



The SS. "West Indian" arrived from Liverpool a few days ago after rather an eventful voyage. She is a steamer of 1805 tons, and left Liverpool on the 3rd of last December, arriving at Sandy Point in the Straits of Magellan on January 7th, after a long run of 7,400 miles. Leaving there on the same day, she met with stormy weather in the straits, and arrived at Coronel, in Chili, on January 15th. She had put in to that town for coal, but the captain found that there was much difficulty in getting it, as the Chilians were in the midst of the most exciting scenes of the revolution. The bombardment of the port took place while the West Indian was there, and it was only after a week's detention that they were allowed to proceed on their way. An English firm in the place had also to give bonds to the amount of \$14,000 that the vessel would not dispose of any portion of her cargo to the rebels. As they were at last leaving the harbor a small ship belonging to the rebels signalled them to heave-to, but Captain Scott took no notice of the command. In a few moments he was rather surprised to see the large man-of-war "Esmeralda" start after his vessel under full steam, while the boom of her big guns gave warning that the "West Indian" had better drop her anchor. When this was done an officer and party of armed men from the Chilian war ship came on board, and Captain Scott asked them what they meant by chasing and firing on a vessel under the protection of the British flag. They replied that they thought some of the enemy were on board, but were speedily disabused of this impression. Finally many apologies were made to the officers of the "West Indian" for her detention, and at last they succeeded in leaving Chili, still in the midst of internal strife and confusion. There are many incidents connected with this voyage which are of more than usual interest, but it would take too much space to relate them. One of the passengers has written a book describing their adventures, and giving an account of the stirring scenes witnessed at the bombardment of Coronel. This book is now in press and will be shortly published.

H.M.S. "Warspite," which was lately stationed at Esquimaut, was at Iquique when that port was taken by the Chilian fleet, and Captain Lambton landed under fire to arrange an armistice and to take on board any women and children who still remained in the town.

We have had a good deal of excitement over the elections here, but now it has subsided and the great majority of the people are well satisfied with the results. The Conservative candidates have been returned in every instance; and in the cities especially, Col. Prior and Mr. Earle in Victoria and Mr. Corbould in Vancouver have headed the poll by large majorities. The people of British Columbia are prosperous under the present regime and do not desire a change of government.

The new Collegiate School in Vancouver, which I mentioned in a former letter, was opened last week by a musicale and conversation given in the temporary quarters of the institution in the Sir Donald Smith block, Granville St. The large assembly room was filled by over two hundred ladies and gentlemen, invited to participate in the proceedings. Mayor Oppenheimer, the Rev. Mr. McLaren, the American and Japanese consuls and Dr. Wilson occupied seats on the platform, and addresses were given upon the subject of education in general and its satisfactory progress in British Columbia in particular. The mayor said that he had much pleasure in meeting on this occasion such a large and representative gathering of the citizens of Vancouver, and referred to the difficulties which had been met and successfully overcome by Principal Whetham in establishing the college. He felt certain that under his able direction, assisted by such capable and experienced masters as Messrs. H. Rushton Fairclough, A. T. DeLury and William Int' Veld Francis the institution would soon develop into a seat of learning of which the province might be proud. The interest taken by his country in education, and prophesied that before long they would see students from Japan availing themselves of the advantages of Whetham College. A musical entertainment was then given under the leadership of Mr. Alfred Dellbruck. Mr. O. Evan-Thomas, who possesses a rich baritone voice, delighted the audience by his songs, "Ask Nothing More" and "Beauty's Eyes," and gave for an *encore* "Under the Almond Tree," accompanied

by the composer, Mr. Dellbruck. A sextette from "Patience" was sung by Mrs. Green, Mrs. Buntzen, Miss Connon, Mr. Dellbruck, Mr. Evan-Thomas and Mr. Hamber. Two charming selections were rendered by a string quintette, and a solo by Mr. Hamber. After the applause given to the last *encore* had died away the guests dispersed through the building, which was thrown open for their inspection, and all arrangements made for the comfort and physical training of the boys were pronounced to be most satisfactory. Refreshments were then provided, and one of the most pleasant social gatherings of the season broke up with many good wishes for the success of the Collegiate School.

The spring meeting of the Victoria Jockey Club promises to be a great attraction for those interested in racing affairs. It takes place on the 1st and 2nd of May, the course is in excellent condition and the entries coming in rapidly. The race for the Queen's plate will come off then, among numerous other events, and the sum of \$2,000 is offered in prizes. There is to be a polo pony race, owners to ride, for a cup or set of harness, the ponies not to be over 14½ hands high.

LENNOX.

Our New York Letter.

St. Patrick's Day—and Americans have been taking their pleasure very sadly—leaving the great day to the Irish, with the exception of a green flag twisted round a horizontal rope over the town hall and a gas green edition of the New York *World*.

Mr. E. N. Somers, the creator of those really excellent eclectic magazines, "Current Literature" and "Short Stories," sails to-morrow for a brief but much needed holiday in England, where he will beguile his time in hunting up varieties of fiction for his magazines.

Negotiations are in progress for bringing out an American edition of Mackenzie Bell's "Charles Whitehead, a Forgotten Genius"—a brilliant monograph on the life of the man who wrote the novel of his day, Richard Savage, and was invited by the publishers to write "Pickwick" before they asked Dickens.

