

THE WEEK:

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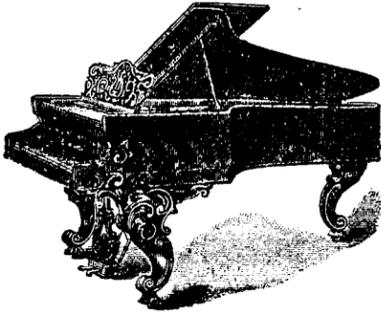
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

A DEPUTATION from the Dominion Trades and Labour Congress informed the Ontario Minister of Education the other day that labour organizations view with distrust the introduction of manual training into the Public Schools. The workmen of Canada will make a grievous mistake if they allow themselves to be persuaded to oppose this great educational reform. With just as much reason might clerks, book-keepers, professional men, and, in fact, all whose callings require a certain amount of intellectual training, organize themselves into guilds and protest against the teaching of reading, writing, and arithmetic in the schools. They might dwell upon the injustice of being compelled to pay taxes for the purpose of training up boys and young men by the thousand to become their future competitors in the various branches of mental industry. The one argument would be just as good as the other. It must be that the deputation and those whom they represent quite misapprehend the kind and scope of the manual training proposed to be given in the schools. To train a boy's hands, and eyes, and brains by means of the tools and other appliances of the workshop and laboratory is no more to teach him a trade than to train certain other faculties of reasoning and reflection and judgment by means of book and pen and pencil is to teach him a profession. The true aim of education is to develop *pari passu* all the faculties of body and mind that the future man may have full control of all. To this end the cultivation of the hands and the perceptive powers, hitherto so much neglected, is just as essential as the cultivation of what we are accustomed to call the higher faculties. The wonder is that modern intelligence has been so slow to recognize the truth.

BY their attitude in regard to prison labour also, the workingmen are standing in their own light, as well as opposing the true interests of society and the State. No one is more benefited than the labouring man by whatever helps to prevent crime, to lessen taxation, to increase productive industry, and to promote the moral well-being of the community. That the tendency of a

judicious system of prison labour is to do all these things will not be questioned by any one who has given intelligent attention to the subject. Such a system is one of the most efficient and indispensable means of accomplishing the higher ends of all prison discipline, whether those ends be regarded as punitive, preventive, or reformatory. Statistics show that the evil of competition which the workmen so greatly dread is little more than a bugbear. Mr. Brockway, in the December *Forum*, asserts, presumably not without good authority, that the output of prison manufactures has never anywhere exceeded one-fifth of one per cent. of the mechanical products of free labour, a mere bagatelle to be put in the balance against all the benefits that would accrue to the individual and the State from a proper use of the beneficent agency of productive labour in the prisons and penitentiaries. With the growth of democracy the balance of power is gradually passing into the hands of the workingman. Great will be the disastrous results to society and the State if he fails to keep the apparent interests of himself and his class far enough away from his eye to enable him to take in those broader views and relations, the intelligent comprehension of which is essential to enlightened Government. We say "apparent interests" because it is at least doubtful whether the cost of maintaining convicts in idleness is not a heavier tax on the workingman's resources than any that their competition in labour could possibly inflict.

THE condition of the insane asylums in the Province of Quebec, as brought to light by the recent Report of the Royal Commission appointed by the Local Government is a reproach to the Province and to Canada. The very fact that these institutions are in the hands of private proprietors is, of itself, sufficient to stamp the system as wholly behind the time. No modern Government can acquit itself of gross neglect of duty so long as it hands over the care of the lunatics, imbeciles, idiots and other unfortunates unable to take care of themselves, to the tender mercies of any private institution whose managers, however worthy their aims, can give no guarantee that they possess the special knowledge and skill requisite for the most approved scientific treatment of their patients, and whose proprietors will have, necessarily, a pecuniary interest in keeping down expenses, and in lengthening, rather than shortening, the periods of confinement. The results of such a system, as described in the Report, are only what were to have been expected. There is, it appears, no attempt at a proper classification of inmates, or at a scientific regimen, or even at a uniform system of management and restraint. Over-crowding, bad ventilation, the lack of precautions for saving life, etc., are observable throughout. Worst of all is the almost complete absence of that which one would naturally expect to find provided first with especial care,—professional skill and appliances for sanitative and curative treatment of patients. The proprietors, it is said, refuse to recognize the medical boards appointed by the Government, and will not even permit individual members of those boards to inspect their establishments. The sooner the Quebec Government makes a radical change in the whole system, so as to secure for those mentally diseased the benefit of the best professional treatment of the day, the better will it vindicate the reputation of the Province for intelligence and humanity.

THE announcement, made by President Cleveland in his last Address to Congress, that steps have been taken for the assemblage at Washington during the coming year of the representatives of the South and Central American States, together with those of Mexico, Hayti and San Domingo, to discuss sundry important monetary and commercial topics, has considerable interest for Canadians. It is, to say the least, unfortunate that Canada should be debarred by circumstances from having a voice in such deliberations, and the question naturally suggests itself whether some proper means may not be found to remove the formal obstacles which prevent her from doing so. The nature of these obstacles is easily understood. The United States initiate the movement, and, naturally enough in view of the special objects aimed at, confine invitations to American States. International etiquette forbids the opening of any communication with Canada

save through Great Britain, which, as a European State, can have no place or representation in the Conference. It might be worthy of consideration whether the Canadian Government should not, under the peculiar circumstances, ask permission and authority, which would probably be granted, to take a place in the Conference as an independent State for this special occasion and purpose. This would, of course, involve her right for the time being, and within the limits of the Conference, to make and ratify a commercial agreement or treaty in her own name. Insuperable objections might, perhaps, arise, but such scarcely appear on the surface. Canada's position in the case is, it must be confessed, somewhat humiliating, and it may further be the occasion to her of the loss of important commercial advantages.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S annual message to Congress loses much of the importance that should belong to the pronouncement of the Chief Magistrate of a nation of sixty millions, from the fact that he is not only a defeated candidate for re-election, but is without the support of the requisite majority in the Senate to ensure the adoption of any measures he may now recommend. It is owing to this state of affairs, no doubt, that his lengthy message is made up so largely of general report and argument, and proposes so little of definite legislation or action. His views upon the tariff and other matters, in regard to which he expresses himself strongly, do not carry even the weight that would belong to them were it certain that he speaks as the leader of the Democratic party during the coming four-years campaign. The *Chicago Tribune* claims to have discovered a "general feeling" that it would be unbecoming, and even improper, for one who has swayed the sceptre of the great Republic "to afterwards enter into business competition with any of his fellow-citizens." We do not know whether this feeling would likewise debar him from the position of recognized leader of his party and framer of its general policy in opposition. But it is doubtful whether the party will be willing to further trust to the leadership of one who has led it to defeat from the high vantage ground of the Presidency. It would not be surprising should the Democrats prefer to try a new leader and a modified policy. This uncertainty deprives the President's vigorous arraignment of the fiscal policy of the nation, which forms the strongest paragraph in the message, of most of its force and significance.

THE part of the message which touches upon the Fisheries dispute has, naturally, a special interest for Canadians. The references to this subject involve the same inconsistency that has cast so sinister a shadow upon President Cleveland's course in regard to it during the last months. He "continues to be of opinion that the treaty of February last, which failed to receive the approval of the Senate, did supply a satisfactory, practical and final adjustment, upon a basis honourable and just to both parties, of the difficult and vexed question to which it related," and still seems to be unconscious of any incongruity between that opinion and "certain recommendations for legislation concerning the important questions involved," which he submitted to Congress on the rejection of the treaty. This was, we suppose, to be expected. The President could hardly afford to confess, even tacitly, that these recommendations were mere buncombe, a bit of petty party strategy. He does well, however, to invoke the earnest and immediate attention of Congress to the present unsatisfactory condition of the question, and he is undoubtedly right in intimating that there is nothing in this or any other subject of dispute between Great Britain and the United States "that is not susceptible of satisfactory adjustment by frank diplomatic treatment."

TWO other matters touched upon which are of special interest to Canadians are the Behring Sea Seal fisheries and international aid to vessels in distress on the Lakes. In regard to the first, President Cleveland hopes to be enabled soon "to submit an effective and satisfactory conventional project with the Maritime Powers for the approval of the Senate." Some international arrangement to prevent the fur-bearing seals in those waters from extermination is, no doubt desirable, and any reasonable convention which bids fair to accomplish that object, and at

the same time to put an end to the arrogant usurpation of the Alaska Company, backed up by United States vessels, will be welcomed. A remark of the Minister of Marine and Fisheries which is taken to imply that the Canadian Government has not been consulted in the negotiations, and has no knowledge of the shape the proposed international convention is assuming, has naturally caused some surprise and uneasiness. Possibly, however, the inference is unwarranted. If otherwise, the fact must, we suppose, be accepted as incidental to the colonial status, and we must console ourselves as best we can with the *Empire's* assurance that the Canadian Government will be taken into confidence before the final ratification of the treaty.

WITH regard to the other matter, President Cleveland says:—"It is much to be desired that some agreement should be reached with her Majesty's Government by which the damages to life and property on the great lakes may be alleviated by removing or humanely regulating the obstacles to reciprocal assistance to wrecked or stranded vessels. The Act of June 19, 1878, which offers to Canadian vessels free access to our inland waters in aid of wrecked or disabled vessels, has not yet become effective through concurrent action by Canada." The defence of the Canadian Minister of Marine against this implied charge is, in effect, that while the Canadian Government object to legislate by piecemeal on the question of intercourse on the Great Lakes, it has repeatedly offered to enter into negotiations for a reciprocity arrangement which should take in not only wrecking, but towing and other commercial privileges. It is difficult to see the force of this argument. We cannot compel our neighbours to exchange commercial privileges against their will. But the business of aiding vessels in distress and danger rests on a different basis from other commercial pursuits, seeing that the safety of both property and life is involved. Mr. Foster declares, it is true, that "in no instance has the Canadian Government refused to allow the fullest liberty to rescue and help in all cases where life was at stake or property was in immediate danger." Were it always possible to communicate with the Government at a moment's notice this might be deemed a satisfactory answer. But, this is, in the nature of the case, manifestly impossible, and, as a rule, the greater the distress and danger, the less likely is it that Ottawa can be communicated with and the necessary permit obtained in time to prevent the catastrophe. The question is one not of politics but of humanity, and should be so treated. It is satisfactory to learn that Mr. Kirkpatrick intends to re-introduce his bill for reciprocity in wrecking next session, and with, as he thinks, a good prospect of success.

