

LAW-BREAKERS AND LAW-KEEPERS.

BY HELEN E. GREGORY, MUS.-BAC.,
Graduate of Trinity University, Toronto.

The failures in the administration of the law in the United States is the subject of an article in the August number of the *Century Magazine*, entitled an "Administrative Novelty." The writer expresses himself as follows:—"What is the remedy for the lawlessness of law officers? Who will keep the keepers? The fact is notorious that all over the land plain statutes are disregarded by those who are plainly bidden to enforce them, that sheriffs, constables and policemen stand and look on while the laws which they have sworn to execute are dishonoured before their faces. That evil and desperate men may be found among us who, for selfish purposes, are ready to defy the law, is not marvellous; that the men who are entrusted with the execution of the law should in so many instances appear to be in league with the law-breakers, guaranteeing them immunity in their transgressions, is certainly alarming. * * *

The complete paralysis of the police force of many cities is a lamentable sign. "If public opinion is the effective force of popular government, then our Government machinery should be so contrived that public opinion can act promptly and directly upon the administration. * * * It seems to have been supposed that those forms of administration are safest which put the officers, who are the final depositaries of power, at the farthest possible remove from the hands of the people. It is needless to say that this practice evinces a total lack of faith in democracy. Indeed, we might almost say that the democratic principle has been ignored in our municipal system. * * * Thus it is often true that the failures of the police authorities to enforce a law is due to those legislative contrivances which prevent public opinion from acting directly and efficiently upon the custodians. It must be remembered also that the courts, as well as the police, are the custodians of the law."

The writer of the article I have quoted is, I think, astray in attributing the failure in the administration of the law in his country to an insufficient application of democratic principles. I venture to say that the true cause is not its insufficiency, but its improper application. I believe it is generally conceded that we Canadians are a law-abiding people. It is not, however, that we are more morally disposed than the people of the United States, but because we are taught to know if we break the laws, punishment will pretty surely and promptly follow. We also claim to be a democratic people and to have in our civil polity the very essence of democracy, but we keep our democracy in its proper place, and where it will prove most beneficial. We use, but do not abuse, it, nor permit it to abuse us; we confine it to the election of the makers of the laws, and keep it away from the administrators thereof.

That mighty power, the voter, cannot reach our policemen any more than he can our judges, sheriffs and public prosecutors; the three last named functionaries are appointed by the administrators of the day, and the appointing power is held directly responsible to the people for the quality of its appointments. None of these officers feel obliged, in the discharge of their duty, to keep one eye, or half an eye, on it, and an eye and a half on the possible result of the coming election. Our police force is also practically removed sufficiently far from the voter to render it independent of that element. It is under the control of a commission composed of the county judge, who is himself appointed for life or during good conduct, the police magistrate the same, and the mayor elected annually by the people. They, therefore, go forth to their duties, serenely oblivious of the ward politician.

The plan of allowing the aldermen to control our police force was abandoned in Ontario many years ago, as it proved defective, and is now being eliminated from the municipal system in Montreal. We may next drop the alderman himself and yet not feel that we are abandoning our democratic principles.

While we may, from time to time, copy with advantage some of the excellent institutions of our American cousins, there are others which, I earnestly hope, we will ever avoid, and they on their part may learn from us the true application of those democratic principles which, in deed and not in empty name, enable the people of Canada to enjoy life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness with greater security and certainty than the people of the neighbouring Republic under their vaunted democratic and republican institutions.

Hamilton, Ont.

ANGLO-HINDUSTANEE.

I know it is easy to play, or pun, upon languages we are conversant with, as the riddle, for example: Why is an egg as good as a feast? Because it's an œuf (enough); but Anglicizing and "playing" on Anglo-Hindustanee is my present theme. My first example is from the dining table of Bishop Wilson, of Calcutta. At dessert there was a dish of mangoes and one of raisins (kishmish), and a mango rolling off to its neighbour, the bishop said: "How naturally man goes to kiss miss!" In the drawing-room, his sister, Miss Wilson, asked a conundrum, which, though locally Hindu, was broad Saxon in speech: "Why is the Athanasian creed like a tiger? Because of its damnation clause!" In Hindustanee, rye is mustard, and Do Give, and the Griff (new arrival) is told to sing "Fol de rol de ri do," and the Khilmaghur quickly gives his sahib the mustard. Doom, is Hindoo, for tail, and lizards drop (or shed!) their tails when running away, frightened. An officer, calling upon friends at a bungalow, in his cantonment, saw one on the wall, and, striking thereat, it quickly ran off, but minus its tail, when the officer said: "There it goes, regardless of its doom!" I joined my friend, Barlas, one evening in taking a sicca-gharree (a hired coach), and we explained to our dusky gharree that we would pay at the end of our destination, so Barlas said: "This is Garry Owen." This same happy friend went to Rangoon to take up the work of an invalided clerk, and wrote me: "I am now taking his duties, and hope soon to be in his jhuties (shoes)." I have heard the riddle: "What is the difference between the Irishman and the Indian coolie? Because, in India the ryot makes the paddy (rice); but in Ireland the Paddy makes the riot." Soon after I came to Montreal, one Sunday evening I stood (with my family) near McGill College Grounds, struck by a familiar name, on a mansion gate, and a man passing by (with his family) said: "Can you please tell me what that name is, sir?" I replied: "As it happens, I can, but I imagine you might stay here a long time before you could get anyone else to do so. It is 'Dilkoosha,' a name Indian princes and nobles often call their garden palaces. It means the heart's delight." Such examples are endless, but I have detained you long enough, and, having brought you from Calcutta to the very gates of Montreal's great college, reader (gentle or otherwise) I will wish you adieu!

