

OPEN THE BAY !

The navigation of Hudson's Straits is impracticable.
Enlightened Hudson's Bay Co. Trader from Ungava.
The Hudson's Bay route is a chimera.
Patriotic Toronto Newspaper.

OPEN the Bay, which o'er the northland broods,
Dumb, yet in labour with a mighty fate !
Open the Bay ! Humanity intrudes,
And gropes, prophetic, round its solitudes,
In eager thought, and will no longer wait !

Open the Bay which Cabot first espied,
In days when tiny bark and pinnace bore
Stout pilots and brave captains true and tried—
Those dauntless souls who battled, far and wide,
With wind and wave, in the great days of yore.

Open the Bay which Hudson—doubly crowned
By fame—to science and to history gave.
This was his limit, this his utmost bound—
Here, all unwittingly, he sailed and found,
At once, a path of empire and a grave !

Open the Bay ! What cared that seaman grim
For towering iceberg or the crashing floe ?
He sped at noonday or at midnight dim—
A man !—and, hence, there was a way for him,
And where he went a thousand ships can go.

Open the Bay ! the myriad prairies call ;
Let homesteads rise and comforts multiply ;
Give to the world the shortest route of all—
Let justice triumph though the heavens should fall !
This is the voice of reason—manhood's cry.

Open the Bay ! Who are they that say " No " ?
Who locks the portals ? Nature ? She resigned
Her icy reign, her stubborn frost and snow,
Her sovereign sway and sceptre, long ago,
To sturdy manhood and the master, Mind !

Not these the foe ! Not Nature, who is fair
When earnest hearts an earnest end pursue ;
But man's old selfishness and greed of gain ;
These ancient breeders of earth's sin and pain—
These are the thieves who steal the nation's due !

Such are the heirs of traders Gillam led—
Such were they in the past, with souls obtuse
When duty called—who, recreant and dead
To England's honour, hung the craven head,
And struck the British flag to La Perouse.

And such are they who, in their Eastern place,
Say, " It is folly and the purpose vain !"
The carrier and the shallow hucksters' race—
Theirs are the hands, not Nature's, which efface
And seal the public good for private gain.

Open the Bay ! Let earth's poor people in !
What though the selfish interests lie and flout—
Open the Islet ! Let them growl and grin,
And Power still hobnob with them in their sin—
Humanity, their master, is about !

It looks abroad, and with purged vision sees
Man's wily nature bared, not overcast.
It comes to scatter to the winds his pleas,
His privilege and bland accessories,
And with strong arm right the wronged land at last !
Prince Albert, N.-W.T. C. MAIR.

THE EVOLUTION OF SOCIALISM.

RECENTLY the movements of the Labour Conference at Berlin have been watched with a curious mixture of feeling by Socialists of varying divergence of opinion. The eight points of discussion to which the conference is confining its programme suggest the outcome of many years of conflicting thought on social questions. They recall the earlier ideas of enthusiastic thinkers and writers, as well as of those stronger minds whose keen depth of insight can hardly be described by the word enthusiasm.

The writings of Kingsley, or more recently the lectures on the Industrial Revolution in England, delivered to workingmen by the late Arnold Toynbee, show that the chief power which moves these men to write is that of strong human feeling, and to many of their readers this power is more effective in causing at least some action to be taken whereby evident wrongs may be remedied, than it would have been had they spoken with less warmth. And now to-day in our reviews and magazines we are confronted with articles bearing either directly or indirectly on those deep problems of our century centred in questions relating to labour. Among the numerous papers of this character in the March magazines is one in *Good Words*, by Prof. Flint, on "Socialism," being the first of a series dealing with this subject. The substance of these papers was given in the form of lectures at Edinburgh chiefly addressed to working men. Prof. Flint's style of treating his subject will illustrate the manner in which the thinker who has become more of a spectator surveys through calm unperturbed spectacles the position to which Socialism has now arrived. To the vehement temperament of many of our modern Socialists, these papers, we imagine, will hardly give very great satisfaction, and it is possible that they may give offence. The professor seems conscious of this, for he candidly informs his audience that he is speaking to them from the non-socialistic standpoint. The quiet,

