

British capital to develop the capabilities of Canada for engaging in the trade of the world more than by gradually framing her trade policy on the lines that has made British commerce supreme, and seek by means of new capital to bring her resources within easy access of the magnificent system of inland navigation which places any of her ports on the highway of ocean commerce, which is unrivalled for cheapness of transit, that, combined with the utmost facilities for cheapness of production in our fiscal policy, will administer a different diet, and give Canadians the best opportunity for testing their ability to increase their commerce with the outside world, enable them to place their exports wherever the price is highest, and display their colours on this continent as the promoters of free trade.

We are indebted to Sir Charles Tupper for bringing the question of the development of our Imperial interests within the range of practical discussion at a time when a new political régime is under consideration, necessitated by the death of Canada's lamented statesman. Nearly all are agreed that our trade relations are a vital point in our Imperial interests, and yielding to the trade policy of the United States by giving them exclusive trading privileges in any portion of the Queen's dominions, from which others are debarred, would be striking a blow at that Imperial organization of which we are all so justly proud, and countenancing it by Canadians would be the signal for a process of disintegration, the ultimate result of which in the history of the world no one can foretell.

Shellmouth.

C. A. BOULTON.

CANADA'S DEAD HEROES.

(Lines written after reading Mrs. S. A. Curzon's paper on "Patriotism and Historical Societies," published in THE WEEK, Dec. 11, 1891.)

OUR country's dead unmarked, unhonoured lie,
Their story and their resting-place forgot;
They, who might teach a later age to die,
Make mute appeal to us who know them not.
That moss-grown grave, by yonder streamlet's side,
Is seen of few, who, by tradition taught,
Do cherish still his memory, who died
When Canada for life and freedom fought.
Within the shadow of that hill where Brock
Looks out in glory o'er the field he won,
By briars o'erspread, and guarded by the rock,
Full many a hero sleeps, by death foredone.
We, who in freedom walk, and keep our land
Faithful to her who gave it happy birth,
Should honour well that noble, silent band
Who wrought for her and us such deeds of worth.
Therefore let bard, historian, sculptor vie,
With all the graces that to art belong,
To tell their fame, and keep their memory
Alive in marble, chronicle, and song.
On with the work! Nor idly think of rest
Until each hero fallen in the fight
Is with a nation's recognition blest,
No more to sink into oblivion's night.

A. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

Worcester, Mass., Dec. 18, 1891.

THE APPROACHING GENERAL ELECTION IN GREAT BRITAIN.

THERE have been various forecasts as to the result of the next general election in the United Kingdom showing great differences of opinion, but the following facts will help our readers to arrive at an approximation to the probable verdict.

Mr. Goldwin Smith has pointed out that Mr. Gladstone, with all his great gifts, often fails to see the plain consequences of what he advocates, and one of the principal planks in Gladstone's political platform—one man, one vote—prohibiting a man with property in two electoral districts to vote in both, is a striking case in point. Common sense teaches that it is very bad generalship to play into the hand of your opponent. The Unionist leaders have stated that they will only consent to one man, one vote, on having equal electoral districts by which they would gain largely. The Government has sufficient strength to carry a Bill with that object, but it is very unlikely that they will attempt to do so.

By the recent census, with equal electoral districts, there would be one member for every 56,328 persons in the United Kingdom, but Ireland has one for every 45,689. On the former basis it would return only eighty-three instead of 103 members, and this on the same ratio as at present would give seventy instead of eighty-five Home Rulers, being a loss of fifteen, counting thirty on a division. We can, therefore, easily understand the force of Parnell's latest speech, giving as one reason why he refused to follow Gladstone as a leader that the latter had proposed a plan which would practically result in greatly reducing the strength of the Irish Home Rulers.

Take also the case of London, which returns sixty-two members. The population of registration-London and parliamentary-London differ, the sixty-two members being returned by a population of 4,421,000, or one member for every 71,306. On the population basis it would return seventy-eight, being a gain of sixteen. At the beginning of this year it was represented by forty-nine Unionists, and thirteen Gladstonians, and on this ratio the seventy-

eight would be sixty-one Unionists and seventeen Gladstonians, being a gain of twelve, counting twenty-four on a division. Therefore Mr. Gladstone's plank of one man, one vote, if logically carried out in Ireland and London, would mean a Unionist gain of fifty-four votes on a division, consequently it is no wonder that Parnell strongly objected to generalship which would lead to such a result.