WE referred on a previous occasion to the decline of the comparative power of the Irish vote in the United States by reason of the growing importance of the English, Scotch and Canadian elements in the population. Recent statistics rather strikingly illustrate this view. From these it appears that during the months of September and October last the number of emigrants from England and Scotland to the United States was very nearly three times as great as that from Ireland. Taking a somewhat larger view, it is shown that during the ten months of the years 1887 and 1888, ending October 20 in each case, the numbers of English and Scotch immigrants were 119,303 and 118,511 respectively; that of Irish immigrants during the same two periods, 66,248 and 63,531. A comparison of the two sets of facts leads to the conclusion that, while the immigration from all parts of the United Kingdom is decreasing, the falling off in Irish immigration is much more marked and rapid than that from England and Scotland. Commenting on these statistics, the *British-American* says: "As citizens of these States we may look on these facts and figures with great satisfaction, and feel greatly encouraged in our work of naturalization and organization."

CONSIDERABLE discussion has been called forth by the statement attributed to one of the leaders of the Mormon Settlement in the North-West, that the members of that Society do not propose to give up the practice of polygamy in Canada. As the delegation who recently came to Ottawa to interview the Government were prompt and explicit in giving assurances that the laws of the country would be observed, it is probable that the rumour is unfounded, or that the Mormon in question does not truly represent the sentiments of the community. The whole matter is, however, in a nutshell. Monogamy is the law of Canada. The law makes no exceptions and

neither Government nor people will tolerate any. The moral well-being of the country is, in the opinions of the whole people, involved, and no compromise can be made. So long as the Mormon settlers obey the laws they are entitled to all the rights and privileges of citizenship. Whenever they, or any individuals among them, transgress the law, they subject themselves to its penalties, and there is every reason to believe that those penalties will be rigidly enforced.

THE provisions of the proposed Extradition Treaty with Mexico, a draft of which was lately submitted to the Canadian Government by the Imperial authorities, seem to be eminently reasonable and liberal. Its clauses, as drafted, cover, it is understood, no less than twenty-three offences, including burglary, fraud, attempts at blackmailing, the destructive use of dynamite, etc. The wonder is that there should be any hesitation on the part of two civilized nations in refusing to harbour each other's criminals. A nation is very uncomplimentary indeed, when it implies that it cannot trust a neighbouring state to do justice to its own subjects. It may be hoped that with the advent of a strong Republican administration at Washington, some effective measures may be adopted to wipe out the stigma which now rests upon both the United States and Canada, in consequence of each having been made a refuge for the other's criminals. It is comforting to know that the fault does not lie with Canada. By the way, why should our Government not take the initiative and make provision for the surrender, under proper legal safeguards, of our neighbour's criminals, irrespective of their readiness to reciprocate. We can better afford to make the United States a present of our criminal refugees, than to retain and possibly assimilate the foul stream which is continually flowing to us across the borders.

THE *New York Nation* says that from every quarter of the land there are unmistakable indications that the clamour to spend all the surplus in one way or another is going to be tremendous. Not a doubt of it. A few hundreds of millions of dollars in the national treasury, for which there is no public use or need, must be a terrible temptation to the victors. It will require great strength on the part of President Harrison and his cabinet to resist the determined raids that are sure to be made. The question involves not only the disposal of the accumulated surplus, but the policy of the party in regard to tariff reform. If, as alleged, there is a large body of tariff reformers within the Republican party, they will need to be up and doing, or they may find the surplus speedily vanishing when the new administration comes into power, and so the ground which affords their best leverage for securing that reform slipping from under their feet.

WHEN England was threatened with war in the East some three years ago, a very pleasing incident was the voluntary offer of assistance, in men and money, by a number of Indian feudatory chiefs. Before leaving India Lord Dufferin took occasion to express in the presence of several Punjaub chiefs and a number of generals, the grateful sense retained by his Government of this mark of good feeling and liberality. The retiring Viceroy at the same time informed them that the Government had resolved not to accept the pecuniary aid so generously proffered, but that it would enlist the co-operation in other ways of those chiefs with specially fine fighting material at their command. They would be asked to reorganize a portion of their armies, making them thoroughly efficient, while each would remain a purely State force, recruited in the territories of its chief, and serving within them. These troops would be gradually raised to such a pitch of efficiency as would enable the Imperial Government to use them as part of its available resources to meet external danger. British officers would be appointed to advise and instruct the chiefs. The chiefs were, however, assured that no undue advantage would be taken of their loyalty or liberality, and that in no case would a native State be asked to put too heavy a strain upon its means for the maintenance of its military force.

THE British Government is placed in a most embarrassing position by the turn of affairs in Suakin. In justice to its present members, it must be borne in mind that the presence of a British force in Suakin is not the result of their doing. That force being there, besieged and hard pressed, and being, as it appears, quite willing to accept reinforcements, whether absolutely in need of them or not, the Government was forced to decide whether to help, or

not to help. In almost any event it is pretty sure to come in for a liberal amount of blame. Were help not to be sent and a disaster to the Suakin garrison follow, the national indignation would know no bounds. Should the reinforcements be sent and be successful in breaking up the siege, no permanent result would follow. A little time would be gained, nothing more, while the Government would merely be so far committed to further operations, which both parties wish to avoid. To withdraw the troops from Suakin would seem like a confession of defeat, and would be so interpreted by the Arabs, with disastrous consequences, perhaps, to Egypt. Thus the situation is beset with difficulties on every side. Meanwhile the Government has apparently resolved to meet the present emergency by reinforcing the Suakin garrison, leaving the future to take care of itself. It would be interesting to know what their critics would do if they were in power.

THERE is now not much room for doubt that Germany will shortly be driven to adopt vigorous measures against the natives of East Africa who have been making such short work of the German Colonization Company. The martial spirit of Bismarck and the Reichstag is being aroused. The old story, so familiar in the history of English colonization, will, it is not unlikely, be repeated. The enterprise begun by private individuals for commercial purposes will develop into a national expedition with conquest and domination as its results. The blunders of the Company and the insurrection thereby provoked have paved the way for military occupation and appropriation. Present indications seem to point to the Sultan of Zanzibar as the first victim. True, the loss of power and prestige among the native tribes which is among the first fruits of his German alliance, is a pretty severe punishment in itself, but it is not unlikely that to this will be added a sterner visitation by Germany, as a penalty for his inability to control his barbarian subjects under the provocation of German superciliousness and outrage. The end, however, is not yet. The climate is pretty sure to fight effectively on the side of the natives. Even Bismarck will hesitate long before he sends the German soldiers to the unequal contest with it, and operations by means of native mercenaries will require a skill and tact which the German colonizers have not yet exhibited, to ensure their success. Meanwhile, it will be a serious question for England, how far her co-operation in the blockade may tend to compromise her in the eyes of the natives. It would be by no means surprising should the native disaffection spread to the detriment of the English Company's enterprise. It will certainly redound greatly to the credit of the latter if by fair play and sagacity they succeed in peacefully carrying out their projects.

THE Floquet Ministry in France have committed one of their worst blunders in proposing to tax professional incomes and incomes from invested capital. Such taxes are always obnoxious, as involving inquiry into the private affairs of the subject, and the French people are said to be more averse than most others to having their privacy invaded by public officials. But the Ministry are hard pushed for money, and can probably find no alternative. Generally, all such taxes are objectionable, not only on account of the inquisition into personal affairs they involve, but also and especially on account of the facilities they give for fraud. In our own cities the income tax operates unquestionably as a premium upon dishonesty, a fine for conscientiousness, and an agency of injustice. If the system cannot be replaced by a better, some means, such as the publication of complete lists of incomes taxed and amounts paid, should be devised to correct the glaring inequalities in its working. This would increase the annoyance of publicity, but might go far to discourage undervaluation, and prevent petty evasions.

THE SACRIFICE OF EDUCATION.

WE have, on various occasions, drawn attention to the serious evils connected with our present methods of education, and more especially with the complicated system of examinations, involving, as it does, the fullest development of the system of cramming. It is, therefore, with the greatest satisfaction that we have read the protest, signed by nearly all the greatest scholars and teachers in England, and enforced by papers proceeding from some of the most eminent of them, setting forth the great and growing evils of various kinds connected with the present system, which they declare to be a sacrifice of education to examination.

It is confessedly much easier to find fault with our present system, and to point out its many defects, than it is to suggest remedies, or to invent any method by which knowledge may be tested without involving similar difficulties and evils; but it will be something to diagnose the disease, to know in what respects our methods are injurious, and to trace the injuries to their causes; we shall then be able to consider whether there is any other method which can be adopted which shall be attended by better results.

The protesters have left us in no doubt as to the evils which they discern in nearly all parts of our present educational system. "Alike," they say, "in Public Elementary schools, in schools of all grades and for all classes, and at the universities, the same dangers are too often showing themselves under different forms. Children are treated by a public department, by managers and schoolmasters, as suitable instruments for earning Government money; young boys of the middle and richer classes are often trained for scholarships, with as little regard for the future as two-year-old horses are trained for races; and young men of real capability at the universities are led to believe that the main purpose of education is to enable them to win some great money prize, or take some distinguished place in an examination."

