, and is in no wise behind his brother anti-vaccinators in the severity of his language towards those who are unfortunate enough to differ from him. To assert, as the Professor does, that "no legislator has a right to infuse into a healthy body cowpox, on any pretence whatever, any more than to infuse scrofula or plague," is to beg the very question at issue between him and his opponents. Cowpox and the plague resemble each other in being both diseases. But the former is a very light disease, leaving few ill consequences behind it, and it is an almost certain prophylactic against a very serious disease, which leaves behind it many very dreadful consequences. The plague is not, so far as is known, capable of being used as a prophylactic. Professor Newman thinks, indeed, that the Parliament advocates of anti-vaccination and the *Vaccination Inquirer* deserves censure because they do not raise to his own sublime level of indifference to facts. They condescend to discuss a question of "common sense" in the light of medical statistics—that is to say of tabulated facts. But the Professor marches us at once into the region of Catholic theology, in order to find a counterpart to the blindness and folly of his allies in the Press and in the Parliament. The doctrines of transubstantiation and the immaculate conception, he says, are not matters for argument. Perhaps not. Even those who hold them treat them as matters of faith and not of proof. One might be excused for pleading guilty to some astonishment, not to say bewilderment, at such an argument from such a quarter! Professor Newman can hardly be so unwary as not to see the consequence of comparing inquiries into the diseases of human frame and the scientific methods of treating them.

THE bang, it is understood, is going out of the fashion into which it was brought by the children of the Prince of Wales. People who affect to regard the bang as a modern style of hair dressing will be interested in learning that it is decidedly old. Boughton, the artist, in his *Sketching Rambles in Holland*, describing the dress of the women of Marken, says: "In a print in a Dutch book of 1737 there is the same fair hair, cut in a fringe straight across the brow, and level with the eyes—some even seemed to look through the fringe with the bright, sharp twinkle of a beady-eyed Skye terrier. Others had the fringe brought level with the eyes, and then brushed up; this had rather an aggressive air, belonging, probably, to the cast of eligible maidens. Let those who fancy that the fringe—or 'bang' as it is called in America—is a new fashion go to Marken and see it in its glory."

THERE were thirty-three failures in Canada reported to Bradstreet's during the past week, against thirty-four in the preceding week, and thirty-three, twenty-nine and eight, in the corresponding weeks of 1884, 1883 and 1882, respectively. In the United States 254 failures were reported to the same firm during the week, as compared with 273 in the preceding week, and with 218, 204 and 135 in the corresponding weeks of 1884, 1883 and 1882. About eighty-five per cent. were those of small traders whose capital was less than \$5,000.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed: EDITOR OF THE WEEK
5 Jordan Street, Toronto.
Contributors who desire their MS. returned, if not accepted, must enclose stamp for that purpose.

RELIGION AND POLITICS.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—In the course of an article in your issue of last week commenting upon the recent appointments to the Senate, you said: "When we are told that our reason for demurring to the nomination of Mr. Sullivan is our prejudice against Catholics, we can only reply that nobody can seriously believe such nonsense," and further on that "it would be difficult, we believe, to find a word in these columns indicative of enmity to the religion of any church or man." You will pardon me if I say that I believe it is much to be regretted that, in a journal of the influence and character of THE WEEK, to some at least of your readers, the evidences will appear to be painfully too numerous. Not very long ago a distinguished and frequent contributor to your columns spoke of the Society of authors of the Thirty Years War which devastated Germany, as privy to the Gunpowder Plot, and as the instigators of and prime movers in the religious wars and persecutions in France and throughout Europe. Their history he declared was a history of "blood-guiltiness," their activity "malignant," their influence "malign."

Editorially, too, the opinion has been voiced that the "removal" of President Blanco of Peru was in some measure due to the exuberance of Catholic piety, and the ceremonies of the Church described as "ostentatious displays." "The scandalous abuse of the power of the priests in the elections" has been the theme of vigorous denunciation, while the "frenzied" attempts of the Jesuits to restore the Province of Quebec to the condition and darkness of the Middle Ages have also from time to time been luminously depicted.

THE VISION OF THE MISSING LINK.

At intervals, moreover, articles have appeared concerning certain Bishops of the Church, notably Bishop Bourget, of Montreal, which, though perhaps not wholly abusive, have at least defined their influence to be sinister, and their conduct, in matters educational and provincial, at times questionable.

It is because I believe the position of THE WEEK on the question of senatorial appointments to be correct, and its strictures on the construction of the Senate itself deserved, that I am led to regret that its opinions should seem prejudiced, and its impartiality doubtful, by reason of utterances such as I have alluded to, utterances which, I must make bold to say, are not over-courteous, certainly none too assuring to a portion of your readers.

F. W. G. F.

Toronto, February 23rd, 1885.

[We are always anxious to give everybody a fair hearing; but history is history. Would our correspondent justify the conduct of the Jesuits in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, or even their conduct in more recent times? Does he wish to identify his Church with them? We do not wish to identify Protestantism with the Penal Code or with the Execution of Servetus. Has anything harder been said of the Jesuits in these columns than was said of them by the Catholic Pascal? Abuse of ecclesiastical power in elections is not religion but intrigue, nor by protesting against it do we disparage any man's religion or offend any religious mind.—ED.]

SIR WILLIAM LOGAN.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—I beg to call the attention of your correspondent, "Terranova," to an error in his letter, in last week's issue, on the late Mr. Murray. He speaks of the late Director of the Geological Survey as Sir Humphrey Logan. The name of our greatest scientist—Sir William Logan—should, I think, be more familiar to Canadians.

J. C. S.

THE "JOHN BROWN" SONG.

To the Editor of the Week:

SIR,—The note on the origin of "John Brown" by Mr. Clemens in the WEEK, January 22nd, will, I imagine, be a novelty to the men who sang it and heard it sung in 1861. The finical and elaborate song by Edna A. Proctor couldn't have got itself sung in the army, and is simply a working up of the motive of the original chanson, which was often made up or added to by the singers. It was a single verse repeated three times—the first being

"John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave"

and followed by

"But his soul is marching on."

The verse which brought out the most vigour was

"We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree," etc., etc.

Miss Proctor's song may be better poetry, but would have killed all the enthusiasm of the army of the Potomac—and those who, like myself, have heard a solid-lunged Massachusetts regiment, 1,000 strong, roar it out, marching down Pennsylvania Avenue, will remember something different from Mr. Clemens' version. Yours truly, W. T. STILLMAN.

HOUSE WARMING—SUPERHEATED AIR.

To the Editor of the Week:

SIR,—The most important of all our sanitary questions in Canada, because the most universal in its application, is that of the winter-heating of our houses. My own conviction is, that the defective methods adopted in so large a majority of cases are the active cause of more disease and mortality than any other deleterious influence whatever, and I have come to this conclusion after many years of observation and thought. We start with a simple axiom: The human lungs cannot, without injury to their wonderfully delicate texture, breathe anything over 100° Fahrenheit for any considerable space of time. But this is constantly being done, and what we properly denominate "superheated air" is taken in particles and streams and drafts into the system, during sleep especially, when the human frame is least self-protective. You may stand by the side of a burning stove, and not breathe the superheated air that ascends from it, because it takes a direct course upward. Go to the floor above, and you are sure to get it, through the side drafts always caused by heating centres in the interior of a building. Simple as this proposition is, it is seldom fairly discussed, and reliance is constantly placed on the thermometer, which does not indicate the heat of streams or particles, but only gives a rough average of the temperature.