In addition, the large towns in England, where the Unionists are strong, would gain at the expense of the smaller towns and rural districts, where Gladstone has more influence.

But, even on the present basis, both wings of the Nationalists concede that they will lose four or five seats in Ireland, and, as Mr. Gladstone has recently advocated Disestablishment in Scotland and Wales, he will lose many notes and several seats in those countries. At the last general election he had all the disestablishers on his side, as well as many who were opposed to disestablishment.

To obtain a majority Mr. Gladstone will have to win a great number of seats in England. Compared with the general election of 1886—after allowing for Home Rule losses in Ireland, Scotland and Wales—if he only wins seventy seats in England, the two parties will be about equal, and although that would mean a weak Government whichever party was in power, it would be impossible to carry any Home Rule Bill through the House of Commons.

A special correspondent of the *Times* has recently thoroughly investigated the facts connected with the sixty-two metropolitan constituencies, and has come to the conclusion that at the next general election there will certainly be forty-one Unionists and twelve Gladstonians, leaving nine metropolitan seats uncertain. From his general enquiries relative to the English constituencies there is reason to believe that, owing to the magic of Mr. Gladstone's name, the next general election will reduce the Unionist majority of 116 obtained in 1886. But fifty-five years ago the Government, with a majority less than forty, held office for years. At the recent English bye-elections Home Rule has been kept in the back-ground, but at the general election it will be the leading question, and will operate in favour of the Unionist Government, which, by the confession of Radicals, has done more for the people in five years than any previous Government in the same time during the last fifty-nine years.

The Gladstonians are anxious that the dissolution should take place as early as possible next year, but the Unionists believe that next November will be better for them, and this, by a recent speech of a member of the Cabinet, appears to be the time chosen, but some unforeseen event may precipitate the election at any moment.

CANADIAN ART STUDENTS IN PARIS.

THERE are ten thousand artists and art students in Paris. Of these, twenty-five, perhaps, are Canadians. Yet they are not lost there; they have their place; they are known at the schools—the Beaux Arts, Colarossi's, Deléclure's, Julian's; they are known at the Salon. No man, no earnest man, is entirely lost in Paris: if there is devotion, there is recognition; for art in Paris is a confraternity as well as a republic, a social scheme of its own, with self-constituted functions, requirements and laws. All the nations meet there—Spaniard, Pole, Japanese, Australian, Russian, Austrian, Englishman, American, Canadian—all! And the nations meeting there straightway become Parisian in all that concerns art. In the face of that pervasive, conquering spirit which makes beggar students heroic in their labours, which renders the great artist in the hour of his triumphs mindful of his kind, and loyal to his order, which levels all unequal births or worldly positions to one common degree of pride and aristocracy—an aristocracy that kneels to only one great social god, and he, the Olympian Jove of Mont Parnasse and Monténarte, the foreigner coming to Paris cannot remain "barbarian"; he yields to a tempest stronger than any predisposition or training; he cannot resist the atmosphere in which he breathes; he becomes like them who went before him into these Territories of Art in France. None can be other than French in art while in Paris; it is convincing, persuasive, eloquent; it is natural. Before all, it is worshipped. It begets ambition; it inspires love greater than the love of man for woman. But South Kensington: why not South Kensington?—does it not also inspire? Oh, we are a great people, we English, but we have no art life, which is a land unto itself; it is swallowed up in the great social scheme; there is no students' quarter in London; there is no spot made honourable or memorable by tradition in art; we are helplessly common-place in this regard. Art in England is an incident; in France it is an organism; in England it is diffused, melted and lost in the general life; in France it has laws and propaganda and regions of its own; a function here, a government there—a splendid universal brotherhood. There is cosmopolite spirit; the one common meeting ground of the nations, the Field of the Cloth of Gold, where all countries salute and treat for peace. Tradition is a powerful factor in the enthusiasm for French art. England has little tradition; she has no hallowed spots for the student. But every flagstone before the Panthéon, before Notre Dame, before the Sorbonne, before the Luxembourg, before the Hôtel des Invalides, has memories. It was an artist that called for and achieved the overturning of the Vendôme Column; students have

