

decided in the affirmative, "That it is the duty of the Dominion Government to disallow the Bill."

The Graduates and Undergraduates of our University have laid before the Faculty of Arts a petition that a Chair of Canadian History be added to the curriculum, in order to develop a feeling of patriotism and devotion to their native land, which can best be done by directing attention to its past history, present resources, and future possibilities.

The petition of the Undergraduates for greater freedom in their Debating and other societies is still before the Faculty. It is generally believed that the vote will be a very close one. A year ago such a petition would have been an impossibility on the part of the students, and would hardly have been taken as serious by the Faculty. But recent events of which THE WEEK appears to know something, have stimulated a healthy independence of thought and action which cannot but be productive of good.

VILLE MARIE.

### LONDON LETTER.

SOMETHING set the verger talking this morning. We were loitering, he and I, in that quiet chantry erected over the king whose silver monument was defaced in the time of the Civil Wars, and whose silver head was "lifted," like the cow in "Auld Robin Gray." At our feet lay Katherine of Valois, kissed by Pepys on his birthday, you remember. On a bar over our heads, all dusty and forlorn, hung the saddle and helmet used by Henry V. at Agincourt. From this nook high up between the pillars I leaned out, watching the delicate grey bloom of the wonderful aisles below, listening as the verger rambled on, rattling his keys, of his public life here in Westminster Abbey, of the legends connected with the place, of the people he had known, and the sights he had seen. Details of his private life might not so much interest you as they did me—I frankly confess that the pleasant glimpses I had of his Brixton home, of a little granddaughter who is such an extraordinary child and whose excellent qualities he described again and again, of his father the soldier, out in the American War of 1812, of his mother who saw Mrs. Siddons in her best days, were glimpses worth as much time as gossip of dead Kings and living Queens, of Coronations and Jubilees—but I think you too would have liked to have heard as I did unwritten stories of a church with every stone of which I had hitherto reckoned myself vastly familiar. He showed me, using his key as a pointer, where he stood, what time the organ pealed, and an old lady, kneeling in the midst of her people in front of the altar, returned thanks to Our Father for a prosperous reign, breaking off to give me personal reminiscences of Her Majesty, to whom, in his capacity as one of the Vergers of her Abbey he had often been—"ay, as near as I am to you." One of the prettiest of the many pretty scenes painted on his memory in brilliant colours, the remembrance of which wreathed his cheerful face with smiles, was of a certain incident which took place here on May Day, 1851, at about half-past nine in the morning, when the charming young Queen ("so little and young she looked") in her white gown and blue ribbon, with her husband and her two eldest children, came in out of the sunshine. They were on their way, this early German household, to congratulate the Duke of Wellington on his birthday, and to open the Great Exhibition. "I can hear 'em now," said the verger, "I can see 'em all quite plain. Our sub-dean, Lord John Thynne, showed 'em round. The Queen set off running into one of the chapels, the children after her. Lord John took something out of his waistcoat pocket and showed it to Prince Albert. Then Her Majesty came back and looked at it too, and so did the Prince of Wales and the little girl who is now the Empress Frederick, poor thing. I knew afterwards what it was they were looking at, for Lord John showed it to me. It was the ring which Queen Elizabeth gave to Lady Shrewsbury for Lord Essex—you'll remember about it, I daresay—and which his Lordship told me his Lordship's family had inherited. What was it like? Oh, an old-fashioned twisted gold thing with no stones in it; at least I don't remember that there were any." In the aisle (where, by attentive eyes, the Middle Tread can here and there still be clearly traced) and by the turn close to the monument of Busby who, we all know, thrashed the grandfather of Sir Roger de Coverley, this summer group of princes and princesses is always present to the verger's sight. The Queen's bright eyes, the lad's Scotch kilts, Prince Albert's handsome face, the little girl's founced skirts, Elizabeth Tudor's ring, these things have firmly impressed themselves on his memory, and he became almost incoherent in his desire to make me see them all as well as he did himself. As he talked the light shifted and altered; the people, staring stolidly at the mosaics arranged in kaleidoscopic patterns by Peter the Italian to the honour of Edward the Confessor, seemed to fade, and in their place, by the Coronation Chair, there stood Sir Roger and Mr. Spectator in curled wigs and laced coats, and I watched the busy pencil of that extraordinary genius William Blake, as he drew the recumbent figures of the kings for his master Basire, and I caught Elia's sweet smile as wandering to and fro he composed his famous letter to Southey. The verger thought me most attentive to his stories, every word of which I vow I heard, but, as he talked on that "kind faith of fancy" of which Thackeray speaks enabled me to see quite clear many a vision glorious beside those sketched by the speaker, to hear above his cheery tones the voices of those good friends of your's and mine, by whose acquaintance we are honoured indeed. There is not one amongst them all but sometime or other has strayed in here, whether it be

