

THE WEEK:

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The long Manitoba Railway Monopoly controversy is drawing to a close. Premier Greenway has returned home carrying with him a written promise of Sir John A. Macdonald to the effect that the vetoing of the railway legislation of the Province shall at once cease. The change of policy will, it is understood, affect not only the old Province of Manitoba but the whole North-West. The consequence is that railways from various western points to the international line are already projected, and it can scarcely be doubted that within a very few years the North-West Territories throughout their whole extent, and British Columbia as well, will have numerous points of connection with the railway systems of the United States. Whether the effects will be so disastrous to the trade with Old Canada as has been predicted will remain to be seen. It may be hoped that in this, as in most other cases, the broader policy will prove the sounder and more patriotic one, and that the rapid growth and development of the country under the new stimulus will far more than counterbalance the effects of any temporary diversion of traffic. The terms made with the Canadian Pacific for the surrender of its monopoly have not yet been made public, nor is it quite clear by what process of reasoning the Government can induce its supporters, who have been trained to believe in the monopoly as the only safeguard of Canadian interests, to change their opinions with sufficient celerity, to enable them to support the new arrangement.

THE uncertainties of the law, and more particularly the ambiguities of the Dominion Franchise Act, have been strikingly illustrated in the reversal by the Supreme Court of Canada of the decision of Judge Rose in the case of Mr. Purcell and the Glengarry election. Of course, from the strictly legal point of view, Mr. Purcell, notwithstanding the unsavoury and scandalous facts brought to light at the trial in the Election Court, had the same right to take advantage of the technical plea as Sir Adolphe Caron and others who escaped trial by that means. Meanwhile Parliament and the people must submit with the best grace they can, to the spectacle of one found guilty by the court of wholesale bribery, sitting and voting as a duly elected representative of the people. The sight will, unhappily, not be novel in its worst features. The public will watch with interest for the promised amendments to the ambiguous and complicated Franchise

Act. The only satisfactory amendment would be its repeal, and the substitution of some simple, inexpensive, and workable system of franchise in its place. Is that past hoping for?

THE WEEK had occasion to point out a month or two since that the action of the Canadian Government in reference to the canal tolls gave too much colour to the charge made by certain unfriendly legislators in the United States, that the spirit of the Washington Treaty had not been observed. Another case of a still more dubious character gave rise to a warm discussion in the House of Commons a few days since. A well-known clause in the Canadian Customs Act, after enumerating certain natural products, provides that "any or all" of the articles so enumerated "may be imported into Canada free of duty, or at less rate of duty than is provided by this [the Customs] Act, upon proclamation of the Governor in Council, which may be issued whenever it appears to his satisfaction that similar articles from Canada may be imported into the United States free of duty, or at a rate of duty not exceeding that payable on the same under such proclamation when imported into Canada." Several of the articles in question have recently been put on the free list by the United States, and it was maintained by Hon. Mr. Mitchell and others on the floor of the House that the Government was in honour bound by its own statute; to reciprocate, so far as those articles are concerned. The Premier and the Minister of Justice warmly repudiated the imputation that a breach of faith had been committed, resting their justification on the ground that the clause is simply enabling not binding. In support of this interpretation they referred to the use of the word "may." The question of interpretation is, of course, a legal one, but it can hardly be denied that the ordinary reader would almost certainly infer that the proposed reciprocation was intended to follow as a matter of course, not of choice. The fact that the clause has often been referred to as a "standing offer," of reciprocity in natural products by members of the Government themselves, or without any disclaimer on their part, gives much colour to that view, as does, also, the further fact that the clause is described in the running marginal index in the Consolidated Statutes as meaning "certain articles to be free of duty in Canada when free in the United States." The Canadian Government cannot afford to let even the shadow of such an imputation rest upon its good faith towards a foreign nation, and should cause either the proclamation to be issued, or the ambiguity removed from the statute at the earliest possible moment.

THE Bill which has been introduced by the Government for the political organization of the North-West Territories is, in some of its provisions remarkable, if not unique. Those territories will, if the Bill passes in its present shape, present the anomaly of a Canadian community having a representative assembly without a responsible executive. Indeed it is hard to discover from the meagre outline given in the papers, that the territories will have any executive at all, or that it will be the business of any person or body in particular to see that its acts and decrees are enforced. Sir John A. Macdonald stated that the relations between the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West and the Governor-General in Council would be the same as between the Lieutenant-Governors of the Provinces and the Governor-General. But an important part of the office of the Lieutenant-Governor of a Province is to form a connecting link and medium of communication between the Government of the Dominion and his own responsible advisers. In the case of the Territories he will have no such advisers. He will have no veto, Sir John explains, over the Assembly's legislation. Will he have the power to initiate legislation? If so, how will he introduce and explain it, and who will see to its promotion in the Assembly? The legal members appointed by the Ottawa Government? Their presence in the Assembly is explained as but a temporary makeshift. If the Ottawa Government is to be the direct and only executive authority, what guarantee can the Assembly have that its legislation will have any binding force, or practical effect? These and other difficulties which suggest themselves may be removed when the Act is more fully explained, but at first view, and in the dubious light of Sir John A. Macdonald's introductory explanations, it would seem as if a North-West Assembly without responsible officers to guide its legislation or do its bidding must be a nondescript affair, and its deliberations a near approach to the farcical.

THE *Edmonton Bulletin* publishes a harrowing report of an alleged interview between Mr. Hayter Reed, the Assistant Indian Commissioner in the North-West, and certain Indian chiefs, some of whose people are said to have suffered and died for want of food and clothing. Chief Alexander, for instance, is reported as saying that thirty had died on his reserve, of sickness and hunger, among them five of his own children. Other chiefs told similar tales of suffering through want of supplies promised by the Government. If half of these sad tales is true, the Indian Department must stand convicted of culpable neglect and inefficiency, not to say heartless indifference or cruelty. The excuse said to have been offered by Mr. Reed is, in effect, that the Government delayed purchasing supplies, in the hope of being able to procure them from farmers in the district, and failing that, the contractor was obliged to bring them from Winnipeg, and was unable, through various delays and accidents, to reach the poor people in time to prevent suffering and death. Such a defence is surely insufficient. The Indian Department should by this time have had sufficient experience to enable its officials to guard against such contingencies, and the sums annually voted by Parliament must be ample, if properly administered, to save the poor Indians from perishing for want of food. The stories, if true, are a sad reproach to Canada, and throw a heavy responsibility on those whose want of foresight or energy has led to such calamitous results. Honour and justice, not to say Christian charity, demand that inquiry be made just as strictly as if the sufferers had been of our own colour.

It must be not a little discouraging to the many Canadians who are declaring their desire and determination to perpetuate British connection at all hazards, whether by means of an imperial federation or otherwise, to note with what complacency some leading English statesmen seem to contemplate a different destiny for us. Mr. Chamberlain, in his speech before the Toronto Board of Trade a few weeks since, did not shun the use of ill-omened words, or wince, as he might have been expected to do, when using them to denote the results which would in his opinion follow should a certain commercial policy be adopted. And now the veteran and venerable John Bright stands up to predict that, if the economical facts should prove so strong as to lead to an end which he is "perfectly certain will be accomplished," there will result "a tendency hardly resistible to get over the sentiment that it is better for Canadians to be associated politically with Great Britain than with the United States." Can it be that the views of the school of statesmen who were anxious to cut the North American colonies adrift a quarter of a century or so ago are being revived amongst English Liberals? It would certainly be grateful to Canadians who do not hesitate to declare their loyalty to Britain on all occasions, if British statesmen would protest a little more when discussing the contingency of final separation.

THE proceedings of the Baptist Convention, which met in Guelph last week to settle the educational policy of the denomination, are not without interest for the educated public. The two questions submitted to the large body of delegates assembled, the one regarding the location of the Arts College, soon to be erected, the other its relation to the Provincial University, had been very fully discussed for months in the denominational organ and other journals, and the discussion was continued with much animation for two days at Guelph. The choice of Toronto instead of Woodstock as the site of the new institution will commend itself to most judgments. The decision in favour of independence, rather than federation, leaves more room for difference of opinion, but no one can question that the representatives of the Churches had a perfect right to decide, as they did by an overwhelming majority, in favour of complete independence. The endowment of McMaster University, which is now between \$900,000 and \$1,000,000 should enable the new college to make an excellent start. The presence of another university, so well founded, side by side with those already existing can hardly fail to have a healthy and stimulating effect, especially if, as is claimed, the new institution adopts educational methods and ideals quite different from those of the national university. Should it succeed in developing its distinctive policy with energy and ability it is possible that friendly rivalry, and greater variety in educational processes and results, may prove in the end quite as beneficial to the higher education in the province, as the greater scholastic uniformity that would have resulted from federation or consolidation.

A CIRCULAR recently sent out by the Toronto Board of Trade not only elicited a very hearty and unanimous chorus of condemnation of the "bucket shops" as demoralizing and indefensible gambling establishments, but proved that these pernicious institutions exist in much larger numbers

and operate on a far more extensive scale in the cities and towns of Canada than could have been otherwise supposed. As a result of the agitation which the *Montreal Witness* probably deserves the credit of commencing, the Hon. Mr. Abbott has introduced in the Senate a Government Bill for the suppression of these shops in a very prompt and unceremonious manner. It provides that persons engaged in making bucket shop transactions shall be treated as guilty of a misdemeanour, and be liable to imprisonment for a period not exceeding five years, and to a fine not exceeding five hundred dollars for each offence; and frequenters of bucket shops shall be liable to imprisonment for one year. The moral sentiment of the country will heartily approve of these vigorous measures to root out a pestilent evil. But in what respect do the operations of the bucket shops differ in principle from many of those on what are regarded as legitimate stock exchanges? or how can the law which condemns the one logically stop short of laying its hands upon the other?

THE Prohibition crusade is still being pushed with great vigour in many parts of the United States, but an important limit has been set to the power of individual States to interfere with the traffic by the recent decision of the Supreme Court, that the law passed by the Legislature of Iowa two years ago, prohibiting railroad companies from carrying liquor into the State unless the railroad company could produce the certificate of a County Auditor showing the consignee to have legal authority to sell the liquor, is null and void, as being in conflict with the Interstate Act of Congress. With a view to counteract this check, bills have been introduced into both Houses of Congress to prohibit a railroad bringing into a State articles which the roads within the same State are not permitted to transport. To such legislation the objection, supposed to be fatal, is raised, that Congress has no power to prohibit the importation of liquors into one State from another, and cannot delegate to a State a power it does not itself possess. Meanwhile a resolution has been carried in the U. S. Senate for appointing a commission of five commissioners, not all of whom shall be either advocates of prohibitory legislation or of total abstinence, to investigate to the fullest extent, and from all sides, economical, political, and moral, the traffic in alcoholic liquors. This seems a wise and statesmanlike proceeding, and if the President, with the advice and consent of the Senate, succeeds in choosing the right men for the work, their report should be a document of very great value as a guide to future legislation.

THE death of Chief Justice Waite, of the Supreme Court, has called forth expressions of profound regret throughout the length and breadth of the United States. Judge Waite was born in Connecticut in 1816, and graduated from Yale College in 1831 in a class which included several other men who afterwards became eminent, amongst them Mr. Evarts, Mr. Pierrepont, and Professor Silliman. He was admitted to the bar in Ohio in 1839, and spent the greater part of his professional life in Toledo. He represented the United States before the Arbitration Tribunal at Geneva in 1871, when he presented the American case with a skill and force which attracted much attention, and no doubt contributed largely to secure an award so favourable to his country. He was appointed by President Grant to succeed Chief Justice Chase in 1873, and had the great satisfaction of seeing his nomination unanimously confirmed by the Senate. During his term in that high and responsible position he had a number of grave constitutional questions before him. His discussions were generally admitted to be eminently fair and dispassionate, his judgments sound. As a lawyer he was considered sagacious and painstaking rather than original or brilliant. As a man and a citizen his character was irreproachable.

