

ment in the consideration of loyalty in the light of interest. But it may be asked, are we really a self-governing people? and should we, if we were independent, be any better off than we are now? Of course, I can but casually glance at these great questions, which require decades of years to answer fully. But in attempting to furnish a reply, one very important consideration must not be overlooked. Assuming Canadian interests to mean everything for Canada and nothing for the power that guarantees her integrity as a part of the British Empire, you will admit that that would be a one-sided and unjust view of the matter. To take all we can and give nothing in return is the most selfish and impracticable bargain that any young nation could expect, and yet no other people in the world have so free a constitution or has been left so untrammelled in the building up of its own nationality as the Dominion of Canada. But are we a self-governing people? or are we subject in law and fact to the legislation of the Imperial Parliament? The former has hitherto been the prevailing impression among Englishmen and foreigners. Four years ago England's Colonial system was quoted with wondering approval in the French Assembly. The London *Examiner*, a very high authority upon such matters, in its edition of June 3rd, 1876, says: "Among the vast majority of colonists there never has been a shadow of a doubt since the first concession of constitutional right, that independence within the limits of the constitution granted is complete. * * * The Canadians, for instance, have presumed not unreasonably that the interference of the Imperial Parliament in Canadian affairs had been abrogated forever in regard to specified subjects of legislation by the 91st clause of the Dominion Act. By that clause it is enacted that the Parliament of Canada has 'exclusive legislative authority' (these are the words) over twenty-nine expressly enumerated categories of legislation." But it was for "Historicus,"—Sir Vernon Harcourt—in a letter to the London *Times*, to discover that this was all fond and foolish fiction, for he found among the text-books of Stephen's Blackstone the following doctrine: "Our colonial possessions, under all circumstances, and whatever may be their political constitution, are subject to the legislative control of the British Parliament. That is to say, there is nothing to prevent the Parliament at Westminster from enacting that Canada shall furnish twenty regiments to the British army or a half-dozen ironclads to the British navy."

"If," says the London *Examiner*, with generous frankness, "the doctrine of Stephen's Blackstone be found to represent the existing state of constitutional relations with the colonies, it must be amended by a prompt and clear enunciation of any such legislative supremacy, which is inconsistent with political facts." Surely the most loyal Canadian could not expect more. England has practically abandoned the position taken by Blackstone, and, therefore, should at any time a conflict between Imperial and Colonial legislation arise, it would be a difficult matter for England to insist upon maintaining that position, which she has voluntarily relinquished since Confederation. Therefore, we may, I think, safely assert that Canada is a self-governing country within the limits of its constitution. If you accept this construction of our relationship with the mother country, our loyalty and our interests are identical.

I now come to the question of our fiscal policy as another illustration of our self-government. The fiscal policy of a country—especially a young nation like ours, which is just beginning to start out in business for herself—is its chief source of strength. A bankrupt nation is always in hot water, and must of necessity go to the wall. We may have vast natural resources, but we must also possess the means of adapting them to purposes of manufacture. As you may remember when Sir Leonard Tilley announced the fiscal policy of this country, great anxiety was felt as to whether the Imperial Parliament would sanction the tariff submitted by the present Government. The Opposition papers spared no pains to show how such a tariff would prove disastrous to certain British mercantile interests, and Hon. Mr. Mackenzie was busy with his pen in trying to convince an English newspaper that we were all going to ruin. These magnificent nightmares did not in the least affect the repose of Imperial statesmen, and never was a better illustration shown of Great Britain's determination to let Canada legislate for herself than in taking no notice of the flea-bites which so greatly disturbed the peace of Liberal politicians. If England's interests were jeopardized by the adoption of this measure, it was surely an opportune moment for England to assert her legislative supremacy, if she intended to assert it. Whether the tariff is a success or not is outside the purpose of this paper. But I think you will agree with me that Canada has no occasion for complaining of England's treatment. When you remember that no inconsiderable portion of Canadian loans are guaranteed by England, the question naturally presents itself, what would this country do in such a matter if it were independent? Upon whom could it rely, and what would its guarantees be worth if deprived of the prestige of British connection? How long would we be free from direct taxation? Should we be able to hold our own against a foreign power? All these questions come under the head of loyalty in the light of interest. The safety of our fellow-subjects abroad is another important thought in the same connection. Says Hon. Robert Lowe, in an article in the *Fortnightly Review*, and Mr. Lowe is no great admirer of

Colonial connection, "Our Consuls in the East could tell us of the great relief which they would experience if the Maltese, for instance, were not as much entitled to the protection of the British power as the inhabitants of London. Subjects are not always a support, but they very often become a burden. We spent ten million pounds in order to rescue from captivity three or four British subjects detained in Abyssinia."

