

THE WEEK:

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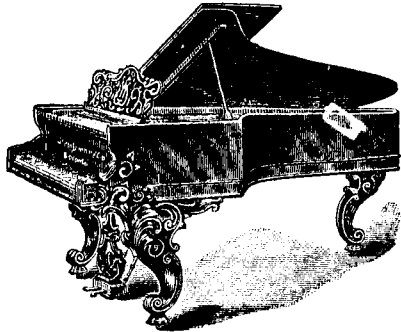
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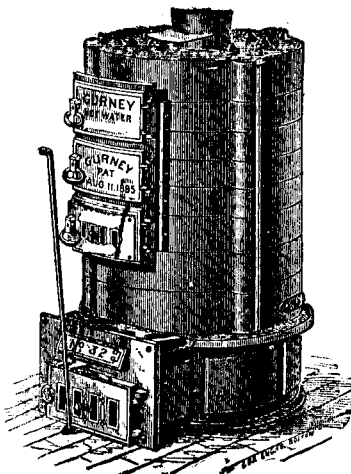
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DIVINITY DEGREES.

In a short paragraph we last week drew attention to a somewhat astonishing proposal of the Ontario Government. They proposed to insert into the University Federation Act a provision enabling every theological college affiliated to the University of Toronto to grant degrees in divinity. The objection to this proposal was so evident that we cannot but wonder that it was seriously entertained by men so shrewd as those who compose the Government of Mr. Mowat. We may feel quite sure that it did not originate with the Ministry, but was probably forced upon them from without.

The very serious objection which we urged last week is really insurmountable. It can be no part of a purely secular Government to interfere with the internal affairs of a free religious society. Whatever may be the advantages of Church and State, or the disadvantages, it would be a strange application of Montalembert's watchword of "A free Church in a free State," to find the Legislature of the Province, elected on grounds entirely independent of religious considerations, dictating the terms on which religious distinctions should be distributed in the various Christian churches of the Province; and doing this not only without consulting the churches, but in opposition to the protests of their leaders, as was very near being done.

We have no doubt that these are substantially the considerations by which the Ontario Ministry were influenced when they consented to withdraw the obnoxious clause. But there is something more to be said in view of the subject being again introduced and a different result arrived at.

For the general principle of connecting divinity degrees with the theological schools there is a good deal to be said. The principle is admitted in Knox College, although here at the request of the communion represented by that college; and it seems likely that, in some way, it will be extended to the other colleges. But before this can be done, not only must the communions represented by those colleges be consulted, but some means must be taken by which these divinity degrees shall not be sown broadcast over the land without representing any special qualifications in the bearers of them.

Divinity degrees on this side of the Atlantic have become a joke. Dr. Philip Schaff, a very credible witness, has declared that there are more Doctors of Divinity in the city of New York than in the whole continent of Europe. The consequence is that many of our clergy and lawyers prefer to retain the more modest M.A. or even B.A., which mean something, to adding the more magnificent D.D., or LL.D., which in most cases seems to mean very little. As a matter of fact, most of the leading clergymen and preachers in Toronto, whether Episcopalian or Presbyterian, bear the degree of M.A., and not that of D.D.

Now the only guarantee of the value of D.D., provided by the Ontario Bill, was that the candidate should be a B.A. of the University. We admit that this is something, if not very much. But assuredly it should

not be left to any college or hall, which may obtain affiliation with the University of Toronto, to determine entirely the conditions on which its members should obtain these degrees.

We are here treading on ground which belongs to the representative and legislative assemblies of the religious bodies concerned, but we may at least suggest, for their consideration, the desirableness and the necessity of supervising in some way the granting of these degrees.

THE CRIMES BILL AND HOME RULE.

It is impossible to doubt the truth of the criticism made by the two members for Toronto on the resolutions introduced into the local House on the above subjects. They were brought forward merely to make political capital, as one of those gentlemen said; and the remark of the other was equally true, that the whole thing was a piece of impertinence.

These local Houses have the most prodigious powers ever known to any legislative Assemblies. The way in which they rush through bill after bill, resolution after resolution, is almost appalling. One gets dizzy as he reads the lists of measures which have been considered and passed into law. But our own House has really outdone itself in its rapid settlement of the questions of the government of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the enforcement of law in the old countries.

These poor people in Europe surely cannot know how well we get on in Canada with Home Rule, and how happy every one is, or they would not hesitate to follow our example, and do as we do. Could we not spare them Mr. Mowat or Mr. Blake for say three weeks, and so get the thing done effectually? It is only necessary to have the questions clearly stated by a Master Mind from the Dominion of Canada, and even the dull intelligence of Conservative Englishmen must move on.

Truly the vagaries of ignorance and conceit are surprising and unaccountable! These people tell us that Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill needed only amendment in detail to make it quite satisfactory, quite as satisfactory as our own method of government here. Those who draw their knowledge of the subject from the Bill itself, and not from their own imagination, are perfectly well aware that the two things are totally different. Do the self-constituted advisers of the English Parliament and Government know that Mr. Gladstone proposed to turn the Irish Members entirely out of the Imperial Parliament, and yet give that body a control over the Irish Assembly? Does any one in his senses believe that a scheme like that would work?

Suppose, again, that this defect should be remedied, and the Imperial Parliament made to occupy a relation to the local Houses similar to that of the Dominion Government to our local Assemblies; does it not follow from this, that every part of the United Kingdom (England, Scotland, Wales, perhaps the partition might go lower) must have its own local Parliament? And perhaps they do not want this; or, if they should come to see that the political descendants of Earl Simon are, after all, under the necessity of coming to Canada for instruction and guidance in the art of government, still they may not be prepared offhand to put the thing into its final shape. Would it not be better for us to allow these poor people in Great Britain to work out their problem for themselves? They are not all-wise; but they know a great deal more about the whole case than we do. And besides, if they make a mess of the business, they have to suffer, and not we; and, if they receive teaching from our wiseacres here, and make a greater mess, still they will have to suffer and not we, which would be a little hard upon them.

With regard to the Crimes Bill, if any one can show that it takes away any man's reasonable liberty, or that it has any other aim than the enforcement of law which is righteous and necessary, then it will be time to consider whether the general platitudes uttered on the subject have any application. It is possible that the utterers of them may retain or gain over some Irish votes; but it is shocking to think that the government of the country has to be carried on in this manner.

It is said that there are a great many more evictions for the non-payment of rent in the course of a year, in the city of New York, than in the whole of Ireland. Why should this be right and the other wrong? It is quite intelligible that Mr. Henry George and his followers, who are bent on bringing about the nationalisation of the land, should set them-

selves against the enforcement of law; and the Socialists of France and Germany, and the Nihilists of Russia, will be still more emphatically on the same side. That other people should tolerate the notion shows only that they have not thought out its whole meaning. When they understand that it is an attack on every man who has bought a plot of ground and cultivated it or built a house upon it, that it is a threat which endangers the position of every freeholder in Canada as well as every landowner in Ireland, they may hesitate to accept the theory which they do not oppose now simply because they do not see its meaning and consequences.

APRIL POETS.

THE jubilant notes of the poets at the approach of spring are as sweet and varied as the liquid syllables of the returning birds. For at least one hour in his life, it is said, every man is a poet, and surely this blessed chance could befall in no more likely time than when in the prosaic human consciousness, as well as on the barren earth,

The tender air
Quickens places poor and bare.

But before these places appear on black hillsides, sodden meadows, and leafless woodland, the impatient desire of every beauty-loving heart for Nature's grand spring opening has been fed by the continuous rains and snows of a winter in which there has been what the farmers term "a good deal of downfall." When the downfalling is followed by a general uprising—an insurrection of earth's forces against the tyrannous skies—and

When by melting beds of snow
Wind flowers blossom all alone,
Then I know
That the bitter winter's dead.
Over his head
The damp sod breaks so mellow,
Its mosses tipped with points of yellow.

Happy winter, to have his tomb so beautifully bedecked! Surely nothing became his life so well as the leaving of it. It is a pleasure to hear the funeral dirges of the birds: the robin's dismal wail, the unutterable despair of the chickadee, and the infinite heart-break of the bobolink. Perhaps—yes, I know it is a hackneyed thought, repeated so often as to have nearly lost its meaning, yet I cannot pass it by—perhaps when our dumb and wintry lives, inexpressive of the grace and beauty that lie frozen beneath, shall melt into the after life, the birds will repeat the blissful assurances that we are so slow to accept in this world. Perhaps! But the true poet never doubts, and we, in listening to the unreasoning joy of the song sparrow, can echo Mrs. Thaxter's passionate profession of faith:

God never meant to mock us with that voice!
That is the keynote of the universe,
That song of perfect trust, of perfect cheer,
Courageous, constant, free of doubt or fear.

The coming of spring, like every other gracious and wonderful experience, needs but a few choice words for its description. A lavish and chaotic profusion of epithets is wearisome, from their inability to contain or convey the beauty that palpably strikes the dullest eye and ear at every turn. But here are a few transparent lines from Maurice Thompson, which seem to me the perfection of artlessness—or of art:

I heard the woodpecker pecking,
The blue-bird tenderly sing;
I turned and looked out of my window,
And, lo, it was spring!

A breath from tropical borders,
Just a ripple flowed into my room,
And washed my face clean of its sadness,
Blow my heart into bloom.

Has not this the very "look and face that makes simplicity a grace?" And how clearly the successive steps are pointed out by which spring works her miracles upon the poet. She calls him with the imperativeness of the woodpecker, with the tenderness of the blue-bird, his face is washed clean of its sadness—and the courage it took to use the words "washed" and "clean" must have been supported by the conviction of their entire fitness, sadness of any kind being always of the earth earthy—and then at the touch of her breath his heart bursts into bloom. But behold her crowning transformation in the last verse:

I forget my old age and grow youthful,
Bathing in wind-tides of spring,
When I hear the woodpecker pecking,
The first blue-bird sing.

This, though wonderful, is not an unusual experience. It receives the melodious confirmation of Emerson, who is generally a harsher-voiced poet.

Spring still makes spring within the mind,
When sixty years are told;
Love wakes anew the throbbing heart,
And we are never old.

The "morning of the year" not only renews our youth, but brings with it the vague restlessness and longing inseparable from one's earlier days. It is best expressed in "John Reed's Thoughts," as interpreted by Bayard Taylor:

There's something comes with the spring, a lightness or else a weight,
There's something comes with the spring, and it seems to me it's fate.

It's the hankering after a life that you never have learned to know,
It's the discontent with a life that is always thus and so,
It's the wondering what we are, and where we are going to go.

This arises from our instinctive sympathy with Nature's varied moods, which is at no other season so strong as now. We are buoyant in April's smiles, and weighted with her gloom; the sun-coloured raindrops bring us mingled pleasure and pain. In no other month do we so intimately feel our kinship with the outer world, and realise that we are the legitimate offspring of

The bridal of the earth and sky.

This secret sympathy is most strongly possessed by the poet. In his veins he feels—

A genial flood,
Such as through the sapwood spurs,
Swells and shapes the pointed bud
Of the lilac; and besets
The hollows thick with violets.

Even the hardened realists cannot escape the potent influences of spring. Some years ago there appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* an unsigned poem, entitled "In Earliest Spring," to which was modestly affixed in the index the name of W. D. Howells. In this poem the eminent realist confesses to feeling a

Rapture of life ineffable, perfect, as if in the briar,
Leafless there by my door, trembled a sense of the rose.

This seems to border on romance. The only self-respecting way to treat a briar bush is to look at it first in the coldly accurate light of reality; it should be considered in all its agricultural and botanic details, and full explanations given of the reason why it grew by that door, instead of some other door; then there should be a lengthy altercation between the proprietor of the bush and his wife as to whether it would not be better to have the bush grow by a window, and not by a door at all. But in those of us who find real life very frequently empty and leafless, or thorny and paltry, a "trembling sense of the rose" is almost the only thing that gives it value, and we joy to believe that so far as neglected and seemingly lifeless hearts and briars are concerned

There is not anything
Beyond the chance of blossoming!