THE curious suit of General Badeau against the estate of the late General Grant is attracting much attention just now in the United States. The charges and counter-charges in the published correspondence are very numerous, but the condensed facts seem to be that General Badeau was employed by General Grant to assist him in preparing a part of the *Memoirs* for the press. General Badeau's duty, by his own admission, was not in any wise to contribute original matter, but consisted in "suggestion, revision, and verification." The remuneration agreed on was \$5,000 of the first \$20,000 received for the book, and \$5,000 of the next \$10,000—in all \$10,000—a liberal payment certainly for the assistance as described. When the book promised to become very profitable General Badeau asked for an entirely new arrangement, even going so far as to demand \$1,000 a month till the work was finished, and ten per cent of all the eventual profits. General Grant replied in vigorous terms, and denounced the proposal as "preposterous." This resulted in a rupture, and the refusal of General Badeau to continue the work for which he was engaged. After his death,

and on Mrs. Grant's refusal to pay General Badeau the full amount originally promised, on the ground of his failure to complete his task as agreed, the suit now pending was brought. A curious fact brought out in the correspondence is General Grant's singular unwillingness that the fact of General Badeau's literary assistance should be known, though nothing is now more common than for authors, especially those whose profession is not literature, to avail themselves of such assistance. On the other hand, the chief anxiety now expressed by the family of the deceased ex-President is to shield his name from the suspicion of dishonourable intent, in which, there is little doubt, they will be completely successful.

MR. GOSCHEN is rapidly building up for himself an enviable reputation as Chancellor of the British Exchequer. His admirable scheme introduced two or three weeks ago for the conversion of the National Debt from 3 to 2½ and ultimately 2½ per cent., has since been followed by an equally admirable annual budget. The Conversion scheme, though not original in conception—Mr. Goulbourn having in like manner forty-four years ago reduced the 3½ to 3¼ and 3 per cents.—was introduced in a speech which, it was agreed on all hands, was remarkable for its lucidity of statement and thorough mastery of details. In his Budget speech Mr. Goschen had the singular good fortune to be able to announce a handsome surplus of £2,165,000, the greatest since 1874. He at the same time showed that the National Debt had been decreased by £7,601,000, the largest sum paid off in any year since 1872, and he still rejoiced in the possession of a balance in hand of £7,348,000. With the aid of this balance, supplemented with the prospective income from certain new taxes, to be levied mainly on such luxuries as pleasure horses, race horses, bottled wines, etc., he was able in his estimates to promise the well-pleased public a reduction of a penny on the income tax. Not only the satisfactory character of this financial statement, but the very clear and able speech which accompanied it, gained for Mr. Goschen the warmest encomiums, Mr. Gladstone, probably the only man in England capable of surpassing or equalling such a financial feat, being one of the foremost in offering his congratulations.

EVENTS are demonstrating that the Salisbury Government was eminently sagacious in giving Irish matters the go-by at the outset of the present Session and devoting its energies to matters nearer home. The result has been to enable its members to secure what their supporters regard as so far a most successful Session. Since the New Procedure, the most important Government measure introduced is the Local Government Bill, which is being received with favour even by the Opposition. A remarkable feature of most of the victories of which the friends of the Government are boasting is that they have been gained, not over the Gladstonian Liberals, but with their aid. The explanation given by the Opposition which declines to oppose, is that the great measures thus far introduced are distinctly Liberal measures, and the future policy, so far as outlined, and apart from matters pertaining to Ireland, is a Liberal policy. It is, in any case, a sight as pleasing as it is novel, to see the three parties, for three there now are, working together to reform the internal economy of Parliament, improve the financial situation and remodel the Constitution, in the direction of local autonomy. What will be the effect upon the future of the old Tory Party of running this new race of progress in which it is being pushed forward by its Liberal-Unionist allies, remains to be seen. Ground once lost to the forces which make for Reform has seldom been re-taken in British history. It may be prophesied, with a good deal of confidence, that the present singular aspect of political affairs in England marks the final upbreak of the old Toryism as a great reactionary force, and that when again distinct party lines emerge after the present commotion, those lines will simply mark the division between Radical and Conservative Liberalism.

THE financial question in British India is evidently becoming a very serious one. An interesting debate took place a few weeks since in Parliament, on the resolution condemning the frontier policy of the Indian Government as leading not only to increased burdens of taxation, but to the stimulation of the liquor traffic as a means of increasing the revenue. The large expenditure on frontier fortifications was vigorously defended as purely defensive and absolutely necessary to safety, and the charge that the liquor traffic was fostered for revenue purposes indignantly denied. But some of the statistics adduced by Lord Randolph Churchill show that the state of the Indian treasury and the increasing and oppressive burdens of taxation are such as to demand the most anxious consideration. He pointed out that the Indian Government has "utterly eaten up" the famine fund of £2,000,000, and that it has been obliged to raise the salt tax, one of the most oppressive imaginable, in a time of profound peace. Lord

Churchill also showed, as illustrating the lack of economy in the management of Indian affairs, that the administrative expenses have increased by more than seven millions of pounds in fifteen years, and that the cost of collecting the revenue has increased to a much greater extent than the revenue itself. There can be little doubt that matters in connection with the Government of the great Indian Empire are tending towards a crisis which threatens at no distant day to make a heavy draft upon the resources of British Statesmanship.

THE course of the new Emperor of Germany is being watched, it may well be believed, with much interest and anxiety by the various classes of his subjects. It is scarcely to be expected that in his enfeebled physical condition he will feel equal to entering upon any serious struggle for the carrying out of those liberal ideas which he is generally supposed to hold, and the hopes of the Progressists, based upon this belief, are probably doomed to disappointment in many respects. There are not wanting, however, indications of a change of Imperial policy in the direction of a more emphatic assertion of liberty and equality for the subject. Perhaps the most marked instance of a tendency in this direction is the firm and honourable attitude taken by Emperor Frederick in regard to the anti-Jewish prejudices which are so violent amongst a considerable section of the German people. The words of the Emperor touching this feeling, in his letter to Prince Bismarck, set his breadth of mind and courage in a very pleasing light. "The bases of religious toleration," he declares, "which for centuries past were held sacred by my house shall continue to be extended to all my subjects, of whatever religious community or creed. Every one of them stands equally near my heart, for all have shown equally complete devotion in times of danger."

IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

NOTHING could have been pleasanter than the spirit which prevailed at the recent meeting to further the cause of Imperial Federation. The speakers were of one heart. If they were not of one mind, it was chiefly because the idea of the meeting was never clearly formulated. If that had been done there would probably have been almost entire unanimity not only among the speakers but also between the speakers and the audience; for the enthusiasm evidently reached the melting-point, and at that point it is easy to mould the mass.

Still, we cannot help expressing a kind of sympathy with the impulsive gentleman who so often interrupted the proceedings with the expression of his desire to know what it was all about. We do not mean that we approve of interrupting public meetings, or of dictating to speakers the line which they are bound to take in speaking to the resolution which has been entrusted to them. Nor can we conscientiously incite any self-respecting citizen to expose himself to the too ready ridicule of his compatriots. Still, there was an undoubted vagueness about the utterances of the speakers; and one who plodded on through the columns of eloquence which adorned the morning newspapers would feel very much in the same state of mind as the little boy who, on returning from Barnum's circus, declared that he had not received much useful information.

With the spirit which pervaded the meeting it is impossible not to sympathize. Never were any utterances more in harmony with the time-honoured banner of "Rule Britannia." But it is not only with the spirit manifested at the meeting but also with the purpose which animated those who promoted the meeting, that we must declare ourselves to be in substantial agreement. Whether anything can be done in the direction indicated, is another question. But whether it can or not, it is quite clear that the matter ought to be looked into, that whatever can be done to bind Great Britain and her colonies more closely together should be attempted at once. And if nothing can be done, then those who have made the attempt and failed, and so have demonstrated the impossibility of their enterprise, will at least have deserved well of their fellow-citizens.

It is, indeed, impossible for any one who is loyal either to the Mother Country or to any of her colonies to differ from this sentiment, since the time is evidently drawing near when the union between them must be closer, and of a somewhat different kind, or else it will be sundered altogether. If we think of our own Canada, even those among us who are most devoted to the Old Country—and there are many thousands of such, not merely among natives of Great Britain, but of native-born Canadians—cannot doubt that the present relations between the great mother and daughter must alter as this country increases in population and in wealth. It appears almost certain that unless Imperial Federation in some form is adopted there is before us, perhaps at no great distance in the future, either independence or annexation to the United States.

It is very curious to remark the different motives by which public men,

sometimes unconsciously, are driven to take the same or different views on this subject. Thus, we learn by our messages from the other side of the Atlantic that Lord Rosebery has been recommending Imperial Federation, while Mr. John Bright has been denouncing the theory as chimerical, and the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* again has been displaying perhaps even more than his usual violence in advocating this new scheme.

At first sight this is very puzzling to us—to find the more Conservative statesman looking coldly upon a proposal which seems calculated to promote the greatness of the Empire, while the advanced Radical is eager for its adoption. But the mystery is dispelled when we remember that in the eyes of many Imperial Federation is closely connected with the now burning question of Home Rule. It is greatly to be feared that those ardent Radicals who seem so eager for the greatness of the Empire would be very lukewarm on this subject if they were not still more eager for a scheme which to many seems to threaten the very destruction of the Empire. It is very easy for an American or a Canadian to talk in an airy manner of the reasonableness of Home Rule and the advantages of federal government; but the government of England has been that of one united kingdom; and although it may well be that advantages would accrue from a greater extension of local government, it will be difficult to convince sober students of history and of British institutions that Great Britain will be greater under three or four parliaments, with the check of a central government, than it has been under the present system. We find the same kind of disturbing—or, if it seems better, determining—causes in this country; although here the opposing forces are Commercial Union, or complete trading reciprocity, on the one side, and Protection, or the National Policy, on the other. It is quite clear that the advocates of Commercial Union, under whatever form or by whatever name called, must regard unfavourably any proposals for Imperial Federation. The two things cannot go together. It would be strange to advocate with one breath a system of commerce which should lead to union with a foreign State and discrimination against the Mother Country, and a proposal to draw closer together the Mother Country and her dependencies. We peoples of English race are proverbially illogical, but we are not quite so blind and so inconsistent as to hold these two theories in solution. We understand, then, how so considerable a portion of the oratory, the other evening, should be devoted to the denunciation of Commercial Union.

On one point we would make our protest. It is quite legitimate to point out the disadvantages of Commercial Union. It is not unfair to show that certain classes here and on the other side may desire it in their own interest, while the country at large would be injured; but it is neither generous nor wise, nor even loyal to our nobler British spirit, to rake up all the grievances which have existed between this country and the United States. Very probably Jonathan has been sharper than John. But we cannot go back into the past without exciting recriminations. The Americans declare that they have many complaints to urge against our treatment of them at various periods of their past history. But of what use to revive these grievances? Probably on neither side would they be repeated. At any rate, we have no right to blame the present generation for the misconduct of their forefathers. And besides, in our judgment, there can hardly be a greater offence than to stir up strife between men of the same blood and language, living under laws and institutions almost identical, and observing customs by which they can scarcely be distinguished.

To return, it is quite apparent that the maintainers of the union between Great Britain and her colonies are bound to seek for some means of binding them more securely together. Now what is the purposed Imperial Federation? We are sorry that we cannot make out the clear meaning of the words from anything or everything which was said at the recent meeting. One thing, indeed, was proposed, which to many will seem reasonable and advantageous, but which high authorities declared to be impossible. We refer, of course, to the proposal of Commercial Union between the Mother Country and her colonies with discrimination against all countries external to the British Empire.

Now, we are free to confess that this proposal has great attractions for us. It seems quite reasonable in itself. When we look further into it, it seems as though it would work. We imagine that most of the necessities or even the luxuries of life could be procured from some part of the British Empire. We might have to go to Germany for our hock, to France for our champagne and claret, to Spain for our sherry, and to Portugal for our port; but these imports are taxed at the present moment, and who knows but that the Prohibitionists may, by the time we have come to Imperial Federation, have persuaded Britons in all parts that they can exist without these alcoholic liquors? But, apart from these and some other commodities which might well be taxed, we could provide everything that we want, and have free intercourse and exchange between all parts of the Empire. We repeat that this seems reasonable; but then we are only Canadians, who as a people actually approve of protection, and how should we presume to set our judgment against English Free Traders?