Yours, SANITAS.

Quebec.

GIFT TO THE HERBARIUM OF UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—An interesting collection of Himalayan ferns has been recently added to the Herbarium of the University of Toronto through the liberality of one of its old graduates, the Rev. John Wilkie, M.A., now a missionary in Central India. The collection was made during a temporary residence in the mountainous district of Sikkim. The lower ranges of this part of the hill-country are characterized by a rich temperate flora, indicative of a climate highly favourable as a healthful resort for the Anglo-Indian. The fifty species of ferns and lycopods collected by Mr. Wilkie and presented to his Alma Mater are well calculated to convey an idea of the aspect of this division of the flora. They include specimens collected both within the British frontier and in independent Sikkim. The varied climate of the Himalayas and the diversity of flora at successive altitudes are well known as indices of the changes resulting from the great mountain range of Northern India. The lower limit of the snow line is, on the southern slope, at an elevation of 12,981 feet, while on the northern slope it is 16,620 feet above the sea. This arises from the dryness of the air and the radiated heat from the great tableland beyond. Cultivation is carried on to the foot of the mountains, where the vegetation is still tropical. At a height of 12,000 feet the rhododendron flourishes: at 5,000 feet European plants and grains succeed; and suitable districts have been found where the tea plant is now largely cultivated.

D. W.

Toronto.

It is difficult to avoid repeating the fatigued quotation, "Who reads an American book?" when one glances through the advertising columns of the leading English literary weeklies, and as one notices the steady and yet rapid increase in the number of American books reprinted or, at least, republished in England. Perhaps the *Spectator* is the most abundant and the most kindly in its criticism of American books, but the *Saturday Review* lags not far behind. In the number of this journal dated January 31st there are twelve long book-reviews, of which five are devoted to American publications—four wholly and one almost entirely; and no one of these articles is unfriendly in tone.—*Nation*.

HE had a prehistoric air,
The parent of our race,
As some tragedian's was the glare
He fixed upon my face.

"Behold your ancestors!" he groaned,
In accents somewhat grim,
And half I wished I had not owned
An ancestor like him.

"I am no trick of Maskelyne,
Devised to talk and think;
No human origin is mine—
I am the Missing Link!"

"Phantom," I said, "your words are vain,
Haunt not a sage reflective;
You are a vision of the brain,
Subjective, not objective.

"The airy medium beguile,
The 'Psychical' distress;
But think not, with unmeaning wile,
To hoax an F.R.S."

He should have vanished from my side,
Yet did not fade nor shrink.
"Oh, subtle intellect!" he cried,
"I am the Missing Link!"

"A nation lost to human ken,
We vanquished all our foes
Before the Prehistoric men
Upon our ruin rose.

"And how we fought and overcame
No bygone record hints,
Nor how they routed us—ah, shame!
With their confounded flints.

"Yet on their race in that dark hour
We laid a parting ban,

"That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

"At every time, in every place,
For heart and hand and brain,
Even now upon the conquering race
I see the curse remain.

"I see youth's kindly impulse fade
Before its fatal stress;
I see the law of Profit made
The law of Righteousness.

"I mark and with a fiendish glee
I chuckle all I can,
Perpetuated here I see
The Prehistoric Man!"

"Phantom," I said "you simply bore;
Into your dust retire.
Shall we, who Ruskin can ignore,
Of Missing Links inquire?"

"Your temper is depraved; your views
Are Radical in tone.
Go!—on your own demerits muse,
And leave our age alone.

"Are there no spirits brave and pure,
And true of heart and brain?
Strong in whose honour, I abjure
The old barbaric stain."

The vision crouched and cowered away
As if in sore distress,
And shuddering answered, "Oh, you may!
You are an F.R.S."

"Yet"—as he faded from my view
The parting murmur ran—
"Yet shall the multitude renew
The Prehistoric Man."

—Saturday Review.

EXTRACTS FROM THE NEW "LIFE OF GEORGE ELIOT."

ON RELIGIOUS FAITHS.

ALL the great religions of the world, historically considered, are rightly the objects of deep reverence and sympathy—they are the record of spiritual struggles, which are the types of our own. This is to me pre-eminently true of Hebrewism and Christianity, on which my own youth was nourished. And in this sense I have no antagonism towards any religious belief, but a strong outflow of sympathy. Every community met to worship the highest Good (which is understood to be expressed by God) carries me along in its main current; and if there were not reasons against my following such an inclination, I should go to church or chapel constantly for the sake of the delightful emotions of fellowship which come over me in religious assemblies—the very nature of such assemblies being the recognition of a binding belief or spiritual law, which is to lift us into willing obedience and save us from the slavery of unregulated passion or impulse. And with regard to other people, it seems to me that those who have no definite conviction which constitutes a protesting faith may often more beneficially cherish the good within them and be better members of society by a conformity, based on the recognized good in the public belief, than by a non-conformity which has nothing but negatives to utter. Not, of course, if the conformity would be accompanied by a consciousness of hypocrisy. That is a question for the individual conscience to settle. But there is enough to be said on the different points of view from which conformity may be regarded to hinder a ready judgment against those who continue to conform after ceasing to believe, in the ordinary sense. But with the utmost largeness of allowance for the difficulty of deciding in special cases, it must remain true that the highest lot is to have definite beliefs about which you feel that "necessity is laid upon you" to declare them, as something better which you are bound to try and give to those who have the worse.

I believe that religion, too, has to be modified—"developed," according to the dominant phrase—and that a religion more perfect than any yet prevalent must express less care for personal consolation, and a more deep-awakening sense of responsibility to man, springing from sympathy with that which of all things is most certainly known to us, the difficulty of the human lot. I do not find my temple in Pantheism, which, whatever might be its value speculatively, could not yield a practical religion, since it is an attempt to look at the universe from the outside of our relations to it (that universe) as human beings. As healthy, sane human beings, we must love and hate—love what is good for mankind, hate what is evil for mankind. For years of my youth I dwelt in dreams of a Pantheistic sort, falsely supposing that I was enlarging my sympathy. But I have travelled far away from that time. Letters are necessarily narrow and fragmentary, and, when one writes on wide subjects, are liable to create more misunderstanding than illumination. But I have little anxiety of that kind in writing to you, dear friend and fellow-labourer, for you have had longer experience than I as a writer, and fuller experience as a woman, since you

have borne children and known the mother's history from the beginning. I trust your quick and long-taught mind as an interpreter little liable to mistake me.

FEMININE NATURE.

We women are always in danger of living too exclusively in the affections, and though our affections are, perhaps, the best gifts we have, we ought also to have our share of the more independent life—some joy in things for their own sake. It is piteous to see the helplessness of some sweet women when their affections are disappointed; because all their teaching has been that they can only delight in study of any kind for the sake of a personal love. They have never contemplated an independent delight in ideas as an experience which they could confess without being laughed at. Yet surely women need this sort of defence against passionate affliction even more than men. Just under the pressure of grief, I do not believe there is any consolation. The word seems to me to be drapery for falsities. Sorrow must be sorrow, ill must be ill, till duty and love towards all who remain recover their rightful predominance.

