

Nations are mere sandhills on the desert plain of Time, and the sands are shifting Canadaward. But some may call a halt here, and claim that Canada cannot become or remain independent. Their reasons are well defined and we may briefly examine them.

1. Britain's consent would not be given. Is this so? The late Hon. Mr. Bright, together with many other English statesmen, once declared, with the approval of the press, that Canada could become independent without the slightest resistance from England. The connection between Britain and Canada has long since ceased to be of any profit to the former. Canadian ports do not welcome the British merchant any more than the German, and for the doubtful glory of dominion John Bull is asked to protect Canadian interests, embarrass his trade and squander his wealth in war. All the straws that mark the trend of public feeling indicate that with a good will and best wishes England would second Canadian Independence.

2. The costs of an independent form of government would be too great; ambassadors, consuls, and the other necessities of a nation would require a revenue such as Canada could not produce. The expenses thus to be incurred are exaggerated, and there is no reason why, with an economic administration, the present revenue would not be sufficient to maintain the dignity of a nation.

3. Canadians would not be able to protect themselves. This is an argument against immediate Independence rather than against Independence in itself, and even as an objection to immediate Independence it is doubtful if it will stand criticism. Under present relations Canada receives no aid from England. The outrages on Canadian sealers continue and piratical plundering off the Alaskan coast still goes on. Withdraw the feigned protection, and what would Canada lose? Indeed, is not colonial connection the one cause of the existing unpleasantness between Canada and the States, and once separated from England would not all probability of such trouble disappear?

4. A national spirit in Canada is impossible! Consider the facts. When a Government official visits British Columbia he is publicly welcomed and every town hall flies its flag. When rebellion showed itself in the North-West the Halifax and Quebec Companies were among the first to march out. When peace was once more restored the martial strain of triumph echoed from Canoe Strait to Nootka Sound. Whether you read a Canadian paper by the shores of the broad Pacific, on the rolling prairies or in the humble home of the *habitant*, you read of the same men and same events. Have we not already in Canada much that approaches a national spirit? Does the Pacific province welcome Eastern dignitaries that it may gain a subsidy or that it may honour those to whom honour is due? Did those Halifax and Quebec Companies respond to duty's call as slaves of enlistment or as knights to serve their country? Were the rejoicings after the rebellion merely formal, or the honest expressions of a people that thought they had a country worth saving? Do the journals throughout the length of this great Dominion teem with Canadian news because it is acceptable or otherwise? Yet there remain those who profess to see in our French fellow-countrymen an obstacle to a national spirit. They shut their eyes to Belgium and Switzerland with their dual and tripart official languages, and talk as though they never heard of Dutch unity or Helvetic patriotism. After all is there not too much stress laid on sameness of race as entering into a national life? Several European countries whose names are associated with the noblest struggles for national existence have been composed of distinct races, differing in language, religion and sentiment. History sufficiently affirms that common interests and love for the same kind of government can overcome all obstacles of race and creed, and weld the Latin and Saxon into a unified people. Why can this not be in Canada? Thus far we have seen that events are pointing towards Independence, and that no very serious objection thereto can be urged.

A few words now as to the effects of Independence. It has been said before that our relations with the United States would be improved. The Behring Sea contentions and Fishery fracas are continued in order to soothe the Anglophobias of the States. This class has no object in venting its spleen on Canada apart from her connection with Britain. Let the connection cease, and Canada, no longer an unoffending appendage, would be free from injury and insult, and John Bull would escape the awkward position of either being drawn into a quarrel with his big son Jonathan or forsaking his olden time prestige. Britain's convenience would be served and Canadian interests furthered. Treaties could be entered into with the States without Canada's suffering the effects of European indiscretion, and in many a fishing village and border town rancour and reverse would give way to sunshine and success. From out the turmoil of change a national literature would rise. A Milton or a Dante might not grace the crisis, but humbler poets would sing Canadian song till the continent would ring with the glad refrain. An educational influence would sweep over the country, petty prejudices would be absorbed in devotion to the national spirit, and the whole land would become strong in bonds of mutual trust. The vigour of new life would permeate industry and commerce would receive fresh impetus. The native hills would have a finer charm, the forests greater beauties, and a louder song of welcome would await Canada's sons in other lands.

Canadians are already looking towards Independence. Civil agitation suggests it, prosperity requires it, and peace demands it. Let us hope that destiny's wand may soon wave, and that from out the troublous times in which we

live, when social storms are brewing and clashing struggles stirring, there may rise into the pure sky beyond the clouds a guiding star amid the nations—the coming Canadian commonwealth. W. W. B. McINNES.

