

astrous. Canada can live without intercourse with the U.S. Whether or not she can grow and prosper without it is another question."

Surely some practicable *modus vivendi* can be evolved from the various schemes which have been proposed for our relief that we fall not so low as to sell our birthright for a mess of pottage, fall into the arms of the American Republic as our only safety, forfeit our allegiance to the Queen of nations, and become subjects of a nationality which includes "the dregs and feculence of every land," and for what? for the expectation of realizing purely and exclusively material benefits—even on the showing of the advocates of annexation themselves. The re-establishment of reciprocity as it existed in 1854 might be mutually beneficial. Free trade cannot succeed unless it were universal. Fair trade or modified protection is the only workable system. Even Britain herself is beginning to realize that fact after a trial of half a century of free trade.

I cannot help regretting that you do not look upon the subject of Imperial Federation more favourably than you do, because I think it is a more worthy subject of consideration for us than is, or can be, looking to Washington, in any sense of the term. I know it is fraught with some difficulty in reducing it to a perfectly working scheme, but I believe it can be done, and the more the subject is discussed, the more feasible and the nearer to its adoption as a material fact it becomes, its object is of such vast and far-reaching importance as to deserve the best efforts of our best men to bring it to perfection, which I believe a short time will effect; and, in conjunction with the Imperial Trades Union, as advocated by Col. Howard Vincent, will bring about a state of things which will impart new life to Canada, and at the same time satisfy the loyal aspirations of our people not only without losing our prestige among the nations of the earth, but by thereby becoming a partner in the commercial firm of Britannia, Sons and Company.

JOHN HOLGATE.

Toronto, March 5, 1892.

#### BERMUDA AS A HEALTH RESORT—II.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—In my former letter I stated that I would give in this letter some information in reference to the trip from New York and the cost of living here, therefore I have made a careful investigation and the information can be thoroughly relied upon. The journey to Bermuda occupies sixty hours, and the cost of a return ticket, good for six months, is \$50, which includes full board and stateroom on the steamers. It is better to write in advance and engage accommodation, for, during the busy months, which are February and March, difficulty may be experienced in getting suitable accommodation. The hotels are as good as are to be found in other resorts, and the rates from \$4 to \$2 per day. There are two first-class hotels, the Hamilton and Princess. The Hamilton ranks higher than the Princess, which is on the water front. Of all the smaller houses the Brunswick House is the best, and should please any fairly contented person. By the way, it is quite a resort for Canadians. The terms are \$12 per week, or, with two in a room, \$10 each. All dry goods and boots and shoes are cheaper here, as the duties are very light. Liquors of all kinds, except lager beer, are cheaper here than with us. Cigars and tobacco about the same price. Horses and carriages, with or without drivers, can be had for four shillings for the first hour, and two shillings for each hour afterwards. Boats, which are large enough to hold several persons, can be had with oarsman for two shillings for first hour, and one shilling for each succeeding hour, and terms can be made much less for those employing the same man frequently. There are plenty of stupid donkeys for hire, but they are only a nuisance. By the way, I have learned the only way to make a donkey move lively is to get a tin can and half fill it with small pebbles. Take your seat in the cart and shake your can and you will be surprised how that donkey will move off. Weekly hops are given at the Hamilton Hotel, and occasional hops at the Princess. They are very enjoyable indeed, and there is no charge made. The society is very good. The residents are very sociable and highly educated and refined, and, with a proper introduction, visitors will be well treated by them. The Governor's receptions are held on Saturday afternoons, and Lady Watson gives occasional receptions. Admiral Watson, with the fleet, arrived recently, and the men-of-war add to the picturesque appearance of the harbour. There is a review of the troops each Saturday. Military bands play in the park each Friday. All visitors coming here should bring the same clothing as they wear at home, and should be prepared to find the climate very damp. There are several Toronto people here now and all are enjoying the climate.

F. E. GALBRAITH.

Hamilton, Bermuda.

Love may be celestial fire before it enters into the systems of mortals. It will then take the character of its place of abode, and we have to look not so much for the pure thing as for the passion.—George Meredith.

Women will find their place, and it will not be that which they have held nor that to which some of them aspire. The old Salic law will not be repealed, and no change of dynasty will be effected.—Huxley.