HUMAN RELATIONSHIPS.

My books have for their main bearing a conclusion the opposite of that in which your studies seem to have painfully imprisoned you—a conclusion without which I could not have cared to write any representation of human life—namely, that the fellowship between man and man which has been the principle of development, social and moral, is not dependent on conceptions of what is not man: and that the idea of God, so far as it has been a high spiritual influence, is the ideal of a goodness entirely human (*i. e.*, an exaltation of the human). Have you quite fairly represented yourself in saying that you have ceased to pity your suffering fellow-men, because you can no longer think of them as individualities of immortal duration, in some other state of existence than this of which you know the pains and the pleasures?—that you feel less for them now you regard them as more miserable? And, on a closer examination of your feelings, should you find that you had lost all sense of quality in actions, all possibility of admiration that yearns to imitate, all keen sense of what is cruel and injurious, all belief that your conduct (and therefore the conduct of others) can have any difference of effect on the well-being of those immediately about you (and therefore on those afar off), whether you carelessly follow your selfish moods, or encourage that vision of others' needs which is the source of justice, tenderness, sympathy in the fullest sense—I cannot believe that your strong intellect will continue to see, in the conditions of man's appearance on this planet, a destructive relation to your sympathy. This seems to me equivalent to saying that you care no longer for colour, now you know the law of the spectrum.

MORCEAUX.

The will of God is the same thing as the will of other men, compelling us to work and avoid what they have seen to be harmful to social existence. Disjoined from any perceived good, the divine will is simply so much as we have ascertained of the facts of existence which compel obedience at our peril. Any other notion comes from the supposition of arbitrary revelation.

As to the Byron subject, nothing can outweigh to my mind the heavy social injury of familiarizing young minds with the desecration of family ties. The discussion of the subject in newspapers, periodicals, and pamphlets is simply odious to me, and I think it a pestilence likely to leave very ugly marks. One trembles to think how easily that moral wealth may be lost which it has been the work of ages to produce in the refinement and differencing of the affectionate relations. As to the high-flown stuff which is being reproduced about Byron and his poetry, I am utterly out of sympathy with it. He seems to me the most *vulgar-minded* genius that ever produced a great effect in literature.

The restoration of the empire (in France), which is a threatening possibility, seems to me a degrading issue. In the restoration of the monarchy I should have found something to rejoice at, but the traditions of the empire, both first and second, seem to my sentiment bad. Some form of military despotism must be, as you say, the only solution where no one political party knows how to behave itself. The American pattern is certainly being accepted as to senatorial manners. I dare say you have been to Knebworth and talked over French matters with Lord Lytton. We are grieved to hear from him but a poor account of sweet Lady Lytton's health and spirits. She is to me one of the most charming types of womanliness, and I long for her to have all a woman's best blessings.

In answer to the question about Goethe, I must say, for my part, that I think he had a strain of mysticism in his soul—of so much mysticism as I think inevitably belongs to a full, poetic nature—I mean the delighted bathing of the soul in emotions which overpass the outlines of definite thought. I should take the "Imitation" as a type, but perhaps I might differ from him in my attempt to interpret the unchangeable and universal meanings of that great book.

Consider what the human mind *en masse* would have been if there had been no such combination of elements in it as has produced poets. All the philosophers and *savants* would not have sufficed to supply that deficiency. And how can the life of nations be understood without the inward light of poetry—that is, of emotion blending with thought?

I must tell you a story Miss Bremer got from Emerson. Carlyle was very angry with him for not believing in a devil, and to convert him took him amongst all the horrors of London—the gin-shops, etc.—and finally to the House of Commons, plying him at every turn with the question, "Do you believe in a devil now?"

THE SCRAP BOOK.

WOMAN-SUFFRAGE.

A NEW woman-suffrage bill has lately been introduced in the New York Legislature, and one of the old-fashioned conventions has been sitting in this city during the past week. Woman-suffrage . . . received a severe blow from the figure cut by many of its leading supporters in the Tilton-Beecher scandal, and by the adhesion of Victoria Woodhull and some other women of her kind. From this it can hardly be said ever to have recovered. Reformers who were at all squeamish about the company they kept began to fight shy of it, and it came to have in the eyes of the general public the air of being the first stage on the road to something in the nature of "free love." In fact, if it were not for the greater respectability of the associations in Massachusetts, and the adoption of woman-suffrage in some of the extreme Western States and Territories, the movement would have kept itself alive here with great difficulty. The agitators here have of late addressed themselves almost exclusively to the Legislature, the members of which they threaten or cajole with considerable effect. Nearly all legislators live in terror about re-election and will grasp at almost anything which promises aid without involving any violation of party allegiance. Woman-suffrage happens to be an open question with both parties, and its friends may damage any legislator in his district to some extent if they set about it in good earnest. Every man, too, who is not clad in triple brass, shrinks from feminine hostility publicly expressed. Even if it does not injure him, it is sure to make him more or less ridiculous. There are few men, also, who are insensible to feminine praise, and the cockles of whose hearts are not more or less warmed by finding that a certain number of members of the opposite sex consider him "a champion" of some form of right. . . . In this State at present their chance of obtaining constitutional recognition would, we think, be very small. The movement has not among its professional advocates a single person, male or female, to whose opinions on any political change the New York public attaches any importance; a serious fact when taken in connection with the usually conservative temper of the New York voters. Moreover, it must be said that the samples which the suffragists have given, both here and in Massachusetts since 1870, of the kind of contributions they would make as voters to the political thought or action of the day, have not helped their cause. Their speeches and articles are still as shrill, incoherent, shallow, and irrelevant, their range of political knowledge as narrow, and their love of and reliance on personalities as great as ever. What is worse, too, for them, is that the activity and efficiency in a great many professions and callings of women who either care nothing for the suffrage or are greatly opposed to it, have all the while been increasing rapidly. Besides this, there is a deep and growing conviction among a large body of the people of the State that the problem which to-day most puzzles thoughtful men—the government of the large cities—would be rendered much more difficult, in some cases perhaps insoluble, by the enormous reinforcement which the ignorant and corrupt male vote would receive from woman suffrage.—*New York Nation*.

REGINA has held its own through the dull times in a manner which is exceedingly satisfactory to the Reginese and has been the wonder of outsiders. The reason, however, is not far to seek. The country surrounding it, and the country which will be increased as tributary to it by the railway referred to, is not surpassed (if equalled) on this continent. It is bound to be a centre of great importance, great industry and great requirements.—*Regina Leader*.