However this may be, it seems that there is no immediate prospect of English statesmen of any school adopting partial free trade or partial protection in this or any other form. They tell us that it is out of the question, and this answer comes not merely from men like Mr. John Bright, from whom it might be expected, but from Lord Salisbury and his followers as well; so that there does not seem to be much prospect of the proposal getting beyond the position of a theory. Let us, then, assure the advocates of Imperial Federation that we have great sympathy with them. If annexation to the States or the independence of Canada is to be resisted, it must be done by some such method as that which they are recommending. When, however, we come to details, we find that the one portion of their scheme which we can understand is a proposal which no statesmen in England will entertain.

TORONTO.

QUEEN city! Sister queen of ours,
On thy clear brow shine bright the crown!
Broad be thy sway and fair thy towers,
And, honoured, keep thou evil down.
Sublimely thy straightforward eyes
Are looking to the great ideals:
Lead on, lead on! be free, be wise;
And surge thou o'er with noble zeals.
Contest with us the race of Good:
Grow mightier, if thou mayst, than we:
In sistership and brotherhood
There is no room for jealousy.
Extend thy quays and halls and bowers,
And long be sister-queen of ours!

Montreal.

W. D. LIGHTHALL

MURDER AND SENTIMENT.

MR. WILLIAM ARMSTRONG is very anxious that a public, in danger of being misguided, should have correct notions respecting his character, his conduct, his calling. He writes to the newspapers that he has not been guilty of the larceny of which he was accused; and as he was found "not guilty," we are entirely willing to believe him. He further declares that he was not the executioner who terminated the earthly existence of the murderer Neil, a fact in which we feel no particular interest, and with respect to which we should think neither the better nor the worse of Mr. Armstrong, if he were or were not that necessary officer of a righteous law. A third point which Mr. Armstrong urges upon is that he is a shoemaker at Whitby, and hopes, by the usual efforts, to give entire satisfaction to his customers.

It is not with Mr. Armstrong personally that we have to do, although we cannot help admiring his skill in advertising. He may not quite have come up to the archetypal example of those who seek to unite religion and morality with a shrewd eye to business, as it is illustrated, for example, by the well-known English epitaph:

Beneath this stone, in hopes of Zion,
Here lies the landlord of the Lion:
His son keeps in the business still,
Resigned unto the heavenly will.

Still he does very well; and we will give him the advantage of this insertion of his advertisement without charge.

But the matter with which we are more deeply concerned is one which has been forced upon the public eye in a very painful and offensive manner; we refer to the circumstances attending the condemnation and execution of the murderer Neil. Nothing could have been much worse than a good deal that was written and spoken in the interval between that unfortunate man's sentence and death. Nothing could have been more offensive than some of the reports of the execution. These reports constitute the strongest possible reason for the exclusion of reporters from such scenes; and we sincerely hope that, before long, they may be excluded, so that our daily paper may lie upon our tables without the risk of our eyes encountering a report of the revolting details which some of them have recently afforded us.

In reference to this case of Neil's we would observe, in passing, that a commutation of the sentence was entirely out of the question, if capital punishment is to be maintained at all. We say nothing against those amiable men who endeavoured to have the sentence commuted. They were evangelists and missionaries rather than magistrates or judges. The priest who refuses to urge the murderer to make public confession tells us that the private confessional is the tribunal of mercy and not of judgment; and benevolent Christian men who are doing evangelistic work among the sinful and miserable have in their minds continually the thought of mercy rather than of justice. At the same time, the plea put forward on behalf of Neil would not be entertained by any ruler who strove to do his duty to the country which had appointed him to administer the law and not to alter it or evade it. Capital punishment for murder may be right or wrong. By the law of this country it is declared to be right, and it is an interesting fact that several countries which had given it up have returned to it again. If a murderer, then, is to be hanged, Neil was clearly a murderer, and one of a very aggravated kind; and therefore, it was, under our law, right that he should die.

But the foolish sentimentality which would have sacrificed the discipline of the prison, and made every warden's life almost impossible to be lived, showed itself in the popular outburst against the hangman. Such an office is certainly not one to be desired, or that most men would, on any terms, care to occupy. Still it is necessary that some one should do the work; and we believe, if it were impossible to find any other person, then it would be the duty of the Sheriff to play the part of executioner. Will the silly people who are ready to hoot the officer of the law, wish the Sheriff to be occupied in such work; and will they desire that the wretched victim himself should be exposed to unnecessary suffering from being put to death by an unskilful hand?

And yet we read in the papers that the hangman, or the supposed hangman, was chased and hooted by the mob, because they did not approve of his having hired himself to give effect to the sentence of the law. We pride ourselves on having all our people educated. We have no lower classes or anything of the kind. Certainly there could be very little education of a true kind in the mob which threatened the hangman.

But there was something worse than this. There were reporters who could write, and newspaper managers who could publish, details of the most idiotic and disgusting character—details which we would hardly understand any rational being committing to paper, much less any rational being allowing them to be printed. We will give but one specimen. One of the papers, after describing the procession from the cell to the gallows, relates how the hangman proceeded to "pounce upon his prey," but he was waved back by the governor or some one in authority, and the incident is related as though the executioner had been guilty of some great indecorum. Why! what on earth was the hangman there for but to do his horrible and necessary work? Whether willingly or unwillingly, whether because he took some kind of surgical interest in such work, as some men have done, or because he needed the money which was to be paid for the doing of it, he was prepared to fulfil his part of the contract.

How in the world was he to know the programme of the proceedings, unless he had been told? and he evidently had not been told. It may have been the fault of those who had charge of the execution, or of one or more of the somewhat too numerous persons who took part in the proceedings, and it is rather difficult in such circumstances to keep such persons in order; but it was not the fault of the hangman. It is ridiculous and idiotic to complain of a man doing his duty, and there is no evidence that the executioner of Neil exceeded his duty.

The moral of these facts is sufficiently obvious. The public have a right to be protected from such reports. In the interest of public morality and public decency, in the interest of common sense, we protest against them. It is of no use appealing to some reporters, or to some newspaper managers. The best of these would be glad to be protected from the necessity of publishing such reports. They cannot help themselves when other papers give them. And, unfortunately, the worse these reports are the more eagerly they are read, and therefore the more copies of the newspaper containing them are purchased by a large class in the community.

What, then, is to be done? The answer is clear, and we earnestly urge it upon the attention of those who are in authority. Reporters should be excluded from executions. The authorities, we believe, have the power to do this. At least, they have this power—and they commonly exercise it—in England. Their presence is in no way necessary to the due carrying out of the sentence. That is secured by the presence of the authorities and of the jury. If it is thought necessary, a statement of the simple facts connected with the execution could be sent to the newspapers; but at any rate, the reporters are a nuisance, they are not needed, and they should not be admitted.

T. C.

LONDON LETTER.

I HAVE a treasure by me as I write in the shape of a first edition of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, which, foxed though it is, and worn with much reading, I yet love with the steady affection that comes of a life-long regard; but I am perplexed to know how large a share of the pleasure is due to *Phiz's* curiously unequal, charmingly exaggerated illustrations of the story. From the frontispiece, in which Tom is playing the organ, and where surely there is no touch of caricature to be found, to the last scene,—the scene of Cherry Pecksniff's wedding-party, each face grotesque in its ugliness; the pictures in the room sketched in, à la Hogarth, with regard to the moral—the individuality of every figure, the lines of every queer gown or oddly-cut coat, the very look and position of each piece of scanty furniture, have all been bitten into my memory by the sharp strong acid of youthful recollection. Open the mottled covers where I may, troops of friends whom I have known for more years than I can count smile at me at the turn of every page. They have acted their play for me a score of times; if they forgot I could prompt them, so well do I know their words; yet I am never weary of the delightful comedy-drama, and accept without a protest the Montague Tigg element, limelight and all, for the sake of the truth, the human nature of the rest. One would be ungrateful indeed to tire of the charming company, headed by Bailey Junior, who gathered in Mrs. Todgers' drawing-room, under the shadow of the Monument; and lives there a man with soul so dead who, having once sailed to America in the *Screw* with Martin and Mark Tapley, has not gone the same journey with the same fellow-travellers, till by heart he knows the way to Eden, and the distinguished men and women encountered on the route are to him the most intimate of comrades? *Phiz* has drawn the plates so carefully, has put into such excellent shape what Dickens has put into such excellent words, that I think we could as ill spare his pencil as the author's pen; and I am sure I for one could never bear to read the book without these pleasant tableaux to turn to in which, were but a bird-cage or flower vase out of place, I should detect the change.

I suppose Dickens appeals infinitely more to Cockneys than he does to any of you unfortunate beings not born within sound of Bow Bells, for you see we know every street he describes, and can take you to Mr. Mould's shop within the Ward of Cheap; could show you behind St. Martins-le-Grand, the old-fashioned firm of Anthony Chuzzlewit and Son, Manchester Warehousemen, or the residence of Mrs. Gamp in Kingsgate Street, and could point out John Westlock's windows in Furnival's Inn, and the *Bull* in Holborn, where Mr. Tewsome was nursed by Betsy Prig and Mrs. Gamp, turn and turn about; and the very furniture shop at which Augustus asked the price of the eight rosewood chairs and the loo table is well known to true Dickens' lovers. And so with each of the other books, from *Pickwick* and Goswell Road down to that delightful fragment *Edwin Drood*, where Staples Inn figures so picturesquely. For this reason or that, for reasons I know not how to specify (as in the case of *Little Dorrit*), these volumes become to genuine Londoners part and

parcel of ourselves, necessary to that side of our nature which takes an interest in the everyday history of the everyday inhabitants of our beloved town; and their author, very human as he is with all his faults—faults any fool can discover, for what so easy as to blame?—understood that part of us instinctively, and gave us humorously, pathetically, perhaps extravagantly some times, but admirably always, with a touch of his own no one can hope to imitate, exactly what we require.

This preface—do you, with your De Gaspé, detest all prefaces?—is by way of introducing you to an old, old red-brick mansion in Austin Friars, which I discovered the other day while looking for the house of Mr. Fips (I hope you recollect Mr. Fips?) a mansion which must have charmed Dickens when he came across it on searching for a suitable abode in which to install the little gentleman who wore black shorts and powder. Black shorts and powder! What a garb. As antiquated now as the slashed doublet and starched ruff of Elizabeth's time. The ghost of Sydney Smith passed me as I went under the archway that stands in Broad Street into the quiet winding passage, and the wraiths of the authors of *The Rejected Addresses* met me at the turn by the bare melancholy great church which is wedged away in a corner. A little to your left, and, in a narrow backwater, young and thoughtless when the plague-carts stopped with a rattle at the outer gates, and the roar of the flames from the Great Fire blazing in Cornhill first broke into this silent alley, middle-aged and grave when the air about was astir with the pricking of the South Sea Bubble, old and sad when paper boys cried down here news of the Indian Mutiny. The crutches used as a support to the decaying walls, the printed announcement that the present owner had taken other premises where business would be carried on, the constant influx of busy workmen with their tools showed that the Last Day had arrived for the venerable relic.

The front doors, once zealously guarded by attentive servants, opening easily to an inquisitive stranger's knock, I was taken from a narrow panelled hall into a larger one—from whence a beautiful oak staircase with carved and twisted bannisters, went winding up, past drawing-rooms and best bedrooms right to the spacious attics—and there I found I was not the only visitor; for from this point or from that sketchers were hard at work with their drawing blocks, and from that quaint sitting-room, from this fine pillared dining room came a subdued murmur of many voices belonging to numbers of idle people, who, like myself, had wandered into the City with nothing to do. So much time had we on our hands we left not a hole or corner unexplored, from the morning-room with its Purbeck mantelpiece crowned with a coat of arms on which the initials I. H. are carved, to the garrets, dim and uncanny, where were trap-doors and wide beams, and low-browed haunted little cupboards in the walls; and being fortunate enough to fall in with a companion who knew the history of the place I missed no point of interest. In one of the nine immense cellars I was shown the well, in which, on the water sinking one hot summer, Bones were discovered; in another we found a deep safe built into the stonework, and guarded with thick iron doors, where some of the great Napoleon's valuables were once deposited, this place having been then in the possession of his Huguenot banker. Outside the kitchen door hung the identical grilled wicket of the Augustine Friars, whose priory stood on this spot till Henry VIII. happened to remember its existence; and inside the kitchen, beside spit-racks, smoke-jack, and cansticks, there were to be seen edging the oven, many exquisite old Dutch tiles, on which tulips, turk's-head lilies, little gentlemen a-horseback, in trunk hose and feathered hats, were outlined in soft clear blue.