the excellent Wordsworth murmuring rhymes, or Cowper—his verse is learnt by few now beyond Miss Austen's heroines—ready to give Bacon a kindly line in "The Task," or Dickens "turning wearily towards the Abbey," or our well-beloved Addison who moves along the aisles head and shoulders taller than his contemporaries. And you, though perhaps in reality you have never been in England, still in the spirit you must often have wandered in here in your leisure time. But don't fancy you know already all there is to be told. Give up a few minutes of that leisure now, and let the verger show you, in his own fashion, two or three of the minor wonders belonging to this enchanted dreamy church, wonders trivial, perhaps, to many, but which surely give by their presence additional interest to these grave walls deep cut with the names of the great dead, and which are touching evidence of a bygone generation who loved no doubt to loiter among these tablets and monuments just as you and I loiter to-day.

First then, come to Poets' Corner. You know every stone of it by heart? But have you ever looked attentively for instance at the mural slab raised to the memory of Casaubon! It was something of a revelation, at all events to me, to discover, in the left hand corner, initials and date—I. W. 1658—and to hear that according to Dean Stanley this is Izaak Walton's monogram, carved on the epitaph of the loved father of his friend Meric. That same case-knife which lay deep in his pockets when out a-fishing on the tranquil shores of the river Lea was whipped out here, when the authorities were off their guard, and the Fleet Street hosiery, like a school-boy, triumphantly scratched his name. The I runs into the W in the well-known fashion: there is a charming curly tail to the right. Izaak Walton must often have come to gaze upon his handiwork. I have brought his friends, Mr. Cotton amongst the number, to admire secretly this queer testimony of veneration and affection for a departed soul. It is said the good simple-minded angler confessed to the deed somewhere in print, but I have diligently searched through his books without coming across any mention of this desecration of the Abbey, a desecration which, says Laurence Hutton in his delightful *Literary Landmarks*, Dean Stanley heartily forgave. Now I affirm that without the verger's assistance I might never have seen this precious scrap of writing, for times out of number have I passed by the slab without being any the wiser.

Then when we reach the magnificent gates leading to Henry the Seventh's chapel look among the devices. Here is the York Badge of the Falcon and Fetterlock. The lock was closed when the House of York ascended the Throne, but till they achieved their heart's desire the lock remained open. Would you have been aware of this piece of information without the help of our guide? Again, he shows us where over Major André's bas-relief you will find a great wreath of pressed maple-leaves, sent by some one in America to whom the name of the unfortunate soldier is still of interest. Was Miss Honora of Lichfield supplanted, I wonder, and were there tears in the New World as well sighs in the Old when Washington ordered that cruel execution on the shores of the Hudson? Without our guide's pointing hand your eye might not have caught this curious decoration. Or you can make your way into the Chapter-House where amongst the manuscripts belonging to the Monastery are laid a little bundle of love-letters (dated 1729) found not long ago tucked away in a carved capital of one of the pillars. The lady wrote two or three times—or was it the gentleman?—and the notes remained in the old hiding place, and were covered with dust, and the ink faded. Should not you like to see who wrote those hurried lines, and is not this envelope with its enclosure of greater interest to you than the mass of undecipherable parchments which the mice and rats have done their best to destroy?

And there is another odd sight in the Abbey which the verger can unlock for us. Through the low door by St. Isip's chapel, and up the narrow twisting staircase, one stumbles in the dark to find in the chantry that "Ragged Regiment," of which Horace Walpole speaks—that is to say that here is kept a small and select collection of the waxwork figures, which till the end of the last century used to stand about in various positions down in the Abbey. And admirable some of the ladies and gentlemen are, far finer than any of the ridiculous figures to which Madame Tussaud treats us in these modern times. Here is Charles II. in faded red and blue robes, with a cravat and cuffs of beautiful old English point; one sees how just a likeness it must have been of the man (anything rather than the "Merry Monarch" to look at) with his Italian colouring and his heavy-lidded eyes. Here is Nelson, so like, that we are told Lady Hamilton burst into tears when she first caught sight of this triumph of the wax-modeller Grammont; and "Belle Stuart" with her favourite paroquet stuffed on a bracket by her side, and a pale pink rose in her fingers; and the Duchess of Buckingham in marvellous brocade skirts—you recollect that lady's dislike of the Duchess of Marlborough—and in the centre of the crowded little room is her son, that Duke who died abroad in 1797, and whose effigy lies here in coronet and ermine for us to gaze upon. The great Lord Chatham in his red gown, Dutch William and his handsome wife, that unhappy shrew the powerful Queen Elizabeth, are well worth studying, not only for the sake of the costume, but also for the sake of the likenesses, in all cases admirable. With pride the verger points out this and that in this queer upper chamber, showing, as a finish, the armour once worn by General Monk, and the square wooden box in which André's body was transported to England: and I was told that when the body was exhumed from under the foot of the gallows the roots of a peach tree were found twisted

round the hair of the poor Major. The locks were cut off and sent to his sisters, who were still alive, and the peach tree itself came home with the remains, and was planted by the Regent's orders in the gardens of Carlton House.