THE moral effect of the fall of Khartoum must be very great. But no strategist could foresee or guard against an act of black ingratitude. A scapegoat must be found somewhere, and it will naturally be her Majesty's Government. But a little reflection is sufficient to show that nothing could be more unreasonable or more unwarranted than to hold the Government accountable for Egyptian evil faith. It would not be a whit less absurd to blame Lord Wolseley for permitting Gordon's garrison to betray their leader. When the people begin to understand exactly how the mischief has been done, they will perceive that Mr. Gladstone's constant repugnance to embroilment in the Soudan was founded on a perspicacity with which his clamorously-critical opponents have not been endowed.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

THE bold advance of Stewart and his troops in the Soudan reminds the world once more that there is something else in England than Gladstonian hypocrisy and fanaticism; that in the English race there yet lives that masculine energy and trenchant resolution which have raised England to the position of the greatest civilizing Power of the globe. We see that the sea-girt Britain still yields a military material which in knowledge of warfare, contempt of death, and faculty of endurance, has no match in the world, and that the English army still possesses officers who combine daring courage with prudent foresight and calculation. Even if it be borne in mind that they are only Soudanese who are confronting Englishmen equipped with all the perfected weapons of civilized times, no one can refuse his admiration and interest for men who know how to strike at their enemies with the quickness of lightning and the precision of a skilfully devised machine. In England it was for a moment thought that it might be necessary to rescue the victors of Abou Klea; but now all anxieties have disappeared. The teaching of centuries has shown England how semi-barbarous peoples can and must be dealt with. This apprenticeship has not been undergone in vain by the English. We Germans have in this respect much to learn from them.—*Cologne Gazette*.

MUSIC.

The highly creditable production of Handel's Oratorio "Samson" on the 19th inst., by the Toronto Choral Society, is an achievement of which their patrons and subscribers have every reason to be proud. The enthusiasm with which the work was received makes it a matter of surprise that this oratorio, the music of which is of a character, so likely to please a mixed audience, was never previously attempted. In accordance with the recognized custom the society made extensive cuts in the music, and the concert was thus brought to a close at a reasonable hour. The interest of the audience was sustained to the end, and the opinion was freely expressed that the performance was one of the best if not the best that the society had given since its formation. The excellent singing of the chorus, and the artistic interpretation of the tenor and bass solos by Messrs. W. J. Winch and D. M. Babcock, were no doubt the chief causes of the brilliant success. Mr. Winch is recognized to be one of the best oratorio singers on this continent. In every particular that goes to make up a finished and artistic execution of a just and conscientious reader, Mr. Winch did justice to his reputation. The celebrated aria "Total Eclipse" was given by him with exquisite pathos, and with the perfect control of voice so difficult to acquire, but so indispensable in a singer who aspires to greatness. Mr. Babcock who made his first appearance in this city won a genuine triumph. He also proved himself to be an artistic singer, his style and voice being particularly adapted to the effective presentation of the robust solos allotted to the Philistine giant *Harapha*. Mrs. Bradley, Miss Ryan, and Miss Hillary, the representatives of local talent, surpassed their former efforts and won a fair proportion of the applause of which the audience were so lavish during the evening. The singing of the chorus was on the whole marked by beauty of tone and brilliancy of execution. The female voices far outnumbered the male, but owing to the careful manner in which the music had been rehearsed the disproportion was not prominent. Mr. Edward Fisher is evidently developing as a conductor with the experience he is gaining. His method is still marked by indecision, particularly in starting a movement or in directing the accompaniments to recitatives. On two or three occasions there was a slightly discordant wavering between the chorus and orchestra which he did not seem able to rectify, and which fortunately the performers corrected themselves. Mr. Fisher, moreover, does not pay sufficient attention to the orchestra. It is but rarely that he gives a "cue" even when one of the musicians might reasonably expect it, as in cases when a point has to be taken up after a long rest. With every concert, however, Mr. Fisher is acquiring more confidence, and his direction is characterized by much greater breadth and by much keener appreciation of effect than when he commenced his disinterested labours in connection with the society. The occasional faults which marred the performance of the orchestra we must in justice attribute to his want of promptness in apprehending the situation, or to his inability to give effect by his beat to the tempo he had conceived in his mind. He took the second movement of the overture as a much more rapid tempo than the metronomic indications warranted, and the result was that there was an undignified scramble among the lower strings to play the semi-quaver passages at the speed directed. In summing up it may be said that the general excellence of the concert altogether over-balanced the defects and faults, and both Mr. Fisher and his choir are entitled to great credit for what they accomplished.—*Clef*.

In the death of Dr. Leopold Damrosch the cause of music in the United States has suffered a severe blow, and a vacancy has been created in the ranks of art-workers which it will be difficult to fill. When in 1871 Dr. Damrosch left his native city, Posen, Prussia, and came to New York, he found that the great American Metropolis was practically without an English choral association. He devoted himself to the task of founding a choral society, and in less than two years had succeeded in organizing the "Oratorio Society," which commenced its first rehearsals with about fifty voices. Dr. Damrosch's brilliant talents as a conductor and musician were, however, speedily recognized, and his chorus grew steadily in numbers. On the 12th of May, 1874, the society gave a performance of "Samson" in Steinway Hall, with an effective orchestra and a chorus of a hundred voices. For five years Dr. Damrosch gave his services gratuitously, and the result of his work may be appreciated when it is known that the Society now numbers five hundred voices, and is considered equal to the best choirs of the world. In 1877 he formed the "Symphony Society," whose interpretations of Beethoven's Symphonies and his direction at once gave him a continental reputation. To him belongs the honour of first producing in America Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust," Berlioz's "Requiem," and Rubenstein's "Tower of Babel." The "Requiem" he produced at the New York music festival of 1881 with an army of executants consisting of one thousand two hundred voices and two hundred and fifty instruments. He gained his culminating triumph last November when he inaugurated a season of German operas at the Metropolitan Opera House, and he had produced up to the date when he was struck down by illness twelve complete operas with a success that was indisputable. Dr. Damrosch has been cut off in the maturity of his powers, in the height of his popularity and the zenith of his fame. As a composer he was scholarly and not devoid of genius; as an executive musician he was a concert violinist of a high order, and as a conductor his friends and admirers contended with great show of justice that he had no equal on this continent. His artistic appreciation of the beauties of a score was almost unerring. His interpretation of Beethoven's Symphonies was marked by the utmost beauty of detail, while on the other hand in the

faculty of working up climaxes and of producing broad effects, he was probably unrivalled on this side of the Atlantic. His comparatively recent visit to Toronto with his orchestra will long be remembered with grateful pleasure by those of our citizens who had the good fortune to be present at the magnificent performances he gave of some of the finest creations of Beethoven and Wagner.—*Clef*.

EARLY last fall a musical society named "The Arion Club" was organized in London (Ont.), and has been quietly working through the winter. It consists of about twenty male voices, and is under the direction of Mr. W. J. Birks. Last week the first concert was given, and was attended with considerable success, the principle fault being want of volume in the voices and a slight nervousness almost inseparable from a first performance. With more voices added to the material already in hand, and steady practice, Mr. Birks will have no difficulty in making the "Arion" compare favourably with any male voice club existing in Canada. Miss Inez Mecusker (Buffalo) was the solo vocalist. She has a clear soprano of considerable compass and some flexibility, but her pronunciation is faulty, especially in Italian. Mr. W. Waugh Lauder played two Liszt transcriptions (of Wagner and Mendelssohn) and a Chopin Polonaise with his usual power and brilliancy. Mr. Lauder is doing good work in London, having given an impetus to the taste for high-class pianoforte music, which must eventually prove of great benefit, especially amongst amateur pianists. His second series of recitals is just completed, and has embraced a large number of works by the greatest composers—many of which had not been previously performed in London.—*Marcia*.