A Dutchman, Herman Olmius, lived here once, dying the same year as Queen Anne, and he it was who brought over these tiles, and who planted, no doubt, real tulips also in the garden at the back, and decorated the broad terrace, still existing, with a row of his favourite flower. There was the archway underneath which, drawn by a Flanders mare, his clumsy coach rumbled on the way to the stables, ruinous to-day. There were the windows of his drawing-rooms, dingy and shuttered now, once opened wide, through which came laughing voices, and the tinkle of the harpsichord; and above were the line of nursery casements, from which the round heads of the little Dutch children seem only just to have vanished. As I stood under the swaying dusty sycamore and looked at the beautiful old home, the theatre of course of tragedies and comedies innumerable, a dark-eyed slatternly girl nodded from the garden door, and asked if I had been on the roof. No? Then she'd take me if I liked, and so we went together, and there, leaning on the parapet with her bare arms she pointed out with pride her various possessions, which belong to all Londoners; across the chimneys of the Bank of England there was the Mansion House; the dome of St. Paul's to the right; the Royal Exchange with its grasshopper vane to the left; Gresham Hall, where the fine Holbein is enshrined, the different spires and towers of the churches, all of which she knew by name; and, lying in the heart of the network of streets at our feet, dear Washington Irving's *Little Britain*. As she lounged she talked of all manner of things in a dull shrewd depressed way, telling me how she never left London for a day ever since she was born, how she was wanting a new situation as general, her last mistress having turned her off for nothing at all, and how her great ambition—yes, she said ambition—was to get into a place where the streets weren't so thick, and where two servants were kept, so that a person could get a little rest sometimes. A body wants a moment to herself, she went on after a pause.

How often has this foggy air heard the same cry, expressed in different words! It was no good telling Dark Eyes no one had moments to themselves in this busy world, and that it would be very bad for us if we had. It was clear she didn't believe me, and as we went down stairs and opened the front door, and passed into the still, little lane, this was her

last remark: "It's all such a drive," she said; and so I went back again, past the church, past the old houses, past the great gates, to the crowded noisy streets. Good Luck knocks at every one's door at least once in their lives declares the proverb; some time then to the ambitious maid of all work, who doubtless returned to the roof like a second "Sister Ann," and again fixed her eyes on St. Paul's, there will come her heart's desire in the shape of a situation where she will have a little peace. It isn't much to ask, one would think; and if a thing is really wanted, one gets it in time, I suppose, for the Danes always land. I wonder, what is your blue rose for which you have been striving all your days? . . . A few weeks back I read an admirable article in the *Daily News* on a certain sisterhood at Bayonne, called the Bernardines, who, taking vows of silence and solitude, speak but once a year, and then only with their father and mother: and they spend their empty days of summer and winter, autumn and spring, days which to you and me are as full as they can hold, in a whitewashed cell, in a dim chapel, in an utterly dreary garden, where the very flower-beds look like graves. These fifty women, one of whom is only twenty, wear hoods of coarse white flannel drawn over the head and eyes, and a cloak and skirt of the same material. If they have committed crimes, or what those crimes are, no one knows. "A story is told of the Empress Eugénie, who, having parted many years before from a school friend in Madrid, learnt that the girl had taken refuge among the Bernardines. People say she had been extremely beautiful, and it is added that she had, when both were young, crossed the Empress's path and become her rival. The Empress obtained a dispensation from the Pope to speak to her friend face to face; but it is said that when the nun threw off her hood her royal visitor fainted at the sight that met her eyes. People hint that life-long scars and fearful mutilations lurk under these shroud-like veils, which are assumed as much in mercy to the passers-by as a mortification to the wearer." So runs the article; and I have seen photographs bought by the writer of this description from the convent itself, photographs of the awful figures at their meals, or sewing with their heads bent down in the sunshine and moving in single file, like prisoners exercising, along the gravel-walks flecked with shadow. Each of these poor women have deliberately chosen this terrible mockery of an existence: this is their ambition, their blue rose; of their own accord they drew on these dreadful grave-clothes, closing their lips to pleasant speech, their ears to pleasant sounds, their eyes to pleasant sights, forever; and this terrible state of things is in part imitated by some of us, who choose lives almost as profitless, almost as monotonous and dreary as ever as the ones lived in by the sisters in the Bernardine Convent. How madly, and of purpose, some of us destroy that soul possession, life, as if it were entirely worthless, or as if many more were in waiting for us when this one is broken and rendered useless; and the wires that made the harmony are snapped by our own hands, as a foolish child breaks in pieces its musical toy; and we cry "all is vanity."

In Fleet Street I met black-edged posters, and all the news in the evening papers was of the dead Emperor and the living one; from the shrine in the Charlottenburg mausoleum the special reporters hurry us to the palace rooms where, with Mackenzie by his side, Frederick III. is waiting. And from these events I recalled to mind a story Phillip was fond of telling. As a queen's small son was sitting one day for his portrait the artist was startled by the child remarking in a puzzled tone, "Did you know my uncle Leopold is dead?" "Yes, sir," answered Phillip. "It's odd," said the poor little baby prince; "for I always thought only *street people* died." How many times has the boy learnt since then that Pallida Mors visits both cottage and castle alike?

WALTER POWELL.

SOME CANADIAN LITERARY WOMEN.—II.

"FIDELIS."

ONE of the best known names among Canadian literary women is that of "Fidelis," a *nom de plume*, which, for many years, has failed to conceal the personality of Miss Agnes Maule Machar. This failure on its part seems almost unkind, when we consider that the lady to whom it belongs has so strong a distaste for everything approaching publicity, that, during the earlier part of her career, all her writings were anonymous, or signed by different assumed names. That of "Fidelis" was finally chosen, because, in her own words, "Faithfulness is the quality I most value, and care most to possess."

Every noteworthy sentiment is to some extent a revelation of the nature of its author, but the one just quoted seems to me the key-note to the character of "Fidelis." Faithfulness to an ideal of purity in the imaginary world, an ideal of duty in actual life, is the aim of her existence.

In 1873 there was published in Toronto the Memorials of the Rev. John Machar, D.D., late Minister of St. Andrew's Church, and sometime Principal of Queen's University, Kingston, edited, so the title page tells us, by members of his family. The particular members referred to were his wife, who made memoranda of his life and ministry, and his daughter, who prepared them for the press. From this book we learn that "Fidelis" is a descendant of the Scottish manse, her maternal grandfather, like her father, having been a Scotch minister. The latter when a child regarded himself as a murderer because he had struck and killed a leveret; and it is not strange that his distinguished daughter should be interested in every movement for the protection of animals, to the extent of being Vice-President of a Humane Society in Kingston, and a local secretary of the American Audubon Society for the defence of birds from the ravages of fashion. Nor is it to be wondered at that "Fidelis," being fathered and

mothered as she was, should have written many notable articles in the *Canadian Monthly*, *Andover Review*, and other periodicals, combating not only the false views of Christianity presented by modern anti-Christian writers, but the narrow views of it presented by some of its professed defenders.

Miss Machar also owes a great deal to her father's sensible views on the subject of the education of girls, at a time when the higher education of women was not recognized as a movement. With him she studied Latin and Greek before she was ten, and by the time she was fifteen she had made good progress in French, Italian, and German, besides mathematics, drawing, and music, for which last, however, she had no natural talents. "Fidelis" received her education from private teachers, among whom were Miss Douglas, a well-known teacher of Kingston, who thoroughly grounded her in English branches, and taught her the by no means unimportant feminine art of needlework; and Miss Lyman (afterwards Principal of Vassar College), under whose care and training "Fidelis" spent a pleasant year of boarding school life in Montreal. But her father always superintended her studies, and it was a proud day for his gifted child when about her twelfth year she presented him with a rhymed translation from Ovid, of the beautiful story of Cagy and Halcyone, enclosed in an illuminated and illustrated cover of her own execution. It is pleasant to know that this zealous student had an equal love of outdoor exercise, and that, so far from suffering from over study, she has never spent a sick day in bed in her life.

With all this encouragement in her intellectual pursuits, "Fidelis" received very little recognition in her literary efforts. A great proportion of her essays and poems were published anonymously, and often without the knowledge of her family, from an instinctive dread and dislike of being known; and she was frequently amused by the comments, often of a complimentary character, made by her parents and others upon her unsigned articles. Her mother, a woman of great mental breadth and vigour, as well as calm and loving spirit, was somewhat inclined to discourage the ambition of her daughter, from a belief that a literary vocation was not likely to promote a woman's happiness, and also from a distaste of anything like notoriety. Another reason why Miss Machar's earlier writings were orphaned in print was, that she wrote chiefly to correct some abuse, or redress some wrong, which lay heavy on her sensitive soul till she had denounced it in type, and that she feared her words would be little heeded, if it were known that they owed their being to a mere girl. All through her life the activity of her conscience has kept pace with that of her intellect, and the movements of both have been equally spontaneous and strong.

"Fidelis" began to write verse as soon as she could write at all, and only a few years seem to have elapsed between the period of elegies on departed birds and rabbits, to the time when two poetical translations were begun, but never finished, of *Antigone* and *Electra*. Meantime she was drinking with enthusiasm deep draughts from the well of English undefiled. Of American poets she places Whittier far above Longfellow for original genius and spiritual insight. Is there not a slight reminiscence of the mood and manner of the Quaker poet in the fine art of these simple-sounding and beautiful lines from the *Century Magazine*?

TWO VISIONS.

Where close the curving mountains drew,
To clasp the stream in their embrace,
With every outline, curve, and hue
Reflected in its placid face—

The ploughman stopped his team to watch
The train, as swift it thundered by;
Some distant glimpse of life to catch,
He strains his eager, wistful eye.

The morning freshness lies on him,
Just wakened from his balmy dreams;
The travellers, begrimed and dim,
Think longingly of mountain streams.

Oh, for the joyous mountain air,
The fresh, delightful autumn day
Among the hills! The ploughman there
Must have perpetual holiday!

And he, as all day long he guides
His steady plough, with patient hand,
Thinks of the flying train that glides
Into some new, enchanted land.

Where, day by day, no plodding round
Wearies the frame and dulls the mind;
Where life thrills keen to sight and sound,
With ploughs and furrows left behind.

Even so, to each the untrod ways
Of life are touched by fancy's glow,
That ever sheds its brightest rays
Upon the path we do not know.

In this "Fidelis" is at her best. The power without effort, the absence of emphasis, exaggeration, and fever are all characteristic of her finest poetic work, and the mirror-like clearness with which "every outline, curve, and hue" of the two visions are reflected in the smooth flow of these pellucid lines is equal to the stream's veracious rendering of the close-drawing mountains.

This, I must repeat, is "Fidelis" at her best. It is not so easy to give an illustration of her worst, because it does not embody an enormous fault, and to many readers it would not seem a fault at all. It is simply that some of her poetry is produced by a collaboration of the artist and moralist within her, and that we are not so grateful for the moral as we

are for the picture. No one can object to truth in poetry, so long as it is inspiring truth; nor to moral remarks that really uplift the thoughts; nor to religious reflections that "plant wings at the shoulders." The one unpardonable sin in poetry is prose.

On the other hand, if the tendency to moralize which is observable in "Fidelis's" poetry should become characteristic of it, she will have the approval of some of our best critics, the sympathy of some of our greatest poets, and the applause of, it would be safe to say, the majority of readers. These concessions do not seem to add weight to my adverse criticism, particularly in the minds of those who attached no weight to it in the first place. Let me go further, and destroy to all superficial appearance my own argument, by quoting in full a poem of "Fidelis", not written for publication, which to read is to admire. They embody a New Year's wish:—

To know by surest inner sight
The love that passeth being known,
To know that this—the Infinite—
Is yet, forevermore our own.

