

CORRESPONDENCE.

PATRIOTISM IN ITS RIGHT MIND.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—To avoid misconception, I beg to state that I am a total stranger to the author of the book which was reviewed by Mr. Stockley from advanced sheets.

I have twice carefully read Mr. Stockley's paper in THE WEEK of June 19, entitled "Patriotism in its Right Mind," and it vividly recalls to memory Macaulay's famous school boy, and I venture to state that he could not have written such an article as the one I have referred to. Mr. Stockley does not quote authorities for his erroneous statements. Apparently he differs from the late Sir A. Helps, whose preference was for statements clearly made and properly proved by evidence. The following sentence, which I totally fail to understand, reminds me of Sir Boyle Roche, the genial hero of mixed metaphors and Irish bulls. "They start in horror at the half-lit cave, in which Chauvinists of this sort glorify themselves in blind satisfaction." There is a Sir Boyle mixture of ideas here. Again the worthy baronet would have taken kindly to the idea that people who looked on passively "rebelled by love."

With respect to some of Mr. Stockley's statements when he says in "the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries" "when all nations, that was then all religions, were united in one Catholic doctrine, not to tolerate anyone that did not agree with you," he writes obscurely, and also deviates from historical truth. Opposite doctrines were tolerated more or less in many countries, otherwise there would have been endless war. He should read the correspondence of the Spanish ambassador at the court of Elizabeth, in which he distinctly states that the Catholics were tolerated and that stern laws were not enforced; he puts the fact of Elizabeth's moderation very clearly. Mr. Stockley speaks also of "Knox's recommendation to exterminate Catholics," which, if true, must at that time have meant at least one-fifth of the population of Scotland. I venture to say that I totally disbelieve such a charge until it is strictly proved; it is a libel on the greatest man that Scotland has ever produced. Mr. Stockley has evidently quoted from Jesuitically-minded truth-distorters. Seemingly he is not largely gifted with the judicial mind, which all should be who write authoritatively upon historical subjects. I freely concede that he excels in some branches of knowledge, but history is not one of them.

He also makes this astonishing statement, which has not the slightest foundation in fact: "The laws still I believe on the English statute-book, or there until lately, by which some members of other not dominant religions were hung till half dead, taken down and disembowelled," etc. Until I read this I believed that professional Irish agitators were more credulous and reckless in their statements than any other class, but evidently there are others quite as heedless.

Before so thoughtlessly imputing universal selfishness to British statesmen, he should read the strong observations of Napoleon when at St. Helena. He severely blamed the Tory ministry for not having taken advantage of their then dominant position to compel weak and assisted Governments to enter into treaties of commerce advantageous to Great Britain; all other countries would have done so under similar circumstances.

Imperial Federation is a grand idea, but I fear that it is too early to look for its realization. The endeavour to affiliate all the English-speaking nations owning allegiance to Queen Victoria, into one grand mutually-assisting organization, having, among other objects, to preserve the peace of the world, and to teach the nations how to live, is a very noble task, and should commend itself to all true men—to all who really wish to see "peace on earth, goodwill towards man." But there are great practical difficulties in the way. The democracies who now practically rule in all these countries require as a preliminary more enlightenment and wider views. Owing to the enormous extension of the suffrage in the United Kingdom—when political or international storms arise and navigation becomes perilous—the steerage passengers have too much power in deciding how the ship of state is to be managed and steered so as to weather the tempest, avoid unseen rocks and shoals, and safely make the port. In all colonies time is required to bring a larger proportion of the independent and instructed classes to the front. In miniature we see this trouble in Toronto. Our genuine merchants, active or retired, who are mostly first-rate business men, will not serve as aldermen, and one consequence has been (as is almost universally believed) that Toronto is badly, wastefully and dishonestly administered. One fact is sufficient—charges were made against a contractor that he had defrauded the city, and an eminent judge who investigated the affair, and who, assisted by accountants, examined the contractor's books, officially certified that there had been fraud, and the alleged offender is now being criminally prosecuted by the local Government. Yet our mayor and aldermen, while the prosecution is pending, have given him an additional and valuable contract, only one alderman opposing. They should have waited until he had cleared himself and proved that his incriminating books were incorrect. Such a job could not possibly happen in England or Scotland. Until such occurrences are impossible in Canada, Imperial Federation cannot be real-

ized, for it would practically depress the ruling level of the Empire lower still.