It would probably be expecting too much of human nature to ask that our directors of public amusement should give a high class order of entertainments when they can speculate to much better advantage by trading in the sensational and the common-place. When, however, as in the case of the manager of the Toronto Opera House, the *entrepreneur* has practically a monopoly of theatrical representations, it may be considered not unreasonable to suggest that some concession should be made to those among the community who possess aesthetic tastes, and who care little for hackneyed melodramas, vulgar farces, ballet spectacles, variety shows and "minstrel" concerts. If we omit the Irving representations, this season at the Grand Theatre has been singularly unattractive. Moreover, there has not been one single representation of grand opera, or of opera in any shape, if we except the performances of an amateur company. Lovers of music at least may justly complain that no effort has been made to gratify their tastes as a class, and at this late period of the season the prospect of anything being done in that direction is extremely doubtful.

THE PERIODICALS.

THE editor of *Harper's* has successfully studied the art of being all things to all men—at any rate so far as the ordinary reading-public are concerned. There can be no doubt about the charm of variety in a popular magazine, and that is a constant and a conspicuous feature of *Harper's*, the March number being no exception to the rule. The principal article is Mr. Fiske's "Manifest Destiny." There can be no permanent peace in Europe, he maintains, until, like the United States, the various nationalities are federally united. A general diminution of warfare can only be ensured by smaller and peaceful nations combining against barbarians. However optimistic this may appear, economic considerations will tend to its realization. In order to compete with a rapidly-growing America, with its nominal army, densely-populated Europe must turn its swords into ploughshares, and this can only be done under a federal union. Indeed, he sees no reason why in due course the whole of mankind should not have its international interests administered from one centre. In the words of an American prophet: "So mote it be." Interspersed amongst some interesting remarks upon Fredericksburg, by Frederick Daniel, are many pleasing notes of George Washington, much of whose early life was spent in the historic Virginian town. Another President, Thomas Jefferson, receives considerable attention in a paper by John Bigelow. Curious light is thrown upon his character by the minute carefulness with which he kept what is called his "Financial Diary." The papers on "The House of Orange," "A Glimpse of Some Washington Homes," "The Cape Ann Quarries," "The Tricks and Manners of a Cat-Bird," and "The Brain of Man," will commend themselves to the seeker after solid reading, poetry and fiction also being assigned their due proportion of space.

It is certain that, with the greatly accentuated interest in Egypt and the Egyptians naturally brought about by the war, General Colston's able paper in the *March Century* will attract considerable attention—the more so because the author writes with the knowledge gained by a two years' residence in the "Land of the False Prophet." The General in his concluding remarks speaks with no uncertain sound as to Mr. Gladstone's proposal to "succour and retire." Such a policy would, he says, throw back the whole Soudan into barbarism. An article on the "Worship of Shakespeare" ought to provoke discussion—except, indeed, the writer's atrabilious vein should prevent notice being taken of his somewhat ill-considered considerations. The celebrated "War Papers" of the month cover a large ground, and fully justify the editor's contention that when completed they will form a more authoritative and final statement than has yet been put forth on a single plan. "Reminiscences of Daniel Webster," "The New Astronomy," and "Some Recollections of Charles O'Connor," are the principal remaining articles, which, with the serial and complete stories, poetry, editorial comment, etc., combine to make a most attractive magazine. No notice of the *Century* can be complete that does not include a reference to the illustrations. Of those which adorn the pages of the current part the most generally interesting and artistic are the frontispiece, a portrait of Daniel Webster, the magnificent cuts accompanying the astronomical paper, and the numberless pictures which assist to give realism to the war papers.

In the *Atlantic* Dr. Holmes settles down to work upon his "New Portfolio," and after a preliminary "sweep of the brush" gives some charming character-sketches and incidents of life at Arrowhead Village, with special reference to the members of the "Pansophian Society," their sayings and doings. The principal feature of the opening chapters is the

description of an extraordinary boat-race—between eight Institute ladies and as many University men—with some unsportsmanlike accompaniments. Henry A. Clapp contributes a paper discussing "Time in Shakespeare's Comedies," in which he shows that the great dramatist, like Homer, occasionally nods. "The Consolidation of the Colonies," by Brooks Adams; "A Plunge into Summer," being an account of a visit to the Cuantla Valley in Mexico; a further contribution on "Madame Mohl and Her Friends," a biographical account of "The Mother of Turgeneff," and a number of able literary notices by the editor, are also included in the contents.

THE publishers intimate that with the April issue *Outing* will begin a new series. Fifty pages will be added to its size, a new cover will be adopted, and some typographical alterations made. As a sign of progress the change will be hailed, though the magazine has made so good an impression in its present form that many will almost regret to read this announcement. As a high-class magazine of sport and recreation, replete with good reading and excellent illustration, *Outing* has now many admirers, all of whom will wish the enterprising proprietors every success. The current number, like its predecessors, is full of inspiring (to the lover of out-door exercise) writing, interspersed with many useful hints and much valuable information.

THE March number of *Lippincott's Magazine* contains a long account of the New Orleans Exhibition, by Edward C. Bruce, which seems to confirm the prevalent idea that the "show" is too big to be attractive, and that it has failed of its object. Some curious and interesting information about the semi-barbarous northern provinces of Mexico are given in a paper by John Heard, jun'r. Helen Gray Cone parodies Henry James in a story called "The Cosmopolitan." "The Balia" is a spirited little sketch from the pen of Mary L. Thompson. Research has a place in the shape of an article on "Babylonian Explorations" by John B. Peters, and T. F. Crane discourses pleasantly about "Sicilian Proverbs." "The Devil's Own Luck" and "Tina's Holin" are stirring novelettes, "On This Side" and "Aurora" being advanced several chapters.

THE March *Wide Awake* will be prized for its beautiful reproduction of a photograph of the bust of Longfellow which was placed last year in Westminster Abbey. The number opens with a charming drawing representing a romantic scene in an old English street; this frontispiece serves as illustration for "The Stranger in the Village," a story by Mary E. Wilkins. Another artistic bit of simple, fresh, old English life, is the ballad, "Little Ursel's Mothering Sunday." "When I was a Boy in China," and Miss Scidmore's "In Alaska," with its sixteen photographs, are both capital. Natural history is touched in a pictorial paper on "Wild Horses"; art in a chapter on "Etchings"; history in King Richard, the sixth of "Boys' Heroes," and in "Westminster Abbey Children," and by Mrs. Jossie Benton Frémont in her anecdotes about General Jackson and Thomas H. Benton. To go back to story, there are three serials, "Down the Ravine," "In Leisler's Times," "Bubbling Teapot," a touching short story, the sequel to "Our Venture," "How Walter Found His Father," and "Ward Five's Bird's Nest."

THE February *Shakespeareana* has Professor Hunt's second concluding article on "Shakespearean Criticism on the Continent," "Two Conjugal Scenes in Shakespeare," a second paper on "The Editors of Shakespeare," the third and last paper on "Shakespeare and Greek Tragedy," "The Bible and Elizabethan Saints," a criticism of "Hamlet at the Princess's," editorial and contributors' notes, etc.

As usual, the *Eclectic* comes to the fore with the choicest cullings from the best periodical literature. Among other papers by eminent writers which appear in the March number are, "Coleridge as a Spiritual Thinker," "The Savage," "Le Bonhomme Cornelle," "Charles Dickens at Home," "The Decay of Irish Humour," "Prince Bismarck's Character," "How Insects Breathe," "Behind the Scenes," and many others. The Literary Notes which appear under the general heading "Miscellany" will also be found of critical value.