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

NOTES OF A LITERARY PILGRIMAGE.

It was in the true spirit of the old-time pilgrim that I recently made a visit to the two great literary centres—if there can be more than one centre at the same time—of our republican neighbour. I went to worship at the shrine of the Muse, and to hold communion with her votaries, and the editor of THE WEEK, having first bound me over to brevity, has invited me to set down some of my impressions, so, without more ado, I shall proceed.

I.—NEW YORK.

Whatever side one may take in the animated discussion which has been going on for some time past as to the respective claims of New York and Boston to be considered the literary centre of the United States, there can be no uncertainty as to the former city being the publishing centre, and as wherever the publishers are, there will the authors be gathered together, its becoming the supreme literary centre is perhaps only a question of time. At all events there is a vast amount of literary life and stir and movement there already, which it is very delightful to observe and feel and mingle in, especially when the experience is enjoyed for the first time. In many respects the Authors' Club is the place in which one may most readily appease his desire to see something of the men whose names are so familiar in the periodicals and publishers' announcements. For although quite a modest institution, its membership being limited to one hundred and fifty, and its rooms very unpretentious, the fact that no person can become a member without holding "a recognised position in distinctively literary work," renders its fortnightly meetings, when from fifty to a hundred members usually turn up, uniquely interesting to literary pilgrims. The night I had the privilege of being present, a fairly representative gathering filled the rooms with talk and tobacco smoke. R. W. Gilder, the poet-editor, slight, sallow, stooping, his splendid brown eyes full of the fire of genius; W. Hamilton Gibson, the artist-author, rotund, black-bearded, bright-faced; Brander Matthews, shaggy and spectacled, yet looking very much a man of the world; Loretta Metcalf, of the *Forum*, keen of visage, and quick of movement, as one would expect the guiding spirit of so progressive a periodical to be; Dr. Hayes Ward, of the *Independent*, tall, slender, and studious in appearance; Hamilton Mabie, of the *Christian Union*, short, stout, and hearty, evidently brimming over with good work and good will; Poulteney Bigelow, of *Outing*, introducing to everybody Thomas Stevens, the hero of the "Round-the-world Bicycle Excursion"; C. Ledyard Norton, editor of that all-too-good-to-live periodical, the *Continent*, in its palmiest days; Frank Stockton, the most rare humourist, his slight, bent form and deeply lined face bearing testimony to the stress of neuralgic anguish which is said to inspire his quaintest conceits; R. U. Johnson and C. C. Buel, Gilder's right-and-left-hand men in the tremendous task of editing the *Century*; big and burly Col. Knox, whose "Boy-Travellers" have circumnavigated the globe, both in his imagination and his books; H. H. Boyesen, G. P. Lathrop, Jonas M. Libbey, and a host of others, whose names are known to every reader of modern American literature.

Another rendezvous to which the literary people flock is the weekly reception given by Edmund Clarence Stedman, the man who combines within himself the strangely varied elements of successful broker, critic, and poet. Here I met Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, who has inherited so much of her peerless father's beauty as well as his brains; Starr H.

Nichols, author of that splendid epic, "Monte Rosa," who also finds the turmoil of Wall Street put no extinguisher upon his genius; Henry Harland, who, as "Sydney Luska," has been winning both fame and fortune by his brilliant pictures of Jewish life in New York;—but—the parlours were crowded with brainy men and beautiful women, and in and out everywhere amongst them went the host himself, not much as to avoirdupois, but the prince of entertainers, as well as of poetic critics.

Second in interest only to such scenes as have been just indicated are the great establishments from which the three premier periodicals of the world go forth every month to delight and instruct millions of readers, and to these busy hives the literary pilgrim's feet seem to turn of their own accord. As the senior of all three, by many years, *Harper's* rightly claims precedence, and when one visits its birthplace in Franklin Square, so grimy, dusty, and dark are all the surroundings that it is easy to believe it is nearly half a century old. Clearly the editors of the Harper periodicals, which, if they are distinguished for anything, it is for brightness, do not derive their inspiration from the immediate associations. From Henry M. Alden, whose whole strenuous life is concentrated upon the magazine, to A. B. Starey, who, working apparently without haste or hesitation, has made so brilliant a success of the *Young People*, not one of the corps is worthily accommodated. Light, space, air, are all denied them, and it is a marvel that they can do such good work under the circumstances. Within the walls of the immense building, which covers an entire square, everything connected with the periodicals, except the wood-engraving, is done, and a whole number of THE WEEK might be filled with a description.

The *Century* offices are, as everybody knows, one of the show places of the city. Situated high up in a huge building looking upon Union Square, with unlimited light, space, and air all about them, their location is unsurpassed, while their interior arrangement and fittings are the acme of elegance and comfort. They monopolise an entire floor covering a space of dear knows how many thousand square feet. Entering first an immense room crowded with desks, type-writers, and girls, and thickly hung with pictures which you recognise at once as the originals of the illustrations whose perfection has done so much for the *Century's* fortunes, you circumnavigate a rounded railing, push on through a long corridor, also lined with original sketches, and at length reach a large, bright apartment in which are R. U. Johnson and C. C. Buel, the lions in the path of the pilgrim who would penetrate farther without due credentials. Happily they roared "as gently as sucking doves" the day of my invasion, and placed no veto upon my admission to the inner presence. Mr. Gilder's room is the very ideal of an editorial sanctum: large, lofty, sunny, handsomely furnished, overflowing with books and pictures, it is quite worth seeing of itself. But one soon forgets the room when the big brown eyes of the occupant turn towards him with courteous welcome, and the talk that follows is apt to be so interesting that you come near omitting to examine Allegra Eggleston's clever sculpturing in wood of the late Dr. Holland's strong countenance, which forms the central point of the carved mantel. The temptation to repeat some of the things I heard there is very strong, but I must resist it, or I shall overpass my limits, and possibly break confidence.

The home of *Scribner's*, the *Century's* "hated rival," as Mr. Johnson humorously put it, occupies a middle place, so far as style of appointment goes, between the other two. It is not so cramped and unlovely as that of *Harper's*, nor so luxurious as the *Century's*. The magazine occupies the whole of the first floor above the publishing rooms of Charles Scribner's Sons, on Broadway, and Mr. E. L. Burlingame has a big room looking out upon that noisy thoroughfare. While new to the editorial chair, Mr. Burlingame, as literary adviser to the firm for many years past, has had no lack of training for his task, and the steadily improving quality of the periodical is sufficient proof of how thoroughly he understands his work. He is young, handsome, clear-headed, and untiring, and, with a practically unlimited command of funds, can accomplish anything. The most liberal terms await authors and artists fortunate enough to find acceptance, and altogether the new monthly is an epoch-making addition to the world of literature.

An editorial establishment well worth seeing, if only for the sake of its curiously unbusiness-like aspect, is that of the *Forum*, on Fifth Avenue. Situated in what was once a stately residence, and indicated only by an engraved door-plate, it is not easy to find, and, when found, it is still less easy to see the presiding genius, for a boy in buttons receives you with a critical stare, conducts you upstairs into a spacious parlour, where a clerk continues the examination, presumably to see if he can detect the suspicious bulge which betokens a manuscript, and then, finally, if you can give a good account of yourself, you are led through another parlour into a cosy little room, adorned with photographs of leading contributors, where Mr. Metcalf awaits you. And not only Mr. Metcalf, but Mrs. Metcalf also, for this editor enjoys the rare privilege of a wife whose knowledge of his work is second only to his own. The *Forum* differs from other monthlies in that it is not open to volunteer contributions. As a rule, both writer and subject are selected by the editor, and, remembering how admirably this periodical represents what is best and brightest in thought, literature, and morals on both sides of the ocean, it is easy to appreciate the ability required for its successful management.

Lafayette Place, with the magnificent Little Press (where the *Forum* and *Magazine of American History* are printed) at one end, and the even more magnificent De Vinne Press (which has brought the mechanical work on the *Century* to such perfection) at the other, and the Astor Library, treasure-house beloved of literary workers in the centre, is a perfect nest of editorial sanctums, but I can mention only two, and that briefly. Up many flights of stairs in one of the tall buildings must the pilgrim climb to find Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, whose life is devoted to the *Magazine of American History*. But to see and converse with this wonderful woman

is well worth the ascent, for, to a rare grace and cordiality of manner, she adds a surpassing knowledge of things in general, and history in particular, which make her one of the most charming of talkers.

In comfortably appointed offices, much nearer the street level, is the home of the *Christian Union*, where Mr. Hamilton Mabie has a warm greeting for visitors guileless of poetry or serials. And across the way—but the pilgrim's space is exhausted, and his next batch of notes will be about Boston; so farewell New York. J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

RUSSIA.

No country of Europe has provoked so much discussion for years past as the kingdom of the Czar. The advances of Russian aggression, the autocracy of Russian government, the development of Russian Nihilism, the oppression of Russian peasantry, the progress of Russian literature,—these are only a few of the solid facts which have been evolved from an analysis of the Slavonic Empire. The importance of Russia's position as a powerful factor in the destinies of the East has not been underrated, but some of the elements of her internal constitution have not been sufficiently developed. Few people, probably, are aware that Russia is numerically the superior of any nation in the world except the Chinese, and China is not yet organised for modern war; Russia is also more religious, more patriotic, and possesses a more homogeneous population than any other of the great Powers. In this union of patriotism and religion Russia strongly resembles the United States, where these two important influences are even more strongly apparent in their bearing upon national existence. It is popularly supposed that Russia is torn asunder by Nihilism, while, in point of fact, Austria and Germany are far more dangerously menaced by the steady growth of Socialism.

The most marked feature of the average Russian is his absolute ignorance about every other country and people except the Germans, whom he abhors and designates as "the dumb men." Great Britain is to him almost an unknown quantity, humiliating as this fact may be to the mind of the Englishman. The great weakness of Russia is her want of a trained middle and upper class: the aristocracy is under the tyrannous rule of the Czar, who likes to be served only by pliant and submissive men, and has surrounded himself with courtiers of this type. M. De Giers even is represented as standing at attention, with one thumb on the seam of his trousers, and saying, "Oui, sire; oui, sire." The present Emperor is as national as was Peter the Great, but unfortunately he hardly shows Peter the Great's abilities. In a family where all the members have been made by absolute power unlike other men, he resembles the type of mind rather of Paul and Nicholas than of Alexander the First or Second. Both Alexanders were melancholy Germans as compared with the present obstinate and thoroughly Russian Czar. The Slavonic press, strange as it may appear to the majority, is all powerful. The *Moscow Gazette*, edited by Katkoff, is a newspaper which may be described as the mightiest in the world, because it is almighty or nearly almighty in one great empire, and this through the dominion of Katkoff. This paper asserts that no free press in the world, except the Russian, enjoys a freedom so personal to itself or to its great editor. In constitutional countries, it declares, the whole press is enslaved by Party. The *Moscow Gazette* knows no party, for Russia knows none that is worthy or unworthy of the name. It succeeds in doing what it pleases in Russian home affairs, and though its foreign sentiments do not prevail, it is at any rate allowed to utter them. The political tone of Russia is decidedly Conservative; at the same time the one great strength of the Empire consists in its being absolutely devoid of parties. Russians nearly all agree in a large number of general views, which are almost peculiar to their land. Even the Nihilists are at one with the majority on the point, for instance, of ridiculing parliamentary government.