Toronto, January, 1890.

ART NOTES.

FERDINAND HEILBUTH, a native of Germany, but well-known as a prominent Parisian painter of park and garden landscapes with fashionably dressed figures in the foregrounds, died on the 20th November last, at Paris.

A WELL authenticated painting by Leonardo da Vinci has been discovered, and is now in Munich. It is the picture of a Madonna, and has been lying *perdu* in the little Bavarian town of Gunzburg, whence it was sent to Munich. It is pronounced authentic by the best connoisseurs of that town.

SIR COUTTS LINDSAY, originator and chief patron of the Grosvenor Gallery, has just founded a Society of British Pastellists, whose exhibition will be held annually at the Grosvenor Gallery. Members will be invited to exhibit, and the works of non-members will be received if accepted by the hanging committee.

THE Anglo-Australian Society of Artists, which held its first exhibition in Melbourne in 1885, has lately been honoured by Her Majesty with the title of *Royal*. It now numbers eighty members. In future its exhibitions will be held annually at the National Gallery at Sydney, and kept open for four weeks. Among the honorary members are Her Royal Highness Princess Louise, Sir J. E. Millais, Sir John Gilbert, Sir Frederick Leighton, also Linton, the engraver, and G. F. Watts, R.A. For some unexplained reason considerably more high class and high-priced pictures are sold in Australia than in Canada. This is especially the case in regard to English art, which has not been much sought after in Canada, where most of the collectors patronize French artists. TEMPLAR.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

VERDI is spending the winter in a hotel at Milan, engaged in making notes for a new opera.

MR. AND MRS. HENSCHEL intend this month to give six vocal recitals in Italy. They will no doubt be vastly appreciated in the land of song.

THERESA CARRENO, the American pianist, gave a concert in Berlin on the 18th of November, and surprised everybody with her powers. Otto Lessman says that for years he has not heard such playing.

A MISS CARLOTTA JOHANNSON, a niece of Christine Nilsson (a daughter of the prima donna's sister), is said to have a remarkably fine soprano voice and has been sent to Christiana to finish her studies in singing.

THE disposition of the characters in "Little Lord Fauntleroy" last week at the Grand Opera House gave entire satisfaction to those who were familiar with Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's pretty classic as well as to less exacting play-goers. Tommy Russell in the title role had perhaps more admirers than the little girl who alternated with him, but both were highly gifted and exceptionally well-trained children. The slightly transpontine situations of the charming book hit the modern stage to perfection; there is just enough of the pathetic, varied by the humorous and the incongruous to satisfy all tastes. Numbers of happy children were in the audience, even at the night performances, and as for the matinee, the auditorium was fully as novel a sight as the stage.

It is only about twenty five or thirty years since Japan opened her portals and admitted foreign culture, but in that period she has made wonderful strides in advance. Not only in the science, but also in the arts, has the Japanese mind made unusual progress. What is being done in music may be seen from a concert programme performed in the Imperial Musical Academy of Tokio. This institution was started in 1878, and is therefore but a little over ten years old. Yet, at the head of the institution stands Mr. (or whatever we ought to betitle him) Isawa, a native Japanese. Next to him as head teacher we find Herr Dittrich, a German. The programme just alluded to was made up of choruses and songs, of pieces for piano and violin, by Weber, Schumann, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. Yes, even a *concert-stück*, composed by a native, with the name of Koto, was performed. There also was played an original "Polka Japonica" for the piano. The natives display much love for art, they exhibit great perseverance in their musical studies, and are making most decided progress. The ladies are said to have pleasing voices, while the Japanese language is well suited for music.

THE English stage was at a poor pass when the ingenious writer of "The Bab Ballads" and the composer of "Cox and Box" got together about thirteen years ago. The biggest playwrights were Tom Taylor, John Oxenford and T. W. Robertson. Comic opera and opera in all its forms had hardly an existence. The public had sickened of farce and adaptations. It panted for something new, natty and national. The old songs of Balfe, Wallace and their emulators had outworn their popularity. Offenbach had begun to pall. Lecocq had paved the way for drawing-room operetta. But he was a foreigner and the Londoners wanted English music. Gilbert and Sullivan had the sense to see their opportunity and catch it now that it had come. Both were men of mark. Each had his social