THE most recent issue of *The Book-Worm* is devoted to a sketch of "Chinese Gordon," extracted from an account of the deceased soldier's life by Archibald Forbes.

THE numbers of *The Living Age* for the weeks ending February 14th and 21st, contain articles on "Prince Bismarck," from the *London Quarterly*; "Sydney Smith," *British Quarterly*; "English Character and Manners as Portrayed by Anthony Trollope," *Westminster*; "Caesarism," *Nineteenth Century*; "Dr. Johnson," *Contemporary*; "Della Crusca and Anna Matilda: an Episode in English Literature," *National Review*; "The Summer Palace, Peking," *Belgravia*; "Whitely," *Good Words*; "The Religion of Hamlet," *Month*; "Outside London," *Chambers*; "Coptic Monasteries in the Eighteenth Century," *All the Year Round*; "Snow Bucking' in the Rocky Mountains," *Longmans*; "Silence is Gold," *Spectator*; with instalments of "A House Divided Against Itself," "Within His Danger," a Tale from the Chinese, and "A Hard Day's Work," and poetry.

BOOK NOTICES.

DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY. Edited by Leslie Stephen. Vol. I. New York: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

This tremendous undertaking is by general consent the greatest of its description known in many years; but, despite its literary and historical importance, it does not readily lend itself to extended review. Description, save of the most general character, is unneeded, and it is impossible to give a final estimate of value, for this must be tested, not by the reading of a day or a week, but by the constant use of years. Judged by the first volume, it appears safe to predict, however, that when completed this dictionary will be amongst the most important works of reference in the English language; and well may we congratulate Mr. Stephen on his courage in facing so stupendous a task—for it is not expected that the work can be completed in fewer than fifty volumes. Upon his ability to see the last of these through the press must largely depend the evenness and excellence of the work. The editor has been guided by no narrow "principle of selection" in the collation of material. It is evidently his purpose to supply some record, long or short, as the case may be, of every English man or woman who has the slightest claim to remembrance. And it may be stated here, in parenthesis, that the names of living persons are excluded. The obscure divine, if the world has ever heard of him at all, is no more forgotten than the eminent statesman. This is the only principle upon which such a dictionary could be adequately compiled. In this connection, too, it is well to notice the eminent fitness of the majority of contributors, the list of which includes the names of men whose capability for the special tasks allotted to them has been proved beyond dispute. The editor himself contributes an article on Addison, a masterly piece of biography, with no attempt at the elaborate criticism which would be out of place in a biographical dictionary. Professor Freeman crowds a wealth of illuminating research into his life of Ælfred. Professor A. W. Ward, of Owens College, Manchester, has a long and important biography of Queen Anne, and valuable historical articles have been contributed by Mr. James Gairdner, the Rev. William Hunt, and others of like authority.

Before his lamented death the late Mr. Dutton Cook was able to write a number of biographies of dramatic and histrionic notabilities. Dr. A. B. Grosart deals with various writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and Mr. W. E. A. Axon is well to the front, his admirable article on Harrison Ainsworth being one that is likely to prove specially interesting to many readers. It is to be regretted that Mr. Stephen did not resist the temptation to give too great a proportion of space to Sir Theodore Martin's fulsome biography of Prince Albert, which is largely a reproduction of that too-courtesy contributor's book. Albert the Good was a very worthy prince and a very respectable man, but he was not a more important person than Joseph Addison, nor was he twice as important as King Alfred, though we should certainly think so if we allowed our judgment to be influenced by the fourteen pages awarded here to his unctuous biographer and panegyrist. But, apart from such small flaws as this, the dictionary is a book which deserves a hearty welcome. A book of reference so convenient, so complete, so scholarly, is a work which makes every student in the country the richer for its existence.

WEBSTER'S CONDENSED DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. New York and Chicago: Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor and Company.

This is not a reprint, we are informed in the publisher's notice, but entirely a new compilation, novel and original in plan, and giving more matter in the same space than any other dictionary. Practically it is framed upon the plan of Stormonth's Handy Dictionary. By omitting definitions of words when the meaning of the root-word is apparent, by running-in the various compounds and developments of each word under one head, and by various other ingenious devices a wealth of information is presented in the smallest possible space compatible with clearness. Of course it is not pretended that all the features which have made the "unabridged" so popular have been retained within the 800 handsomely-printed pages which, strongly-bound in cloth, compose this valuable book. But for all ordinary purposes the smaller is just as useful as the larger dictionary, whilst it has the significant advantages of being much more handy in form and almost absurdly low in price. In addition to the main features of the book, about 100 pages are devoted to a pronouncing vocabulary of over 24,000 proper names, a table of suffixes, a list of abbreviations used in writing and printing, and diagrams and tables of metric weights and measures, the whole illustrated by over 1,500 cuts.

JOHN ADAMS. By John T. Morse, jun'r. "American Statesmen" Series. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

The task of writing a succinct biography of the statesman of the American Revolution could hardly have been assigned to more competent hands than those which have penned this interesting book. Mr. Morse—who, it will be remembered, is editor of the valuable "American Statesman" series—has won golden opinions as an historical and biographical author, altogether apart from the "John Quincey Adams" and "Thomas Jefferson" which form two of the best volumes of the series referred to. He is avowedly indebted for most of his facts in the book under notice to Mr. C. J. Adams' standard biography of his illustrious grandfather; but whilst there is not much that is absolutely new to the student of American history, he has told the story of John Adams' life just in the way that was wanted in one of a popular series: plainly, intelligently, comprehensively, subordinating his power as a writer to the one idea of making his recital an interesting one—an effort in which he well succeeds.

CONGRESSIONAL GOVERNMENT: A Study in American Politics. By Woodrow Wilson, Fellow in History, John Hopkins University. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company.

That Americans look upon their Republic as the perfection of government is not by any means universally true, though other nations have been accustomed to think so—and the blame for this must to some extent be at the door of the humorist who told us that even the diurnal motion of the earth was "subject to the Constitution of the United States." It is the fact that for some time American politicians have acknowledged their political machine imperfect in details, but as yet it has not been made apparent how the necessary repairs are to be effected. Mr. Wilson does not grapple with the whole question, though he puts his finger on at least one fault which is acknowledged and suggests a remedy. He explains in his preface that his object is to point out the most characteristic practical features of the Federal system—an adequate illustrative contrast of two types of government: "Administration by semi-independent executive agents who obey the dictation of a legislature to which they are not responsible, and administration by executive agents who are the accredited leaders and accountable servants of a legislature virtually supreme in all things." The result of an exhaustive inquiry is the production of a book which gives an intelligent conception of the *modus operandi* of government in the United States. Such a book is wanted—has been asked for time and again by political students on both sides the Atlantic. But Mr. Wilson's criticism is of a destructive rather than of a creative character, and the only practical reform which he formulates is that "Cabinet Government" must take the place of the existing "Committee Government," as he designates Congress.

THE AUTHOR OF BELTRAFFOI. By Henry James. Boston: James R. Osgood and Company.