As gentle as the falling dew,
Stronger than mightiest waves are strong,
New as each opening day is new,
Old as th' eternal years are long:

Wider than heaven's blue arch, above
The stars that most remotely shine,
Dearer than human looks of love,
That are but gleams of the Divine:

To know that love, most tender, true,
Dearer than earthly ties most dear,
This be the blessing, ever new,
To gladden this and every year.

This is a genuine triumph of the real poetry, which lies at the heart of real religion, over the world-old platitudes which so often are allowed to deform its beauty and depress its vitality.

In all of Miss Machar's work there is a conscience present—generally the artistic conscience—often that uncompromising overseer of our lives, whose aim it is to rouse us to action, not to lull us into sensuous admiration. Whichever or whatever it is, we owe to it that genuine excellence in the design, spirit, motive, and execution of this writer's productions, which has made the name of "Fidelis" a guarantee of soundness of thought, purity of feeling, and thoroughness of workmanship.

Aside from the large amount of work which has been quite anonymous, and with the exception of one or two small publications of a biographical nature—the first published in Kingston, the second in New York—Miss Machar's first production was *Katie Johnston's Cross*, which was written in six weeks, and kept from the knowledge of every one till it received the first prize (out of five offered by Messrs. Campbell and Son, Toronto) much to the astonishment of its author. It is marked by purity of sentiment, and wholesomeness of flavour. Another children's story, *Lucy Raymond*, was published both in New York and Edinburgh, and a little religious book, *Whither Bound?* was brought out by an American publishing company. "Fidelis" was a frequent contributor in both prose and verse to the *Canadian Monthly*. *For King and Country*—a remarkably well written and interesting story of the time of 1812—was written for that magazine, and was awarded the first prize offered for the best Canadian story sent in. No reader of THE WEEK needs to be reminded that the prize offered by it for the best native poem on the Queen's Jubilee was also won by "Fidelis." Her longest novel—a story of Canadian life, entitled *Lost and Won*—was written for the *Canadian Monthly*, and ran through the volume for 1875, but has not yet been republished in book form. A volume of tales from early Canadian history, entitled *Stories of New France*—largely from her pen—will be published this year by D. Lothrop and Company, of Boston, and will be looked for with interest by Canadian readers. "Fidelis" has contributed frequently to American periodicals—the *Andover Review*, *Catholic Presbyterian*, *Christian Union*, *Christian Weekly*, and others; and in poetry, to the *Century Magazine*, *St. Nicholas*, and *Wide Awake*. She has also from time to time contributed articles, Christmas stories, etc., to most of our leading Canadian papers; and she wrote the letterpress for several numbers of *Picturesque Canada*, at the request of its editor. A good many of her poems have been on Canadian subjects, patriotic in tone, and aiming at quickening and strengthening our national life. In *Good Words*, some years ago, appeared a poem, signed "Canadensis" (a favourite signature of Miss Machar's), entitled *Canada to the Laureate*, which called forth an autograph reply from him.

"Fidelis" is a native of Kingston, where her winters are still spent, and where her literary work receives only a residue of the time and strength cheerfully given to various philanthropic enterprises. Even in her beautiful home among the Thousand Islands—which, by the way, has been visited by Alfred Russel Wallace, the late Dr. Holland, Lyman Abbott, and many "prominent Canadians," and which was picturesquely described by Grant Allen in *Longman's Magazine*—the occupation of writing divides her time with that of sketching and painting, for "Fidelis" is an enthusiast in art, scarcely less than in literature. Her home is with her brother, a barrister, in Kingston, who, but for his professional avocations, would probably have done good literary work. He was for a time lecturer on literature and history in Queen's University, and later a lecturer on law.

It would give me much pleasure to announce the speedy publication of a volume of poems by "Fidelis," but this will not be until she has produced sufficient of a quality wholly satisfactory to her critical and fastidious literary taste.

A. ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

A TRIP TO ENGLAND.—V.

PEOPLE who lived in England half a century ago remember the old country town, as it is depicted in Miss Mitford's *Belford Regis*, with its remnant of timbered and gabled houses and its unrestored church. They remember the quiet that reigned in its streets, except on market day, or at the time of the annual fair, which, with its wandering merchants and showmen, told of the commercial habits of the Middle Ages. They remember the equipages of the county magnates drawn up at the principal haberdashery store. They remember the Tory and moderately corrupt town council, the orthodox and somewhat drowsy parson, the banker or man of business going placidly on with his one post a day and no telegraph or telephone, the old-fashioned physician driving about in his chariot to give his patient the satisfaction of "dying regularly by the Faculty," the retired admiral whose fast frigate had made his fortune in the great war, the retired general who had served under Wellington, the retired East Indian, the dowager who dwelt in a solid-looking mansion, surrounded by shade trees, in the outskirts. Those people hardly ever left home; they knew repose, which is now a lost art; the workers among them enjoyed their holiday in leisure, not in travelling as far as they could by rail. They were very social too, though not in the most intellectual way. The same town now has become a railroad centre; it has trebled its size; its old buildings have been pulled down; its crooked streets have been made straight by local improvement; its churches have been restored past recognition; it throbs and whizzes with progress; its society is no longer stationary and quiet, but emigrating and restless; and next door neighbours know nothing of each other. Not all our material improvements are, at least in their present stage, equally improvements of our social state; nor have all the "leaps and bounds" of English wealth been leaps and bounds of happiness. In some of the old towns in very rural districts which commerce has passed by, the ancient tranquillity reigns, few new houses are built, and people still know their neighbours. But these sanctuaries of dull happiness are mere accidents. Perhaps there will some day be a subsidence after the ferment of invention and progress, a less eager and unsatisfied race will enter into the heritage of these labours, and the art of repose will be recovered.

If the old life of the rural parish and the country town in England is doomed, its departure will put an end to not a few ties and relations which had their value and their charms so long as people did their duty. So thought the writer of these pages as from the top of a cathedral he looked down over the little town, with old mansions on its outskirts, to the country, with its halls and farm houses and cottages beyond, and saw in a field beneath him the volunteers drilling under the command of the local gentlemen. But change is the law, and the future no doubt has better things in store. Only let us remember that movement is not progress, unless it tends to happiness.

England has no Alps, no Rocky Mountains, no Niagara, no very grand or romantic scenery. The English lakes are charming in their quiet way; perhaps the quietest of them, such as Grasmere, charm more than those which, by their bolder scenery, make higher claims on our admiration. The mountain district of North Wales well repays a visit: Snowdon, though its height is not Alpine, is in form a genuine mountain, and the road from Barmouth to Dolgelly, under Cader Idris, is about the most beautiful thing in the island. If the excursion is extended to Scotland when the purple heather is in bloom, hills and lakes will be seen which in brilliancy of colouring at least vie with any lakes and hills in the world. For the English lakes Wordsworth has given us not only a poetic but a spiritual handbook, while we see the Scotch Highlands in the company of Walter Scott, who imparts a sense of enjoyment as fresh as Highland air. Killarney is famed above all its rivals, Scotch or English, and almost the whole of the coast of Ireland is as fine as the interior is unattractive. The island has been compared to an ugly picture set in a beautiful frame. Beautiful above all is the western coast of Ireland, with its purple mountains and the long inlets, into which the Atlantic rolls. The coast scenery of Cornwall and Devonshire, too, is very lovely, while its interest is enhanced by quaint old villages, such as Clovelly and Polperro, perched on rocky eyries or nestling in deep "combes," with which are linked memories of maritime adventure, of daring warfare with the Armada, of buccaneering forays on the Spanish Main, or of the hardly less daring though less honourable feats of the smugglers in later days. From those shores, too, sailed the adventurers who explored the New World and linked it to the Old. The rocky amphitheatres of the north-eastern coast are magnificent when the waves of the German Ocean climb them in a storm. But the characteristic beauty of England, the beauty in which she has no rival, is of a kind of which mention is fittingly made after a description of her rural society and life. It is the beauty of a land which combines the highest cultivation with sylvan greenness, of an ancient land and a land of lovely homes. The eastern counties are flat and tame. But elsewhere the country is rolling, and from every rising ground the eye ranges over a landscape of extraordinary richness and extraordinary finish. The finish, which is the product of immense wealth laid out on a small area, is perhaps more striking than anything else to the stranger who comes from a raw land of promise. Trees being left in the hedgerows as well as in the parks and pleasure grounds and in the copses, which serve as covers for game, the general appearance is that of woodland, though every rood of the land is under the highest tillage. Gray church towers, hamlets, mansions, homesteads, cottages, showing themselves everywhere, fill the landscape with human interest. There is many a more picturesque, there is no lovelier, land than Old England, and a great body of essentially English poetry from Cowper

to Tennyson attests at once the unique character and the potency of the charm. The sweetest season is spring, when the landscape is most intensely green, when the May is in bloom in all the hedges, and the air is full of its fragrance, when the meadows are full of cowslips, the banks of primroses and violets, the woods of the wild hyacinth. Then you feel the joyous spirit that breathes through certain idyllic passages of Shakespeare. To appreciate English scenery a carriage tour is indispensable, for the railroads do not follow the lines of beauty. After seeing Stratford-on-Avon, Coventry and Warwick, you may take a carriage to Banbury, passing by Compton Vineyard, one of the most curious of the ancient manor houses, and making your way to Edgehill, where the first encounter took place between Charles and the Parliamentary Army, and where a clump of trees waves over the grave of many an Englishman who died for England's right. The way leads along the edge of the great central plateau of England, from which you look down upon as rich a champaign as a painter ever drew. From Banbury you may take the train to Oxford and Blenheim, or you may take the train to Henley, and from Henley go down the Thames in a boat to Windsor. The tract of river scene from Henley to Maidenhead, just above Windsor, is about the best in England, and the view of Windsor as you approach it on the water is the finest. The landscape on which you look down from the singular ridge of Malvern is not less rich than that on which you look down from Edgehill, and at Malvern you have the view both ways. But anywhere in the rural districts, except in the eastern counties, you are sure of finding a landscape which delights the heart. Look on the picture while you may. When democratic agrarianism shall have passed its equalizing plough over all those parks and groves, there may be an improvement in material conditions, but the landscape will enchant no more.

Her perpetual greenness England owes to her much maligned climate. The rain falls not in a three days' storm or a water-spout, but in frequent showers throughout the year. On the Western coast, which receives the clouds from the Atlantic, the climate is wet. But the rainfall elsewhere is not extraordinary. England is in the latitude of Labrador. She owes the comparative mildness of her climate to the Gulf Stream and other oceanic influences, the range of which is limited, so that there are in fact several climates in the island. In the south, tender evergreens flourish and the fig ripens. In the south-west, on the coast of Devonshire and Cornwall, where the Gulf Stream warms the air, the myrtle flourishes and flowers are seen at Christmas. In the North, on the other hand, the winter is very sharp, and the Flora is much more limited. Americans, who cannot bear to think that there is anything bad in their country without comforting themselves with the reflection that there is something worse in England, generally, on a disagreeable day, salute you with the remark, "This is something like English weather!" They can show no weather finer than an English summer evening drawn out into a long twilight. The London fogs are hideous and dangerous, but they are not the climate of England; they are the coal-smoke of five millions of people.