Russia, no doubt, is growing in power. She has by far the largest army in the world, and with a complete mobilisation of her forces has upon paper a complement of four, ultimately to be increased to six, millions of men. Her artillery is more numerous than that of France and Germany combined, certainly more numerous than that of Germany and Austria. With moderate prudence the resources of Russia cannot but increase. She is from many points of view a young country, and Siberia, territorially considered, is almost another United States. The acquisition of Bulgaria is another step in the path of Russian aggrandisement, which was probably fostered by Great Britain's action at the Constantinople Conference: Lord Salisbury saved Prince Alexander, and from that moment it became certain that Russia would ultimately dethrone him. He was dethroned accordingly, but mere dethronement was not sufficient to restore Russian prestige in Bulgaria, and further steps were necessary. Prince Alexander had done nothing against the Czar of late, nothing at any rate that has been proved. He had even been unduly submissive; but he had been independent, and Bulgarian independence, whether in tongue, religion, or in the sphere of foreign affairs, is intolerable to Russian patriots, and it must be admitted that the outrage to Europe of the Kaulbars mission, added to the circumstances of Prince Alexander's deposition, is tremendous and irretrievable. It is a death-blow to the smaller States, and the proclamation, or consecration, of the doctrine that Might in the affairs of nations makes Right. The Russian press now openly proclaims Bulgaria as virtually a province of Russia; its concerns are a matter of internal policy with which the Powers have nothing to do, and resistance to the orders from St. Petersburg is the same thing in Bulgaria as in Poland.

The feeling in Russia may be strong against England, but it is nothing like so strong as the popular feeling against Germany. As regards the military situation between the countries, the dangers are both exaggerated

and imperfectly appreciated. It is supposed generally that Russia could invade India without much difficulty, but it may be confidently asserted that she is unable at present to effectively attack England in her Asiatic empire. It must be admitted that in the race for Herat Russia has undoubtedly won, and that the ultimate occupation of Herat must be faced by England, but as Russia advanced towards India from Herat the tables would be turned. She would be farther and farther away from the country where her government was established, or where the people were friendly to her rule, and she would plunge into defiles inhabited by hostile tribes. Military writers as a rule do not so highly estimate the difficulties of a Russian advance upon India as do the Russians themselves; they assume that they would have the sympathies of the oriental population on their side, that the Turcoman cavalry, which is excellent, and which, while animated by strong Mohammedan feelings, is now enthusiastically Russian, would mask the Russian advance with a force that would conciliate the native tribes. They believe that the Russian organisation in Central Asia has been a marvellous success, and that the native princes of India think the Russians would respect the usages of the people more thoroughly than the English. But all these views are exaggerated. England enjoys a popularity among the native princes superior to any entertained for Russia; it is doubtful whether more than a few hundred Turcoman cavalry could be prepared for a long march, and it is probable that Russia for a great number of years to come would have far more difficulty in finding the enormous train which would be necessary for transporting 100,000 men from Herat to Kandahar than England would in supplying an army of 80,000 men at Kandahar, which would be a sufficient force to hold in check the advance of 100,000 Russians from the Caucasus and 20,000 from Turkestan. The difficulties of obtaining camels and mules enough to move large armies in such deserts are largely, no doubt, money difficulties, and they are partly difficulties which money can obviate but will not meet unless the money is spent for many years in advance in the formation of a permanent train on an enormous scale. Real danger to India can only come after some revolution in Herat, and after a dexterous use of Ayoub Khan has brought Russia there as a peace-maker, or after years of possession of the Herat Valley have restored it to its former fertility under irrigation, and Herat has been made a secure base for an advance connected by railway both with the Caspian and Turkestan.—Condensed from Sir Charles Dike's *Russia, in the Fortnightly*.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

THE apparel oft proclaims the man. It is on this text that M. Bableau depicts the middle classes of France of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. He excludes the artisans, and also that portion of the *bourgeoisie*, such as rich financiers, which fringed the nobility, and sooner or later became absorbed into it, either by purchasing a patent or by marrying an heiress-daughter to "manure a title"—as the phrase went when a noble scamp was reduced to beggary by extravagance and gambling. The question of dress holds ever an important place in the history of manners. We can never know exactly either a people or an epoch, if we are ignorant of their costumes.

This is more especially the case with respect to France and the last two centuries, when dress—above all, its colour—marked so sharply social divisions. Then professional men, artists, and clergy wore sombre costumes, but merchants and traders rather approached the rich in the matter of brighter tones. At the meeting of the States General at Versailles these social distinctions, marked by dress, were as plain as the road to parish church. However, with political equality came equality in dress. In the time of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. the nobility alone wore velvet, silk, satin, and lace, with gold and silver trimmings. Gray and maroon cloth, coffee-coloured or gray serge, revealed the trader. The latter, if humble, had only two suits, one for winter, the other for summer. He had, in addition, a costume for times of mourning. When the clothes were shabby they were turned; when threadbare cut up for the children. Punctually at Easter the summer costume was taken down; at All Saints it was replaced by the winter suit. The trader felt himself quite a somebody when he carried a sword.

The sword indicated only the pretension that the wearer was not to be confounded with the clodpoles; it was, above all, an ornament; it was essential to have two, one with a silver, and the other with a carved brass, scabbard. When in mourning the sword handle was to be black. A more distinguishing mark lay in wearing a powdered wig, which no artisan would dream of patronising. Every morning the hair dressers ran through the streets of Paris with a bag of flour in one hand and a comb in the other, to make up the head-dress of clients. In the case of women, the coiffure was very plain, flat, almost imperceptible. Brown and gray were the habitual colours of their toilettes. It was only after the Revolution they wore ribbons; previously they dared not do so, and above all white ribbon. At forty-five years of age women renounced loud colours; they wore mantles with hoods, and were classed devotees. To-day ladies do not so early renounce bright colours, or lapse into devotion. Two centuries ago the costumes of merchants and traders were more costly than those of their wives; this was owing to men going more into the world than women. Hence the dress displayed by a man became the expression of his fortune. *Nous avons changé tout cela*: at present it is quite the opposite, the toilette of Madame is all.

ANY reliable work on Germany at the present moment is deserving of attention. A gentleman who states he is a Belgian, and whose mother was a German and his father of French extraction, publishes "Berlin in

1876 and 1886." The comparison between the then and now is fairly impartial, and not hostile or unkind to the French. The writer, during the decade, has been in constant communication with his German and French relatives.

The French indemnity of five milliard francs turned all heads. Many believed such a windfall would result in houses being thatched with pancakes, and streets paved with penny loaves, and that work would be limited to quaffing beer in celebration of triumphant Vaterland. On the contrary, the stream of Pactolus nearly ruined all, as speculators and promoters seized upon it. But the Germans quickly shook themselves out of the day-dream, and recognised that those who produce and work are they who gain. Hence the unexampled "boom" of industrial and commercial activity, which has infiltrated into France like a second invasion, and is draining out her riches with a terrible success.

In 1870 the population of Berlin was half a million, to-day it is one and a quarter. The Teutons increase and multiply at the rate of eight per 1,000 inhabitants, the French but by two. Berlin, never an attractive spot, was till then half dead, and but the chief place of the civil and military services. To-day it is the capital of a nation, where rapidly rises an industrial city, elbowing into the shade the military quarter. Streets have been multiplied tenfold; the traffic is considerable, and the modest city of twenty years ago is now a centre of luxury and brilliancy.

Even the army has changed, in the sense of being ameliorated. Victorious, it works to perfect its organisation as if it had been defeated. The writer, alluding to the severe, almost brutal, discipline to which the conscript is subjected, asserts none the less that he will find such training an auxiliary to him when leaving the army and returning to his civil state. Even the "volunteers for a year," mostly the young men destined for the learned professions, or to the career of merchants, etc., have to work at soldiering as persistently as those comrades putting in the full period of active service under the flag. The Germans highly appreciate this twelve months' army drill, which secures its military power such an element of intelligence and enlightened patriotism. In France there is a crusade to abolish the "volunteer" system, and make all serve in the ranks, a Procrustean period.

MESSRS. CAPUS AND BOUVALOT undertook to travel from Teheran, by Meshed, to Merv. The route was not absolutely unknown, but they confirm the activity of the Russians in making themselves at home all along the line, and of the wonderful rapidity with which they are pushing forward the railway to Merv, where the Russian commander expects to bless the first locomotive on the 12th July next, in the terminus there in course of construction. If the English intend to make their railway across the rich wheat plains of Asia Minor—where excellent grain sells at eight sous per bushel—through Persia, by Herat, up to Quettah, there is no time to lose.

The region from Teheran to Meshed is a more or less dreary, parched plain, watered occasionally by muddy streams. Meshed is one of the most fanatical cities of Central Asia. The tourists would not be allowed to come within measurable distance of the quarter called "Best." No photographic apparatus could be displayed in the city; such would be desecrating the resting-place of the Iman Riza, that saint of saints, and to visit whose tomb the Arabs, with their wives and children, come from miles round to adore. Nay, more, they bring with them the corpses of their relatives to be interred beside Riza. Saracks, say the voyagers, is now a modernised Russian town, laid out à l'Americaine, having spacious avenues bordered with trees. Everywhere the Armenians monopolised both the wholesale and retail trades, drink being the chief article in demand. From Saracks to Merv the route is next to impossible, in consequence of the hot north-east wind, and the clouds of burning mud-dust. Night is the only practicable time for travelling. On the opening of the Russian railway to Merv, the latter will be in direct rail and steamboat communication with Odessa; will be the head centre for commerce with the heart of Asia; in Russian hands, and exclusively for Russian manufactures. Neither free, fair, nor reciprocal trade will be recognised. What the Muscovites create, like what they conquer, they keep for themselves.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PARNELL LETTER.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—The authenticity of the Parnell Letter is a question on which we must suspend our judgments till we know the history of the document, and till the handwriting has been examined by independent experts. In the meantime, there are some things to be said in answer to those who call upon us at once to assume that the letter is a forgery published by *The Times* to influence the division on the Crimes Bill.

1. *The Times* has a great character and an immense income, dependent on that character, at stake. We may be sure that before the letter was published the utmost care was taken, and all the means that money could command were used to ascertain its authenticity.

2. Since publication, the *fac-simile* has been submitted to independent experts, who decline, at all events, to pronounce against the genuineness of the signature. It is preposterous, therefore, to say, as Mr. Parnell does, that the document is a "bare-faced" imposture.

3. *The Times* courts investigation. It has been trying all along to get Mr. Parnell and his associates into a court of law, and apparently it published the letter only when it found that its repeated challenges were disregarded. But Mr. Parnell in his disclaimer did not court investigation, and it does not appear that he or his friends are courting it at present.

4. There is no improbability, to say the least, in the supposition that when Mr. Parnell, terrified by the burst of public indignation which followed the Phoenix Park murders, for the first and last time denounced crime, the Invincibles may have taken offence, and that he may have had to satisfy them, which he could hardly do more adroitly than by addressing a letter to some intermediary whom he deemed safe, in such a form that the signature might be easily detached before the letter was placed in the hands of the Invincibles. The connection of the leaders of the party, perhaps through intermediate grades of criminality, with the Invincibles is a fact which, in face of the general evidence brought before us, it is impossible to doubt. Let Mr. Parnell point to a single genuine effort which he has made to put a stop to the crime which was being committed in the name and in the interest of his cause.

5. That the signature is not on the same page with the letter is a circumstance which naturally creates suspicion. This a forger would have foreseen, and he would have placed the signature on the same page with the letter.

6. Mr. Parnell's bare denial cannot be accepted as conclusive. We have already had proof that he does not shrink from falsehood when it is necessary for his cause. He did not hesitate when, for the purpose of his alliance with Mr. Gladstone, it became expedient to deny that he had proclaimed his intention of "breaking the last link which bound Ireland to England." Yet, on investigation, it was conclusively proved that he had used these words. He, in fact, made no attempt at rebuttal, and suffered judgment against his veracity to go by default.

7. Mr. Parnell's disclaimer in the House of Commons, though vehement, not to say vapouring, affords on one point a slight confirmation of the genuineness of the letter. The letter deplores the death of Lord Frederick Cavendish, but intimates that Mr. Burke got no more than his due. In his disclaimer Mr. Parnell says that he would have stood between Lord Frederick Cavendish and the daggers; it is only as an afterthought and on recollection that he adds the name of Mr. Burke.

8. Mr. Parnell cannot imagine that the letter was actually fabricated by *The Times*. We should naturally expect him, therefore, in his interviews with reporters, if not in his Parliamentary disclaimer, to touch at least upon the question of the origin and history of the fraud. But he confines himself to a blank repudiation of the signature, and thus raises a slight suspicion of unwillingness to go more fully into the case.