following. Mr. Sullivan (he was not Sir Arthur then) enjoyed the friendship of royal highnesses, a princely fiddler among them. Mr. Gilbert had won his dramatic spurs long since at the Haymarket. One had wit, literary brightness and culture to help him; the other ranked as the foremost of living English musicians. The experiment was worth making. They made it. At the outset, if I am not mistaken, they aimed chiefly at modernizing operetta. To refinement of wit, humour and dialogue, to scholarly musical methods they would give the piquancy of ultramodernism of subject, and we hardly needed the assurance of the two unwearying authors to know that their work is not produced, as some might think, with ease, but with labour and thought as great as might be expended on far more lofty and pretentious essays. Mr. Gilbert was interviewed on his librettos lately. He said he had spent five months on the words of "The Gondoliers," and though he dared say he "could write an opera in a week, it would be a precious bad one." "Are you a rapid worker?" some one asked Sir Arthur the other day. "Well, that depends," was the reply. "Sometimes I do three or four numbers in a day, and sometimes I take a fortnight over a single song." Sir Arthur settled down to "The Gondoliers" last July and worked on steadily at it through the autumn. The melodies seem to have given him the most trouble, which is not surprising. The orchestration was disposed of in less than a fortnight. Gilbert works up his quaint conceits and quips as carefully as the composer makes his melodies. His library is littered all over with note books filled with embryo verses and dialogue. "When found make a note on" is his motto, as it is Alphonse Daudet's and Zola's, and as it was Charles Dickens'. He trims his lines and turns them; he amplifies and suppresses, till very often there is nothing at all left of the ideas with which he may originally have started. In staging his work when he has at last completed it he shows the same conscientiousness. It took three days' rehearsing at the Savoy before he was satisfied with the way in which the company played that game of blindman's buff in "The Gondoliers." As for Sir Arthur he vows and protests he worries more over his two act operettas than over his oratorios and cantatas. "My 'Martyr of Antioch' and 'Golden Legend,' strange as it may seem, gave me far less mental anxiety than my 'Pinafore' and 'Pirates.'" It is this thoroughness of the authors, no less than their wit, their humour and their artistic worth, that makes even the least brilliant of their joint works so peculiarly interesting. Whether "The Gondoliers" succeeds or fails—whether it is damned with faint praise, hissed down or wins uproarious welcome, we may expect it to be the best Gilbert and Sullivan could give us.—*N. Y. Herald.*

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF LEIGH HUNT AND THOMAS HOOD (SELECTED). Edited, with Introduction, by J. Harwood Panting. London: Walter Scott; New York and Toronto: W. J. Gage and Company.

This latest volume of the Canterbury Poets should need but few words from us, unless certain hints as to the belittling of the literary wares of the past be true, as some critics would fain have us believe. Neither Hunt nor Hood are poets whom it is good to read continuously—this in self-defence. It is preferable to come upon such delightful lyrics and ballads, as either can give us, rather by accident, than to light upon them after having exhausted the "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies" or "The Story of Rimini." Delightful and inconsequent Leigh Hunt, who was never able to master the multiplication table! Poor Hood, receiving in his last days a letter containing a bank-note for £20, and these words in a feigned hand: "A shirt! and a sincere wish for health!" His commentator observes: "Alas! that wish was not gratified. The shirt became, indeed, a shroud." The selections have been in the present instance for the most part judiciously made, although we miss one or two popular favourites. The humorous poems of Hood are not included, but will soon be issued in a separate volume.

Le Canada-Français comes to us for January, well edited and full of good names. Napoleon Légendre, A. Gerin-Lajoie, P. J. O. Chauveau, and Benjamin Suete appear as contributors, while Dr. Fréchette gives a translation of Cable's "Sieur George." The *Documents Inédits sur l'Acadie* are continued, and a new Canadian novel by M. Légendre is promised for the February number. An interesting item is a *variante* of the French-Canadian song, "A la Claire Fontaine," found by Nérée Beauchemin in some districts of France, upon which he has constructed a delightful bit of verse.

Temple Bar has several seductive features this month; the two new serials promising well at the outset. Miss Edwards' "Pearl-Powder" is in her best and most careful style, and Miss Rhoda Broughton's "Alas," carried along all through in the present tense (she was the originator of this trick, afterwards taken up by the "Duchess" and other inferior writers of society novels), is laid upon the Continent, and is interesting from the very first paragraph. The fortunes of "Elizabeth" will be followed largely by all readers of the magazine. The eighth instalment of the "Romance of History" deals with the career of Casanova, and is one of the most picturesque and stirring of these bright papers. "The Green Door" is a fascinating short story of a Russian Princess, and a provincial English