The most interesting event of the week for Canadians is the absolute and unqualified success of the little farce written by Mr. J. A. Ritchie, of Ottawa, son of the Chief Justice of Canada, to which we allude in another column. It was followed by the "Pharisee," a melodrama which had a good run in London, but is not likely to in New York. Probably in London it was floated by the popularity or beauty of some actress. In the Madison Square cast the actresses are clever and attractive enough to make a poor play a success. With the exception of the second act, the "Pharisee" is a dreary play. In this second act Charles Harris, as "Captain Foster," showed a real gift of self-depreciatory humour and made things go off fairly well, though there never was any real enthusiasm over the piece from beginning to end. The climax of his act was a good and original situation. Unstinted praise can be given to Baby de Grignan, who acted the four-year old "Katie's" part. Archness, entering into the feeling of the part, clear enunciation and charmingness, were alike remarkable, and the part of Mr. Pettifer, the solicitor, was very well rendered, indeed.

At Palmer's this week has been brought out for the first time in America "Wealth," a melodrama by Henry Arthur Jones, whose plays have had such a vogue in England lately. Personally, I don't like Mr. Jones' melodramas. Though they all have considerable merit, they all seem to me just to miss it. They haven't enough snap. One is never carried away either by the humour, the passion or the pathos. It goes without saying that the piece was handsomely put on, and the house was packed. Mr. Willard, with his mobile, handsome, humane face, did all that he could with his part, which was only a moderately strong one. His acting is certainly very charming; it is so self-restrained and full of reserve strength. He never overdoes a situation or falls short of it. The part of "John Ruddock" was played with great power, but his personality was made a little too repulsive. Old Mat Kuddick, as the author conceived him, would have never tolerated such a brute about his person. But it was a finished performance, and the parts of the "Doctor" and the "Dude" were well played. The most inartistic performance was that of "Paul Davoren," intended to look like a wealthy young English manufacturer. But wealthy young English manufacturers do not use the "shop-walker strut." Beautiful Marie Burroughs hardly looked as pretty

as usual. She hardly did herself justice in her make-up.

Conversation in literary circles, of course, has harped a good deal on the Copyright Bill. The general impression is that the men who will profit most by it are the big English authors who will be able to make advantageous arrangements with American publishers for simultaneous publication on both sides of the Atlantic; and the rising American novelist, who will no longer have to compete against books with selling names like Besant, Black and Rider Haggard, which have paid no royalty for the author. While this state of affairs lasted few publishers could be found to take the risk of a not very well known native author, to whom a stiff royalty had to be paid. Brander Matthews, who has one of the strongest positions among *litterateurs* in the United States, writes as follows to this week's *Independent*:

THE DISGRACE WIPED OUT.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

The Copyright Bill as passed is a compromise measure; and, therefore, in all probability it is not wholly satisfactory to any of those who urged its passage. But it will take from the United States the stigma of being the only one of the great nations of the world which still permitted the foreigner to be plundered within its borders; it will kill the habit of piracy; it will remove the premium of cheapness from foreign fiction; it will relieve the American novelist from the competition with stolen goods; and it will give the American publishers a chance to supply the demand for cheap books with works of American authorship.

American book-manufacturing printers, electrotypers, etc., will, of course, feel the benefit, though it is not likely that their *confreres* in England will experience any corresponding shrinkage.

The sale of the Eleven-volume Library of American literature, so brilliantly edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman and Ellen Mackay Hutchinson, is doubling itself every month. Already the \$100,000 expended on it has been cleared off.

There is talk of raising \$50,000 to put up an equestrian statue of General Sherman like the Washington statue in Union Square.

The Brayton-Ives sale has been simply a walk-over for the dealers. Mr. Ives would have found it cheaper to have saved the expenses of the auction, and invited the dealers to his house for private bids. This is to be deplored, for the collection was magnificent. But the New York public is either cowed by the verve of dealers like Mr. R. E. Moore, or else it feels that vases at \$3,000 apiece and Bibles at nearly \$6,000 apiece are luxuries in the present disturbed state of the money market.

Yesterday Mr. F. E. Elwell exhibited at his studio in West 18th street the bust he has just completed of Vice-President Levi P. Morton for the Senate Chamber at Washington. It is thought a very good likeness.

Yesterday and the day before the artists of the Holbein and Mendelssohn studios in West 55th street, had a private view of their pictures. The most interesting ones were decidedly the Japanese pictures of Mr. Theodore Wores, who spent two years in Japan recently. Mr. George Wineu had a fine picture of A Passing Storm, with a very powerfully painted bull in the foreground. Mr. De Cost had a good Indian picture of a medicine man. He has a charming studio full of Indian curios, as has his opposite neighbour, whose name I forget. Mr. Barnsley had some very striking pictures, and Mr. Charles Johnson, the favourite artist on "Life," had a charming water-colour of a lady in scarlet bending over the end of a sofa. Taken all through, the average was very good. One or two of Mr. Bunner's pictures I liked exceedingly.

There is a tremendous rush among the piratical publishers to get books out before the Copyright Bill comes into operation (in July). One of them told me yesterday that between this and then he should be bringing out thirty translations from the French.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, perhaps America's most genuine poetess, has come over on a visit from Boston to New York, which she leaves on Monday for Charleston, S.C. She leaves for England on June 6th, and in the fall will bring out a new volume of poems by the late Philip Bourke Marston, of which the manuscripts were bequeathed to her by his father, the late Dr. Westland Marston, the dramatist. Since Longfellow's death her sonnets command the highest price paid to any American author.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.