With respect to Mr. Stockley's ideas of British and Continental public morality, there is a great confusion of ideas all through his paper, which often makes it difficult to understand his meaning, but he appears to put on the same ethical level the capture by the British of Gibraltar in time of war, and the seizure by Louis the Fourteenth of Strasbourg in time of peace, France not being then at war with Germany. The question of Alsace referred to by him is simple, and quite different to the way that he puts it. France was the aggressor in 1870, and went in for the Rhine frontier, but lost the stakes, i.e., Alsace and part of Lorraine. If F with pointed revolver compels G to throw the dice, and G wins, F must not think himself outraged because G takes up the stakes. It requires a Celtic mind to think so. If G had lost, F would have taken them up as a matter of course. Germany holding Alsace with its partial mountain barrier is in a far better position to prevent aggressive war, than when France held Strasbourg, which Bismarck called the key of Germany. Military experts who have studied the question show that now it is very difficult to invade Germany, whereas before it was very easy; and by looking at the map one can understand how well-founded was the dread of the Germans in 1870, that if the French had moved very rapidly in great force, they might have overrun and cut off the south of Germany; thus at one fell stroke diminishing the force of their opponents by one-fifth. With the new frontier that is now impossible, and it makes the contemplated War of Revenge very difficult, instead of, as with the old limits, very easy. The housebreaker had facilities before, where now he has impediments. Practically it raises the peace barometer several points.

Although Mr. Stockley sneers at Great Britain endeavouring to keep the peace, yet it is a fact that the reserved attitude of England (and the moral certainty that neither the Conservatives nor the English and Scotch Liberals would tolerate the extinction of Italy as a naval power) tends greatly to preserve the peace of Europe. This explains the indirect attempts of the French Government assisted by two or three red-rag British politicians, to induce the Government to intimate that England would be neutral, and look on with folded arms while its best naval ally was being destroyed. But Lord Salisbury is a great statesman, and officially preserves a non-committal attitude, which diplomatists know how to interpret, consequently there is peace for the time being.

If all the English-speaking races were federated together, and insisted upon peace, there would be an end to all these great wars; but such a state of things cannot mature for many generations. In conclusion I beg to repeat my belief, that Imperial Federation, although not yet feasible, is a very noble ideal.

Toronto, July 4.

FAIRPLAY RADICAL

ART NOTES.

MR. G. A. REID is painting on the Hudson River.

MR. F. M. KNOWLES is sketching on the Grand River.

THE Ontario Society of Artists will take charge of the Art Department in the coming Industrial Exhibition here.

MR. F. M. BELL-SMITH is spending the summer in Wales, painting near Chepstow. He is to spend the winter in Paris.

MR. J. C. FORBES has nearly completed his portrait of Mr. Gladstone. In a letter to a friend he speaks highly of his success in the work.

ABOUT twenty-five members of the Art Students' League of Buffalo are enjoying themselves and using plum-bago and camel's hair at Bobcaygeon.

THE Detroit Exhibition will close about the first of August. Some forty Canadian paintings are on view. Mr. W. A. Sherwood is the Canadian representative.

MR. W. A. SHERWOOD has just completed a pretty pastel portrait of Mrs. (Judge) Malone, of New York. Mr. Sherwood's address on "Colour in Nature and in the Schoolroom" was very favourably received by the teachers of the National Association, before whom it was delivered. It is, we believe, to appear in full in the transactions of that body.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

OVIDE MUSIN, the famous Belgian violinist, will return to America in the latter part of September, bringing with him not only several artists of ability, but a wife in the person of Mme. Folville-Musin, who is herself a violinist, a pianist, a composer, and an orchestral conductor.

THE Court of Governors of the Victoria University have come to the important decision to exercise the powers of their charter enabling them to confer degrees in music. The curriculum it is understood will comprise an entrance examinations in arts, and three examinations in practical music, including questions on acoustics. The scheme is not yet made public in all its details.