However, judgment at present is premature. The New York press, of course, delivers judgment, with a vengeance, in favour of Mr. Parnell. But if Mr. Parnell were convicted of murder on the testimony of a hundred credible witnesses, the feelings of the Irish towards him, and the language of the New York press about him, would probably remain unchanged.

Yours faithfully,

GOLDWIN SMITH.

THE TRUE MEANS.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—On the fourth of this month a remarkable meeting appears to have been held in your progressive city. Benighted Montrealers only got its flavour in the press news. Perhaps Toronto is used to such assemblies. At this meeting—that of the Toronto Ministerial Association—it was resolved, "after a three hours' discussion," that the native tongue of Eastern Ontario should be forthwith denied to the large body of citizens who speak it; that the Government be called upon to institute an Alsace-Lorraine policy; and that this policy be extended to religion as well as speech and ideas. In terms to which Ontarians are better accustomed, "Resolutions were passed that the public schools be opened and closed with reading of the Scriptures and prayers; that the public school laws be enforced in every part of the Province; and that the English language be taught in all schools receiving a subsidy of public money, and in this connection calling the Minister of Education's attention to the fact that in certain schools in the eastern part of the Province teaching was carried on in the French language, and the text books used were those in use in the Catholic schools of the Province of Quebec."

Now, the first thought that occurs to your benighted Montrealer is, How would that work in Quebec? Here the telegram would read:

"Quebec, April 4.—The Cardinal Archbishop, assisted by the Grand Vicar, held a consistory this morning on the subject of education. Resolutions were passed that all public schools be opened and closed reading the Little Catechism and reciting an Ave Maria; that uniform laws, passed in accordance with instructions from the Sacred Office, be enforced in every part of the Province; that the French language be taught in all such schools, and in this connection calling the Minister of Education's attention to the fact that in certain schools in Montreal, the Eastern Townships, and elsewhere, teaching was carried on in the English language, and the text books, etc."

Are there not clearly false principles in the position of any body which can assert itself thus on such subjects? The State may indeed have a right, where it is founded on democracy—government by the many—to require that each of the intellects which is to govern shall be equipped according to some one standard; but it is carrying the principle to an extreme to deny to an important section its language, and to interfere, as Bible reading does, with its religious views. Were that done to us in the Province of Quebec, it would be seen in a different light.

The point of my complaint, however, is not that the Toronto Ministerial Association should do nothing. It is true that a great organisation—an organisation *ad hereticos exterminandos*—is invading Ontario on the east, and north, and west.

The *Mail* is broadly right—wrong only in part of its way of putting

things; we who live in Quebec know that. And it is correct for lay Saxons to protect themselves in blunt Saxon ways; for the Mowat Ministry, for instance, but not for the Ministerial Association. The right way for the latter is to eschew the secular arm and convert these people; to declare war not against the accents of Gaul, but darkness and error; not to side with intolerance, but to go and preach tolerance where it is wanted; to be apostles as of old, not whiners; to go out to their French-Canadian brother whose needs cry to the Lord against them, instead of standing off and touching him with not so much as the tip of their fingers. In this duty the Ministerial Association will find enough to pass resolutions about.

Montreal.

W. D. L.

PALINODE.

As is the soul of thy sire, so is thine, O Aphrodite!

Faithless, a terror to men; and thy breast, when it seems most fair,
Is but the veil of a heart that has neither grace nor pity,
But is filled with memories dark of foolish men's despair.

Thou smilest just as he smiles, the cruel, insatiate Ocean,
When the gently whispering zephyr caresses his waving crest;
And thy accents are tender like his, when his lips, with tremulous motion,
Kiss softly the golden hem of some island's emerald vest.

But false are the lips of the sire, and falser still are the daughter's—
Lips that crave and devour only to crave again.
Oh! wise was he who said, Aphrodite, that many waters
Were vain to quench thy fires that scorch the souls of men.

Why, O ruthless one, hast thou thus been dowered with beauty?
Cruel, how canst thou feign the face of an innocent child?
Say, was it Heaven or Hell that set thee thy awful duty?
Nay: Heaven and Hell, like Earth, by thine arts have been beguiled.

So, in a day long past, in the pride of my vaunted reason,
Knowing not that which I dared, like a hind in a lion's path,
With foolish tongue I uttered the words of despite and treason,
With strength that was all untried, defying the great queen's wrath.

But little booted my taunts, for the goddess made no answer,
Save to smile more sweetly with fatal lips and eyes,
Till over my heart and limbs crept the spell of the arch-entrancer,
And I lay, like a captive bound, without the power to rise.

Vainly I tried to escape, and strove to break my fetters,
While my heart throbbed wildly, as beats a bird the bars of its cage.
Ah me! Love's triumph then with me, as with my betters,
Was the end of the war unequal I rashly dared to wage.

When I essayed again to raise my voice in anger,
My lips refused to utter a word that would do Love wrong;
And, as I lay subdued in a sweet, delicious languor,
I know not if it was I or another who sang this song:—

"Adorable Aphrodite! Bountiful Aphrodite!
The joy of the living world, the mother of all things fair,
Worshipped to-day as of old in many a Grecian city,
Where myriad shapes of beauty shone in the scented air;

"O golden Aphrodite, bestower of joyous hours,
Reigning in field and forest and the depths of the dark-blue sea,
Peopling the sky with stars, decking the earth with flowers,
Giving to all that is the pledge of what is to be;

"O potent Aphrodite! thus wide is the realm thou rulest;
And vain and rash are those who thy will would disobey.
But though the hard and proud with lessons stern thou schoolest,
Thou art mild as thy gentle doves to those who own thy sway."

Thus did my softened heart burst forth into joyous praises,
Priding itself on the chains which for Love's dear sake it wore:
O subtle Aphrodite! thou takest a thousand phases,
But in the guise of that sweet time thou comest back no more.

Montreal.

JOHN READE.

THE FRENCH.

—A GREAT people; loyal in their depths,
But tossed upon the face with many a flaw;
Strong with the strength and peril of a storm;
Swift to be thrown, yet swifter to rebound;
Most hard to bridle, but when managed well
Able for any enterprise; bedecked
With every outward charm and subtle grace,
Nor wanting that fine polish which can stand
On sterling metal only; yet most prone,
From very nimbleness of sense and thought
To dire excess.

—Alfred Hayes.

The Week,

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

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THE friends of Upper Canada College are to be congratulated on the settlement made of its affairs. It is true a great portion of the endowment is diverted to the uses of the University; but enough is left, and that, put in a revenue-bearing shape, to ensure the continued usefulness of the College. It is a satisfaction, too, that the Minister of Education, in moving the resolution, fully agreed with all that has been said as to the value of the College, and the exceptional character of the work it is doing, in respect of its methods of study and methods of discipline. The Government believes the College is supplying a want filled by no other institution; and, with it growing in public favour, as shown by the increasing attendance, this is not a time to destroy it. It is to be hoped that that time may never come; that this is a settlement for good. A compromise has been made; something has been yielded on both sides; and the endowment as now settled ought to be morally beyond the reach of such attacks as lately threatened the existence of the College. That no pretext for disturbance will be afforded by the conductors of the College itself may be taken as certain; their past work is a guarantee of that.

IF by the conversion of non-revenue bearing property into a source of revenue, and by improvements in internal economy, the means of the University can be enlarged by twenty-five thousand dollars, one cannot regret that even Upper Canada College has had to contribute so much to the result. That addition will be so much added to the usefulness of the University, towards the establishment of a University that may not only keep Ontario young men from going abroad for their education, but may draw strangers to Ontario. With so considerable an addition to its income, the University will now be nearer abreast with other institutions in the advance of the Province; and it should be the care of all concerned to keep it so.

THEY have another disastrous flood in Montreal. Thousands of dollars' worth of property will be destroyed, and much suffering and loss inflicted on the poor, in the lower part of the city and outside, yet it is probable that this annually recurring calamity could generally be avoided, at a trifling cost in comparison, by keeping open the channel below the city for a month or two in the early winter. If this were done, the ice there could not grow thick enough to resist the spring ice-shoves, and no floods would ensue.

QUEBEC PROVINCE is much agitated over a "Crucifix Bill," introduced in the Assembly, which provides that a crucifix shall be placed in a conspicuous place in all Courts of Justice in the Province, and that every witness who may give evidence in court shall lift his right hand in front of the crucifix, and shall be required to swear before it. It is stated that the purpose of this is political; that the introducer of the Bill is a Liberal and Rielite, who wishes to be able to tell his *compatriotes* that he tried to make the court houses Roman Catholic buildings, but that the *Bleus* sold themselves to the English, as in the Riel campaign. But we doubt if this be the motive: a similar Bill was introduced in the Quebec Assembly three or four years ago, before there was any Riel question, and was defeated, as probably this will be. The Protestant clergy of the Province are protesting vigorously against its passage; no doubt, Protestants must in any case be exempted from its operation. But we believe the object of the bill is genuinely religious: Roman Catholics will certainly pay more regard to an oath taken before a crucifix than one taken on the Bible, even if it be a Douay; and if a Quaker may substitute an affirmation for an oath, why should not a Roman Catholic be allowed to take an oath in the form most binding on him?

IF the undertaking of the C.P.R. Company had turned out an unfortunate one, the Company could not justly be disturbed in their monopoly, at least till the time stipulated by the contract for completing the road. And it does not seem just to disturb them now, because by their energy they have succeeded in building the road five years earlier, by which they have added five years of life to the North-west. But it must be remembered that if they have aided greatly in the development of the country, by their effort and skill, the country on its part has come to their help

generously on more than one critical occasion, when a denial of help probably would have been most disastrous to them. They are now enjoying the fruits of this assistance as well as of their own energy; and as through both combined they can afford very well to give up their rights under the monopoly clause, it might be advisable to do so. But there must be no compulsion: the contract is binding, and must not be broken by the country for causes of mere expediency.

AS between Manitoba and the North-west and old Canada, a moral right to exercise Disallowance is distinctly with the latter. Old Canada has incurred a great debt, and added largely to the weight of taxation, through opening up Manitoba and the North-west by means of the railway; and it is not to be expected that she can look on with indifference while the trade she has incurred so many responsibilities for is being diverted elsewhere by the rising communities who owe their very existence to her. But whether this would actually be the result of permitting railway connexions between the North-west and the States is not quite clear: undoubtedly such new trade roads would immensely benefit the North-west; and might not the improvement enable that country better to bear the burden of the National Policy tariff?—which, again, if maintained, would probably prove all that was needed to preserve the Manitoban and North-west markets to eastern manufacturers.

THE Home Rule and anti-Coercion debate in the House of Commons has shown pretty clearly that some of the most eloquent supporters of the resolutions really do not know what they are talking about. Mr. Laurier, for instance, after an eloquent plea for "freedom"—from punishment for crime, expresses his wish to see Ireland endowed with Home Rule, because self-government has been good for Canada. But Ireland and Canada are situated on two different continents, quite different in political circumstances. If this continent were divided among three or four Great Powers and as many lesser; the whole showing a tendency to consolidation, to the absorption of the smaller States by the greater, and to the predominance of one or two Powers over all others, would Mr. Laurier, in the interests of his own State, urge that one of its provinces should be accorded independence? In such a state of things would a weak state of independence be to the advantage of the province itself? Yet this is what these colonial gentlemen, who know more about the best method of governing Great Britain and Ireland than the men who have spent their lives at the business on the spot, recommend shall be done in the case of Ireland. Russia, Germany, France, have the sword half drawn to decide which is to dominate Europe, and England is to choose that moment to introduce a change in her constitution which admittedly must at best reduce her to the impotent condition of Austria. The Austro-Hungarian Empire-Kingdom, held up as a pattern for our admiration by Mr. Gladstone, is a State having two independent constituent members, jealous of each other, always thwarting each other, which are held together solely by a common dynasty. It is somewhat strange to see Liberal statesmen regarding a dynasty as a fit basis to found a State on; it is not, however, surprising to see Mr. Gladstone choose for a model a State which is rendered impotent through that very element of discord he desires to import into the British constitution.