From the praises of English scenery and of the outward aspect of English life must be emphatically excepted the manufacturing districts. Than these, perhaps, earth hardly holds anything less attractive. It is easy to understand that to the soul of the Ruskinite the sight must be torture, though the Ruskinite wears the cloth, uses the hardware, and, when he travels, is drawn by engines made here over rails produced by these forges. The heart of the hideousness is the Black Country of Staffordshire, round Wolverhampton, where not only is the scene by day "black" in the highest degree and in every sense of the term, but the night flares with dismal fires, while the clank of the forges completes the resemblance to Pandemonium. The dark realm extends with varying shades of darkness over a great part of the North Midland counties. Once these were pleasant dales, down which coursed bright streams. The streams, in fact, by the water power which they afforded, first drew manufactures to the district. Here and there in the outskirts of a manufacturing town an old manor house will still be found standing as a witness to the days of clear skies, fresh air, and untainted waters. Where, in those days, the hunter ranged and the falcon flew, the population is now so dense that the whole district seems one vast city. Behold the greatest marvels which earth has to show in the way of machinery, mechanical skill, and industrial organization. Pay the homage due to the mighty power of production and gratefully acknowledge the vast addition which it has made to human wealth and comfort. Embrace in your view the possibilities of a future economy of labour, such as may, in the times to come, bring the toilers increase of leisure, enjoyment, and civilization. Judge for yourself at the same time from the aspect of the people and their habitations whether a great extension of factory life on its present footing is an unmixed blessing to a nation, and whether on the whole those nations are not the happiest for which the manufacturing is done by others. The employment of women in factories and the effect of this upon the women themselves, the health of offspring, and the home are especially worthy of attention. Whether life is worth living is a question which seems likely to present itself with no ordinary force to one who toils in a cotton mill or foundry, and dwells in one of those dismal rows of dingy cottages beneath a constant pall of smoke. The ordinary workman sees at all events the completed work of his own hands and may have more or less of satisfaction in its completion. If it is well done he may have real joy in its excellence. A factory hand sees nothing but that particular part of the process which forms the unvarying work of his own day; he is little more than a human hammer or spindle, and ranks not with the artisan, much less with the artist, but with the almost automatic machine. He may well be pardoned if his tastes are not high, and if he indemnifies himself after his dull toil by spending his wages in animal indulgence. The scene can hardly be viewed with entire

satisfaction by any one but a millionaire whose wealth is advancing by leaps and bounds. The separation of the class of employers from that of the employed is a bad feature in the social organization of these communities. The millionaire no longer lives besides his mill; naturally enough, he prefers purer air: the day's business over, he drives off to his villa in the suburbs and his hands can know him only as a master. If they walk out into the suburbs on Sunday they see his mansion, tell each other that it is the produce of their labour of which they have been defrauded, and become ripe for Socialism and strikes. A noble attempt was made by the late Sir Titus Salt to organize factory life on a happier footing, to render it brighter, healthier, cleaner, and to place within the reach of the people the means of culture and enjoyment. Saltaire, near Bradford, his model manufacturing community, is well worth a visit. On the whole, the benevolence which created and sustains it seems to be rewarded, though here, as at Pullman, the American counterpart of Saltaire, there are difficulties to contend with in the somewhat stiff-necked independence of the people, by which the patience of philanthropy is apt to be sorely tried.

In the time of Charles I. when manufactures were only in the germ, and when feudal relations and sentiments still lingered in the north, these districts were the special seat of Loyalism. They are now the special seat of Radicalism. National sentiment is not strong among the factory hands. They think more of the Trade Union than of the country. The region is politically not so much a part of Old England, as of the world's labour market. Whatever influence it may be destined to exert on the future development of humanity, it has little connection with the historic greatness of the nation. The chief danger to the greatness of the nation in truth arises from the influence of the factory hands in alliance with other ultra-democratic and unpatriotic elements of the electorate. Municipal spirit is however strong, and municipal organization is carried to a high perfection. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's Birmingham is a model municipality in its way, though its way is rather that of the "authoritative Radical" than that of Liberals and Reformers of the old school who had "liberty and property" for their watchword.

So much wealth could hardly fail, where there was any feeling for beauty or local pride, to embody itself in some forms of magnificence. The new City Hall and other public buildings in the great manufacturing cities of the North of England vie in sumptuousness at least with the edifices of Ghent and Antwerp, though the atmosphere laden with smoke is a cruel drawback to architectural beauty. Nor are the great warehouses of Manchester, which is the chief centre of distribution, without an austere grandeur of their own. The mansions of the chiefs of these vast armies of industry in the outskirts of the cities are often very handsome, and their owners are not seldom munificent patrons of art. Manchester is famous not only for her sales but for Art Exhibitions.

It is with less mixed feelings that the visitor's attention is called to the wonders of the Liverpool docks, and of the mercantile marine of England. In all the world of labour there is nothing sounder, stronger, braver than the British seaman. It is to be feared that few lives in the world of labour are harder than his upon the wintry seas. He is the very sinew of the country as well as the greatest producer of its wealth, and his qualities are a main source of what is noblest in the national character. Unhappily, while all the factory hands vote, the seamen cannot vote; thus the least national and patriotic part of the people exercises its full influence in determining the destinies of the country, while the most national and patriotic exercises no influence at all. GOLDWIN SMITH.

(To be continued in our next.)

FROM NEW YORK.

WHAT the Derby is to the English, and the Grand Prix to the Parisians, Easter Sunday is to the Americans. The shops on Saturday are almost as crowded as the churches on Sunday; but how much the motive which invites to the one resembles that which leads to the other it is not for us to discover. During all last week the flower shops were far too small to contain the fair legions of tall lilies that stood in trembling groups upon the pavement. The daisies and the great luscious roses waited expectantly too, and ever and anon their warm sweet breath would blow deliciously in our faces. To-day all these fair, pure things have been offered upon the altars of countless churches here.

Very beautiful sounded the boys' voices in Holy Trinity this morning. It is a grave, aristocratic old church, disfigured by no wretched, new-fashioned frescoing, and its windows and walls and organ are mellow and religious in tone. The contrast between this edifice and the brilliant St. Patrick's Cathedral could scarcely be more marked. The latter will appear very lovely two hundred years from now, but its stained glass is dreadfully fresh at present, and the walls of most awful purity.

Women's voices in a choir may further the artistic, but they certainly do not add to the religious effect. However, the soprano sang marvellously well to-day in St. Patrick's. The soloist's voice rang, if not with a heavenly, at least with a strong, clear, earthly beauty through the vast edifice. An orchestra joined its force to that of the grand organ, and when the glorious Wedding March pealed forth, and the priests in vestments of gold marched slowly from the altar all ablaze with light, one experienced a sort of rapture, which to some might mean religion.

Fifth Avenue was literally crowded by a vast multitude of charmingly attired women and snobbishly dressed men. One tide flows north and the other south; each keeps religiously on his own side of the way, and looks and is looked at complacently. It may be very naughty to go to races on Sunday, but there is less humbug in putting on fine clothes, and driving

off to the Grand Prix, admitting all the time you go to see and to be seen, than to waste nine-tenths of your time, and ten-tenths, perhaps, of your money on a Sunday gown, and try to persuade yourself you walk over a mile of Fifth Avenue to church with the pure and simple aim—that of worship. According to Monsieur About, "Un homme habillé est à moitié sauvé"—It is something to have taken the first step.

The sixty-third annual exhibition in the National Academy of Design one may criticise without either concessions or "allowances," which will tell you that for quality, if not for quantity, it can be compared with world-known exhibits. The pictures are, as a rule, of very moderate dimensions, some indeed being almost minute, and here American artists have shown a preference for modest-sized canvas, agreeably disappointing. There is a great deal of "pretty" work, while some fresh, strong, invigorating painting from a Paris-taught student raises its bold, unconventional head every here and there, promising most pleasant things. They say that the New York Academy received these brave young innovators at first quite after the fashion of her older sisters, but so much for the honesty and truth in their methods and expression, she turns more than an encouraging glance upon them now.

The present exhibition shows us countless lovely landscapes, and introduces a highly respectable community of moderately young women and clever old men, but discreetly avoids any allusion to past times, unless perhaps you call these distinctly modern damsels attired in their great-grandmother's robes an echo of 1800. The few paintings in which has been attempted the embodiment of an abstract idea, or where the spirit world is called into requisition, seem either little better than some illustration of a far-fetched fancy, or altogether ghastly. As for any treatment of the nude and the terrible, I found, I think, two examples of each.

If we concur with the very deep rooted American idea that "the value of a thing is just as much as it will bring" we must, of course, look first at Charles H. Miller's work: "The Emblem of Universal Peace—Ending of a Tempest in the Tyrol." I shall refrain from giving you any other prices, but this picture, be it known, is marked \$5,500. The great, ferocious-looking clouds are rolling asunder reluctantly, a rainbow lies across one mountain that rises on the right of a dark ravine, while up the opposite heights climb weary travellers, and stand at the foot of a cross on which Christ is outstretched, but it is difficult to discover whether this figure is intended to be the real Christ or only an image. The artist's brush, "dipped in eclipse," has painted a scene of most unquestionable awfulness, and if we fail to appreciate it to the amount of \$5,500, why it is simply because we have not yet lived up to it.

Quite unmoved by her close proximity to Mr. Miller's work, Louis Deschamp's (*not* Deichamp, as the catalogue hath it) "Little Worker" knits her blue stocking of pleasant hue, with pale face cast down. Those very red lips, sad coloured hair, and general tear-stained aspect are here with their original effect, as in all works from this artist.

The sunlit garden of multi-coloured tulips George Hitchcock exhibited at the Salon last year gave infinite pleasure, with its homely beauty, its warmth, and rich, certain colouring. From Holland he has sent to the present exhibition "A Flower Girl." The same peaceful spirit pervades this picture, but (is it imagination?) there is a trifle less warmth about it, a lack of that completeness which charms us in his former painting. Nevertheless, the soft patches of grass, where twinkle tiny golden flowers, the rich deep red of the old brick house, and the huge bunches of colour a Dutch maiden holds in either hand, as she turns abruptly from us, harkening to a call, quite captivate with their pure, quiet loveliness.

"Intruders," Mr. G. W. Maynard calls his pale, classic scene, which shows some pretty maidens lounging about a marble bath, while one erect raises a fan to drive away two tall, white birds that have invaded the sacred precincts. The contrast of various whites is excellent, the damsels comely to look upon, and the flesh tints—well, the flesh tints make us cry for more.

What interest there can be found about damp, grimy docks, and smeared, sea-used vessels, Mr. Frank M. Boggs has discovered to us; and it is just because he paints this very grimness and dampness with such honesty that his work pleases.

"That's how I should like to paint," said an enthusiastic art-student, as she pointed to Sargent's pictures. This artist exhibits a most charming portrait of a lady, and two original aspects of Venice. We are so accustomed seeing the much-favoured city, bedizened with colour, and floating between a blue sea and still bluer sky, that it will be news to many to learn her houses are not all palaces, neither are her streets all picturesque canals. Two men leaning against a pallid wall, and a wan, sad, black-clad woman walking down a narrow, stone-paved alley, is called "A Venetian Street." "A Venetian Interior" represents some women of the people, in sable attire. The grouping is unconventional, expressive, and natural, and a light tone in hair affords a pleasing contrast. The portrait is full of life, the flesh good, and the eyes rather haunting: if we find anything to complain of, it may be a magenta velvet corsage.

But here comes the solemn-voiced guardian to drive us out, so we shall return next week if you wish.

Rather dazed and dazzled by the shifting principles the modern French drama is pleased to present, we leave the uncertain, "wavy" atmosphere through which earthly matters are viewed at the Broadway, and enter with relief and confidence dear old Wallack's. Nothing could be more refreshing than the honesty of words and sentiment, the unquestionable morality, and the (old-fashioned, alas!) courtesy that pervade Lord Lytton's *Money*. Not the least of the benefits the stage confers upon us is that of preserving a code of manners with which, in our hurly burly existence nowadays, we imagine we can dispense; while again in the old

English plays, which Wallack's company has made a specialty, we might also furbish up our ideas of honour and love. The cast of *Money* is excellent. The septuagenarian Mr. John Gilbert, plays an irritable old M.P., Mr. Osmond Tearle, *le jeun premier*, Alfred Evelyn. Mr. Tearle has the benefit (in some respects) of being an Englishman; his manner is ease itself, and he acts with an unforced, unexaggerated fire, artistic and rare. Miss Rose Coghlan is not suited to her *role*; her passion and sadness are very pale and monotonous. This woful lack of nervous energy and warmth seems the common failing of most American actresses. As *soubrettes*, as *ingénues* they excel, but make any call upon the deeper feelings, and we have pretty pouting for rage, a mild distress for passion.

What we say of Wallack's might be said with slight modifications of the Lyceum. The 150th performance of *The Wife* was celebrated a week ago. The play, though not altogether satisfactory, is really extremely funny at times, which quality, it would seem, in American eyes covers not only a multitude, but all sins. Here again we find easy and graceful acting in every *role*, with, unfortunately, the same lack of true fire, the same exaggeration of the comic, which in American hands, so often verges on the burlesque.