THE Bishop of Durham has come out in defence of the drama, saying that "the universal instinct toward dramatic representations appears to show that the theatre answers to the natural and right desire. The only rule I can offer or follow is whether a particular amusement helps me in my work. If so, it is, in my opinion, a bless-

tion and the improved condition of the sex, and the graduates are drawn up in blushing rows wearing the loveliest and most poetic of hoods—white and rose, white and lemon, white and azure, white and green—and the piano duet gives way to the Octett, and the elocution is modelled upon Silas E. Neff's famous school of oratory at Philadelphia, where Thought—Conception and Aesthetic Gymnastics are studied along with physical culture and the Elements of Beauty, and the essays all sound exactly alike. You know, when you enter upon a sea-voyage, the food at first strikes you as being excellent, if not superior. The joints are large and fat, the tea and coffee look dark and strong, and the sweets reveal unexpected phases of delight. But before you are far out, you discover that, look as they may, they all taste alike. An indefinable, penetrating, peculiar and subtle flavour distinguishes them all, especially the meats, so that although you are eating what must be, from its shape, chop—it might be from its taste, steak, and in like manner when you order steak, it is more like veal. How this is to be accounted for I do not know, but so it is. And so, if I am permitted by the schoolmasters abroad to remark—so taste these College essays. They are replete with allusion, stack full of quotations like a cushion with new pins, primed with anecdote, furnished with an Introduction and a Peroration, and usually commencing in this way: "It has been said by Homer—" or in this way, only an ingenious twisting of the other: "Montesquieu has remarked—" or, in a third inversion: "We find everywhere in the writings of that wonderful man, Jean Paul Richter—" from which it is fair to gather that the reading of these young ladies has been very varied indeed.

Before leaving this subject, I must, in justice to it, remark to my correspondent of last week that the proof-reader was not as kind as usual to me. In setting up my column, he made me use the adjective "lame" with regard to the Boys' Closing—the very opposite to my meaning. However, the proof-reader was doubtless attending the meetings of the N.E.A., and so was I, which may account for the difficulty I experienced in getting my copy down to the office in time. The Convention itself should supply notes sufficient to last over three issues of the paper, for it afforded numberless phases, some amusing, some instructive, some puzzling, and all more or less improving. There can be little doubt that Toronto, individually and collectively, carried the proceedings through with great skill and enterprise. Patriotism was at high-water mark, while the absence of misplaced Jingoism in the speeches of welcome told of the restraining common sense of the orators. Some of the visitors went so far as to say that they had been "morally uplifted" during their sojourn in our midst. Others referred in kindling periods to the "Chaste Queen of the North," and our hotels, churches, sidewalks, morals, manners, and street cars were all favourably endorsed. How satisfied we should be with ourselves, and probably are! The floweriness of the American speaker was never more apparent. In a country where a certain hard practical character, pretty hard already—there exists also the most curious and sometimes the most fatal leaning towards sentiment. Apropos—I was engaged one day last week in idly turning over the leaves of a new American periodical when I was accosted by the young man in charge of the stall. Directly I replied to him, accent—the great leveller—proclaimed my nationality. "You are a resident of Toronto?" "I am." Then followed some laudatory remarks touching the periodical, but as I did not, however, appear to be greatly impressed by them, he begged to give me the agent's name, saying earnestly and confidentially, as he wrote it out upon a slip of paper, "She's just a lovely young lady, and I want she should succeed."

Now the loveliness of the agent didn't, couldn't, matter a row of pins to me, or anyone, could it? As strangers we were naturally interested in the publication itself, not in the agent. The Kindergarten displays were excellent, but there were so many of them! What do the people at home do with all that slat work and peace work and weaving and plaiting and cutting and folding? It all takes house room and must occasionally be a nuisance.

It is gratifying to see that the gallant and splendid services of young Grant, the "Hero of Thobal," have been fittingly rewarded. On Sir Frederick Roberts' recommendation the coveted and always hard-earned V.C. has been given to the young officer, and he has also been run up to the rank of Brevet-Major. He has been nine years in the army, having joined the Suffolk Regiment in 1882, when he went out to India. In the following year he became a probationer for the Madras Staff Corps, and in 1885, when the Burma war broke out, he went to see service, he got himself attached to the 12th Upper Burma. His dash and pluck in guerilla warfare soon attracted attention, but he was incapacitated by a maul stroke for a time. When certain of the military police battalions were converted into local regiments, Lieutenant Grant was posted to the 12th Burma Infantry, and when the Manipur massacre took place he was in command of