Coupled with the story the name of which forms a general title for the quintette are "Pandora," "Georgina's Reasons," "The Path of Duty," and "Four Meetings." Together they make a handsome volume and are about as charming a bevy of novelettes as the publishing market has offered for some time. Mr. James has succeeded—just as every other writer possessed of individuality has succeeded—in raising a considerable amount of prejudice, but that he can write brilliantly at times is not to be denied, and the happy moment has been upon him when he created the short stories now referred to. In "Pandora" the reader will find the portraiture of an ideal American girl such as our friends across the line love to dwell upon—a type which we are all glad to know is actually more plentiful than the loud-spoken and unpolished femininity which some writers have presumed to declare universal in America.

ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN. By Mark Twain. With One Hundred and Seventy-four Illustrations. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

Few books have come before the public of late that have been better advertised than Mark Twain's last. That popular humorist has contrived to get into dispute with publishers, and to have advance chapters of his book used in a widely-circulated magazine, with the result that everybody was on the *qui vive* to see the volume in question. To Messrs. Dawson of Montreal has been allotted the duty of producing the Canadian edition, and that firm must be congratulated on the workmanlike manner in which the long-expected book has been turned out. As the author explains, there is no "purpose" in "Huckleberry Finn." A half-savage boy of that name is thrown into the society of a negro who makes a strike for freedom, and the "adventures" of the pair are simply a string upon which Mr. Twain threads the results of his close observations of life and character, and enlivened by flashes of the dry humour for which that writer is famous. The most diligent attention fails to show any foundation for the pharisaical rubbish which has been put forth about Mr. Twain's want of reverence, as evinced in "Huckleberry Finn." It is a curious sign of the times that in Canada the "Scott Act wave" seems to be bringing in its train a spirit of general intolerance.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

MARK TWAIN intends visiting England in May for the purpose of giving readings from his own writings.

THE *Brooklyn Magazine* has offered Lord Tennyson \$1,000 for a poem of four stanzas for the Easter number of their periodical.

THE "Life and Letters of John Brown," prepared by Mr. Frank B. Sanborn, will be published early in the spring by Roberts Bros.

THE *Athenæum* states that Mr. Swinburne is collecting for republication his scattered essays. The work will be issued by Messrs. Chatto and Windus in the course of the spring.

JOHN B. ALDEN now publishes, in addition to his other magazines, *Alden's Juvenile Gem*, a weekly for young people, and *The Novelist*, a weekly journal of fiction and miscellaneous literature.

E. AND J. B. YOUNG AND COMPANY have nearly ready the Bampton Lectures for 1883, of which the author is the Rev. W. H. Maugh, Canon of Canterbury, and the title, "The World as the Subject for Redemption."

A PRIZE of 100 guineas has been offered by the proprietors of *Life* (London) for a new and original novel. A special feature is that the competition will be open only to writers who have not previously published a work of fiction.

MR. BOYD DAWKINS at a recent meeting of the Manchester Geological Society read a paper "On the Canadian Apatite." At the discussion on this communication Mr. G. Henry Kinahan read a paper "On a Possible Genesis of the Canadian Apatite."

It is proposed to publish the letters of the late Mr. Hepworth Dixon, together with a brief memoir. Owners of interesting letters are earnestly requested to lend them to his family. They should be sent to Mrs. Hepworth Dixon, 6 St. James' Terrace, Regent's Park, London, N. W.

"The Lenapé and their Legends," with the complete text and symbols of the "Walam Olum"—a new translation and an inquiry into its authenticity—by Dr. D. G. Brinton, of Philadelphia, is in press, and will appear as the fifth volume in Brinton's Library of Aboriginal American Literature.

HEREAFTER *The North American Review* is to have a new department, consisting of letters from the public criticising and commenting upon articles that have appeared in the *Review*. The editor has long felt the need of such a department, as he receives quantities of letters that deserve a general reading.

CASSELL AND COMPANY will shortly issue a "Dictionary of English History," by Sidney J. Low and F. S. Pulling; Volume II. of Edward Walford's "Greater London"; John Webb Probyn's "Italy," from the fall of Napoleon I. to the death of Victor Emmanuel; and a "Memoir of Dr. Humphrey Sandwith," compiled from the autobiographical notes, by Thomas Humphrey Ward.

AN adequate life of Turner, which has been promised before now but has never yet been actually forthcoming, is in a fair way to get itself written, Mr. Ruskin having commissioned M. Ernest Chesneau "to write a life of Turner, prefaced by a history of previous landscapes to which I believe my own revision will have little to add in order to make it a just and sufficient record of my beloved Master."

THE report is mentioned in the *Athenæum* that Mr. G. W. Forrest, of the Educational Department, Bombay, who was recently placed on special duty to examine the records in the secretariat office of that presidency, has discovered several original autograph despatches of Sir Arthur Wellesley bearing upon his campaigns in India. They are said to be written in the Duke's well-known clear hand, without erasure or correction, and the style, in its simplicity and conciseness, is as unmistakable as the handwriting.

UNDER the title of "Old Times: a Picture of Social Life at the End of the Eighteenth Century," Mr. John Ashton is going to issue a work similar to his "Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne." Avoiding history, except in so far as to make the work intelligible, it deals purely with the daily life of our great-grandfathers. Nothing is taken from diaries or lives of the upper classes; it aims solely to give a fair account of the life of the middle class.

THE Rev. William Cushing's "Initials and Pseudonyms: A Dictionary of Literary Disguises," to be published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., will contain the material amassed by Mr. Albert R. Frey, of the Astor Library, to which attention has already been directed in these columns. The work will consist of two parts—an index of about 10,000 initials and pseudonyms, alphabetically arranged, and about 6,500 real names of authors, answering to the pseudonyms, with brief notices including dates of the writer's birth and death.

We cannot congratulate Mr. Molloy upon his latest production, "The Life and Adventures of Peg Woffington, with Pictures of the Period in which she Lived (Hurst and Blackett, London)." "Court Life Below Stairs," in spite of a foolish title and an undesirable subject, was not, as we cheerfully admitted, without certain narrative and pictorial qualities which would have been worthy of a better theme. These qualities, we are also willing to concede, are not entirely absent from "Peg Woffington." But the book is, artistically, a mistake. If every one were to write eighteenth century biography after the fashion of Mr. Molloy, we should have a multitude of studies of single figures with the same background to each.—*Athenæum*.

A REVIEW of book publishing in the United States for the year 1884 shows a total of 4,088 volumes against 3,481 for the preceding year. Of these 943 were devoted to fiction, 445 to law, 380 to theology and religion, 358 were juvenile books, 227 related to education and language, 203 to medicine and kindred topics, 188 to literary history and miscellany, 178 to biography and memoirs, 168 to social and political science, 154 to the useful arts, 136 to description and travel, 434 to physical and mathematical science and 115 to history; 81 were fine art or illustrated books and the remaining 144 related to various topics of minor importance. How many of these are reprints from English books and how many are distinctly American is not set down.

THE *Academy* makes the following announcements: Mr. Edwin Arnold's new volume, "The Secret of Death," with some collected poems, will be published on February 15. The poem which gives its title to the book is a version, in a popular and novel form, of the "Katha Upnishad," from the Sanscrit. Mr. Andrew Lang is preparing a revised edition of "Custom and Myth."—The next volume of the "Eminent Woman Series" will be "Susannah Wesley," by Mrs. Elizabeth Clarke.—We are informed that Mr. H. O. Arnold Foster has become secretary to the firm of Messrs. Cassell and Company Limited.—We are informed that two editions of 10,000 each of "Found Out," Miss Helen Mathers's new work, have been sold prior to publication.—Messrs. Wyman and Sons will publish next week, under the title of "John Bull to Max O'Rell," a short humorous reply to "John Bull and his Island."