bent their shoulders to resolution, have marched in the van of progress—and death. They have made cafés notorious; they have rendered men popular; they have at one time or another been the focus of the eye of the nation; they have helped to make history as much as the Swiss Guards or Mirabeau. They are as cosmopolitan in thought as Parisian in sentiment. Conceive what it is for a man to be picked up from the raw sunshine of Ontario and dropped suddenly into the concentrated art life of Paris, with its conjunction of European elements, with its many-sided characteristics; with its superb and its occasional, startling, surprises. Men follow this up with another thought. How the youth's mind is expanded and set free from convention; the convention of his previous narrow surroundings, by the sudden attrition of many types of mind and character; by surroundings when life is *insouciant* and devoted to itself; by a persuasive, commanding spirit which bids him be up and doing without affectation, without swagger, without unnecessary brawn. Have *verve*, have *aplomb*, but do not be prodigious is the first unwritten social law; count yourself part of a powerful scheme; work to be worthy of the best of that scheme, is the corollary from that law. It is easy for Canadians, Americans and Australians to do this. They are adaptable by nature, they are keen to see, alive to understand; they are ambitious on the moment; they become emancipated.

The first word of instruction in the Parisian student world is, Be Naïve! That is the key-note of French art; it is the primal chord of naturalness; the final touch of individuality; the power behind achievement; the secret of genius. Men from countries like Canada, Australia, Russia, catch the temper of the command very soon. Behind the *verve* the vitality of French art is climate as well as predisposition. The climate of France is sparkling; the climate of America is fresh, vivid and sparkling; stirring at its worst, beautiful at its best. The skies are high-up, clear and inviting to aspiration. Cold quickens the blood, sunshine is the begetter of virility—that virility which means wholesomeness, manliness, blood free from fever. Where Parisian art sometimes fails is in seeing life not only naively but with *ennui*, and with a morbidness in the brain which comes from overfed imagination and lack of charity in the blood—whether we use the word in its physical or ornamental sense. But the original command, Be Naïve, is right, is true; is deep in its import. What command better suited to the Canadian temperament! If it has any quality which is conspicuously eminent it is *naïveté*; it is a habit of looking at things as if they were seen for the first time—looked at wholly with a perception of its inner and its outer possibilities; in other words, that which makes for humour, for feeling, for humanity. It is that quality, common to the whole continent, which enables Americans to be the best short-story writers in the world. They have *naïveté*, imagination, humour, directness. The Canadian sees things with no intervening mist of conventionality and tradition; he is bade to be independent and free from his youth up, in the ordinary colour of life when every day's work is nation-making; he is urged to think things out for himself; he is told, in effect, from his cradle, to Be Naïve. When, therefore, the injunction comes to him from the Olympus that broods o'er Mount Parnasse and sits where "rebel cannon bellowed down Monténarte," his spirit rises to the reasonableness and integrity of the order: and he obeys. Henceforth he is French in his art; that is he is free and seeking for expensive freedom within the limits of the convention of that art which swallows up the nations.

It is a fact singular to note that most of the Canadian art students in Paris are French-Canadians, though it is also worthy remembrance that the notable achievements at the Salon of late years have been by students from Ontario—Charles Alexander, W. E. Atkinson, Paul Peel, J. A. Reid. The French-Canadians who have done the most to merit praise are M. Philippe Hébert, of Quebec city, M. Hurst [and M. de Colombier, who, though not strictly French-Canadian, is of French-Canadian parentage. M. Hébert had two statues, one bronze, one plaster, in the Salon this year. One was called *Algonquin, pêcher à la Nigroque*; the other, Frontenac: Governor of Canada, 1690. It would seem that the spirit of art which is part of the French nature has not been destroyed by the frosts and isolation of Quebec. It is active and eager now, and one sees at Colarossi's or Deléclure's studios or the Beaux Arts, the Canadian Frenchman and the Parisian Frenchman shaking hands over the great but not impassable gaps that distance and separation have made. The same vivid soul is in both—for the French-Canadian of the better sort is vivid—the same temper of aspiration to be eloquent, to be original in the work of the hand and the eye. M. Hébert has been in Paris four years, having exhibited in the Salon three times. He is at present engaged on statues of distinguished men in Canadian history—Elgin Frontenac, Montcalm, Wolfe, Salaberry, Levis, etc.—for the House of Assembly, Quebec; an estimable labour, for which the authorities at Quebec, as M. Hébert, should be complimented. It is pleasing to find Canadian talent encouraged by Canadian legislators; pleasing and suggestive. Why should not Toronto follow the example of Quebec? Some say the authorities of Ontario might in deep penitence cast away and destroy the major part of the art exhibits in the Normal School building at Toronto, and find a more reasonable salvation in such men as Förster, O'Brien, Forbes, Peel, Alexander, Reid and Atkinson. What has Canada done for art