#### HORACE: ODES, B. I., 2.

You see all white Soracte stands  
With thickest crown of deepening snow;  
His struggling woods in winter's shroud  
Beneath their burden bending low;  
Yon stream fast bound in winter's chain  
Forgets to murmur through the plain.

Dispel the cold; from bounteous store  
Heap high the logs upon the hearth;  
Come, Thaliarchus, fill the cup  
With lavish hand and genial mirth;  
To-day the blood of Sabine vine  
Shall add unto your joy and mine.

Leave all the rest unto the gods;  
When winds are stilled at their command,  
No ash trees shed their glories fair,  
No leaves of cypress strew the land;  
The billows breaking on the shore  
Shall rear their hoary heads no more.

Try not to learn what morn shall bring,  
But count as gain each day that flies,  
And do not, still in beauty's bloom  
The dance and sweets of love despise;  
While gloomy age is far away  
Cull thou the joys each fleeting day.

May joy in martial sport be thine,  
Thine ramblings free, devoid of care,  
Soft, whispered vows of sweetest love  
Be oft renewed to lady fair  
At gloaming, when the trysting hour  
Shall lead thee to the wonted bower.

Then let the maiden's happy laugh  
That tells the tale of her retreat,  
Again and yet again ring out  
From inmost nook, her lurking seat;  
The pledge that from her hand is gained  
Will show the faint defence maintained.

St. Catharines.

J. HENDERSON.

#### ART NOTES.

ROSA BONHEUR is said to be at work on a painting intended to depict the last Indians and buffaloes. Her material for this work was obtained from special studies made while the Wild West Show was in Paris.

J. F. MILLET's "The Madonna and the Child" shows the great master in his more classical vein. The pivot of the picture is not to be found in the mother but in the Child. The lighting of the Infant's face is effected in a manner which has never been and never can be excelled.—*Public Opinion*.

In one of his essays Paul Bourget has drawn a remarkable illustration of the dilettantism of the age from the interior of a modern drawing-room. It is five o'clock, and the lamps cast a soft half-light through their tinted shades on rare and curious embroideries. Over a chair lies a stole that once figured in solemn service; on the divan a piece of needle-work from the farthest East, lustrous with the strange imagery of another world. On the walls are pictures by masters the most diverse: a Venice by Fromentin, next to a stern, almost savage, peasant by Millet, or a racing scene by J. de Nittis, luminous with the dancing light of spring; and over the piano perhaps a water-colour of Galatea and the Cyclops, painted by Gustav Moreau, with a beauty almost painful in its entrancing charm. On the tables and in cabinets is *bric-à-brac* of every age; lacquer-work from Yedo, bronzes of the Renaissance, jewellery of the eighteenth century; everything that can attest the luxurious culture, the skilled eclecticism of an age that has outlived its own capacity for creation. The picture has more attraction for the literary man than for the artist, for it points to a fact of modern civilization which cuts at the root of any possibility of a permanent tradition of art, and the fact, as Bourget puts it, is just this: that the only faith of universal acceptance is that of social usage, and that directly you break below its surface you come on a chaos of creeds and formulas, a very whirlpool of contradictory opinion. Whereas, before the general upset which has been the work of this century, there was common ground of belief—"une même société comme on disait, avait un fonds de conceptions analogues sur les chapitres essentiels de la vie"—there now prevails such complete uncertainty that you and your neighbour hardly speak the same language. In such a condition of things the chances of a national art, or of any future but that of artistic bankruptcy, are exceedingly small. Dilettantism, the collector's mania, is, on the whole, one of the most serious obstacles that exists to the growth of art, and especially of architecture. It is not interested in the workmanship of art, but only in its results. It sets up a false standard of excellence in preferring rarity and costliness to beauty; it is based on no exact knowledge of art, but on a curious medley of ideas, dependent partly on fashion, but mainly on the interests of big dealers, and, so far as the house is concerned, it turns it into a museum instead of a place to be familiarly lived in and loved as a home.—*The Magazine of Art for March*.