With regard to the setting at least of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Daly has achieved a stupendous success. There is a moon-rise over mountain and lake, which for very truth must have struck dismay to the heart of Bottom and his set; and a solemn crimson dawn, when the boat returns with its happy crew to Athens, while the wedding march is playing, that particularly charms us. Unfortunately the players are scarcely worthy the scenery. Miss Ada Rehan as Helena is asthmatic, monotonous and exasperating. Many of the company show no more intelligence in "reading the lines" than school girls. Bottom (whose real name has escaped me) is delicious however. Indeed, did he not insist less upon the funniness of his *role*, and treat us as if our perceptions of the comical were a little sharper, we might be even more enthusiastic.

Mr. Daly intends taking his company to England shortly. Will the favour extended to it partake of the nature of that so lavishly bestowed upon Buffalo Bill?

LOUIS LLOYD.

New York, April 1, 1888.

THE BREATH OF LOVE.

I AM no singer, I but feel
Love's breath upon me, as a tree
May thrill and tremble inwardly,
And fill the air with melody,
What time a new born wind from heav'n
Through all its leaves doth steal.

Oh breath of love, that bloweth sweet
From the deep regions of the sky,
Your lightest touch, your faintest sigh
Woos all my soul to make reply,
Whene'er at waking or at dark,
I feel your soft waves beat.

Oh breath of love, oh summer breath,
In whose embrace each leaf has lain;
If wintry winds should strike amain,
And rend the trembling tree in twain,
Still through its leaves the voice of love
Would whisper after death.

A. ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

LAWYERS' COLLATERAL EDUCATION.

THE plea put into shape by Sir Henry James as treasurer of the Middle Temple is due to the experience that there is nothing known which may not some time be useful to a lawyer. The danger of putting it into practical operation is that students may learn something of everything instead of everything of the essential subject of law. One branch of collateral knowledge alone should be taken up to prevent the student becoming a little learned in everything including law. Specialists in the law courts are generally men who know all the law relating to their subject and none outside it. Legal education should be directed to checking this tendency by increasing the difficulty of the test for call and admission on legal subjects, and not by giving prizes for subjects outside law, which will be carried off by students who want to put the veneer of law on the special knowledge they possess. That would be a greater evil than that lawyers should be without a smattering of universal knowledge. It is very kind of Mr. Aston, Mr. Moulton, and Dr. Tidy to lecture in the Middle Temple Hall, but the lectures most useful to the student are given by them at the bar and in the witness-box, demonstrating with a model or putting and parrying troublesome questions. Most lawyers prefer to acquire their special knowledge for a particular occasion, and are glad to forget it afterwards. The one subject of bookkeeping and accounts, of which barristers are as a rule ignorant, and which, as material to almost every case, ought to be a part of every lawyer's education, is omitted from Sir Henry James's programme. So is navigation, which should figure in the education of the lawyers of a seafaring nation.—*Law Journal*.

EMERSON ON SELF-RELIANCE.

SELF-RELIANCE is a great element in his teaching; but (and the limitation is important), reliance on self, not as isolated, alone, standing on its own ground; but on self as the only possible manifestation of the not-self. Light and superficial people laugh at this doctrine. Honest and serious people are sometimes shocked at it and call it arrogance and self-assertion. But the truth is no one can read Emerson and not be struck with his profound humility as far as his own personality was concerned. Arrogance and self-assertion were the farthest from him of all things. One feels that he almost took to himself his story of the saint who offered his chair to Satan, declaring him more worthy of it than himself. All these statements about the value of self are meant to have a deeper truth read into them. And in that light what can be higher?—*New Princeton Review*.

THE EXPENSE OF MODERN ARMAMENTS.

THE *Paris Gaulois* states that this year, even should peace be preserved, the armies and navies of the principal States of the world will cost about 7,000,000,000 francs, or £280,000,000 sterling. It makes up its figures in the following way:—Germany: army and navy, 914,000,000 francs, and pensions, fortress funds, and Spandau treasure, 830,000,000 francs; France, in all, 1,037,000,000 francs; Russia, 1,014,739,986 francs; Great Britain (England and India), 1,247,000,000 francs; Austria, 326,361,626 francs; Italy, 382,924,000 francs; Spain, 202,915,000 francs; Turkey, 128,851,700 francs; Holland, 69,952,000 francs; and other countries the balance between them.

M. RENAN AS A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

M. RENAN is a man of genius, and in few cases more emphatically than in his has genius been the concomitant of charm. Bright-spirited, genial, with the most delicate wit and the most *naïf* felicity of humour, M. Renan is an egotist who makes his readers wish that he would say still more of himself. So exquisite is his skill in the management of the French language, that it seems to lose all flippancy as it flows from his pen, and to become softly melodious without ceasing to be piquant. But there is one thing that M. Renan lacks: he has no religion. He is constitutionally incapable of entering into the deepest moods of religious feeling. Levity is the characteristic and habitual frame of mind in which he lives, and therefore he can neither sympathize with nor understand the profound solemnity, the reverent earnestness, of the true religious sentiment. On this point there can be no doubt, and in remarking upon it we cannot fairly be represented as making an attack upon M. Renan. He has indeed, with his own arch humour, admitted—or, let us rather say, has sportively and with gay sincerity professed—that he is incapable of earnest religion; for this we take to be clearly implied in those delineations of his early days in which he describes men of the true religious character as drawing near to him, and finding in him such an absence of the religious sense that they recoiled in hopeless disenchantment. He does not hint that they were wrong. It was strange, and surely it was in some respects sad and portentous, that a literary genius of this kind should occupy itself during many years of popularity and fame with religious subjects.—*Rock*.

WITNESSES TO CHRIST.*

It is with more than usual pleasure that we welcome this volume from a Canadian author. Many of the readers of THE WEEK are well aware of Professor Clark's ability to deal with the subject of Christian Apologetics. We are glad to see him, in this volume, challenging notice from a wider audience in our own and other lands. It is quite time, we think, that Canada should be more largely represented by champions of her own in the field of contemporary authorship. We have now had, for a considerable time, a large body of men of ability and learning, with sufficient leisure at their command, and large opportunities for research and investigation, who are well qualified to stand forth before the world, and give evidence that in our Dominion we value intellectual as well as material productions. It is time that other nations should learn that we can contribute for their benefit not only grain and lumber, but mental and spiritual growths, not less profitable and more enduring. We are hopeful that ere long others may recognize that Canada can produce theologians and philosophers, and scientists, and scholars, as eminent after their kind, as the railway magnates and merchant princes and athletic oarsmen who have, thus far, been our most prominent representatives to the outside world. It may be that Professor Clark's successful example will encourage others of the professors in our Colleges and Universities, to show that they are equal to work of wider influence than the mere drilling of the classes of undergraduates, who year by year, pass through their hands.

Professor Clark's work consists of eight lectures delivered by him as Baldwin Lecturer for 1887, in the University of Michigan. In these lectures, after reviewing the modern phases of unbelief, he discusses Civilization and Christianity, Culture and Religion, Doctrinal Unity of Christians, Materialism, Pessimism, and in his two concluding lectures the Resurrection of Christ.

To those who know Professor Clark or his previous writings it will be superfluous to say that within the limits imposed upon upon him, he has accomplished the task he undertook with singular ability and success. He exhibits large acquaintance with the

authorship, English and foreign, on the subjects of which he treats. He has evidently studied for himself the works of the opponents of Christianity, and not picked up his knowledge at second hand. He fairly states their views, recognizes the soul of goodness in what he regards as evil systems, and handsomely acknowledges the benefit which true religion has gained from their critical attacks. He triumphantly shows the strength of the position which is still held by Christian believers, and the failure of all the weapons of infidelity to drive them from their stronghold, or even to make a breach in its walls. Above all we are glad to see that with the magnanimity of a Christian champion who is "without fear and without reproach," he deals with his opponents in a brotherly Christian spirit. "Our antagonists are not our enemies." "They are men who are loved by God. They are men for whom Christ died. They are not to be treated with scorn and contumely, even though they may scorn us and blaspheme the holy name by which we are called. They are to be loved, pitied, prayed for, persuaded, reasoned with. In this spirit, and in no other, is it lawful for the servants of Jesus Christ to go forth against the enemies of the cross." These words in his introductory lecture seem to have been ever in his mind till he reached the close of his work.

It is impossible for us in a brief notice to give any account of the substance of these lectures. We can confidently recommend them as containing a lucid and thoughtful treatment of the subjects with which they deal. Professor Clark has not been able, of course, in his brief limits, to give a complete or exhaustive treatment of any of the topics selected. His work, we are convinced, would have been of greater and more permanent value had the whole eight lectures been devoted to a single one of the various subjects which he has here discussed. If we might presume to offer advice we would urge him in future efforts to confine himself to narrower ground, and examine it with more minuteness and patient care. He may not give such a wide survey of the field of Apologetics to a class of theological students, but he will do more for the extension of the bounds of knowledge and faith, and more effectively advance his own reputation and usefulness. In these days of great subdivision of labour it is only the specialist who can hope to add something new to the store of acquisitions and discoveries already made. The German philologist was not so far wrong, who, on his death-bed, deplored that he had not—instead of spreading himself over the subject of grammar as a whole—devoted all his energies to the investigation and exposition of the dative case. No man, in our day, can cultivate thoroughly too wide a field, or extract from it all it is worth. The specialist is the only one who is sure now to obtain an audience from "men of light and leading."

The different departments of Apologetics are well deserving of attention from our best students and thinkers. Much yet remains to be done for the conversion or defeat of the antagonists of the Christian faith. Professor Huxley, in his late article on *Science and the Bishops*, assures us "that there are thousands of men not inferior to those in the religious world in character, capacity, or knowledge of the questions at issue, who will have nothing to do with the Christian churches, because in their apprehension, and for them, the profession of belief in the miraculous would be simply immoral." Yet when we find him reasserting that the evidence is defective because "found in documents of unknown date and of unknown authorship," we cannot but wonder how he should claim for himself a character for "intellectual veracity" which he denies to Christian believers; and we almost despair of reaching a time when Christian apologists will have succeeded in extinguishing all opposition. It would seem as if unbelief and antagonism shall continue to the end. Yet Christianity is not to be blamed. Part of its mission is to separate between the evil and the good. Like its Founder it may say, "For judgment I am come into this world, that they which see not might see, and they which see might be made blind." As Pascal has finely said, "Il y a assez de lumière pour ceux qui ne desirent que de voir, et assez d'obscurité pour ceux qui ont une disposition contraire." There is light enough for those who desire to see, and enough obscurity for those who have a contrary disposition.

W. M.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

APHORISMS. By John Morley. London and New York: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

This is a very neat edition of Mr. Morley's address delivered before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution in November last. Those who want a safe guide to a very delightful branch of literature should consult this little volume.

GENTLE BREADWINNERS. The Story of one of Them. By Catherine Owen. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company.

This is a very pretty little story, yet something more than a story—it is a hand-book. It tells of the efforts of a young gentlewoman to earn a livelihood by making cakes and preserves and confectionery for a Woman's Exchange, and how she succeeded. Every step is described, and directions are given by which others similarly situated may do as much as the gentle breadwinner whose story is here told.

ETHEL'S YEAR AT ASHTON. By Mrs. S. E. Dawes. Boston: D. Lothrop Company.

Ethel Maybury, left an orphan at the age of fifteen, was taken to her uncle's house in the country to live with relatives to whom she was previously an entire stranger. This simple story tells how, by her gentle and unselfish ways and thoughtfulness of others, she won the hearts of all—

* Witnesses to Christ: A Contribution to Christian Apologetics. By William Clark, M.A., Professor of Philosophy in Trinity College, Toronto. The Baldwin Lectures for 1887. Chicago: C. McClurg and Company. Toronto: Rowell and Hutchison.

even of her aunt, a hard, industrious, severely economical woman who had received the orphan unwillingly and at first treated her ungraciously. The story is one for boys and girls, but especially for girls. It has no exciting incidents. It describes the ordinary life in an ordinary farm house. But it shows the power of a sweet disposition to affect the happiness of others and influence their lives and characters.

THE DOCTOR OF DEANE. By Mary Towle Palmer. Boston: D. Lothrop Company.