This is plain speaking, and it is plain speaking by men who know what they are talking about. Moreover, it tells us the simple truth, which is plain enough, when it is pointed out, to all who have eyes and who are willing to use them. The subscribers to the memorial protest against such a misdirection of education, and against the evils that actually and necessarily arise from it, and that they may not lay themselves open to the charge of sheltering themselves under vague generalities, they proceed to state very distinctly the evils which they denounce.

In the first place they notice the *physical mischief* resulting. This is seen in the diminution of bodily vigour and the consequent inability to resist certain forms of disease to which the young are exposed. But even in cases where these tangible ill effects are not disclosed, there are grounds for believing that the illegitimate demands made upon the youthful constitution, when it should be consolidating in all its parts, are made at the expense of future vigour and capability. Every one who has had practical acquaintance with the work of education must know how needful are these warnings. It is well-known that successful candidates for the Indian Civil Service, one of the most exacting in the way of examination, have often wrecked their health, and sometimes permanently, in the work of preparation.

But physical mischief is not the only evil consequence of the present system. There are also *equally serious evils of an intellectual and moral kind*. Among these the protest enumerates the following: 1. "That under the prize system all education tends to be of the same type;" 2. "That the preponderating influence of examinations destroys the best teaching;" 3. "The true value of different kinds of education cannot be so intelligently considered and so easily measured by the public when these great prizes are in existence."

These are serious indictments, and we strongly recommend the illustration given of them in the protest to the consideration of our teachers and others who have the control of the education of the country, and, indeed, to the governing boards of our schools, and to the parents of the children who will ultimately have to decide what method of education shall be adopted.

No less noteworthy than the largely signed protests are the brief comments upon it which have been published by Professors Max Müller, E. A. Freeman, and Frederic Harrison. Professor Müller tells us that he "did not sign the protest with a light heart," since nearly forty years ago he did his best "to prove the necessity of examinations for admission to the Civil Service;" and he thinks he was then substantially in the right, although he has no doubt at all as to the existence of the grave evils against which the protest is directed.

Here is a testimony, the testimony of a sober thinker, an enthusiast for learning, and one who is in thorough sympathy with the general progress of modern thought and knowledge, a testimony the serious import of which is not easily exhausted: "From what I have seen at Oxford and elsewhere, all real joy in study seems to me to have been destroyed by the examinations as now conducted. Young men imagine that all their work has but one object—to enable them to pass the examinations. Every book they have to read, even to the number of pages, is prescribed. No choice is allowed; no time is left to look either right or left. What is the result? The required number of

pages is got up under compulsion, therefore grudgingly, and after the examination is over, what has been got up is got rid of again like a heavy and useless burden. Nothing is converted in *succum et sanguinem*. The only thing that seems to remain is an intellectual *nausea*—a dislike of the food swallowed under compulsion."

Many of our teachers in this country have given precisely the same testimony. Professor Müller attributes a good deal of the fault to the examiners, and his remarks on the subject are of great weight: "In England most examiners are young men, in Germany they are invariably old. The 'ordinary professors,' who alone examine for academic degrees in German universities, try to find out what candidates have learnt and know; our young examiners seem chiefly bent on finding out what candidates do not know." We wonder if many persons interest themselves in the examination papers which are placed before the students, candidates for matriculation and for degrees, in our Canadian universities. Some of them will be found rather surprising. Not very long ago we had an opportunity of reading a series of questions on English grammar, and we can testify that most of the questions were of the most technical character, questions of which many excellent English scholars could answer very few, and which, alas! for the most part, might have been answered by persons who had hardly any real, thorough, and practical knowledge of the language.

We will only adduce further the testimony of Professor Freeman which is entirely to the same effect, and it is, as he remarks himself, the testimony of one who knew old Oxford and who now knows new Oxford, and who is the better able to compare and contrast them, because he has not been living in the University during the period of transition and change. "Just now," he says, "it seems to be understood that examinations are the chief end of life, at any rate of University life; they would seem to be thought to have an *opus operatum* merit for both the examiner and the examined. The object seems to be to multiply examinations as much as possible, to split them up and—what is called to 'specialize' them—to the extreme point. A man is not, as of old, wholly plucked or wholly passed; with the ingenuity of Italian tyrants, a piece of him is plucked or passed, while the rest of him is kept for the sport of another day. . . . I have deeply to thank my Oxford undergraduate course for causing me carefully to read several books, *Aristotle's Ethics* at their head, which I otherwise might not have read at all or might have read less thoroughly. But I do not thank it at all for examining me in anything. I do not mean because I only got a second class; for I got the 'pecuniary value' of a first class in the shape of a fellowship. What I do mean is that I read with very little comfort or pleasure, while there was before me the spectre of an examination, deadening everything and giving a wrong motive for one's work. When I had got my degree and my fellowship, I said, 'Now, I will begin really to read.' I began in October, 1845, and I have never stopped yet."

The reply to all this will be to ask for the remedy. What, then, do you propose to do? And this is a question which is not to be answered off hand. But it is a question which must sooner or later be answered; and the sooner we take it in hand, the better it will be for us all. For one thing, we must, to some extent, retrace our steps and discover at what point we have left the right track. If we cannot get rid of *competitive* examinations, we must minimize them as far as possible. We understand that they are unknown at the German Universities, and these certainly turn out educated, scholarly, thoughtful men. They are unknown at the University of Michigan. If we cannot do away with them, we might at least diminish the number of subjects with which the candidates are required to cram themselves. Let examiners, moreover, be a little more rational in their examinations, and let those who employ them look after them. It will be a miserable result of our fancied improvements if we verify Professor Max Müller's complaint, that our present method turns out nothing but mediocrities; for, as he remarks, "if history teaches anything, it teaches us that no country remains great without really great men, without a few men different from the rest."

"ROMANCE," says Andrew Lang, "appears to be, in literature, that element which gives a sudden sense of the strangeness and the beauty of life; that power which has the gift of dreams, and admits us into the region where men are more brave and women more beautiful and passions more intense than in ordinary existence. A million of novels about the Spanish Main may not be so romantic as a dozen lines spoken on the moonlit terrace of Belmont."

THE CHURCH AND THE PUBLIC.

IT is often said that publicity is the true protection against all kinds of evils—jobbing, injustice, and all the rest of it, and no doubt there is a great deal of truth in the saying. Very few people, indeed, can be trusted without supervision to do precisely to another as they would that that other should do to them. Town Councils are not immaculate or infallible, and have been known to perpetrate jobs for the benefit of friends or even for their own benefit, when the light from without has not fallen upon their proceedings. Even Church Courts, under whatever name—Synods, Sessions, Church meetings, or however they may be called—have been carried away, sometimes by prejudice, sometimes even by baser sentiments, so that they did not execute judgment or justice. As a rule, then, we are altogether in favour of publicity.

But we may have a little too much of it; and we think we have had a great deal too much of it in the case of the Reverend Mr. Jeffery and the Western Methodist Church. In saying this we are not specially blaming Mr. Jeffery or anybody else, but we are drawing attention to a state of things which is threatening to become a nuisance, and which is certainly doing harm to the public religious sentiment. It is for this reason, and not because we want to meddle with the affairs of any religious community, or even to point out the misconduct of any particular person, that we offer our comments upon this case.

It would be very difficult to mention a single point in this unhappy business which has been satisfactory from the beginning to the end of it. We do not blame the reporters with their sensational headings and their columns of interviewing. Reporters, like other men, must live; and in order to live they must work, and their work must be of the kind that people want and will pay for. It is plain that the public are a trifle hypocritical in reference to these matters. They complain of the floods of gossip which deluge the columns of the daily papers, and yet they buy eagerly the papers which contain them, and, if such things were not found in the papers, they would not buy them.

The fault, then, principally, is in the bad state of public opinion and sentiment on these subjects; and the improvement in these respects must be gradual, and must be brought about by the use of all lawful means. Until this happy consummation shall come a little nearer, we may at least make such comments upon particular incidents in Mr. Jeffery's case as may help to the formation of "a right judgment" on matters of this kind. In doing so we are guilty of no intrusion into the private affairs of any individual, or congregation, or community; we are simply exercising our undoubted right, nay, we are performing our bounden duty, of commenting upon facts which are not only public, but which have been made public by those who were interested in the occurrences.

One of the most sensible utterances in connection with the whole affair was the answer given by Mr. Jeffery to one of his latest interviewers. It was no use, he said, going back upon the past, it was better to let by-gones be by-gones. It is a pity that Mr. Jeffery and his friends, and his foes did not come to this conclusion a little earlier. It would certainly have prevented a great deal of unpleasant and unprofitable discussion, and a different termination of the dispute might have been reached.

There is some difficulty in ascertaining the beginning, or rather the beginners of the scandal. One thing, however, is abundantly plain, that there was not the least shadow of a ground for the rumour that the respected gentleman who has just resigned the Western Methodist Church had been guilty of intemperance in any form or shape. Not only was it testified by those who had intimate acquaintance and constant communication with him, during the time to which the accusation referred, that no example of the kind had come under their notice; but on the other side there was no attempt whatever to produce any testimony in support of the charge.

Such a state of matters would hardly be intelligible except in an age in which a number of good people have got carried away by the fanaticism of prohibition. It has been said that Mr. Jeffery does not hold the views on that subject which are commonly entertained by members of his communion. We know that persons who are extremely zealous on the side of prohibition are apt to have a bad opinion of those who refuse to go the whole way with them; and it is quite possible that this was the beginning of the trouble. It is the most charitable as well as the most reasonable explanation of the affair. Unless it is found here, we must go further and find an explanation in personal malice or hostility, a theory which is not lightly

to be entertained. At any rate, there was no case whatever against Mr. Jeffery.