MR. BLAKE clearly sees that for the House at Ottawa to censure and condemn that at Westminster would not be the best means to promote the object of the mover of the resolutions. He therefore wisely suggests amendments which, if adopted, would certainly deprive the resolutions of much of their offensive character. Still, the fact remains that this is no business of Canada's. It is politic, no doubt, for Mr. Blake and Mr. Mowat to play to the Irish gallery; but they should not invite such an unwelcome after spectacular effect as the interference of the British Parliament in Canadian local affairs. This they directly do when they interfere in the affairs of the British Isles, with which the British Parliament are quite competent to deal, and of which it has more knowledge than its officious advisers.

THE Premier of the Nova Scotian Government wishes to revive the Repeal cry, but he is perplexed to know how to do it in face of the two-thirds majority against Secession returned to the Dominion Parliament a month or two ago. The plain truth is, there never was a serious Repeal movement in Nova Scotia outside the circle of politicians. The people have some grave causes of complaint on economical grounds against Confederation, and they returned a Liberal and anti-Confederation majority to the Local House last June. They were not anxious for Repeal, but were willing to try what relief an anti-Confederation Government could procure them. This proved to be—none; and at the late Dominion elections the

regular Confederation majority was returned. The Repeal Government have now nothing for it but to interpret the previous June elections as—what we stated at the time it was—simply an appeal for Better Terms.

SPEAKING of the Senate Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne, *La Minerve* tells us that “Mr. McCallum, the seconder, has been a member of the House of Commons in several Parliaments. His majority at every election was of the smallest, varying from a majority of two to one of ten votes.” What a satire on the constitution of our Senate! A man who has always but barely escaped rejection by the electors, is, apparently to avoid the risk that may attend the free exercise of their choice, placed beyond their reach by being made a law-maker for life! If the Senate is ever to be transformed into a useful body, the reverse of this method must be adopted, and none but those appointed who would be sure of election, wherever and whenever they offered themselves. With an Upper House so constituted, we should hear no more of the abolition of the Senate—or of the House of Lords, if that House were reformed in a similar way.

THERE must surely be some condition or particular of the offer said to have been made by Lord Salisbury to tide over the Fishery difficulty that has not been published. It is incredible that the Canadian Government would, even as a temporary expedient, concur in such a complete surrender to the preposterous claims of the Americans as this offer is. We can understand the British Government making such a sacrifice of Canadian rights for the sake of peace; but the Canadian Government ought to be no party to it. If, from public policy, it is desirable to avoid all causes of offence to the States—and, no doubt, in view of the Irish question and the critical state of Europe this may be the case—Canada must submit to the decision of the Imperial Government; but submission is all that can be expected from her. The Canadian Government should refuse to add its approval—refuse absolutely to become a party to any such arrangement, which will afford a future argument of immense weight, binding on Canada, to our astute neighbours. If Canada yields only to the *force majeure* of the situation, she preserves intact the right to resume possession of her property when she may feel able to do so.

WE were somewhat curious to see how the American papers would meet the Parnell Letter difficulty; and now have to own that the hand of the Irish-bound editor hath not forgot its cunning. The difficulty is surmounted in one notable instance, which may be fairly taken as typical of the rest, by drawing an entirely false parallel between the famous Morey letter of the Garfield campaign; by, oblivious of American history, admonishing the English if they are going to copy any part of American politics, to take American right of free speech and love of justice for a model; and by then informing the reader, editorially, that this attempt to buttress the fast failing coercion feeling is a very clumsy thing—“so palpable a fraud that even the paper giving it publicity was compelled to admit that the handwriting does not resemble that of Parnell.” The paper we quote from does not say where it got its special information on this point, which is somewhat at variance with fact, but goes on to draw the inference that when the Tories are forced to resort to forgery to secure a boom for their ideas the end is not far off. In its clear-sightedness, will it please tell its readers why Mr. Parnell does not take up the challenge flung at him by *The Times*? The burden of proof may lie on *The Times*, as is contended; but the opportunity to prove must come from Mr. Parnell, and with his character, he cannot avoid giving that opportunity, if he is to retain one shred of respect. And, moreover, why have the Parnellites set up Mr. Biggar, a man of straw, to fight *The Times*? Is it to gain time? That would not be of much moment, if they would go on with the suit; but we venture to predict that having made the most of the *show* of prosecuting *The Times*, the suit will be dropped as early as is convenient.

IT is a comfort to learn that Mr. Parnell's evident reluctance to prosecute *The Times* is alienating many Liberals from the Gladstonite-Irish party. It might have been expected that, if only on the lowest grounds of expediency, a clever gentleman of the peculiar morality of Mr. Parnell would at least have made a *show* of taking up the gauntlet of *The Times*; but no doubt this course would have its dangers; once in court there is no telling in what unexpected directions the enquiry might drift, or from whence evidence might come; and therefore out of court Mr. Parnell is determined to keep at all costs. But the cost will be great—how great may be faintly seen already from the revulsion of Liberals from his and Mr. Gladstone's side now beginning. Mr. Parnell cannot afford to ignore this sign: the perilous leap must be taken, if he would save the cause he is engaged in, and the English allies of the Irish party, from ruin.

MR. GLADSTONE is anxious that an endeavour should be made to “present some estimate of the aggregate number of persons by whom recent [Home Rule and Anti-Coercion] meetings in America have been attended, and especially an estimate of the numbers of governors, mayors, senators and representatives, clergymen, and other officials or highly responsible persons, by whom such meetings have been countenanced or supported.” In his eagerness for American sympathy, Mr. Gladstone seems to have buried his animosity to the “classes”—at any rate, in democratic America. And why did he not ask for the *nationality* of the persons attending these meetings? Does he think it impolitic to elicit that they are one and all Irish, of Irish extraction, or politicians and journalists angling for the Irish vote?

THANKS are due to Archbishop Lynch for preventing Mr. O'Brien's visit to Canada. If that firebrand had flung himself among us, great trouble must have ensued; for Canada is not wholly Irish Nationalist, notwithstanding the vote to the contrary passed by our Legislatures. It is such incendiaries as he that have caused most of the trouble in Ireland; why should we permit them to sow a like discord among us? The man ought to be arrested if he ever sets foot in Canada on such a mission.

A PASSAGE from Mr. Archibald Weir's “Historical Basis of Modern Europe,” brings out the curious fact that to Democracy is due the great European armaments from which Democracy itself is suffering most. The system of conscription had its origin in the French citizen armies of the Revolution. A step in advance was made when Prussia, limited after Jena to an army of 42,000 men, endeavoured to increase her force by passing as many of her citizens as possible through the ranks by a system of short service. So successful was the attempt, that it was kept up after the peace, and formed the pattern of the present Continental military system. “These facts,” says Mr. Weir, “show how remotely related to the truth is the current explanation that the vast size of our modern armies is due to the ambition and jealousies of modern states. Armies are now kept for reasons very similar to those which have always obtained, but their size is solely due to the conflicts of the Revolution and the principle of civic equality. It is among the strangest of historical inversions that there issued directly from a great upheaval of popular force the military system which, as Sir Erskine May says, has undoubtedly arrested the development of Democracy by encouraging the military spirit, and by creating armies which, originally destined for foreign wars, have become bulwarks against internal disaffection. Possibly, the great burdens involved by these armies may produce a reaction which will precipitate revolution and Democracy; but this will not be because the great military monarchies have in this matter opposed themselves to the progressive spirit of the age, as the same historian goes on to suggest; for, in point of fact, the system was born within the age itself, and if it lead to any grave social crisis it will do so in direct historical sequence from the great Revolution which gave Democracy a firm foothold in Europe.”

IN remaining unarmed, while every great nation around her has been arming to the teeth, England has so far acted wisely; she has accumulated resources that, after a little preparation and some disaster, perhaps would enable her to strike an overwhelming blow in case her position should ever be seriously threatened; but it is doubtful how far she can safely pursue this course; the European influence gained by her in the Napoleonic Wars has now pretty well run out. “From the dispensation which thus finally set out the territorial groundwork of modern Europe [the Treaty of Vienna],” says Mr. Weir, “England could only receive permission to retain Malta, Heligoland, the Cape of Good Hope, Guiana, Mauritius, and a few other of its conquests, while it was entrusted with the protection, or rather temporary dominion, of the Republic of the Ionian Isles. But what material aggrandisement an insular character obliged it to forego was fully equalled by the prestige and moral influence which its fortitude and efforts had deservedly earned. Having entered into conflict with a reputation blemished by the mishaps of the latter part of last century, Great Britain had emerged as a heroic example for all Continental peoples. It had won that respect which for long was to give weight to unarmed utterance; and it was in only bare conformity with its recent tutelary conduct that the last act of the English Government, before withdrawing from active participation in Continental affairs, was to chastise the Algerian corsairs, who had abstained from attacking British commerce in order to prey the more securely upon those marines which had been deprived of protection by the fortunes of naval war.” The stock of credit accumulated by England in the great war is now exhausted; perhaps the wisest plan is to wait as she is till more can be earned. Europe has not seen the last of its great wars.

SECOND LOVE.

"Still mine, that cannot but deplore,
That beats within a lonely place,
That yet remembers her embrace,
But at her footstep leaps no more.

My heart, tho' widow'd, may not rest
Quite in the love of what is gone,
But seeks to beat in time with one
That warms another living breast."—*In Memoriam.*

How comes it that I love you?
That your dear eyes ever haunt me,
While an older love doth taunt me,
With threats that almost daunt me,
From the cruel, envious tomb.

How have I dared to love you?
Is it not that you remind me,
With tears that well-nigh blind me,
Of mem'ries ne'er behind me,
Of a loved one in the tomb?

And why should not I woo you?
Since my fancies so beguile me,
And your soft eyes lure and wile me,
While fond heaven shall assoile me
If I wrong her in the tomb?

So let me woo and win you,
That my soul may rise and bless you,
And my eager hands caress you,
And my longing arms impress you,
And my heart escape the tomb.

CERMER MADA.

AUTHOR, ARTIST, AND ACTOR.

"MAITLAND OF LETHINGTON, and the Scotland of Mary Stuart," is the title of the first volume, published by Mr. John Skelton, of his work on Scottish history, which has been appearing monthly in *Blackwood's Magazine*. It deals principally with the ancestors and early history of the hero of the book, Maitland of Lethington, the one statesman of his time, who occupied this remarkable position in Scotland, and it will consequently be a disappointment to those of its readers who, in spite of the name Mr. Skelton has given to his work, will take it up for Queen Mary's sake, and not for Lethington's; at the same time they will be fully compensated for the preliminary character of the first volume by its remarkably brilliant sketches of the country, and the manners of the Scotland of Mary Stuart. Edinburgh, all astir with its animated and picturesque crowd; the Lowlands, the limited centre of peace, industry, and possible prosperity, with its fringe of sea-board towns already aiming at trade; the Highlands, so imperfectly known, with their dark depths and gloomy heights,—all are placed before us with the pictorial skill for which Mr. Skelton is justly celebrated.

A NEW song, set to Heine's lines, "Im Wunderschönen Monat Mai," has been composed by Princess Beatrice, who, like her father, the Prince Consort, and her brothers, the late Duke of Albany and the Duke of Edinburgh, is an amateur musician of no mean powers.

THE first volume of Mr. Lawrence Oliphant's "Reminiscences in a Life of Adventure, or, Moss from a Rolling-Stone," is in the press. The record will open with the writer's experiences by the overland route forty-six years ago, and will then give some accounts of his travels in Ceylon, Italy, Canada, Central America, Russia, China, and Japan. Mr. Oliphant has been on the field of more than one war, and in the centre of more than one revolution, besides being the well-known author of several remarkably clever social satires in "Piccadilly," "Altiora Peto," "Irene Magillucuddy," etc.