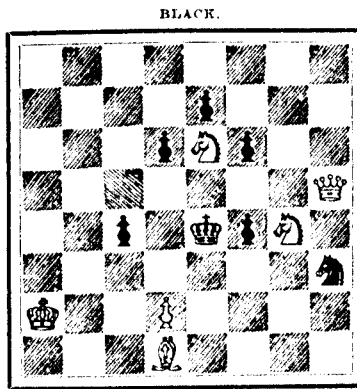
CHESS.

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

PROBLEM No. 85.

BY B. G. LAWS.

(From *The Field*.)

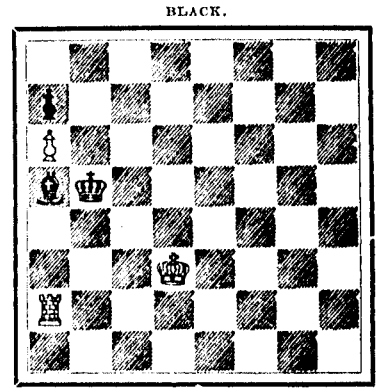


White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 86.

END GAME.

(From the *Cincinnati Commercial*.)



White to play and win.

MASON vs. MARTINEZ.

(From *The International Chess Magazine*.)

The following hard fought but hitherto unpublished game was played at Philadelphia on the 17th March, 1875, in the second match between Messrs. Mason and Martinez:—

(Hamppe Opening.)

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
J. Mason.	D. M. Martinez.	J. Mason.	D. M. Martinez.
1. P K 4	P K 4	20. P B 4	R x P
2. Q Kt B 3	B B 4 (a)	30. B x Kt P	R fr K 2, Q 2
3. P B 4	P Q 3	31. R K 1	P B 3
4. Kt B 3	Q B Kt 5	32. B B 3	Q K 6
5. B B 4 (b)	Q Kt B 3	33. B Kt 2	R Q 7
6. B Q Kt 5 (c)	Kt K 2	34. R B 2	K B 2
7. Q Kt R 4	B Kt 3 (d)	35. R fr K 1 K 2	R x R
8. Kt x B	R P x Kt	36. R x R	Kt B 1
9. Castles	Castles	37. K B 2	Kt K 3
10. P B 3	P Q 4 (e)	38. P Q Kt 4	R Q 6
11. Q K 1 (f)	Q Q 3 (g)	39. R Q B 2	P Q B 4
12. B x Kt	Kt x B	40. K K 2	R Q 2
13. P Q 3	P x P	41. P Kt 5 (m)	Kt Q 5 ch
14. Q x P	Q R Q 1 (h)	42. B x Kt	R x B (n)
15. P x P (i)	B x Kt	43. R B 3	K K 3
16. R x B	Kt x P	44. P Q R 4	P Q Kt 3
17. R R 3	Kt Kt 3	45. R K 3 ch	K B 2 (o)
18. Q B 3	R R K 1	46. R Q B 3	P B 4
19. Q R 5	P R 3 (j)	47. P R 3	K K 3
20. B Q 2	R K 3 (k)	48. R K 3 ch	K B 2 (p)
21. Q R K B 1	R Q 1 K 1	49. R Q B 3	P Kt 4
22. R R 3 B 3	R K 1 K 2	50. P R 5 (q)	P x P
23. P Q 4	P Q B 3	51. P Kt 6	P R 5
24. R B 3 B 2	R K 5	52. R B 1	R Q 2
25. P K Kt 3 (l)	Q K 3	53. R Q Kt 1	R Q Kt 2
26. P Q Kt 3	P Q Kt 4	54. R Kt 5	K R 3
27. Q K B 5	Q x Q	55. R x P	R x P
28. R x Q	P Kt 5	56. R R 5	R Kt 5 (r)

And the game was abandoned as drawn. Duration five hours.

NOTES ABRIDGED.

- (a) Q Kt B 3 is the most potent defence at this point.
- (b) P K R 3 we think preferable.
- (c) An admission that he has carelessly lost time. We may remark that to move the same piece twice, early in the development of the game, is generally disadvantageous, especially in the open game. There are some exceptions to this in the close openings, where the minor pieces may be maneuvered repeatedly, in order to group the pawns favourably, or to retain their advance for better posts.
- (d) If P x P White could safely answer P Q 4.
- (e) Gives some counter attack, but we think it would be better to take the B P now.
- (f) A good reply which secures equality of forces and a well-balanced position.
- (g) K P x B P would have subjected him to a strong attack.
- (h) We think R x Kt more satisfactory.
- (i) White could now win a clear pawn by Kt x K P.
- (j) At first sight it appears that Black could have won a piece here by R K 3 ch, etc. In fact, at best, this course would only have resulted in a draw.
- (k) R K 2 instead was a little better.
- (l) Every unmoved pawn is generally a source of strength in the ending where it is often of the utmost importance whether a P should move one or two squares.
- (m) To secure the draw the capture of the P followed by B R 3 would be better.
- (n) Black has fought with fine judgment a game which for a long time looked equal, and he has now obtained the advantage of weakening an adverse pawn and preventing the hostile king from crossing the centre, while his own king has much more liberty of action on both wings.
- (o) He probably fears to cross the board. But we think he might have increased his advantage by K Q 3.
- (p) The same remark applies here too.
- (q) He tries an heroic remedy, fearing that after some more preparations Black would cross the bridge with his K.
- (r) R Kt 6, we believe, would have won.

"THE WEEK" PROBLEM TOURNEY.

The judges in this tourney having disagreed as to their award we have determined, as the fairest course to pursue under the circumstances, to lay the two problems selected by each judge before some eminent problemist for final adjudication. To this end we have communicated with Mr. W. A. Shinkman, of Grand Rapids, Mich., whom we have asked to make the final award.

CHESS ITEMS.

MR. THOMAS FRERE, the well-known chess author, is my authority for the following anecdote:—

Morphy, having made his move in a game against his chief rival in the New York Tournament, quietly waited for a reply. His opponent sat motionless, apparently in deep meditation. Minutes and quarters of an hour passed—the spectators had some difficulty to suppress signs of impatience, and some walked off after having repeatedly looked at their watches. Actually over an hour had elapsed, and then, all at once, Morphy's opponent moved—his head, as if he were waking up from a dream, and quite innocently he asked "Is it my move, Mr. Morphy?"—*The International Chess Magazine*.

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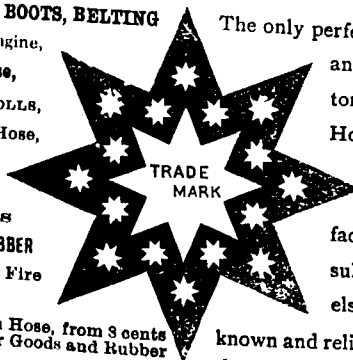
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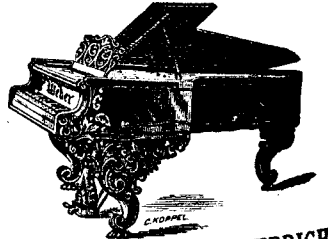
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