It is a very delicate matter to comment upon Mr. Jeffery's own line of conduct after his triumphant acquittal. It is easy for outsiders to be calm and charitable, and to counsel moderation and silence to others. Those who bear their neighbours' trouble with the greatest equanimity do not always show exemplary patience in supporting their own. Mr. Jeffery had the enthusiastic support of the large majority of his people. Many of these felt very indignant at the treatment to which he had been subjected, and probably urged him to make those statements defensive and offensive which were only too faithfully reported in the papers, and which were certainly read with pain by the best and wisest of Mr. Jeffery's friends and others who sympathized with him. It would be ungracious, and it is unnecessary, to linger on this subject, the more particularly as the reverend gentleman himself seems now to be quite conscious that silence would have been the better course.

As regards the frequent criticism of late that the "almighty dollar" has conquered, that "Mammon" has achieved a victory, we need not say over what, it seems necessary to say a few words. Much as all sober-minded people must regret what has happened, ready as they may be to condemn the harsh treatment to which Mr. Jeffery has been subjected, we are not clear that these statements form a fair inference from the facts of the case. No doubt, Mr. Jeffery has been badly treated, and Dr. Briggs has taken the right way of indicating his displeasure by refusing; to fulfil his engagement to preach the anniversary sermons; but it is not so clear that the affair could have had any other termination.

Mr. Jeffery and the congregation seem to have been on one side, the Trustees on the other. Let us give each of these parties credit for good intentions; then we must admit that each were bound to give effect to their own judgment of what was best. If the wish of the congregation had been recognized and Mr. Jeffery retained, the Trustees, by selling the building, might have made it impossible for the work to go on. On the other hand, the Trustees have assumed a very serious responsibility; for they have the building on their hands, and are responsible for the debt, and have no certainty that the congregation will remain to help them to bear their burden. We can quite understand that serious difficulties have been felt, especially by the Committee of the Methodist body who finally recommended Mr. Jeffery to resign; but nothing is gained by calling names, or by imputing evil motives to men who may be credited with the desire to do their best for the communion to which they belong, for this particular congregation, and for Mr. Jeffery himself.

It is easy to be wise after the event; but certain lessons come very clearly out of this case. A great deal too much publicity has been given to every stage of the proceedings. Some churches are apt to complain that they are seldom noticed in the papers; but they might remember, "Happy are the people who have no history." The case of Mr. Jeffery was a very simple one, and might have been settled in a week by a committee of clergymen and laymen. This is the first point. After it was settled the thing might well have been dismissed, "unwept, unhonoured, and unsung," as a matter which could bring neither honour nor credit to any one connected with it. As this was not done, the contest had to go on to the bitter end; and it has. Let us have done with it; and let the clergy and the laity of this and other denominations be less eager for publicity, and it will be better for themselves and better for the sacred cause which they serve so well.

HALF-THOUGHTS.

AN eager child whose life four bare walls bound,
Whose outlook is a blank and cheerless street
Where seldom do the silent passers meet,
Hearsthe afar the thrilling martial sound
Of music, and his eager pulses beat
With every drum-throb, and his heart is crowned
With joy, expectant the parade will greet
His eyes; but soon in distance all is drowned.

Thus do melodious half-thoughts loom afar—
As when cloud garments trail the level sea,
We dimly trace the lines of mast and spar
Of ghostlike vessel, lost so silently
In mist again we scarce believe the bar
Of cloud was raised to let the vision be.

WILLIAM P. MCKENZIE.

PARIS LETTER.

THE inauguration of the Pasteur Institute last month was the occasion of an immense demonstration. The Presidents of the Republic, of the Senate, of the Chamber of Deputies, the Cabinet Ministers, nearly the whole of the diplomatic corps, and all the principal members of the French Academy, of the Colleges, and the Bar were present. Six hundred people were crammed into a room constructed for holding four hundred. It is impossible to cite names, but the discourses of M. Bertrand, of the *Academie de Sciences*, of Professor Graucher, and the Governor of the *Crédit Foncier* and of M. Pasteur himself, aroused the greatest enthusiasm. Professor Graucher, in particular, drew a most interesting picture of Pasteur's general chemical discoveries, and of what may be called the science of the "infinitely small." Apart from the vexed question of vaccination for rabies, all the investigations pursued during Pasteur's long life in science—those on the results

of fermentation, on the microbes of contagious disease have revolutionized biological chemistry. In the special department of rabies, Professor Graucher insisted that the mortality of vaccinated cases had been reduced from ten and fifteen per cent. to one.

The French Academy has held its annual meeting for the proclamation of its laureates, and on the same occasion has indulged in the customary discourses upon the excellence of virtue. Nothing is more singular than the literary appreciation of goodness among the French, as if it were an object of art; a *Prix de Vertu* ranks as a prize in competitive art and is given for acts of courage, and of self-devotion, *les belles actions* in short, and M. Sully Prudhomme in his elaborately studied discourse developed the idea that Beauty was not only rightly called the splendour of Truth, but resulted from the splendour of Goodness, (*la splendeur du Bien*). It is a far fetched notion, but susceptible of being worked up in an interesting manner.

On the 21st of the month the west end of Paris was startled by what seemed for the moment to be the shock of a small earthquake. Sound and vibration proceeded from the *Champ de Mars* and it was rumoured that the *Tour Eiffel* had fallen. The mischief, however, was less serious, though sufficiently grave. The *Tour*, as most of your readers are aware, is on the extremity of the *Champ de Mars* next the river; and the immense length of the great parade ground up to the *Ecole Militaire*, a handsome building of the seventeenth century, is covered by the new constructions for the Great Exhibition of 1889, into which iron largely enters. Either the weight upon the ground was too great, or one of the girders in itself insecure, for a huge gateway at the upper end collapsed with a tremendous crash, iron, wood, glass, brick and stone tumbling like a house of cards. Fortunately it was four o'clock in the morning and no lives were lost. The night watchmen rushed to the spot with their lanterns, and must have looked like little fire-flies amidst the vast constructions. Nor was this the end, for later in the same day a quantity of the glass went to shivers under the influence of a violent gale of wind. This looks as if the level were in some degree changed, and does not augur well for the future. In a great city the ground is necessarily honey-combed by pipes of divers kinds, and the miscalculation of superincumbent weight is a new danger for the engineer. All day long crowds assembled on the slopes of the neighbouring *Trocadero*, gazing at the huger piles on the opposite side of the river, in expectation of a renewed catastrophe, and perhaps not wholly without a touch of enjoyment in "*les malheurs d'autrui*."

Among the New Year's literature which always has a start of a month I note the *Refrains Militaires* of M. Paul Deronléde, of which 12,000 copies sold off in two days. The Patriotic League give a dinner on the 26th to General Boulanger, under the Presidency of M. Deronléde. It becomes increasingly difficult to present any clear view of French politics. The noblest and the worst elements seem to coalesce round Boulanger, who is himself without any programme appreciable by the average political intellect. Extreme discontent with the actual Cabinet is expressed everywhere except among the Opportunists, but no reasonable proposition is made towards a change. Meanwhile M. Daniel Wilson has again reared up his crested head and is threatening to publish documents which will ruin far and wide the reputations of public men. When President Grévy fell, the solid moderate Republic fell with him, and the present state of politics is a quagmire. Meanwhile during this very week a number of French journalists have been expelled from Berlin, the surface motive being certain articles published at the time of the German Emperor's sojourn in Rome. Every man seems to write and criticize from his individual point of view, and the French Government takes no notice of their expulsion which is signified in the curtest and most positive terms, and a menace of six weeks' imprisonment if they re-appear.

Alphonse Daudet is writing a play for the *Gymnase Theatre*. It will be called *La Lutte pour la Vie* and will be largely adapted from *L'Immortel*. The play is awaited with great curiosity, for as the actor who personated Numa Romestan in another of M. Daudet's plays "got himself up" as a speaking likeness of M. Gambetta; so now it is believed that we shall see M. Chevreuil, Alexander Dumas fils and the Princess Mathilde represented to the life, though somewhat *à la Daudet*.

Gounod also announces the completion of a new opera founded on the story of Joan of Arc.

Apropos of Joan of Arc a great effort is being made to obtain her canonisation from Rome. And it does seem hard that Ste. Geneviève should be Patroness of Paris and that Orleans should be deprived of Ste. Jeanne, who will always remain the most popular and heroic figure in French history.

Rumours are current that a gigantic *Coup d'Etat* was planned last month by M. Floquet and his Cabinet; Boulanger, Démetide, Rochefort, Comte Albert de Muce, and fifty others were to be arrested on charge of high treason. The *Figaro* either invented or discovered the affair which created an immense sensation in all circles of French society. The present government will in any case soon have to retire to make way for a Radical leader, probably Clémenceau.

M. A. B.

THE smallest steam-engine ever made has just been completed, after two years of labour, for the Paris Exhibition. It is composed of 180 pieces of metal, is a shade under three-fifths of an inch in height, and weighs less than one-ninth of an ounce.

MONTREAL LETTER.

THE International Association of fairs and expositions has been in session in Chicago. Among much that must unfailingly interest Canadians as part of the commercial element of this continent comes the suggestion of a World's Fair to be held in Montreal in 1892, and the bare suggestion is enough to create, as the very shadow of the thought, the inauguration, the accomplishment, and the complete success of the scheme. Antiquarians who live in the past and Utopians who live in the future have alike enlisted themselves on a day's notice. The year 1892 will be the fifth Jubilee of the birth of Montreal, —of the May morning when the *Sieur de Maisonneuve* and his small colony of devout followers knelt amid the wild flowers and the bursting foliage of the opening spring, and with chants and hymns consecrated their altar to the Blessed Virgin and the Holy Family. The same year will be the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery (or re-discovery) of America, when the star-crossed and well-nigh broken-hearted Genoese, in his expectation of finding a continuation of the Eastern Hemisphere, planted his cross on an unknown western. The Antiquarians among us support the celebration of the local Jubilee. The World's Fair in Montreal is supposed to encourage passenger and freight traffic by rail and ocean; to advertise the country; to stimulate immigration; to attract foreign capital; to consolidate the various provinces; to foster patriotism; and, by inducing the competition of not only the United States, but of Mexico and South America as well as of Europe, to establish our Dominion as an acknowledged fact on the surface of the Globe. On the other hand, the Utopians contend that we are not well enough known yet for this; that our market is too limited to induce the competition of European and South American manufactures; and that the Fair, being deprived of anything of a national character might be rendered a failure by local and provincial jealousies. They look into the future instead of into the past and improve the idea of the World's Fair by the suggestion of an Oriental Exposition in celebration of our great transcontinental achievement, with its young but promising offspring, the developing trade with the west instead of east. Australasia, the British East Indies, China, Japan, and India would send their products; and by a judicious and energetic display of national costumes and distinctions in the streets, the success has already run the idea away out into long and ever-widening vistas of untold future wealth.