Montreal.

JOHN PARRATT.

"CANADIANS ARE WE."

[A TOAST FOR DOMINION DAY.]

Here's to the glory of the land that we name
The dear Land of Canada the Free,
Where our hope is, and our home, and our faith, and our
fame,—
For Canadians—Canadians are we!

Dominion is to us from Columbia's shores of balm
To the shouting tides of glad Acadie,
From the laughing waves of Erie to the Arctic fields of
calm,—
For Canadians—Canadians are we!

Here the lily and the thistle, the shamrock and the rose,
Are at one beneath our goodly maple tree,
From our union confusion shall come down about our foes,—
For Canadians—Canadians are we!

Then here's to our Land! Lundy's Lane—Chateauguay—
Would they win by bribe or battle? They shall see
Our Maple Flag forever proclaim our nation's sway,—
For Canadians—Canadians are we!

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.
King's College, Windsor, N.S.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE ALBANI CONCERT.

Our Canadian nightingale has lost nothing of her mellow and sympathetic voice since we last heard her, some years ago. Her tones are as rich, as pure, as brilliant as ever. In fact, she is in the zenith of her power, and the reception she met with on Saturday at the Queen's Hall, crowded to the doors with the élite of both French and English society, attested her undiminished empire over the hearts of her audience. It was a complete ovation from first to last. If anything, the audience was too enthusiastic and exacting, almost cruelly so, insisting on an *encore* after every number, no matter of how difficult and exhausting a nature; but Albani met the demand each time with unconquerable good humour and inimitable grace, answering the persevering plaudits with fresh selections. She sang with equal vigour and sweetness an aria from "La Traviata," in Italian, the balcony scene from "Lohengrin," in German, and an air by Handel, "Sweet Bird," in English. In all these the marvellous qualities of her voice and execution were exhibited to perfection; the bird-like trills, clear, flute-like upper notes, expressive modulation in the melody, distinct phrasing, precision in the staccatos, and flexibility in the rapid runs and variations of the music, producing a sense of finish and completeness of rendition in the minds of her hearers. But it was when, in answer to recalls, Albani sang, at one time in French, "Souvenirs du Jeune Age," and later on, in English, "Home, Sweet Home," that, carried away by her own almost uncontrollable emotion, the enthusiasm of the audience knew no bounds. The sweetness, tenderness of feeling, that, inspired by her presence once more in the land of her birth and among her very own relations and compatriots, she infused into those simple and touching melodies, sent a thrill to every heart and evoked round after round of sympathetic and tumultuous applause. Albani is our Queen of Song, indeed, and we are proud to claim her as our own.

The artists who accompany her and contribute to vary and complete the concert are all distinguished musicians. Miss Damian has a powerful contralto voice, and sings with judgment and good taste songs that are within her compass. Mr. Barrington Foote has an excellent baritone, which he uses very effectively. Signor Massimi, though not in the ranks of the first-class tenors, is an artist of culture and refinement, and improves much on acquaintance, his later numbers being rendered much more acceptably than his earlier pieces. Mr. Barrett, both in the obligato accompaniments, and in the solos which he executed, proved himself a flutist of the first water, and his flute a splendid instrument.

We go to press before Tuesday's concert, which will have been, if anything, more crowded than Saturday's.

Madame Albani gives two concerts in Quebec, and will afterwards delight Ottawa and Toronto. In Ottawa she will be the guest of Lady Macdonald. We hope the rumour is true that Albani will favour Montreal once more before leaving Canada. We heard a lady remark that she had heard Albani in England seven times in opera and oratorio, but she could not resist the desire to hear her again, and that not only had she been to Saturday's concert, but was going also to Tuesday's. When you hear Albani once, you must hear her again. It is such a treat, and this is her Farewell Tour!

As announced elsewhere, we are engraving a fine portrait of Madame Albani, which we purpose publishing in our issue of 16th February, accompanied by a reliable biography.

A TOUCH OF NATURE.

James H. Jones, coloured, of Raleigh, N.C., who was Mr. Jefferson Davis' body servant while the latter was President of the Confederacy, wrote him a letter some time ago expressive of his high regard. Jones stated that he had not seen his former master since both were taken to Fortress Monroe. Jones was captured with Mr. Davis in Georgia and made great efforts to secure his master's escape. Mr. Davis makes special mention of him in his history. Jones has made particular denial of the story that Davis was attired in woman's clothing when captured.

Since the war Jones has lived in Raleigh. He is a Republican, in politics, and has, for eighteen years, been an alderman. His love for Mr. Davis amounts to devotion.

He received the following autograph letter, on the 30th December, from Mr. Davis, dated at Beauvoir, Miss., December 26:

"I was very glad to receive your letter, with its assurance of kind remembrance, and it gave pleasure not only to me, but also to my daughter, who was an infant when you last saw her. Mrs. Davis, you know, was always your particular friend. We have all rejoiced when we have heard of your honourable prosperity, and have felt that it was what was due to your integrity and fidelity. The many years that have come and gone since we parted have in no way diminished my regard for you and interest in your welfare. On Christmas Day I mailed to you the last photograph taken of me in order that you might see me as I now am. With the best wishes of myself, Mrs. Davis and my household, I am, truly, your friend,

"JEFFERSON DAVIS,"