MRS. CRAIK (Miss Muloch), of "John Halifax, Gentleman," fame, has joined the Separatists. In a forcible article, called "For Better for Worse," in the *Contemporary Review*, she has proclaimed that women united to bad husbands ought, for the sake of their children, at once to seek a separation. Not divorce, says Mrs. Craik, which only enables a bad man to make another woman unhappy, but separation, because such a husband cannot be reformed and the children are best out of his power. The author is evidently very much in earnest, and her essay is sure to be closely studied by her own sex.

SIR JOHN MILLAIS is, at present, at work upon a portrait of the Marquis of Hartington, and has also made great progress with the picture intended as a companion to "A Huguenot," which represents a Roman Catholic gentleman about to set forth to join in the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, but restrained by the entreaties of a Franciscan nun, who has cast herself at his feet, imploring him to take no part in the slaughter to which he is summoned by a brown-frocked monk.

In addition to his two subject pictures, "Hero" and "Simaltha," and a portrait of a child's head, Sir Frederick Leighton will send to the Royal Academy Exhibition a medallion commemorating the Queen's Jubilee, the design of which represents her Majesty seated in the centre, holding in one hand the sword of justice and in the other a sphere. Grouped on either side are figures in standing postures, typical of the industrial arts

and sciences. Above float emblematic female forms, and below are five discs or shields, bearing the names of Europe, Asia, Africa, Australasia, and America, over which the Empress-Queen has rule.

THE great desert picture just completed by Lady Butler (Miss Elizabeth Thompson) was sent direct from her studio at Dinard to Burlington House; it depicts a funeral in the wilderness, the burial of a young English officer. The scene, as it is painted, was witnessed by Lady Butler. The Arabs looking on, the dromedaries ranged on either side of the sandy expanse, the little group of English soldiers gathered together at the open grave of their fallen comrade, furnished in life the details of this effective and pathetic scene.

THE prices realised at the recent sale of Mr. A. T. Stewart's collection in New York last month fell decidedly below those brought by the Morgan works of art. This decline in the pictorial market is largely attributed to the great size of many of the canvasses, which rendered them unsuitable to the residences of ordinary purchasers. In several cases the paintings brought less than their original cost, noticeably so with Gérôme's "Gladiators," which sold for \$11,000, though Mr. Stewart paid \$20,000 for it, while Munkacsy's "Visit to Baby," which cost \$13,000, went for \$8,500. On the other hand, the two highest prices ever paid in an American auction room were obtained by Meissonier's "Friedland in 1807," and Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair." Much anxiety had been expressed that the latter should not leave the country, so Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt bought it for \$53,000 (an increase of \$13,000) for the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art. The "Horse Fair" was painted in 1853, when it was exhibited at the Paris Salon. Meissonier's "1807," with the artist's portrait, autograph, and several letters, realised \$66,000, having originally cost Mr. Stewart \$60,000, and a large additional sum for import expenses. This work is one of the artist's most important creations, and represents the Cuirassiers defiling before Napoleon I., who lifts his hat as they pass. It was painted for Sir Richard Wallace at a fixed price of \$40,000; but was not ready at the time stipulated, so the contract fell through, and the picture was afterwards sold to Mr. Stewart, in 1876. Unfortunately, it is in a very bad state of preservation, being imperfectly varnished, and there is a large crack running across the head of the first file of Cuirassiers.

MR. DICKSON PATTERSON has contributed to the Royal Canadian Academy Exhibition at Montreal, which was opened by Lord Lansdowne on the 19th inst., a painting called "Dorothy," depicting a graceful child in a picturesque costume of slate-coloured velvet. The picture is treated as a scheme in gray, relieved by a delicate flush of colour in the pink pompons on the hat and muff, the texture of the materials being admirably rendered throughout.

A PORTRAIT of Mr. A. R. Boswell, for the City Hall, has been also completed by Mr. Patterson, and will shortly be presented to the ex-Mayor by his friends. It is a very characteristic likeness of one of Toronto's most popular citizens.

SELDOM has an American play met with a more favourable reception on the London stage than was accorded to the production of Mr. W. H. Gillitte's "Held by the Enemy" at the Princess's Theatre in April, in spite of the varied pieces, from burlesque to melodrama, imported into England from the United States. It created a most favourable impression on those assembled to witness its first performance. Though military in character, and dealing with the various incidents of the American Civil War, the author has by no means depended entirely upon exciting situations for the interest of his piece, but has united the story with a dialogue full of freshness and humour, which heightens the sombre shadows of the tale, and strikes a balance between gloom and frivolity.

AFTER studying French for some time in Paris, Miss Mary Anderson has decided to reproduce "A Winter's Tale" very elaborately at Notting-ham, preparatory to her London season.

MISS FORTESCUE, on her return to England in March, was at once engaged for a tour in the provinces.

A FANCIFUL play, by Mr. Calmin, called "The Amber Heart," is to be brought out at a matinée at the Haymarket early in May, with Miss Ellen Terry as the heroine of the piece.

MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER is to have a formidable rival in Mrs. Masham Rae, a lady of remarkable personal attractions, though not a professional beauty, who is about to make her first appearance on the English stage in a historical drama entitled "The Witch," adapted by her husband from the German of the "Die Hexe." The *Saturday Review* disposes of Mrs. Potter in Wilkie Collins' "Man and Wife," by making a clever contrast between the professional and the amateur. "It was curious to note," says the critic, "the difference between Mr. Willard, who plays Delamayne, and knows a great deal about dramatic effect, and Mrs. Brown Potter, who knows nothing. The actor held the audience when he stood still and silent; the amateur strove to fit new gestures and expressions to every line, and grew tedious. The novice is always stogy, while long acquaintance makes the stage natural. We really have very little to say about Mrs. Brown Potter. It will be time to criticise her efforts when she has studied and practised the profession she has chosen."

ONE of the English comic papers has an amusing skit on Messrs. Brown Potter and Langtry, who are represented shivering at the North Pole, and very much out in the cold indeed.

A most interesting lecture on Charles Kingsley's well-known "Water Babies" was given by Professor Clark, of Trinity College, in the school-room of St. Andrew's Church, on Tuesday evening, April 19th. The sub-

stance of this discourse appeared during Mr. Kingsley's lifetime, and was highly approved by that popular divine, who said of Mr. Clark's interpretation of his charming allegory that he did not desire to add one word to it or take one from it. The chief points made by the lecturer were his interpretation of the characters of Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid, and Mrs. Doasyouwouldbedoneby, to represent Law and Grace; Mother Carey, Nature; the two Guides—Looking-back and the Dog, Experience and Primary Instinct; and the story of Grimes, the Need and Power of Repentance, with its results. Mr. Clark gave several humorous extracts from the book, which is remarkable not only for the delicacy of the author's creation, but for the wonderful descriptive power with which he sketches for us that English country he loved so well; we tread with him the breezy moorland wastes about Harthover Hall, appreciating, perhaps for the first time, the vegetable, insect, and animal life to which we are here so gracefully introduced, and the depths and shallows of the purling trout-stream we carefully explore, marvelling over the wealth of beauty its limpid waters can disclose. We linger long upon the sea-shore, lost in admiration of the countless marine creatures whose existence we have never even dreamt of recognising before. Indeed, "Water Babies" is not only a delightful allegory, but a most interesting study of Nature in her simplest forms, admirably adapted for the adult as well as the infant mind. E. S.

THE WIND.

THOU ragest and thou roarest, mighty wind!
In fury, mad, ungovernable, blind,
Seeking to shatter all in thy wild course;
Like some great man who storms against his fate,
And rushes fiercely on at furious rate,
Thinking to conquer by unaided force.
But now thou diest down, thine anger spent,
And endest with a long and wailing cry;
And man, when he dares destiny defy,
Will find at length his spirit must be bent
To fate; with one deep sob of utter woe
He'll yield to what he needs must undergo. MAC.

THE ROYAL CANADIAN ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

THE private view and annual evening assembly of the Royal Canadian Academy was held on Tuesday, April 19, in the Art Gallery, at Montreal. His Excellency the Governor-General had travelled expressly from Ottawa for the occasion, and arrived shortly before nine o'clock. He was received by Mr. L. R. O'Brien, President; Mr. A. C. Hutchison, Vice-President; Mr. James Smith, Treasurer, and Mr. F. B. Matthews, Secretary, on behalf of the Royal Canadian Academy, and by Canon Norman as representing the Academy of Montreal.

The President, Mr. O'Brien, in a few formal words, welcomed His Excellency, who had travelled a great distance, at much personal inconvenience, to be present that night. Doubly and trebly were they indebted to His Excellency when they reflected that this was the busy season of the year; and this year, above all others, when the whole nation was actively preparing to celebrate the golden jubilee of our gracious Sovereign, was he pleased to have the honour of welcoming her representative.

The Vice-President, Mr. Hutchison, and the Rev. Canon Norman then made a few appropriate remarks upon the aims and objects of the Royal Canadian Academy. Lord Lansdowne delivered a forcible and eloquent address in reply, of which we reproduce the following important passage, bearing upon the interests of Art in Canada:

I should like, however, with your permission, to say a word of another Canadian exhibition of pictures which came in an especial manner under my notice last year. It will be in your recollection, Mr. President, that it was determined that amongst the contributions sent by Canada to the Indian and Colonial Exhibition, held in London last year—an exhibition in which the Dominion was so brilliantly represented—there should be a collection of Canadian paintings. These paintings were selected with great care, and the choice made was, I believe, generally approved. I was glad, during my visit to England, to have the opportunity of seeing the Canadian pictures as they hung in one of the galleries of the Albert Hall, South Kensington. Comparisons, we have been informed, are in bad taste, but at the risk of violating this axiom, I will take upon myself to say that no other British colony, as far as I was able to discover, attempted an art exhibition approaching, either in its merit or in its dimensions, that which represented the Dominion. Of the quality of the pictures exhibited, speaking, as I trust I always shall upon these subjects, without exaggeration, I will venture to say that (more especially when we consider that any picture exhibited in London within a short distance of the multitude of high-class works of art, ancient and modern, to be found in the capital of the Empire, must be seen at less advantage than in their native country) the collection sent from here was in the highest degree creditable to Canada and calculated to produce upon the minds of all who visited the gallery the impression that our civilisation was not that of a new country, but of one that had made very considerable advance in those pursuits which are generally associated with a well-matured and advanced civilisation. In regard to this, however, I prefer to shelter myself behind an opinion better entitled to respect than my own. It was suggested to me when I was in England that it would be very desirable to obtain from some competent and entirely disinterested authority a verdict as to the merits of the collection

to which I have referred. The suggestion appeared to me a good one, and I applied to Sir Frederick Leighton, President of the Royal Academy, who told me that there was no person better qualified to examine our pictures, and to give to us in their proper proportion advice, encouragement, and criticism, than Mr. I. E. Hodgson, the Royal Academician. Mr. Hodgson, I should mention, is not only an academician, but holds the important office of Librarian of the Royal Academy, and is himself a painter of excellent repute and a well-known exhibitor on the walls of the Academy. I accordingly addressed myself to Mr. Hodgson, who, with the utmost readiness, undertook this friendly task. His report is likely to be published as an official paper. His principal criticism appears to be that some of the work shows a deficiency of local colouring and individuality, and a too great tendency to imitate closely the peculiarities of certain foreign schools. I cannot resist giving you, in his own words, his description of the future to which he would like to look forward for the painter's art in Canada. He says: "Of all places in the world there is none more likely to produce a great school of art. What special advantages it enjoys? Its people are heirs of all the latest results of civilisation, and yet they are in immediate contact with Nature, and still struggling to subdue her untamed forces." He goes on to speak of the picturesqueness of many of the incidents of Canadian existence, of the extent to which the painters might draw upon episodes in the lives of our hunters, our voyageurs, and our backwoodsmen, of the many stirring and suggestive scenes to be found in our history, and above all and outside all human incidents, of the grandeur of nature illustrated by the scenery of lake, river, and wood; and he continues in these words: "I should like to see Canadian art Canadian to the backbone, an art which shall be no slavish imitation of foreign examples, but which shall be an indigenous product, and one which shall have grown up at the source of nature out of the circumstances, wants, and occupations of the people who practised it."