Our University and its Colleges, Wesleyan, Congregational, Anglican and Presbyterian are all in full harness for another session. Cap and gown flit about in silence as mysterious as it is serious. Sir William Dawson delivered the Annual University Lecture, taking for his subject "The Constitution of the University, its nature and origin." Owing to recent peculiar applications of the constitution the lecture attracted a large audience and has caused considerable discussion. Much dissatisfaction exists regarding the constitution, which, whatever fitness it once may have possessed, is now felt to be quite out of harmony with the spirit of academic thought and progress. As a symptom of this dissatisfaction we may accept the announcement of the further discussion of the subject in the Graduates' Society, where the president, Mr. Selkirk Cross, is to read a paper. The usual condition of the audience in Convocation Hall, for want of space and oxygen, is simple endurance, and the authorities would create a new bond between the University and the city by carrying their ceremonies to the Queen's Hall, where the citizens and friends of the College might have a chance of comfort, and the ceremonies a chance of dignity. The hint, so persistently thrown out on these crowded occasions, in the direction of a new and enlarged hall, is only another indication of our colonial tendency to exhaust in stone and lime endowments which ought to be preserved for higher and more urgent needs, and I trust I shall receive credit for some interest in the University when I express the hope that the bond to which I have referred may be regarded as of equal value to any endowment for a new hall, to be used, at best, only a few times a year. Many of the ancient Universities of Europe with centuries of prestige, accumulated wealth, and thousands of students, indulge in no such mistaken luxury. A missionary band of students, formed into a Y.M.C.A. a few years ago, have begun a subscription list for a building for themselves, and a movement has been set agoing to procure a separate gymnasium. With every sympathy for the spiritual and physical development at which these two excellent organizations are aiming, it is devoutly to be hoped that the Montreal Gymnasium and the Barnjum, both of them so well-equipped, and the magnificent structure to be erected on Dominion Square by the Montreal Young Men's Christian Association, will suffice for the requirements of McGill for at least the present generation.

A more welcome expression of collegiate catholicity was exhibited on the evening of Friday, the 23rd November, when the affiliated Theological Schools inaugurated what I trust is intended to be a series of intercollegiate debates. The students of the Presbyterian, Diocesan, Wesleyan, and Congregational churches discussed, before an interested and delighted audience, the question of whether the Chinese should be legally excluded from, or admitted to, the country. The *pros* and *cons* from every standpoint, theoretical and practical, were marshalled by the respective combatants, resulting in a very exhaustive treatment of that important question.

A gentleman, now many years gone from this earthly scene of profit and loss, left his accumulated fortune to establish and maintain a college where young maidens,

chiefly from the families of the clergy, might upon advantageous terms procure board and the very highest education. The estate had, however, suffered so seriously from what we call shrinkage in stocks, that the benevolent intentions of the founder were capable of being put into practical form only about a year ago. An exquisite, if small, property on the slope of the mountain was purchased, thoroughly equipped, and opened with a curriculum not too compromising and a staff of satisfactory and thorough promise. Though the founder was no soldier, his institute is known as The Trafalgar, and now in its second year it shows the best of all proofs that it was greatly needed,—a full house, a happy family, and an enthusiastic administration. The Lady-Principal is not a Canadian, but an acquisition from the Athens of modern times, and, as she herself admits, "a Scot bristling all over with prejudices." But her soft brown eyes, and her smile which haunts you not because it claims a self-attracted homage, but because it centres its homage in you, indicate that the prejudices are as firm as the granite of her native land for all that is good, and as solid against the un-good as are the oaks of her adopted land.

The St. Andrew's Society's Ball, though not favoured with the patronage of Vice-Royalty, was nevertheless a magnificent affair, and remembering that it has been an annual event for at least three years in succession, was universally and enthusiastically enjoyed. But it forms a strange comment upon benevolence. Its object is to provide, not an opportunity for the parade of fashion and wealth, but food and fuel for the great unfed and unwarmed. Out of a probable expenditure of many thousands upon dress, decorations, and supper, "the return" is expected to be two hundred dollars for charity. Charity,—is love!!

The Academy of Music has been crowded for the whole of the week listening to Clara Louise Kellogg in the English Opera Company. Born in the South, though of New England parentage, Miss Kellogg is now forty-six years of age, in the full prestige of her fame. Ardent and graceful in the extreme, with a voice of marvellous flexibility, and of exquisite beauty except when she is tempted to strain her compass beyond the legitimate sphere of real music, her name is associated with not merely the revival but the immortality of the opera. Foreign operas, in their English dress which has been superintended by herself in translation, training and chorus, will not lose their hold over English hearts. There is a variety as well as a unity in immortality. While Bach, Schumann, Beethoven may be a perennial source of the daintily-profound and the profoundly-dainty for the select and the few, life will indeed be not worth living when there breathes, in any corner of this wide world, a single honest heart that cannot find in Bellini, Rossini, Verdi, Meyerbeer, or Balfe, a hope for its despair, a comfort for its woe, and a rest for its weariness and toil.

VILLE MARIE.

THE LAKE SPIRIT.

A WORLD of dawn, where sky and water merge
In far, dim vapours, mingling blue in blue,
Where low rimmed shores shimmer like gold shot through
Some misty fabric. Lost in dreams, I urge
With languid oar my skiff through sunny surge,
That rings its music round the rocks and sands,
Passing to silence, where far lying lands
Loom blue and purpling from the morning's verge.

I linger in dreams, and through my dreaming comes,
Like sound of suffring heard through battle drums,
An anguished call of sad, heart-broken speech;
As if some wild lake spirit, long ago
Soul-wronged, through hundred years its wounded woe
Moans out in vain across each wasted beach.

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

LOUIS LLOYD'S LETTER.

OUR train had just left Medicine Hat. Medicine Hat is one of those bony little villages which lie here and there, like mammoth skeletons, on the gaunt prairie along the line of the C.P.R. between Winnipeg and the Rockies. I was dreamily wondering whether the small boy behind munching apples, the porter before twanging his banjo, the men beside me snapping still more irritating vocal chords, or I myself would remain master of the situation, when Garth Grafton came up hurriedly, excitedly, with that peculiarly feminine interrogatory exclamation:

"Do you know, do you know, my dear, who the tall, gray-haired man is to whom I've been speaking?"

I confessed my ignorance.

"That man is Charles Dudley Warner!"

"Charles Dudley who?"

"Charles Dudley Warner."

"Well, think of it, just think of it: the author of the delicious *My Summer in a Garden* and *Backlog Studies*, and—and—Oh! you must know. Well I was standing on the platform, and the Assistant General Manager came up and asked us into his private car. Mr. Warner was there, and repeated the invitation, so we're going."

I was suddenly filled with a sickening sense of fear, of almost nameless dread. I don't suppose I shall ever experience such feelings again till the trumpet sounds, or till I meet another real, live author of whose works, nay, of whose very existence, I am in total ignorance.

"Not know Warner?" continued Garth, aghast. "Not know Warner! Why, you might just as well say you don't

know Longfellow, or Emerson, or—anybody. Have you heard of Lowell? Have you heard of Whittier? Perhaps you would like me to tell you who Mark Twain is? Not heard of Charles Dudley Warner! and I've been saying we are his most ardent admirers. Well, I don't care; I am, at any rate, so you must just get out the best way you can."

Garth is a Canadian *doublée d'une Américaine*. I am sorry to have to say it in French, but fear that the English version would be even more incomprehensible. However, if the editor insists—lined with—no, you see this is really a case of lingual poverty. Garth knows lots of American *littérateurs* more or less personally. I don't think I ever spoke to a genuine author in my life; I mean one who has had his things printed without paying for it. You can understand the situation; you can understand how an unsophisticated young journalist should long with a prodigious longing to be "noticed" in high places, and how, under the circumstances, I should feel faint at the thought of such notice. Later, I believe, one grows callous, and the people in high places are made one's footstool—it is a consolation.

Mr. Warner then came in and repeated his invitation. Garth, hugely pleased, was on the point of going out, when a premonitory motion of my foot withheld her. We promised to join the party anon.

"For heaven's sake," I cried, after Mr. Warner had left us, "for heaven's sake tell me some of the names of his books. Quick! Can't you remember any characters, any scenes? Oh! I wish I hadn't read *The Critic* and *Life*, and thought I was studying American literature when reading *The Quick or the Dead*?"

Then, as Garth attempted to satisfy me with horrible incoherence, there flitted through my mind the possibility of having perused the works a long time ago, or being just in the middle of one of them, or—but Garth got up suddenly and wouldn't wait any longer. I rose also. My mouth twitched into a ghastly smile. I knew how the whole thing must turn out. We should enter, and get luxuriously seated, and have miles of prairie to look at, and then—then Garth would talk Washington and New Orleans. Garth always talks Washington and New Orleans when she can; it is her fox's platter. After this there would come personal reminiscences or some particular aspect of the landscape might suggest a reference by Mr. Warner to his latest. Of course I didn't know, only the nearest approach to an author we had met on the way, a Canadian poet, whenever the prairie was peculiarly flat, invariably cried, "Ah! that reminds me"—and it reminded us too.