(To be continued.)

THE SEARCH FOR H. M. S. ATALANTA.

A singular incident occurred in the cruise of H. M. S. *Wye*, Staff Commander Sarratt, which was despatched in search of the missing training-ship *Atalanta*. The *Wye* arrived in Plymouth Sound a short time ago. Commander Sarratt started from Gibraltar on the 20th ult. in search of the *Atalanta*, and arrived at Vigo on the evening of the 23rd. He left Vigo on the morning of the 24th. When about six miles from that place a small fishing-boat, with a man in a crouching posture, was observed. It was blowing hard at the time from the north-east, with a heavy sea. A boat having been lowered, the fishing-boat was taken in tow, brought alongside the *Wye*, and hoisted on board. The occupant turned out to be an old fisherman, apparently about seventy years of age. He was perfectly unconscious when brought on board, and only lived about twenty minutes, although every effort was made by the medical officer, Dr. Lyon, to restore animation. The *Wye* returned to Vigo and delivered the body to the Spanish authorities, who expressed their gratitude to the Commander for the attention shown. It is supposed the man was a Spaniard. The boat had only one oar, and had evidently drifted off the shore or out of one of the bays; the old man being unable, when he had lost an oar, to withstand the strong easterly gale. The *Wye* had been ordered to the Azores, but the Channel Fleet were despatched in search of the *Atalanta*, and the *Wye* left Vigo the next morning for Plymouth. A look-out was kept from the *Atalanta* port seen.

A LITERARY DINNER PARTY.

There are many people who entertain an ardent longing to get into a literary set. After anxious and weary struggles they obtain the acquaintance of an intellectual lion-hunter, and, by dint of perseverance, induce this being to invite them to meet some literary people. We will imagine, says the *Saturday Review*, a would-be member of such a clique going to a dinner party of this description. He congratulates himself that the golden gates are at last about to open to him, and he feels that, after all, patience and dogged perseverance are always rewarded in the end. He is about to find himself among congenial spirits, and his own true worth is going to be for the first time appreciated. Instead of feeling that he is going amongst strangers, he seems rather to be returning to his own brethren and his father's house. On entering the drawing-room, the first thing that strikes him is the ugliness of most of his fellow-guests. His genial host takes him by the arm, and confidentially tells him "who's who." As each celebrity is pointed out to him, he feels as if a star had fallen from his little heaven, so disappointing are the fleshy appearances of these great writers in comparison with the ideals which he had previously formed of them. He is sent in to dinner with the daughter of a savant. He tries to say something clever on the staircase, and tells an amusing literary anecdote as soon as he is seated at the dinner-table; but "Yes," "No," and "Really" seem to constitute the entire vocabulary of his companion. As he cannot succeed in interesting the fair creature, he tries his other neighbour. This is a lady with a long skinny neck, whose dress resembles a flimsy yellow sack. He talks books and magazines to her for a few minutes, and receives a little cold encouragement. She then smiles for the first time, and quietly says, "You seem to have read a great deal of rubbish." After this he relapses into silence for a time, and has leisure to observe the *litterati* devouring their food. There is a famous poet at the opposite end of the table, but all that he can see of him is that he is fat, and has a long grey beard. There is a red-whiskered man, and there is a red-nosed man, and he knows that one of them is a writer and politician of high reputation; but he could not quite make out from his host's description before dinner whether the nose or the whiskers belonged to the genius. Immediately opposite to him sits a well-known writer of articles in the magazines, whom his host told him he ought to know. This gentleman is apparently a clergyman, and does not look very clean. He never has the opportunity of getting a single word with him during the evening. A famous novelist is in full view. Her books are intellectual, with a strong flavour of the romantic. There is a spirit in them that yearns for the days to come, when modern science shall have torn away the veils of prejudice and superstition, and the new gospel shall be fearlessly preached. She wears a false front, and seems uninterested in anything except her dinner. Near her sits the writer of some amusing, but naughty, novels. She has a stern face, and looks like a severe governess. The idea of facing these viragos when they shall be let loose in the drawing-room is terrifying to our novice; but it is some temporary relief to his