The following remarks on a few of the most prominent pictures do not profess to do justice to the Exhibition, or more than touch upon the paintings shown; one of the most remarkable features of the opening was the disposal on the first day of some thirty pictures, among those favoured being the President, Mr. L. R. O'Brien, whose entire series of Rocky Mountain views were sold, without one exception, the gems of the collection passing into the hands of Sir George Stephen. It is to be hoped that the same enterprising spirit will be manifested during the course of the exhibition, and that encouragement given to local talent which it so richly deserves. The Exhibition as a whole is much the best ever held in Canada, despite the absence of many well known names, and the withdrawal of several clever figure painters from the lists, the progress of Canadian art being more clearly manifested by general improvement than by individual execution. Among the notable pictures in the Exhibition is a diploma painting by Mr. Bell-Smith, the newly elected Academician, which is a great advance on anything he has painted before. The subject, a marine view of Whitehead off Portland, Maine, is broad in treatment, cool and fresh, with abundance of air and space; though not perhaps one of the most striking at first sight, it grows upon the visitor, and is a great addition to the gallery at Ottawa. Mr. Homer Watson exhibits two pictures, in which he has taken an entirely new departure from his old style, and one upon which we can heartily congratulate him; he shows in them a delicacy and purity of tone he has never before achieved. He has abandoned his usual heavy scheme of colour, and has succeeded in rendering the purity and brilliancy of a sun-light sky with excellent effect. Mr. Watson has widened the field of his genius, and if his realisations of detail are not carried sufficiently far to please the public taste, his pictures are at any rate full of light, sunshine, and early spring. A picture by Brynner, a scene near Yale, B. C., is also very good, the general effect of the scenery in that picturesque district being well and carefully treated.

Miss Richards (daughter of a recent governor of B. C.), who is now painting in New York, contributes several heads and figure studies which are exceedingly good in colour and free in treatment.

A large water-colour by Mower Martin depicts admirably the dying agonies of a bear; it attracts much attention.

H. Sandham exhibits a well executed picture of a girl feeding ducks.

At the annual meeting of the Royal Canadian Academy the President and Vice-President were re-elected, Mr. James Smith, architect, of Toronto, was made Secretary, and Mr. F. B. Mathews, Treasurer; Mr. F. C. Gordon, of Brockville, and Miss Windeat, of Toronto, were elected Associates of the Academy.

"ENGLISH AS SHE IS TAUGHT."

OUR false educational methods, our ambitious school programmes, "cramming" instead of educating, and the pernicious attempt to teach everything, which ends in our teaching nothing thoroughly and well, are responsible for the hundred and odd pages of blunders which, it is affirmed, are "genuine answers to examination questions in our public schools," given in this little book. Amusing as it is to read these examples of the sort of answers given as tests of study and the ability of youth to comprehend what it is we are currently supplying in the shape of a practical school education, it is no less painful to look at the results. If the collection of these literary curiosities is to be taken seriously, and we are assured that the examples are genuine, and are in no way "made up" or tampered with, then is the volume a grim commentary on our school methods and the systems we are still pursuing in imparting a modern education.

* English as She is Taught: Genuine Answers to Examination Questions in our Public Schools, collected by Caroline B. Le Row. New York: Cassell and Company (Limited); Toronto: Williamson and Company, 1887.

It is possible, however, that we are taking too serious a view of the matter; and, indeed, the endorsement of the book by so extravagant a humourist as Mark Twain would incline one to treat the collection as a huge joke. But a joke, seemingly, it is not, unless we view ourselves as the victims, in paying for an expensive and elaborate education for our children which is only so much lumber in the mind, and which but too readily manifests itself in the thin disguise of a veneer of culture. In one respect—and this itself is a solace—the little book before us is not to be taken *au sérieux*, or to be considered as furnishing authentic illustrations of how “English is Taught.” For the consolation of the anxious parent we think it well to say, and we hasten to share with him this view of the matter, that the book is a mere collection—by no means, we consider, an exaggerated one—of those amusing misconceptions or half-conceptions of one’s meaning found in the minds of little ones when they are attentively bent on imitating the speech of their elders, or when endeavouring to grasp thoughts too mature for their minds. The mental discipline of the school should, of course, reduce to some order the chaotic mass of facts poured in such abundance into the youthful mind. But too much should not be expected of a school regimen which has no chance to do its work, and which is handicapped by congested courses of study and plethoric programmes. If such books as “English as She is Taught” will serve to abridge and simplify our school programmes, in view of the lamentable results of more ambitious educational efforts, the collection of such answers to examination questions as are here exhibited will not have been made in vain. We commend the work to the notice of the Hon. the Minister of Education, and append a few samples from its amusing pages for the delectation of our readers. Under “Etymology” here are a few choice definitions: Alias—a good man in the Bible; Conservative—a person interested in politics who does not like Mr. Gladstone; Egregious—feeding in flocks; Emolument—a headstone for a grave; Epicac—a man who likes a good dinner; Idolator—a very idol person; Interloper—one who runs away to get married; Matins—something to wear on the feet; Mendacious—what can be mended. Here is a nice discrimination between prose and poetry: “Prose tells things that are true right along just as they are, and poetry makes it up as you go along.” Equally good is the following: “The imports of a country are the things that are paid for; the exports are the things that are not.” Under “Geography” we have this tit-bit: “The two most famous volcanoes of Europe are Sodom and Gomorrah.” “Stock-*raison*” is said to be “the occupation of Canada,” and classed with this are the following:—“British America is overturned by queen Victorier;” and “The rapids of St. Lorence is caused by the canoes of the Indianes.” An extract from Tennyson is here delightfully analysed:—“I would that my tongue could utter”—means it’s too much trouble to write out his ideas.

The following choice morsels occur under “History”:—“Queen Isabella of Spain sold her watch and chain and other millinery so that Columbus could discover America;” “Kink Louis declared ware against Kink William who commanded the English forces;” “The Stamp Act was to make everybody stamp all materials so they should be null and void;” “England was named by the Angels;” “The Celts were driven out of England into Whales;” “Alfred the Great reigned 872 years. He was distinguished for letting some buckwheat cakes burn, and the lady scolded him;” “A night errant is a man who goes around in the night in search of adventures;” “The Middle Ages come in between antiquity and posterity;” “St. Bartholomew was massacred in 1492;” “Julius Cæsar is noted for his famous telegram despatch I came I saw I conquered.” Under “Literature” we find these: “Holmes is a very profligate and amusing writer;” “Cotton Mather was a writer who invented the cotton gin and wrote histories;” “Fox wrote a very good book about Marters;” “Adam Bede a prominent writer of his time for he threw his soul and body into his writings;” “In the Canterbury Tale it gave account of King Alfred on his way to the shrine of Thomas Bucket;” “Macbeth was terrified by the ghost of Bancroft;” “Francis Bacon wrote under the name of Ovum Organum;” “Burn’s chief poem was called Tamoschanta.”

Here are a few gems under Philosophy, Physiology, etc.: “Drops of water are generally spherical for various reasons known only to the gracious Providence who has formed them;” “A body will go just as far in the first second as the body will go plus the force the gravity and that’s equal to twice what the body will go;” “Physillogigy is to study about your bones stummick and verteby;” “Disease is more common to some people than to others;” “The organs of digestion are the stomach liver spleen and utensils;” “The gastric juice keeps the bones from creaking;” “Eating rapidly the food does not give the saliva time to get into the mouth;” “The bones need constant oiling. This oil is called cartilage and runs from all the glands in the body;” “The eyes are set in two sockets in a bone which turns up at the end and then becomes the nose;” “Vowel sounds are made by keeping the mouth wide open and consonent sounds by keeping it shut.”

G. MERCER ADAM.

RECENT FICTION.

Of notable English publications, several that have recently appeared are from the well-known house of Ward and Downey, London. “Louisa,” by Mrs. Katharine Macquoid, is in many respects a very superior novel. The story is simple, but singularly attractive, and recalls in plot and action a certain remarkable novel of last year—“Col. Enderby’s Wife”—by the daughter of Charles Kingsley. There is the same middle-aged husband, grave, honest, straightforward, and adoring; the same pretty little *ingénue* in the person of the husband’s niece; the same languorous Italian background of olive-groves and statuary, ruined palaces and handkerchief stalls,

and much of the same calm and gentle wisdom shown with regard to the things of this world as well as of the next. The situation is not novel; in fact it is only one phase of the miserable old story which takes for granted in these modern days that no marriage is happy, and that most marriages are mistakes. Francis Hobart, the artist, upon whom the author has lingered with evidently jealous care, is, after all, a lay-figure, and it is with the unhappy and self-tortured Guisepe Monalli and his misguided wife that the reader will feel most sympathy. Altogether, Mrs. Macquoid has given us, in “Louisa,” some very careful analyses of certain dangerous and familiar human symptoms, and if the book nowhere rises to greatness, it is far above mediocrity, and presupposes a high order of culture and intimate knowledge of human nature in its authoress.

“THE LADY DRUSILLA” is a psychological romance, a kind of publication much in vogue at present. In this case there is very little attempt at romance, but plenty of psychology; indeed, whole chapters are devoted to introspective analyses of peculiar and mostly very distressing propensities, both mental and bodily, on the part of the narrator. This unfortunate gentleman belongs to the “counters,” to the weakly superstitious and the strongly imaginative, and a severe nervous shock so affects his entire system afterwards that he becomes a prey to the most painful and alarming sensations. He cannot open a book without lighting on some thought or anecdote bearing upon the world of spirits, hallucinations, dreams, warnings, presentiments. Every clock becomes, to his distorted vision, an instrument of vengeance for some unknown crime; especially when the hour of noon or midnight arrives does he experience the most distressing paroxysms of acute fear. Finally he is haunted by the number thirty-three, forgets some words altogether, and how to spell and read a great many others, and, in fact, discovers gradually that he is in manifest danger of becoming permanently mentally unsound. The author, Thomas Purnell, has distinctly written or compiled in this book much that is valuable regarding mental states, and while he lives in an age where there are too many workers in the same field to allow of his making such a name as did De Quincey, yet in some respects his book much resembles the curious “Confessions” of the notable opium-eater. There are traces of carelessness, however, in the English that proclaim it long after De Quincey, and here and there traces of haste and of an inaccuracy which leads to confusing results. The hair which nervous prostration had on page 101 “blanched,” is on page 251 described as “black, slightly tinged with gray.” The book is, in fact, a kind of mixture of Gaboriau, Louis Stevenson, and Bain on the Human Mind, but it is none the worse reading for such divers ingredients.

“THE MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES,” by George Manville Fenn (also from Ward and Downey), is a novel of the good old kind. It appears almost strange that such a novel can still be written, though, once written and published, it need not appear strange if anybody taking it up refuse to put it down till finished. That is the prevailing characteristic of these novels. A few may despise them, very few may openly admire them, but everybody reads them. George Eliot and her imitators have lived and died, Henry James is still with us, the despiser of incident, the creator of important nothings; even Howells writes on, unscathed (publicly) by the comments of the *Saturday Review*, than which, by the way, nothing could be more perfectly annihilating anent his most recent novel, and, yet, in spite of all these reigning ideals of fiction, a book like the “Master of the Ceremonies” can be written! It is delicious, so consistent, so thorough, showing such unity, such directness of purpose, such consecration to one fixed ideal! With eighty-seven chapters, and some of them with such headings as these: The Flickering Flame; Clouds; A Night to be Remembered; After the Storm; A Night Bird Trapped; “Impossible;” “Too Late;” “Surrender!” After the Storm (2); Dick catches—Shrimps; A Stormy Scene (possibly No. 3); The Stormy Cloud Bursts; After the Storm (3).

Here we have the genuine old melodrama, dear to the old English heart: Duels, snuff-boxes, murder, debt, and rapacity, love that couldn’t possibly run smooth, crime that is fastened successively on three people, but belongs naturally to a fourth much moustached person, military, civilian, and scapegrace types in just the correct admixture, and a grand spectacle at the close of loving hearts re-united, virtue triumphant, and vice properly punished, make up the material out of which these eighty-seven chapters are constructed. Perhaps the best of these chapters is the opening one, containing, as it does, such a charming and unaffected description of the quaint old house by the sea:

“Early morning at Saltinville, with the tide down, and the calm sea shimmering like damasked and deadened silver in the sunshine.”