thoughtful method which Prof. Flint adopts in dealing with a subject suggesting to the modern idea the reverse of quiet contemplations, makes us feel that the ideas he seems to hold are of very little use to-day. The armchair philosopher has small chance of being listened to by the men who are feeling so keenly the wrongs of their fellow-men, the men who are almost ready to sacrifice their lives for the principles that guide them. Professor Flint asserts that he is desirous of spreading what he considers are "the good and true elements of Socialism," but is still firmly convinced that the presence of "bad and false elements of Socialism" will prevent him from joining heartily with the Socialists. It is to be admitted that the unusual spirit of fairness which characterizes this article is worthy of the highest respect of all sections of Socialists, but as someone has recently remarked, in questions of this kind, at the present moment, "easy toleration is very much out of fashion." Such an article as Professor Flint's may have the effect of making those who are already apathetic on social questions more callous and indifferent than before. One of the best ways of getting rid of the bad and false elements of Socialism, it would appear to us, is to detect at once what are the good elements, the foremost elements of truth of which enthusiastic Socialists are possessed, and endeavour to test by practical working what they are convinced are the crucial necessities for immediate reform.

Will Professor Flint's arguments, or rather contemplative remarks, satisfy the English dock labourer, who has recently found out that in combination lies his strength ? Do the miners of Lancashire and Yorkshire, who have recently succeeded in paralyzing so much industry, feel that their demands can be met by lengthy discussion and learned talk ? It would seem not. One of the foremost scientists of our age, Prof. Huxley, finds his elaborate article on "Natural Rights and Political Rights" attacked by a pastry cook—a man whose soul is sometimes carried away from the material occupation of manufacturing jam tarts and sausage rolls, and who is ready to take up his pen on behalf of the workingman, and make himself heard in the March number of the *Nineteenth Century*. When Professor Huxley finds fault with Henry George's theory of the natural rights of man, this workingman asserts that "millions of thoughtful workingmen see a great deal in that doctrine, and it gives them great hopes for the future, and hope is one of the most effective safety valves or lightning conductors that society possesses at the present day." We are inclined to question the truth of the statement that there are millions of thoughtful workingmen who think thus ; unfortunately, through no fault of their own, the generality of workingmen to-day are not as thoughtful as they might become if they had had the opportunities of education and the means of procuring it for their children. They have shown themselves capable of being led, but unless they have a leader—a man with firm convictions that the opinions he advocates are for the good of his followers—they are at sea, and become helpless as children, or brutally savage. Then the outcome is a wild display of anger, and chaotic results ensue.

But in looking at the second part of the workingman's sentence which we have quoted, there can be no doubt that he has repeated a great truth when he says that hope is one of the most effective safety valves or lightning conductors which society possesses at the present day, and it is very evident by the events of the past few weeks, that Socialists, and the toiling mass of suffering humanity have reasons for looking into the future with hopeful eyes.

Prof. Flint would tell us that all great changes in society are the slow process of evolution, and that therefore strong revolutionary measures are fatal in their results. He asserts that "all history is a process of incessant change, and so a continuous protest against the conservatism which would seek to perpetuate any present. But it is, also, not a series of revolutions but a process of evolution in which revolution is rare and exceptionable."

The ideas of modern Socialists have become so vividly impressed on the public mind, the voices of their leaders, although differing in details, are on many vital points at once unanimous. The Fabian Society have recently published a volume of essays, in which they give to the world their expressions of collective opinion. Every day some new book dealing with the social problems of the age presents itself, and between the mass of thought and feeling put down in black and white, and the practical action of the toiling masses in using combination as their weapon, how can we prevent the outbreak of revolution ? Men are moved to action by strong human sympathy, and underlying all the analytical criticisms of the thoughtful looker-on must be the deep moral feeling which impels a desire to exterminate injustice. To merely deal with questions which must naturally produce warmth of feeling in a cold, critical spirit, will not evoke much effort. The conference at Berlin may discuss, and it may talk very seriously of what are evidently questions of the deepest and most serious import, but unless their task results in wise action put into immediate test, it is likely that Prof. Flint's dreaded "revolution" will become a blessing rather than a curse.

C. F. NEWCOMBE.

THE London *Lancet* reports these recent foot-ball casualties : In a game "played under Rugby rules, and conducted in a friendly manner," at Cheetham Hill, a soldier was injured in the spine, and died three weeks later. In an Association match at Birmingham, a young man slipped and another player fell upon him. The injuries thus received left the first-mentioned player in a paralyzed condition, and he now lies in the Birmingham General Hospital.

PARIS LETTER.

CLAIRVAUX is the chief of the twenty-five Central Prisons in France. It is the healthiest, best organized, and—best guarded. It occupies, as is well known, not the site, but the sites, of several abbeys, belonging to the Order of Benedictine monks. Of the first abbey, founded by St. Bernard, when twenty-five years of age, only the wine cellar remains, which forms the present refectory for the female prisoners. Clairvaux is on the line of railway from Paris to Mulhouse—one hundred and thirty-five miles. Prisoner Duc d'Orleans made the journey a few days ago in seven hours. It took St. Bernard two days and one night, in the twelfth century, to accomplish the same distance.