mind when they leave the room, and the men draw up to one end of the table. He finds, however, that nobody cares to talk to him, or to hear what he has to say; so he might have saved himself the trouble of cramming up all the leading weeklies and monthlies for the occasion. The whole party listen to the conversation of two men who "talk like books," as unlearned people sometimes say. The most ignorant man in Britain who would hold his tongue would have made an excellent member of a literary party of this kind, and our novice begins to be conscious that he can scarcely have been invited on account of his prodigious talents. In the drawing-room he finds that the guests break up into little groups and converse confidentially, and he himself is left alone to his own devices. At last a charitable savant takes pity upon him, and enters into a conversation on topics which he thinks suited to the inferior intellect of a poor creature evidently belonging to the outer world. Although the experience is humiliating, even talk of this kind is better than none; but it is scarcely begun when silence is ordered that one of the company may give a recitation in French, and soon after that the party breaks up. As he drives home the aspirant feels that his entrance into literary society has been far from a marked success, and he owns to himself that he had never in his life felt so much "out of it" as he did during the last three hours. If this is the way in which the learned spend their evenings he would rather dine at his club, and it seems probable that the men and women of letters whom he has just left will offer no obstacle to his doing so.

MUSICAL.

After a series of Classical Chamber Concerts, the Grand Benefit Concert to Mrs. Thrower and Mr. Lucy-Barnes took place at Nordheimer's Hall, on the 20th inst., before a fair but appreciative audience.

The quartette, consisting of pianoforte, violin, viola and cello, played by Messrs. Lucy-Barnes, Deseve, Reichling and Leblanc, was ably rendered. The second part seemed particularly to fascinate the hearers, and their acknowledgments were promptly accepted by the players, who displayed great firmness and boldness until the end of the third part when one of Mr. Deseve's strings came to grief. This dilemma, however, was soon remedied by the substitute of another violin, from which Mr. Deseve brought forth all there was in it, until shortly after the beginning of the fifth part when his string E broke, which caused an interruption till Mr. Deseve had put his number one in order, which served him then all through the evening. The "Jewel Song" from Faust, by Mrs. Lucy-Barnes, did not take as well with the audience as should be expected, but the jewel was in Mrs. Barnes' voice, which is and always has been listened to with the greatest attention.

Lachner's pianoforte solo "Praeludium und Tocatta," by Mr. Lucy-Barnes, was played in a masterly manner, and left nothing to wish for except that it could have been shortened on that night, owing to the oppressive heat. "Constancy," and "Fall of the Leaf," one of Schumann's duets, sung by Mrs. Barnes and Mrs. Thrower, received well merited applause, which was responded to by an *encore*. Beethoven's Sonata (Op. 47), by Messrs. Lucy-Barnes and Deseve, afforded those gentlemen a great opportunity to show what command they have over their instruments which entitles them fully to the places they have taken in their profession. Mrs. Thrower's song "The Parting in Spring," was well received, to which she gave an *encore*.

By this time some of the audience began to leave, and many showed signs of anxiety and restlessness occasioned, no doubt, by the great thunder-storm which during the performance visited our city, and by the unbearable heat which was increased, as the windows were closed to prevent the rain from coming in.

The quintette (Op. 44), by Schumann, performed by Messrs. Lucy-Barnes, Deseve, Duquette, Reichling and Leblanc, brought the entertainment, at which a Weber Piano was used, to a close, and though it did not prove to be a great financial success, we can be proud of the professional talent we have in our city.

THE CANE.

"To cane or not to cane?" That is, indeed, a knotty problem, and one which assumes, in some instances, all the seriousness of a *questio vexata*. First, the schoolmaster finds himself in very direct relation with lads and lasses who are as untamed and about as amiable as the wild asses of the story-book, or the, perhaps, rather wilder Arab of the desert, full of animal spirits or of pent-up mischief, to which school affords congenial opportunity, and on whose untoward natures home discipline has been exercised for the worst, or it may be even not at all. Having become impressed with this fact, he may next find himself dealing with parents on whose sympathy, whose reasonableness, or whose co-operation he can place but slender or unstable reliance, while in the distance stands his school committee or school managers, the correspondent of the local newspaper, and the inspector. Thus surrounded, and in some degree at bay—lacking much of the support and sympathy to which he is truly entitled—feeling his isolation, perhaps, somewhat too keenly, as indeed he may—with but partially-capable or inadequately-trained pupil teachers or assistants—with, it may be, inconvenient or incomplete school buildings or school arrangements—perhaps with numbers

beyond his provision, and with his entire success depending upon the reality of his discipline—what is the teacher to do?