This house, belonging to the M. C., or Master of the Ceremonies, is presided over by Claire, his sweet and flower-loving daughter. How pretty is this picture:

“Above the screen of flowers, a something ivory white and tinged with peachy pink kept darting in and out. Now it touched a rose, and a shower of petals fell softly down; now a geranium leaf that was turning yellow disappeared; now, again, a twig that had borne roses was taken away. After a sound that resembled a steely click, then the little crimson and purple blossoms of a fuchsia were touched and shivered and twinkled in the light at the soft movements among the graceful stems as dying flowers were swept away.”

This graceful writing is about all vouchsafed to us in the present book by its author. Directly the plot commences, his love of intrigue and action sweep him on from one event to another without cessation, and, we believe, Mr. Fenn has sacrificed to incident his undoubted talent for descriptive writing. We humbly submit that there is enough material in the “Master of the Ceremonies” for three or four six-shilling novels.

As an example of what Mr. Fenn is capable of when he chooses to

espouse concentration and condensation, another recent publication of Ward and Downey's may be cited, "A Bag of Diamonds," which getting lost or mislaid in correct and approved fashion, turns up in the last chapter but one, to the delight of the owners, two sweet girls and a simple-hearted physician, who creates the tale by a strange mistake in administering a drug from a jar wrongly labelled. The tale is ingenious and not too long, and quite worth reading.

As a perfect contrast to the sensational manner of Manville Fenn, lovers of the natural in fiction will read with delight "Little Tu'penny," from the pen of the Rev. S. Baring Gould, author of "John Herring," "Mehalah," etc. "Little Tu'penny" is so sweet and simple a story, so true to English traditions of thought and humour, so full of a fine moral elevation and dignity of motive that we could wish its one hundred and seventy pages twice as many. There is *heart* in this little volume, and sincerity, and pathos, and if the honest Joe Miller and the vulgar Mrs. Redfern and the swell mobsman, Mr. Beaufort, be not startlingly original creations, yet one must, perforce, follow the fortunes of the poor little battered Tu'penny, sore defaced, that comes back to be melted and milled and moulded again, since they are delineated with so much power and purity of suggestion.

"THE CHILCOTES" (Leslie Keith) is an excellent specimen of the intellectual society novel. Laid chiefly in a couple of drawing-rooms, a studio and the Riviera, it presents cleverly contrasted pictures of two widows, a Scotch artist and a young man of unparalleled selfishness and lack of principle. The philosophy is sound, the art high, the *morale* irreproachable, and the dialogue particularly well kept up and natural. Leslie Keith, (which sounds much like a *nom de plume*) has produced a novel of actual value and interest, but which is deficient in any trace of mannerism or style native to the author to distinguish it from hosts of other novels quite as good.

SAID Sydney Smith to Thomas Walker in 1835, "I wish you all the success of the *Spectator*, *Tatler*, and the *Guardian*. What does not society owe to the man who, after protecting her laws for eight hours a day, gives up the residue of his time to the amelioration of politics and morals?"

Thomas Walker was the son of a distinguished Manchester merchant. Born in 1784, he was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1812, and finally became a Police Magistrate at the Lambeth Police Office.

He is, however, chiefly known as the author of "The Original," a series of quaint and interesting essays on all kinds of men, manners, and things, which appeared in the form of a threepenny weekly periodical during 1835 and 1836. The subjects vary from "Praise of Wine," "Prize Fights," and "Punctuality" to "Roasted Apples" and "Romeo and Juliet;" while "Sick Wives" and "Suppers," "Hot Water," and "Hand Loom Weavers," "The Twopenny Post" and "Tea and Coffee," follow each other in amusing succession, according to the alphabetical order of the new edition. One essay on the "Poor Laws of Ireland" will probably be read with much curiosity at the present day. But the work, as a whole, is heavy, and unrelieved by either the almost feminine airiness of the touch with which Leigh Hunt lightened his more enduring work, or the irresistible humour with which the gentle Elia promoted the otherwise doubtful success of his mistful and obscure thought. The essay which, in our opinion, most deserves the term *original* is the one on the "Art of Dining." The following is Mr. Walker's suggestion as to improvement in the matter of invitations to dinner. Instead of the conventional formal note, he would desire to write in this fashion:

"Can you dine with me to-morrow? I shall have herrings, hashed mutton, and cranberry tart. My fishmonger sends me word herrings are just in perfection, and I have some delicious mutton, in hashing which I shall direct my cook to exercise all her art.

"I intend the party not to exceed six, and observe we shall sit down to table at half-past seven. I am asking as follows."

MUSIC.

THE Toronto Vocal Society scored an undoubted success at the concert given last week in the Pavilion. The part-songs, though uninteresting as compositions, could hardly have been better given, while, in vouchsafing an obstinate *encore* to Gounod's Motett, "Come unto Him," the audience showed unusual appreciation of first-class choral work. As a rule, audiences are more apt to *encore* the solos and slight the chorus numbers.

Mr. Gustave Thalberg contributed a couple of tenor songs, displaying a good voice and fair method. Miss Arthurs can hardly be said to have received at the hands of her audience that reception which her friends had naturally looked for, owing to a combination of circumstances. Miss Arthurs has been accustomed to sing only in the very largest buildings and with the best of orchestras, so that her appearance in her native town can only be fraught with shortcomings, inseparable from a mere piano accompaniment and a limited auditorium.

Mrs. Corlett-Thomson fairly won the hearts of the large and enthusiastic audience, which listened with delight to her rendering of Italian, English, and Scotch selections. A little more spontaneity and fire in the "Somnambula" number was all that was required to make her interpretation entirely satisfactory.

THE Toronto Tonic-Sol-Fa Society and its friends assembled on Thursday last in Shaftesbury Hall, the programme being an excellent one, though rather too long. The part-singing of the Society is claimed as something very wonderful; and, doubtless, could the President's opening remarks

have but been clearly heard and understood, we might be better informed as to the aims and intentions of the Society. The glees were certainly given with much expression and spirit, with the exception of the male voice selection. Ubiquitous Mr. Schuch contributed three solos, remarkably well sung. Miss Elwell is evidently an established favourite already in Toronto, while Miss Howden as usual gave her captivating songs in her own charming manner, displaying much neatness of execution in the "Leggiero Invisibile," and a perfect command of the *cantabile* school of singing. Mr. A. Thom Cringan conducted very ably, but the accompanist was too loud, or else the piano somewhat harsh.

Of church concerts there is no end, and it is quite impossible for the critic to do justice to them all. Mr. Doward announces one for April 26, which promises to be very attractive, with a dash of Jubilee celebration about it.

THE Strakosch Company played and sang to large houses. Madame Norman is a fine contralto, and appeared to carry off the honours.

Two long recitals are announced for the middle of May, in Montreal, by the Henschels. Mr. and Mrs. Henschel are supposed to sing everything that has ever been done—Italian, German, Scotch, English, Russian, and Swedish selections, lieder, folksongs, operatic, playful, classic, and sacred songs.

A COURSE of Sunday Concerts has been going on at the South Place Institute, Finsbury. Let it be noticed that the scheme, although compiled for a "popular" audience, contained none but classical numbers. The object of the projectors of these capital concerts is to provide æsthetical and intellectual entertainments on the dull English Sunday, so as at once to afford rational recreation, and to offer counter-attractions from the objectionable pot-houses, at some of which, in the city, the hosts are too refined to allow the use of pewter or Britannia metal. What would Torontonians say to that? And should any innocent person, ignorant of the frightful fate of excommunication awaiting him, start a similar series here, how should we get to them? Have they Sunday "busses" in London? It looks like it.

AN interesting Jubilee number will be the revival of an old trio by John Savile (circa 1670), "Vivat Regina," arranged by Sir Herbert Oakeley. S.

TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

It may be assumed from the general prominence of the gentlemen interested in the Toronto Conservatory of Music, and from the amount of the company's capital (\$50,000), that the introduction of this particular and extensive scheme for the cultivation of Music as an Art is the result of matured and careful consideration. The extraordinary success of Conservatories in England, Germany, and the United States is well known. The reasons are easily apparent, and they are admirably expressed in the following opinion of so eminent an authority as Dr. Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy: "An institution such as the Conservatory, whose object it is to give its pupils an opportunity of making themselves acquainted with all those branches of study, the knowledge of which is necessary and indispensable to the educated musician, and to educate them theoretically and practically in the same, has this advantage over the private instruction of the individual; that by the participation of several in the same lesson and in the same studies, a true musical feeling is awakened and kept fresh among the pupils; that it promotes industry, and spurs on to emulation; and that it is a preservative from one-sidedness of education and taste—a tendency against which every artist, even in student years, should be upon his guard." For the benefit of those residing elsewhere, who desire to come to Toronto and study in the Conservatory, a *graded* list of boarding places, carefully selected among private families, will be supplied to the student upon personal application. A large pamphlet prospectus is now being prepared. It will contain details regarding methods of instruction, classes, tuition fees, list of the faculty, branches of study, and general information. This can shortly be forwarded *free* upon written application to Edward Fisher, Esq., Musical Director, 12 Wilton Crescent, Toronto.

DR. DAVIES, of Ottawa, gave an organ recital in Ruse's Temple of Music on Saturday afternoon last. A programme of eight numbers was executed, and in addition Bach's Concert fugue in D major, which, owing to its rapid pedal passages, tests the skill of the best artist on the largest pipe organs. Dr. Davies, however, demonstrated that the Dominion reed organs are perfectly competent to pedal practice, and he asserts that they are the only reed organ so adapted.

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Notice to Canadian Writers.

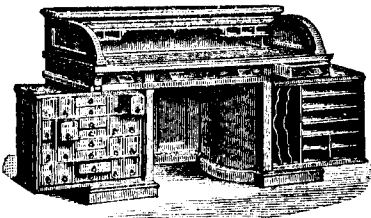
A PRIZE of one hundred dollars will be given for the best POEM on the Queen's Jubilee, to be competed for by Canadian writers, under the following conditions:—(1) The poem not to exceed one hundred lines; (2) To be delivered at THE WEEK office not later than May 1st next.

A similar prize of one hundred dollars will be given for the best ORATION on the Queen's Jubilee, to be competed for similarly by Canadian writers, under the following conditions:—(1) The oration not to exceed three thousand words; (2) To be delivered at THE WEEK office not later than May 1st next.

The right of publication of both poem and oration to be reserved to THE WEEK. The competing poems and orations must bear on them a motto, and be accompanied by a sealed envelope marked with this motto and the words QUEEN'S JUBILEE PRIZE COMPETITION, and enclosing the name and address of the writer.

THE WEEK will award the prizes and will be judge of the fulfilment of the conditions.

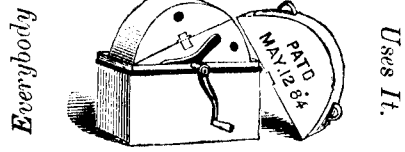
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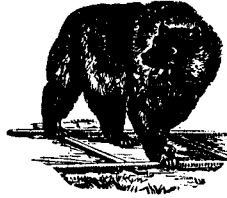
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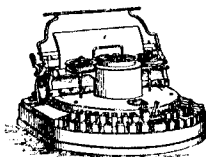
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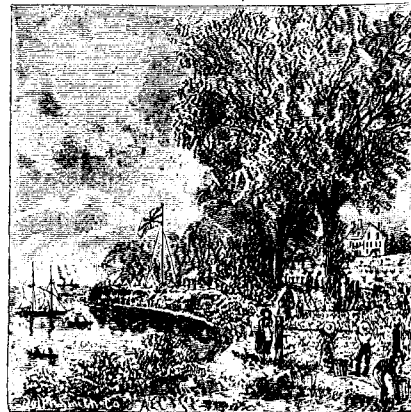
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