Within the vast penitentiary are lodged 1,400 male and 450 female prisoners, sentenced for all crimes, and for varying periods, from one year's imprisonment and upward. No juvenile offenders are there incarcerated, nor convict mothers with their children of tender age. There are four classes of *détenus*—those for above one year ; those from five to ten years, deprived of all their civil rights, and condemned to hard labour ; those above sixty years of age ; and, lastly, women transported for life.

Like the Benedictines, the prison inmates have to observe a rigorous silence ; they are not allowed tobacco, nor wine, nor any fermented drink ; no fires are provided to warm the building ; except on Sunday, the diet is vegetarian, and, like the ancient monks also, the costume is grey, only of a different shape. The prison is guarded by three companies of infantry, of one hundred men each : every week one of the companies is changed. There are ten vast pavilions, separated by extensive gardens. Each wing corresponds to a class of punishment, and a work-shop. The resident official staff consists of one director, salary 6,000frs. ; two inspectors, 4,000frs. ; chaplains for Catholics, Protestants, and Jews ; two teachers ; forty-three gaolers, 800 to 1,700frs. salary ; sixteen nuns ; an architect, a doctor, master weavers, gardeners, millers, etc., besides many minor employés : to assist the latter, is a reward held out to well-conducted convicts. All told, Clairvaux penitentiary represents a population of three thousand souls.

The establishment is self-supporting : it supplies not only its own wants, but the output of its twenty-two industries represents sales to the value of 563,000frs. annually. Weaving, spinning, carding wool and silk, tailoring, shoe-making, brush-ware, smith-work, etc., are the principal trades. The making of blue and black velvets is a specialty. Many hands are employed in gardening and agricultural work. The home minister regulates the tariff of trade sales, after consulting with the Chamber of Commerce. Prices are never below those of private industry ; hence, no competition : an allowance of one-fifth is accorded to contractors' purchases, as a compensation for imperfect work or damaged materials.

The prisoners receive two meals daily ; the first, white bread and soup ; the second, mixed flour-bread and vegetables : on Sundays, five ounces of meat. The average cost of a prisoner is nineteen sous per day to the State. Against this is the write-off of the prisoner's earnings, about one-half being retained by the Government, the remainder belongs to the *détenu* ; three-fifths of it is placed to his credit, and paid over to him on the expiration of his sentence, the remaining fifths the prisoner, if conduct be good, is allowed to draw, to purchase creature comforts in the prison canteen—save tobacco and drink. Smiths can earn thirty-two sous daily in making domestic articles in iron work ; this is the highest wage gained, the lowest is for picking tow—five sous ; brushmakers earn twenty-two sous, and basket and staymakers, twenty. The average wage for the whole twenty-two trades, per working day, is eighteen sous.

The average expenditure at the canteen per prisoner per day is less than three sous, and no prisoner must expend more than eight. The articles purchased are chiefly bread, milk, coffee, chocolate, and meat. The women can purchase certain articles of underclothing. On an average a male prisoner sends annually seven francs of his savings to help his family ; a woman, twelve francs—she must pinch herself more. Evasions are next to unknown ; the grounds are surrounded by walls sixty feet high, and an evader runs the risk of being instantly shot down by the sentinel. The average infraction of the prison rules is about one delinquent per day ; the misconduct and punishment are read out in presence of the assembled prisoners. The punishment is diet on dry bread, or the cell. While the men do not violate the rule of enforced silence to one per cent., in the case of women the violation is as high as sixty-six per cent.

Of one hundred prisoners who entered the prison totally illiterate, thirty-six per cent. left in the same condition, while nineteen per cent. were taught to read, twenty-two to read and write, and nineteen per cent. knew the three R's. The average number of admissions daily to the infirmary is two ; the average number of days in the hospital, four. Of one hundred admissions, seven simulated sickness : the chief maladies are indigestion and bronchitis. Of the deaths, fifty per cent. are from lung and larynx diseases. The death-rate is 2.72 per cent. When a *détenu* dies, the chaplain to whose creed the deceased belonged must perform the full funeral service ; one of the inspectors is bound to be present, and to accompany the remains, with a selected number of prisoners, to the grave. No suicides ever occur at Clairvaux. The average number of prisoners pardoned yearly is forty-three, and one hundred and fifteen have their sentences reduced, on the recommendation of the prison authorities, or supplications from their families.