Let his critics, at any rate, put themselves in the schoolmaster's place, if they would do himself or his profession the justice to which both are entitled; let them stand face to face with his difficulties—registers, codes, managers, and inspectors, all included; and then let them do more; instead of coldly standing by to criticise, let them put their shoulders to the wheel and help. Let them do this with energy and with judgment, and probably they may find their efforts after the more humane treatment of the juvenile British Philistine in some considerable degree salutary and effectual.

There is, on the whole, it must be admitted, considerable readiness to do justice to the teaching profession in this particular on the part both of the press and of the public generally. Rarely will a faithful teacher be refused a hearing or unjustly dealt with on this score. Let him seek the fullest publicity, and court the fullest inquiry in case of attack, and he does wisely.

But we confess that we prefer to see him taking far different ground—that while he feels himself of necessity compelled absolutely to keep the cane in reserve as a *dernier ressort*—that while obstinate and wilful resisters to discipline and to order may look for nothing less, he shall take care it be only so used and not otherwise—that it be used by himself only as head teacher, and never by his assistants or subordinates, and that every moral influence which forethought may suggest, which capacity can devise, or which decision of will can exercise, shall have the fullest play before the aid of this oldest and least welcome of methods of government be invoked.

Judiciously on the defensive always, the teacher should never forget to point out that the adoption of corporal punishment must ever depend more upon others than upon himself. Children who are used to discipline at home—where in truth all discipline ought to begin—are ready for discipline at school. It is not these who give trouble to the teacher. School managers are bound to see that school buildings, fittings, ventilation, and other arrangements, have proper attention, and that all the teacher's aids and instruments are the best and most perfect of their kind. They should see to it also that the teacher has sufficient helpers to enable him to make his teaching arrangements efficient and his supervision complete. They should take care that he be neither overcrowded nor outnumbered—that he is free from the harassing and depressing effects of social ostracism and disrespect, of hostile criticism and insufficient remuneration. They should give him—parents and managers alike—every moral and material support which, in the nature of the case, may be possible; and then, depend upon it, let their standard be however high, they may reasonably expect that corporal punishment will be reduced to its minimum, if it be not happily and entirely abolished.

Meantime, teachers have a duty to themselves and to each other. They are well aware that among their number are to be found a few, happily now a very few, whose conduct in this particular does suggest criticism, and whose notoriety is unenviable. The man who, whether from want of training, or from want of self-control, or from natural infirmity or incapacity (which should have prevented his entering the profession at all), forgets the dignity of the educator in the character of the bully, and who thrashes, with equal want of discernment, the timid blunderer and the hardy and daring breaker of discipline, obtains deservedly from the public and the profession alike the coolness which he has earned. He is correctly estimated and wisely avoided. He is, as every judicious teacher feels, a standing misfortune to the profession which he misrepresents. Such men afford little satisfaction to parents or to managers; and rarely earn any credit for the schools entrusted to them from Her Majesty's Inspectors. This species of dominie is likely to become, we hope ere many years have passed, as extinct as the dodo.

We know nothing of the Society for the Abolition of Corporal Punishment—what they propose or project, or how they desire to carry out their objects, or whether, in short, they have "proceeded" in any way to promote their distinctive aims. We have never seen their prospectus or proposals; but their aims, as they are no doubt aware, have far more concern for the public than for the teaching profession. They have a large area on which to exercise their influence, and the society may depend on it, provided only they succeed in converting the public to a due discharge of its responsibilities in respect to children at home, that every faithful teacher will be only too pleased to carry out his daily programme free from the exercise of the cane upon children at school. Meantime our counsel to all is *upward*, and with an improved race of children on whom to operate, improved codes, improved buildings, improved manuals, improved methods, sufficient teaching power, and good music, no doubt the cane itself may, in good time, be "improved" out of the school altogether.

The eminent English statesman, Mr. Gladstone, amid all the excitement of a closely-contested election for the representation of Midlothian, finds time to make a Latin translation of Toplady's hymn, "Rock of Ages," and mail it to his fortunate friend, General Grant Wilson, of this city, who has the precious manuscript framed with the ex-premier's portrait.