My fingers were on the door-handle of the private car; I attempted a hasty recapitulation.

"Oh, Garth! My garden is what? . . . My summer . . . My . . . O please tell me just once again. And then, and then *Babcock* and that sort of thing? Is that it? I think you might wait. There was another. Oh, there was another, *Backlake*! . . . *Blackwood*? . . . *Blackleg*? . . . *Blackleg studies*? "Oh don't go yet, Oh . . ."

We entered the cosy little drawing-room at the back of the car. Mr. Warner was there. On looking at him again, on examining him closely—I had not examined him before—an indescribably re-assuring sensation came over me. I was certain a man who looked like that would be merciful. It is a test, a very sharp test to hear your works are utterly unknown by someone, but somehow I don't think a genuine author minds it. Then when Mr. Warner smiled, his smile corresponded to the one Artemus Ward talks about. It began at the heart and worked upwards.

Mr. Warner began speaking to both of us. You understand I was alone on one side of the car, and . . . and . . . and . . . No, Garth didn't start Washington, but she started something far worse—Commercial Union. At any rate, what with the noise of the train and the choice of subjects, I found myself out of the discussion. There remained an alternative between *Robert Elsmere* and the prairie—I chose the prairie. Our interviews à trois usually pass this way. Garth having been some years on American newspapers, always distances me, so that if I want anything particularly good I must simply trade some surreptitiously gained bit of information. In the present case for the little I have been able to get out of her concerning the conversation in the private car, she wants the heights of two mountains and the average yield of wheat on a younger son's farm. I'll give her the average yield; but two heights, two honest heights, not approximate ones—well . . . only those "who were born adding up" will never realize what it is to part with a height. Garth tells me that Mr. Warner said, among other things, the Canadians were quite as democratic as the Americans, and that the Canadian type had yet to be developed. If it is democratic to look forward to mansions in London with an anxiety people seldom evince concerning celestial abodes; if it is democratic to make your dollars the price of a coronet, why then Mr. Warner is right, and Canadians are as democratic as Americans.

As I sat there contemplating the prairie an Englishman turned up, an English writer who proved very interesting in his way.

"Ah!" was his first remark, "we are stopping, stopping for water, for water for the engine, I suppose—Ah!"

I supposed so too.

The mystery of our stopping having been solved, the English writer went on to talk about literature. He knew Mrs. Humphrey Ward; he knew who the original was of almost every character in *Robert Elsmere*, and he could claim the right of bemoaning Matthew Arnold's death as if he had been a brother. I enjoyed him too when he

ascribed, as one of his chief reasons for disliking American literature, its orthographical errors—the most distressing of which seemed to be the *neighbour* with a *u* (I wondered if Mr. Warner spelt neighbour with a *u*, and if, should he not do so, I could bring in this lack as an extenuating circumstance for my ignorance of his work). Then came some remarks about Mr. Goldwin Smith, full of insight and appreciation, and sensibility. Altogether the English writer was extremely entertaining with his delicately spiced literary talk and the graceful manners he had been far-seeing enough not to leave behind him.

We dropped the private car at sundown and didn't see its occupants again till we reached Vancouver. And now you are going to be very much shocked, if not pityingly amused, at my first—indeed at my impressions of the Rockies throughout. When I awoke and found myself surrounded by all that austere, cold, awful magnificence utterly free from any memory, I felt as if I had been suddenly transported into a scarcely finished Fifth Avenue palace. The uninhabited chambers, the unfurnished halls of the marvellous structure seemed fresh from the hands of the master builder, but anything fresh from the hands of the master builder very few of us, unfortunately, can appreciate. Let the architecture be never so perfect, we must have the bric-à-brac of quaint conceits and delicate similes, the softly burning memories lightening dim alcoves—a poet host to meet us on the threshold. It was Switzerland without her history, her guide books, her quaint villages, her Byron and Rousseau, everything, in fact, that goes to make the *sauce piquante* which the ordinary palate finds it absolutely necessary all scenery should have. At present, therefore, the Rockies leave me cold, as the French say; nor do I think they are likely to leave the every day traveller in any other condition until we can find the names of Canadian heroes engraven on their pines, until poet and painter shall have interpreted them to us. But notwithstanding all this, the Banff Hotel and Glacier House insure an ever increasing influx of Americans; patriotic zeal must tempt crowds of Canadians thither; while we may be certain the British will patronize these mountains as long as there remains a height unscaled or a cariboo.

And now, not being a Shelley, I would say no more about the Rockies. I know it is very unsatisfactory to dismiss them after this fashion, but I stand before such icy, incomprehensible beauty just like the poor little French soldier stood before the Venus of Milo.

At Field we took the first steps towards riding on the pilot, by riding in the engine room and making friends with the chief engineer. This chief engineer proved a most entertaining *compagnon de voyage*. He spoke frankly about the line, about himself, his family, his present, past, and future life, in a way that was exceedingly satisfactory to me. My knowledge of chief engineers having been limited, as you may judge from the fact that I alluded to them as "engine drivers," for which I was playfully corrected, I was quite unprepared to discover so intelligent and pleasant a specimen.

"Before I came to work on this line," said the chief engineer, "I was on an American one, but the C.P.R. is far ahead of 'em. There ain't much difference in the pay, that's true, only on this line from the President himself clear down to the porters there ain't no difference made in a man's rights, and there's nothing stuck up about the bosses."

When I suggested tentatively the possibility of his riding one day at the other end of the car, our friend gave me the rather startling information that he intended retiring next year.

"Oh! I've been at it long enough. You see I went into the workshops when I was a boy, and now I'm in the thirties; I'm married, I've got children, and I've made enough money now to build a house in Toronto, and give them a nice little turn out. So I'm going to retire."

"Engine-driving must be pretty profitable work if a man in the thirties can retire from it under such conditions," I remarked.

"Well, I hav'nt got it all engine driving. Before I married I was spending all I got. It's the worst thing for fellows on the line not to be married, they'll never save unless they are, but they'll go in the towns and throw away every cent. My wife, she never'd put her hand to a thing before we was married. I got an engine and we saved. Then as time went on I got a farm and a ranch and now they're the best in the country. My farm supplies all the western division of the C.P.R. with dairy produce, that's the dining cars and the hotels."

The chief engineer then went on to tell me that his *confrères* owned "almost half Vancouver." This statement was doubtless rather premature, though I saw good reason for its ultimate truth when considering the favourable circumstances under which C.P.R. employés work. An engineer gets four cents per mile, travelling on an average 156 miles per day. I believe you will find his wages to be \$156 per month, if you count twenty six days in the month. What extraordinarily good pay this is must readily become apparent when you learn that wages for similar work in England amount to £3 per week, and then the distance daily covered is from 200 to 250 miles!

I regret to say that notwithstanding my having made friends with the engineer, notwithstanding his courteous permission, I did not ride on the pilot after all; please believe it wasn't fear that deterred me, it was—well, no matter, as long as you will believe I wasn't afraid.

I didn't think one could find in Canada such a hotel as the Glacier House; it stands at the foot of the great glacier that rises in the back ground and above the pines like a huge bit of home-made frosted cake. It is a sort of ideal

chalet, a *chalet* supplied with all the luxuries suggested by good sense, good taste and a French *chef*. We spent the night there, and next morning when Garth went to inspect the Glacier more closely, I tramped off to look at one of the admirably constructed snow sheds built over the track. On my return while trying to study the idiosyncrasies of a youthful bear which was safely chained up in the garden, I fell into conversation with a navy lazily sunning himself close by. It being Sunday, there remained nothing better for him to do but to whittle his time away, as the clergyman in charge of navy souls in this district has the supervision of so large a field that he cannot possibly gather together all the stray sheep at once. My friend was talkative, almost garrulous, but I forgave him and listened patiently when I remembered the desolateness of his life. He had been a soldier and came from England originally. After spending some years in the States, he found his way to Canada. He has a mother and sister at present in New York in very comfortable circumstances. When I asked him why he didn't join them, he said:

"I did go to see 'em once, but I give you me honour I wouldn't 'ave stayed. I walks in upon 'em in top boots, and flannel shirt, and wide awake; they looks at me and says: 'You don't expect we're goin' to walk with you in that rig, do you?' So before I knows where I am they've took me off to buy things, and I comes out in white collar and thin shoes and 'igh 'at, and must walk with 'em in Broadway. Lord! if the clothes 'ad satisfied 'em. But no, they must all plague me for this and plague me for that, and me just from the west. So I says one day: 'Lord! if you don't like me, I says, 'I'll be quit.' So off I goes, and I give you me honour there's a lot of fellows as does the same, a lot as just leaves home because they're plagued."

"What kind of men is navvies? Oh, some's a pretty rough characters, and there's others as is school-masters from England, I give you me honour, school-masters from England just gaining a dollar a day. The work's not bad in summer but in winter it's terrible, I can't stand it, I give you me honour I'm goin' back to the States."

"Any mines about 'ere? Well there's one just near, worked by about thirteen men. You see it's this way. A man goes knockin' about and he finds a place he thinks likely. Then he goes to Donald and buys a permit to work his mine for five dollars, and if it works he can make thousands. I've got some ore at the shanty I can show you if you'd like to see."

I said I should like to see very much, so my navy brought me two beautiful bits of quartz half covered with gold, silver, galena, and iron, and when I wanted to pay him for them he turned himself away shuffling and blushing furiously, and refusing all the time. It was quite worth while I thought to have bored for an hour and a half through a semi-incoherent conversation to find so glittering and true a bit of metal in the end.

When we left the Glacier it was afternoon. Soon after passing this point we lost sight of the snow-covered peaks, and entered a land where the ambitious pines have reached the summits of the mountains. As I was sitting in the engine-room, I felt as if we rode some winged beast. The engine looked such a strong, living thing, so brave, that I could readily understand the remark—"Yes, ma'am, first my wife, then my engine."