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

##### THE GRAND.

MISS MARIE WAINWRIGHT, in the spectacular drama "Amy Robsart," succeeded in filling the Grand Opera House during last week. The story of Sir Walter Scott's novel, "Kenilworth," is not entirely adhered to, for instance, the villain, instead of the heroine, comes to grief by falling down a steep precipice. This, however, makes a more acceptable *finale* to a general audience. Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week Miss Julia Marlowe makes her appearance in the legitimate drama in the following: "Much Ado About Nothing," "Twelfth Night," "As you Like It," "Rogues and Vagabonds" and "Pygmalion and Galatea," a double bill on Saturday night. Miss Marlowe is of English birth, like Adelaide Neilson, and is credited with being capable of succeeding Mary Anderson in her special rôles.

##### TORONTO OPERA HOUSE.

LARGE audiences have been attracted to the Toronto Opera House during the week, to witness Grattan Donnelly's play, "A Pair of Jacks," in the action of which many really funny situations are revealed. Though slightly rough-and-tumble in parts, yet the songs and dances indulged in by the ladies of the company are well executed. Next week "Money Mad" will be presented to the patrons of this popular house.

##### CANADIAN FORESTERS' CONCERT.

THE Pavilion was filled with an enthusiastic audience on Thursday evening of last week, the friends of the Canadian Foresters' Societies gathering in force. The programme presented no specially new features; the inane twaddle introduced into Mr. Fax's comic singing seemed to give special delight to the mixed assemblage. Mrs. Caldwell sang the oft repeated "Staccato Polka," in which she failed several times to rise to the true pitch; her voice retains its well-known qualities, though the middle tones betray a lack of cultivation and warmth which renders them thin and unsympathetic. Why is this promising lady vocalist satisfied with remaining in an unfinished vocal form, when such high attainments are within her reach? Mrs. MacKelcan's songs were not altogether satisfying; "Across the far Blue Hills" and its encore were pitched too high for her, both being also unfortunately in the same key, which has a monotonous effect. Why the fortunate possessor of a rich contralto voice should strive to sing out of her natural pitch is indeed a mystery. Miss Alexander, as is usual, delighted her audience with her comic and Irish selections. Mr. Harold Jarvis, who is now a resident of Detroit, and Mr. Warrington acquitted themselves in their accustomed style, giving pleasure by their effective singing of their respective numbers. Mrs. Blight added to her former laurels as accompanist on a fine Knabe Grand, supplied by Messrs. Gourlay, Leeming and Winter. Dr. Wild, chairman, and the committee occupied the platform, which was tastefully decorated with Union Jacks and other national emblems. "The Barn," misnamed "Pavilion," provided the usual complimentary accompaniments of door-slaming, wind-jamming and barn-benched reserved-seat accommodation.

##### THE GRANITE CLUB ENTERTAINMENT.

THE members of the popular Granite Club sat down to tables groaning under the weight of seasonable, toothsome viands, on Saturday evening, 12th inst., it being the occasion of the annual club dinner. Representatives of the curling, lawn-tennis, bowling on the green, hockey and whist elements, all combined, under the aegis of the Club management, were included in the gathering. Speeches, toasts, songs, joviality and good fellowship, copiously assisted by the wine of the gods, materially helped to digest a heartily discussed repast. The bards of the evening were The Bruce, The O'Dempsey and The Mac-Cabe Brown, whose dulcet tones soothed the jagged existence of their various clansmen with songs, *ancient and modern*, and in dialectic language suitable to the occasion. President Wright, Vice-President Creelman and the veteran Mac Badenach won the chief oratory honours, whereas, between Russell and Tilley (the unvanquished), of the Torontos of Huron Street, Alderman Carlyle of the Prospects, Ross of the Caledonians, among the invited guests, and Baird, Williamson, The Friar, and Bleasdel, all of the Granite ilk, honours were easy. The handsome cups won by the Granite Curlers were prominently exhibited, including the Caledonian cup, the Ontario tankard and the City Association cup, all of which the visiting curlers stated their intention of wresting from the Church Street champions in the near future.

A CORRESPONDENT to the London *World* writes: "Have you noticed how extremes have met behind the footlights recently? On the other side the silver streak we have M. Porel, the manager of the Odéon Theatre, proposing that his audiences shall, as spectators, re-invigorate their etiolated imagination by a return to the primitive scenery of Shakespeare's Globe Theatre. In London an artist, who may be termed the Emperor William of art, owing to his restless desire to become the ruling providence of all the arts, has been urging that the public imaginative power—weak enough already—shall be further reduced by the manager, so that if a poor man's hovel is to be shown, its probable dimensions shall be indicated by a sudden contraction of the proscenium."