From this eloquent dead company it was odd to turn at once into all the turmoil that surrounds the Houses of Parliament. The air was full of Piggot's name. By the way, I saw that gentleman in Court the other day and—dare I say it?—I thought he had no trace of evil, only of weakness, in his kindly face? I was impressed with Houston's honest straightforward manner, and thought Mr. Macdonald made a bad witness by reason of his irritability. Mr. Henry James eating sandwiches with Mrs. George Lewes; Mr. Smalley crowding Madame Venturi; Burne Jones shaking hands with Parnell—these were some of the smaller events of an interesting and historical day.

WALTER POWELL.

### IMPERIAL FEDERATION.—III.

IN the first article of this series, I alluded to the formation of an Imperial Parliament in which the Colonial parts of the Empire would be represented. The formation of such a chamber as this will doubtless require time, and will be brought about by the elimination from the present Imperial Parliament of those various local questions with which it deals. But, I think, it is beyond question that the ultimate form of an Imperial Federation will be that where the Imperial Parliament deals only with Imperial questions, is the supreme chamber of the Empire, and is composed of representatives of all parts of the Empire. Doubtless, as a first step towards this, there may be formed an Advisory Council formed of representatives from all parts, that may discuss and advise on all Imperial matters. But this cannot be the ultimate and final form of federation. This Advisory Council would be in reality only a dignified debating club, its conclusions and recommendations subject to review and approval of the English Parliament—that is the local Parliament of only one part of the Empire. Such a chamber as this could never satisfy the desire of the distant parts of the Empire for complete national life; they would still be subordinate to England, instead of being on a plane of equality. We of Canada have an inherent right to full and perfect national life just as much as an inhabitant of the British Isles, and nothing short of this will satisfy. The Chamber, representative of the whole Empire, must be the supreme Chamber of the Empire.

It follows necessarily that such a Chamber as this must have the control of the funds. Certain sources of revenue would have to be devoted to the Imperial exchequer, just as in Canada certain sources are devoted to the Dominion exchequer. What these sources are is a detail of the great scheme of Federation which would be worked out in the future; but, broadly speaking, all that which is non-local would be Imperial. Those matters which are of inter-imperial, rather than local, concern, would come under the control of the Imperial Parliament, and if these involved the collection or disbursement of money, this would necessarily be managed by that House. In Canada we can at once understand this position, for it is precisely analogous to the position held by the Dominion Parliament in our affairs. What at once suggests itself as an Imperial matter is the imposition and collection of custom duties in all parts of the Empire. As the imposition of duties immediately affects inter-imperial trade, it is plain that under a Federation of the Empire this matter would have to be under the control of the Imperial Parliament. There the needs and requirements of the various parts of the Empire would be properly represented and discussed by the various representatives. Duties that might be applicable to one part for the purpose of raising revenue might not be applicable to another; and duties upon inter-imperial trade—where such were imposed for the purposes of revenue—would be different from duties on foreign trade.

Another matter that is eminently an Imperial affair is defence. The Imperial army and navy would be supported by funds voted and controlled by the Imperial Parliament. The measures necessary for the protection of the various parts of the Empire would be discussed and arranged by the Imperial Parliament. As the British Empire is essentially a trading empire, there is nothing that is of more vital importance than perfect security in all parts, and this can only be maintained by a strong and well organized army and navy. Perhaps there is nothing that is more wonderful in the British Empire to-day than the security it affords to trade and commerce throughout widely scattered parts of the earth's surface. The possibilities of developing trade that exist within this Empire are almost indefinite, and have as yet scarcely been grasped by the Colonies in the sense in which they would be seized were the whole federated in one union. Canada at present as a colony enjoys the protection of the British Navy in every part of the globe; if she were ever so unwise as to separate from the Mother Land, this protection would be withdrawn, her shipping would be left unguarded. If, on the other hand, her mercantile marine grows in extent and value, and every year depends more and more on the British Navy for protection, Canada cannot in common fairness expect to enjoy this and pay nothing for it, nor can she obtain such full and complete benefit from it as she would obtain were she able, through her representatives in Parliament to explain and advocate her special needs and requirements. When Canada has grown sufficiently to become a nation, she cannot enjoy the rights and privileges of a nation without also sharing the burdens. At present, owing to her colonial position, she has the advantage of