Night was in hot pursuit of us, on, on she came across the mountains, through the valleys, over the streams, her diamond eyes flashing, her cloud-hair streaming in the wind. It was a mad race, but, panting, she overtook us at last on the borders of the Illicilliwait. Then we sped on calmly through a calm land, now catching glimpses of the torches of fantastic salmon-fishers as they speared their prey in the dark lake; now of the poor, decrepid little villages of the Chinese navvies who are dropped at random along the line and forced to shift for themselves as best they can amidst this desolation.

After a morning spent in acute agony while travelling over the blood-curdling track the train follows at a dizzy height above the Fraser River, we reached Vancouver in an exceptionally grateful frame of mind. We did not see Mr. Warner there till some days later, but I should like to tell you about our last talk with him before I begin to describe this place.

Mr. Warner spent eight hours in Vancouver and then went on to Victoria. We were very kindly invited to join "the party," which invitation we accepted. You can picture the hero of the expedition standing on the deck of the *Yose-Mite*, as the eastern magnate called it—you can picture a tall, erect figure with grey beard and aquiline nose, pale cheeks and longish grey hair, and eyes—I don't think I had better try to describe the eyes. I have attempted it several times and Garth always says: "That's not a bit like them." The fact is, I have never seen anything like them, I have never seen eyes at once so clever and so honest, eyes that had examined and understood so much, and that yet were never tired of watching every object, every expression which passed. Mr. Warner didn't seem pitched in a different way from those about him, his life-symphony was only being played several octaves higher than that of ordinary people.

We sat on the deck of the *Yosemite* as it flitted over the twilight waters—smooth, mist-haunted waters, where the islands floated torpidly like lazy sea-monsters, and listened to him talk, listened to his endless reminiscences of literary folk—not once did he allude to himself or to his own works; how I appreciated this reticence! His criticisms were fair and delightfully impersonal, quite unconsciously did he put work to the test his own can bear so well, trying it on the touchstone of veracity and simplicity. Among modern European novelists he seemed to like Turgenev immensely. The combination of truth and art in this Russian writer could not do otherwise than please him. I

should enjoy exceedingly telling you all I can remember of the quaint, droll, dainty things Mr. Warner said on that, to us, memorable trip to Victoria, but I am not a reporter you know, and I don't think Mr. Warner would thank me for doing what the *contadine* rudely but truly say in "Romola"—swallowing a thing and then—you remember.

And now I want you to catch a glimpse of Mr. Warner as I saw him last at the Hotel Vancouver. Everybody was bustling about, and the porter was crying, "All aboard for the east-going train." I was not going off by the east-going train. Indeed I don't know exactly what I was doing at all in the entrance, but that—well, Mr. Warner came up to say "good-bye." He didn't say only "good-bye," he said some other things I shall always remember and try to follow out. He told me above all things to be true and simple: to observe every detail with infinite care; to avoid "apt quotations" for they are lazy and slipshod. Then he wished me success—There was a rush, a rumbling of wheels, and he was gone. LOUIS LLOYD.

THE NEWSPAPER OF THE FUTURE.

THE progress of civilization, it has been said, might with accuracy be measured by the manufacture of sulphuric acid. At first sight it seems an antinomy: what has the manufacture of H_2SO_4 got to do with all that we mean by "civilization?" But it is not the strangest standard of measurement that has been suggested for this most complicated process known to man—the upward movement of the human race. Some one, whom I forget, but it is quoted by an enterprising manufacturer and advertiser of soap, has said that this article, soap, might be taken as civilization's unit of measurement! Might we not even take the advertiser himself as the best unit? We call this an age of progress, but has anything in this age progressed (ahem! is it *progress*, or is it *retrogression*?—all apologies to enterprising advertisers) faster than the means and methods of advertising? Surely the means and methods of advertising are a better and more comprehensive standard of measurement than sulphuric acid or soap. It is a test of rapidity and facility of intercourse, not only between villages, towns, cities, provinces, nations, but even between continents and hemispheres. It is a test of the increasing wants of the people, and increase of wants has been taken as a sign of civilization, for wants may mean not wealth and leisure alone, but improved methods in processes of all descriptions—artistic as well as economic. It is a test of general intellectual activity, for if the majority did not read advertisements advertising would not exist. Above all, it is a test of "push," and "push" is the keystone of progress, if not even its foundation stone.

However, the future will, I believe, use a stranger unit of measurement than even H_2SO_4 , soap, or advertisements—taps, namely. Our forefathers knew of one tap only, and so important a one was it that the house in which it was contained was termed a "Tap-house!" How have taps increased in number since the days of the Tap-house! Every room in every house nearly now has taps—water taps or gas taps. Then there are taps for electricity; soon there will be taps for motive power—taps for turning on hot water, hot air, or steam—heat taps—we have already. Soon, I verily believe, we shall have newspaper taps! The newspaper of the future will be nothing more or less than a brass tap to be turned on when we choose—at breakfast for the morning paper, after dinner for the evening edition, and any time during the twenty-four hours for a special edition. The most important part of the future newspaper will be a phonograph, which anybody can subscribe for as now he subscribes for a telephone. Instead of reading his newspaper he will listen to it. But this by no means explains how a tap will supplant paper and print, my reader will say. No; let us trace the whole process from the work of the war correspondent on the battle-field to the brass tap in the library:

The war correspondent will take with him a quadruplex field telegraph wire. By an attached apparatus he will be able not only to dictate through this wire to the central office of the "Associated Press" or "News Agency" all his despatches, but will also be able, by means of a camera *obscura*, to send illustrations of what is actually passing before his eyes. So that to the receiving end of the wire will come the correspondent's report, a picture of the raging battle, and even the thunder of the cannon and the groans of the wounded. That this is quite within the bounds of probability anyone who has meditated on the future possibilities of the telephone, the phonograph, and a combination of a stereopticon with an electric current will admit. Portraits were sent by electricity years ago; it is only a few steps to send portraits or pictures taken by a camera *obscura* by electricity. When this is done, all is done. The subscriber, sitting at ease in his arm chair, in his library, opposite a white sheet in front of which is a stereopticon, will have only to turn on the *Graphic* tap, or the *New York Herald* tap, and at once he can listen to Mr. Balfour waxing wroth with Mr. Dillon, or see the G.O.M.'s collar wilting as ponderous sentences are poured forth against all Liberal Unionists.

But what about the leading articles? That is simple. The editor or editors will merely have to talk into a phonograph. So, too, with the "Agony column." Advertisers, instead of sending "copy," will speak into a tube leading to the central collecting and systematizing phonograph operators in each newspaper office. What a saving of ink and paper, and type, and compositors? What a saving all round! No forty thousand dollar presses, no reels of paper, no proof-readers. Only a dynamo, a combination of phonograph, telephone, and telegraph, and distributing wires.

THE BATTLE OF THE PLAINS.

INSORIBED BY PERMISSION TO DR. FRANCIS PARKMAN, THE HISTORIAN.

O FATE, what shadows flit within the pale
Of memory's maze, as seeming near, the wall
Of heroes' hopes, spent in the rage of war,
Brings echo from the past a-seeming far!
How pause we on the verge of living joy
To scan the mirth and woe of life's alloy
Writ red, on history's page,—a tale ungrate
Of glory's prowess born of tribal hate!
Athwart these plains, where armies erst have fought
In short-timed strife, we still would glide in thought,
To read heroic day-dream in the forms
Of gathering clouds, arrayed for battle-storms,
To watch the flash that livid gleams on death
While roars its thunder o'er the torrid heath.
Is that the pibroch of the Celtic braves
That calls contending kinsmen to their graves?
Are these the shouts of liberty that guide
To slavery a budding nation's pride?
Adown the hollow there may still be found,
Near by an obscure pillar, helmet crowned,
The spot revered, where Wolfe victorious fell,
Within the sound of Montcalm's dying knell.
'Twas yonder up the slope, in full array,
While yet the scene was one of doubtful fray,
He saw, through haze of death, his trusty Celt
Rush at the foe: 'twas here his great heart felt
At once the greatest mortal joy and pain,
Soul-wrung with victory as he passed within.

Abreast the lines the hero fell, in the thickest of the fray,
And he whispered near him not to tell, till victory crowned the day:
As he lay upon the greensward slope, with anguish in his eyes,
His soul still bounded, winged with hope, to grasp ambition's prize.

A patriot trained, his king he served: his courage never failed:
Against his wearied body nerved, his spirit never failed:
If he felt his race its goal had found, for him was glory's gain
In the hopes that still dared hover round his battle-field of pain.

A moment's thought for those he loved in the dear old English home,
And then again his longings roved to sift the cannon's boom:
Will he die before the victory assured is in his ears,
To sound the valedictory of his earthly hopes and fears?

Ah! no, for stands a messenger with tidings from the plain,
Whose troubled smile is harbinger of joy repressed by pain;
For he knows his general's dying fast, whate'er the news he bears,
And his heart, with sadness overcast, his zeal restrains with tears.

Yet stooping o'er the prostrate form to catch the hero's eye,
He tells how fast before the storm, they run the musketry:
"Who run?" the general quickly said, though no fear was in his face,
For of nothing was he e'er afraid, unless it were disgrace:

Besides he knew his men were brave, tried veterans in the field,—
From Louisbourg victorious wave that seldom thought to yield:
And when the soldier knelt to tell how the foe it was that ran,
"So soon!" was all that feebly fell from the lips resisting pain.

"Send Burton," and he breathed again, "to check them in retreat,
To guard St. Charles's bridge and plain, and make secure defeat."
Alas! 'twas duty's last behest, in faintest whisper sighed,
For death his soldier-victim pressed and would not be defied.

But now to him death had no sting, though his years had been but brief,
For he knew his deeds would joyous ring to soothe a mother's grief:
"Now God be praised," his last words came, "for happy do I die,"
And those around him knew his fame was immortality.