The title of this book is misleading. We would suppose Deane was a mere hamlet, at least a very small village, the healing of whose sick depended on the skill of the one village doctor. Now, although we are not told much about Deane, we know, having read the book, that it was a considerable town, and had more than one doctor and more than one church. In another respect, too, the book is apt to deceive the reader. It has much the appearance of one of those stories supposed to be "improving" and safe to put on the shelves of a Sunday school library—books that are multiplied so rapidly and resemble each other so much that one does not wish to make further acquaintance with them. But *The Doctor of Deane* is a story of another kind. It is in fact a novel, and good as it is it gives promise of much better things from the author in the future. The plot is developed at times with a certain hesitancy as if by one not yet thoroughly practised in her art, but there is no sign of weakness or want of ability. The characters are drawn with the greatest distinctness; and with the exception of the prim and too self-conscious rector, they all arouse in the reader a friendly interest. Even vulgar Mrs. Dexter is invested with a womanliness that makes her not altogether unlovable; and her daughter's unflinching consideration for her does not seem to arise any more from duty than from affection. The interest of the story depends mainly on the peculiar love complications which occasion a good deal of suffering and result in only one marriage, and even of this the reader seems to be about to be robbed at last by the almost fatal illness of Dr. West.

The well-established reputation of *St. Nicholas* as an unrivalled periodical for young people is fully maintained by the April number.

An interesting article in *The English Illustrated Magazine* is on the Spanish Armada, made doubly interesting by the series of engravings which illustrate it.

In the April number of *Scribner* the review of the Waterloo campaign by Mr. Ropes is concluded. Mr. Stevenson's essay is the literary feature of the number.

Harper's for April is unusually attractive both in literary matter and illustration. Many of the best and most popular magazine writers are contributors to this number.

The *Canadian Methodist Magazine* for April seems lighter and more varied in its contents than usual, but no less attractive on that account. It contains a second notice of Macdonald's life of Dr. Punshon.

The *Magazine of American History* for April has some more unpublished portraits of Washington. *The Acquisition of Florida*, by the American Minister at Madrid, is one of the interesting papers in an interesting number.

The principal feature in the April number of *Lippincott's Magazine* is Miss Emélie Rives' first novel, *The Living and the Dead*. There is also a portrait of this brilliant young author with a biographical sketch by an intimate friend.

The *Atlantic Monthly* never fails in the variety, interest, and value of its contents. The April number has, among other good things, a poem by Lowell and one by Aldrich, and an interesting paper on *English Faith in Art*, by Elizabeth Robbins Pennell.

The April number of *The Century* closes the thirty-fifth half-yearly volume of this popular magazine. One of the attractions of the number is a paper on Robert Louis Stevenson, by Henry James, with a sketch of the novelist's striking face, by Alexander.

In *The Forum* for April there is a paper by J. D. Chaplin, Jun., on *The Union of the English-Speaking Peoples*, of considerable interest as a presentation of this question from an American point of view. This number contains several other able papers on subjects of general interest.

The *Cosmopolitan* for March appears in a new and attractive cover, and contains a large amount of entertaining reading matter in prose and verse by distinguished writers. The article on the *German Opera House in New York*, by Henry T. Finck, is illustrated with portraits and scenes from the opera, including four full pages in colour.

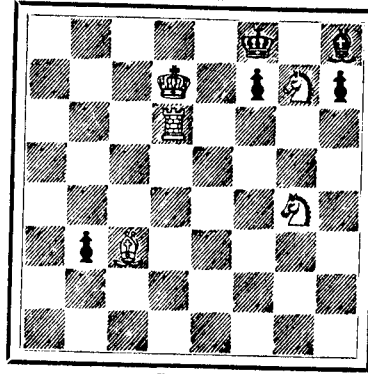
In the April number of the *North American Review* Lieut. Frederick Schwatka, in a very fair and candid paper, entitled *The Fur-Seal Fishery Dispute*, deals with the question of International Law involved. Lieut. Schwatka concludes his paper by saying that "the American Government seems more willing to settle its aggression on broad and unselfish grounds than does the opposing sovereignty in some of its pretensions."

We have received the following publications:—

- THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. March. Philadelphia: Leonard Scott Publishing Company.
- THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW. March. From the same.
- THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW. March. From the same.
- THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE. April. New York: E. R. Pelton.
- THE LIBRARY TABLE. March. New York: John B. Alden.
- MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE. March. London and New York: Macmillan and Company.

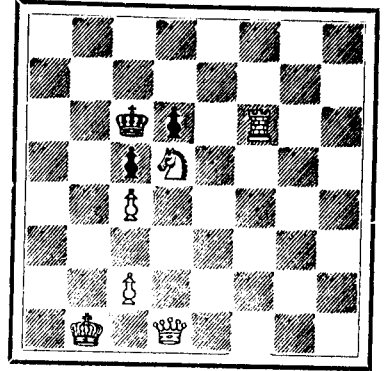
CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 241.
By T. Mcgregor, T. C. C.
Composed for THE WEEK.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 242.
By W. A. SPINKMAN.
From Columbia Chess Chronicle.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

- No. 235.
White. Black.
1. Kt-K 8 K x R
2. P-Kt 3 K moves.
3. R x P mate.

- No. 236.
White. Black.
1. Q-B 6 P x P
2. B-K 6 + K moves.
3. Q-Q 5 mate If 1. K-Kt 5
2. B-K 2 + 2. K moves.
3. Q mates.
Other variations easily found.

TORONTO vs. HAMILTON.

Nine players of the Toronto Chess Club visited Hamilton on the 30th ultimo, and played a match with the gentlemen of the Chess Club of that city; the Toronto players returned in the evening victorious after a very pleasant day. The following is the score:—

TORONTO.		HAMILTON.	
A. T. Davison.....	2	C. Watts.....	0
J. H. Gordon.....	0	H. N. Kittson.....	1
W. Boulthbee.....	2	Dr. Ryall.....	0
E. B. Freeland.....	1	W. H. Judd.....	0
W. H. Cross.....	2	P. H. Punshon.....	0
* J. Mcgregor.....	1½	J. E. Lister.....	½
H. T. Beck.....	½	R. C. Fearman.....	1½
H. J. Hill.....	1	H. Stephen.....	0
".....	0	K. Martin.....	1
E. G. Muntz.....	1½	F. Maw.....	½
	11½		4½

* Draws counting half game to each.

GAME PLAYED ON THE 30TH ULT. AT HAMILTON, BETWEEN MR. W. H. JUDD, HAMILTON C. C., AND MR. E. B. FREELAND, TORONTO C. C.

Mr. Judd.	Mr. Freeland.	Mr. Judd.	Mr. Freeland.
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. P-K 4	P-K 3	23. B-Q Kt 4	Kt-Kt 3
2. P-Q 4	P-Q 4	24. Kt-R 2	Q-K B 3
3. P x P	P x P	25. B x B	Q x B
4. B-Q 3	Kt-K B 3	26. Q R-Q 1	Q-Q B 3 (b)
5. Kt-K B 3	B-Q 3	27. B x Kt	B P x B
6. Castles	Kt-Q B 3	28. Kt-Kt 4	Q-Kt 4
7. Kt-Q B 3	Castles	29. P x P	P x P
8. B-K Kt 5	b-K 3	30. Q-Kt 3 (c)	Kt-K B 5
9. Kt-Q Kt 5	B-K 2	31. Q-K Kt 3	Q R-Q B 1
10. R-K 1	P-Q R 3	32. Kt-K 3	Q-R 4
11. Kt-Q B 3	P-K R 3	33. Q-K Kt 4	Q-B 2
12. B-K B 4	Kt-K R 4	34. R-Q 2	R-Q B 3
13. B-K 3	Kt-K B 3	35. R-K B 1	R-K Kt 3
14. P-Q R 3	Kt-K Kt 5	36. Q-R 4	R-Kt 4
15. B-Q 2	Q-Q 2 (a)	37. P-K Kt 4	Kt-R 4
16. Kt-K 2	P-K B 4	38. Kt-Kt 2	Q-B 6
17. P-Q B 3	B-Q 3	39. R-K 1	Kt-B 5
18. P-K R 3	Kt-K B 3	40. Q-Kt 3 (d)	Kt x P +
19. Kt-K B 4	Kt-K 5	41. K-R 2	Kt x P
20. Kt x B	Q x Kt	42. Q x Q	R x Q
21. Q-B 2	Kt-K 2	43. Kt-K 3	Kt x P +
22. P-Q B 4	P-Q B 3	44. Kt x Kt	R x Kt and Black wins.

NOTES.

- (a) Black should have played 15. P-K B 4, for if White now plays 16. P-R 3 Black's game will be cramped.
- (b) Very well played, this prevents White playing 27. P-B 3, and almost compels White's move of 27. B x Kt.
- (c) This appears to be a very fine move, but we think that White should have played R-K 3 followed by R-K Kt 3.
- (d) Fatal; he should have played Kt x Kt.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—NEXT WEEK.—Mr. Rudolph Aronson's admirable company of artists who are to render *Erminie* here will, it is promised, present their great New York Casino success with all the effects which rendered its phenomenal run of 700 nights in New York so popular and attractive. The organization is one of the most expensive and thoroughly equipped that has ever travelled, and add to this recommendation the long list of well-known names which compose its cast and we have every assurance that the performance will be an exceptionally pleasing one in all particulars. Mr. Aronson, in selecting his company, has used every precaution against allowing the slightest sign of discord to find its way into his organization, and as a result this delightful entertainment is so complete in all its details that the most fastidious critic is not likely to find a flaw in any part of the representation. The costumes are of the most beautiful description, while the scenery is prepared in Henry E. Hoyt's most original and elaborate designs. *Erminie* is a work which has passed through the crucible of public judgment, and has maintained its even tenor of prosperity for nearly two years, proving beyond all question its adaptability to the taste of the theatre patrons of to-day. Its charming music has won its way into the favour of every one, while the amusement its comedy elements afford has made merriment for the thousands who have attended its performances again and again. No comic opera has ever retained the public attention for so long a term with such an unvarying record of complete artistic and financial success. This is largely attributable to Mr. Rudolph Aronson's excellent policy in the management of the New York Casino, where one will always find the best artists in the profession engaged in the cast, and an extravagance and artistic taste in the mounting unequalled by any other production given in America.

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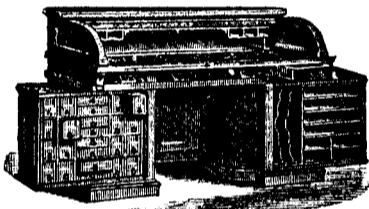
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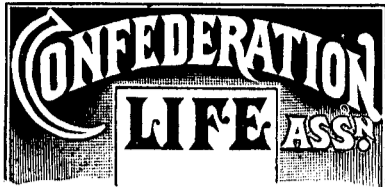
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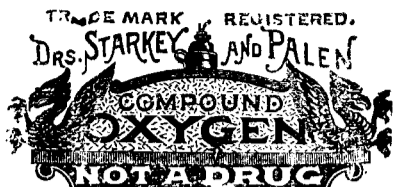
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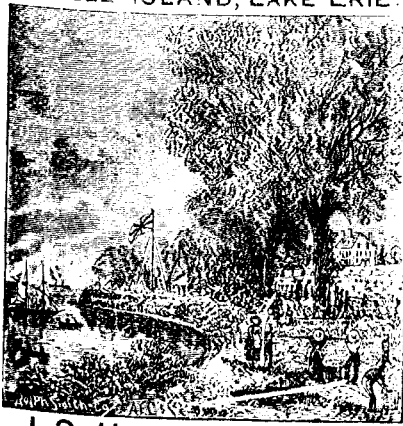
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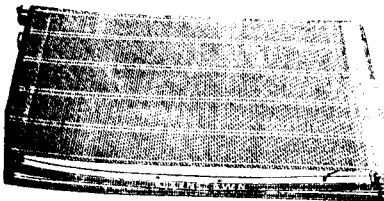
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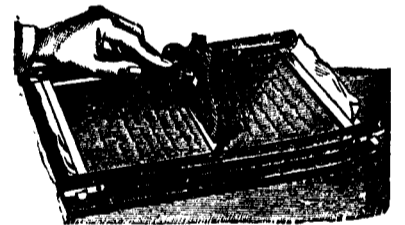
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