And still the centuries love to tell of victory's glorious sheen,
That gilds the plain whereon he fell, to keep his glory green;
For his renown is England's might that finds her own the fame,
Of those who death have dared in fight, for the honour of her name.

With speed of light, as on the silvered plate
Of photographic art, the tints innate,
On fancy's film, begrimmed with battle breath,
Group animate around the hero's death.
Across the gorse-clad plain, in dawn's faint light,
We still would see the prelude of the fight,
And breathless watch the panoramic view
Of red-array on battle field anew;
Behold the invader's columns press the edge
Of slopes worn headlong near the river's sedge!
With nature for defence on further side
The left battalion, steeled with veteran's pride,
Turns to the field, for no defeat prepared,
Till fate and death its courage tried have dared.
From neighbouring woods a gallant fire declares
The foe astir: and then the message nears
They're on the march,—a band to reach St. Foye,
While three divisions o'er the plains deploy.
At first attack disturbs the British flank,
As tribute-claims it draws from every rank;
But Townshend and his men, with speed of wind,
The aid desired for comrades wavering find,
While still their general's friendly voice rings out
To reassure brave men with valour's shout.
And now we see, as fancy's freaks behave,
In lights phantasmic, French and British move
To meet in middle shock, not far a-field,
Where prowess overpowered by fate must yield.
The French, yet heedless of the stern advance
Of killed silence, soon the strife commence
Their fitful volleys on the British lines.
But mark the wounds which marching courage tines
By filling up the breach, at duty's call,
By daring death's demands as comrades fall.
The havoc great; yet, never wavering lead,
The British cohorts march with fearless tread,
Nor fire a shot, how'er their wills rebel,
Till at command their every shot can tell.
But when the word goes forth, the vale is filled
With thundrous fire a nation's pride hath drilled

To time its volley in one musket roll
Against defeat that flouts its own control.

What strange éclat to us that volley brings,
As through our souls becalmed it booming rings!
We hear its echo through the aisles of time
And hallow it with requiem-thoughts sublime,
While yet we see the stricken Frenchmen reel
As Celtic cheers a British victory seal.
The dreadful rout three waves of fire complete,
Till down the slope it moves with hurrying feet,
To crowd the wailing streets of old Quebec
And breath a moment from the battle's wreck.
'Twas then with Wolfe and Montcalm stricken down
A failing cause was fought by fate alone:
'Twas then, when France, o'erta'en, the field forsook,
The empire of New France, decaying, shook.

'Twas in the rear the hero fell, a victim of defeat
That weeps to sound a brave man's knell, a brave man in retreat.
When he saw his wavering army fly across the smoke-girt plain
His great heart heaved a bitter sigh, though his soul defied the pain.

There ran confusion like a tide at full ebb down the slopes,
As the fragments of a soldier's pride lay shattered with his hopes,
Those hopes, which, bright as early dawn, had cheered him in the morn,
Now dragged by defeat and drawn beneath the feet of scorn.

'Tis true his men had braved the storm of British musketry,
As, at his word, they dared re-form, before they turned to flee.
But nothing could a victory urge o'er lines that never swerved,
Whose front drove back the battle's surge in face of death unnerved.

'Twas as he rode by panic's flanks to re-assure retreat
That pressed by death's chance bolt he sank at anxious duty's feet;
Yet, stricken down, his only thought was how the tide to stem,
As from his bier he vainly sought a lost cause to redeem.

Even when the rout found rest at last from the galling musketeers,
His orders issued thick and fast, to calm his followers' fears!
Though wounded sore he gave no heed to what betokened death,
For he felt his country's fate had need of a patriot's latest breath.

At last when told his end was near 'twas there he found relief,
"I shall not live the doom to hear of a city wrung with grief;
'Tis God's hand presses on the town, perchance he'll set it free,
Besides the foe hath high renown that claims the victory."

And when De Ramesay sought his couch to urge a last behest,
No tremor throbbed the hero's touch as the soldier's hand he pressed;
"To France the fair be ever leal, whatever may betide,
Soil not her lilies when you seal a treaty with her pride.

"Our foe is generous as brave, nor will our faith betray,
He'll never make New France a slave, though victor in the fray;
This night I spend the last on earth, communing with my God,
The morrow's sun will bring me birth within his high abode;

"So God be with you all," he said, as he chid his comrade's tears,
And turned with pain upon his bed, still undisturbed by fears;
And soon from earth there passed a soul as brave as France hath seen.
And as the centuries onward roll his fame is fresh and green.

And now the knoll that deadly conflict saw
Is strangely crowned with emblem of the law
That curbs the human passions, finding vent,
Though not in war in ways unholy bent.
In summer from its tower the eye may rest
Upon the fields by war and nature pressed
Aloft in gravel beds and grassy knoves
Whereon the lowing kine the greensward browse;
When winter comes with polar storms in train
To cover with its fleece the drowsy plain.
Beneath the wreathlets of the snow-flake sea
There sleeps the mingling peace of destiny,
That calms beneath its storms the whilom foes,
Who, fiercely fighting, clarified their woes,
Till liberty assured had crystallized
The bitterness of strife in friendship prized.

J. M. HARPER.

THE LEGEND OF THE HOLY GRAIL.

A NEW era for mythology began with the revelation that Sanscrit was akin to the Aryan tongues of Europe. Before that date much had been written on the subject. Poets, philosophers, theologians, from Xenophanes to Bryant, had sung and theorized and moralized on the myths and fables of antiquity; yet only in scattered instances had a happy guess or rare triumph of insight given an inkling of their real source and significance. But the discovery that Sanscrit, Greek, Latin, German, Celtic and Slavonic had all one and the same origin not only brought out the fact that their household words—father, mother, daughter, earth, cattle, mill, corn—were substantially the same, but made the no less remarkable disclosure that each of them possessed the elements of a mythological phraseology, displaying the palpable traces of a common starting-point. Familiar nursery tales like Cinderella, admired stories of heroism like William Tell, pathetic domestic dramas like Bethgeleit, were traced, in varying forms, through all the members of the widespread Aryan family, and sometimes even beyond the Aryan pale.

It is, however, only within quite recent times that the study of these legendary growths has been reduced to a system, and that diligent scholars, pursuing their researches into the hitherto unpenetrated jungle of half-civilized or barbarous mythology, have, with infinite labour, firmly laid the foundations of the science of comparative mythology. The bibliography of that science, already important, is constantly undergoing enlargement. Nevertheless, quite enough of the vast field still remains unworked to give employment to the energies, not only of contemporary students, but of many generations to come. To ensure

that such inquiries will be fruitful, the first requisite is a fair division of the manifold task. To that end attempts have been made to effect such an organization as, while leaving each individual free to follow up the investigations for which his capacity, tastes and opportunities best fit him, may promote co-operation and unity of aim. Among such organizations—which are now, under one designation or another, met with in almost every country of Europe, as well as in other parts of the world—not the least successful has been the English Folk-Lore Society.

The term chosen to indicate the objects for which it was formed was introduced about fifty years ago, and its adoption far and wide, not only within but beyond the limits of the English-speaking race, is ample recognition of its many-sided expressiveness. It includes folk-tales, herotales, traditional ballads and songs, place legends and traditions, goblindom, witchcraft, astrology, superstitions connected with material things, local festival and ceremonial customs, games, jingles, nursery rhymes, riddles, proverbs, old saws, nicknames, place rhymes and sayings, and folk-lore etymology. The society was established in 1878 for the purpose of collecting and preserving the fast-perishing relics of folk-lore in English and other communities, and in the reasonable assurance that corporate action would accomplish results which isolated efforts, however strenuous, could not be expected to yield. At the same time it was on the harvests of valuable discovery which had been reaped by the earnest and well-directed efforts of individual research that the society based its hopes, when such efforts were united and systematized. The late Mr. J. F. Campbell, for instance, collected orally in the Highlands of Scotland a group of stories of the highest worth, the very existence of which had previously been unsuspected. The work achieved by the society—and especially the precious store of classified research to which I would now call attention—shows how fruitfully inspiring Mr. Campbell's example has been, and how stable was the foundation on which the society based its *raison d'être*.

Some of the most eminent students of the science that makes Man its theme are members of the society. Its roll comprises the names of Sir John Lubbock, of Dr. E. B. Tylor, of Prof. A. H. Sayce, of Mr. Andrew Lang, of Mr. J. J. Foster, of Mr. G. Lawrence Gomme, of the Earl of Strafford, President, of Prof. Rhys, of Mr. G. H. Kinahan, of Dr. D. G. Brinton, of Mr. Yves Guyot, and of several others of the foremost literary and scientific workers of the present day. It is emphatically, indeed, a working society, as its publications during the ten years of its existence amply prove.

These publications consist of five volumes of the *Folk-Lore Record*, six volumes of the *Folk-Lore Journal* and about a dozen monographs—all of exceptional interest—on British and foreign folk-lore. It is to the latest of these volumes, "The Legend of the Holy Grail, with special reference to its Celtic Origin," that I would more particularly invite the attention of the readers of THE WEEK.

The subject is of far-reaching interest from the standpoints not only of science but of history and of literature, and, in this last connection, must have a peculiar attraction for all the admirers of our Poet Laureate. The author, Mr. Alfred Nutt, who is well known to folk-lorists from his studies on "The Aryan Expulsion and Return Formula" and on "The Mabinogi of Branwen, Daughter of Llyr," dedicates his work to the memory of J. F. Campbell, from whom he "first learnt to love Celtic tradition." He has, moreover, taken as one of the mottoes and texts of his argument, the following extract from the "Popular Tales of the West Highlands," in which the author is commenting on the story of the Lay of the Great Fool: "I am inclined . . . to consider this Lay as one episode in the adventures of a Celtic hero who, in the twelfth century, became *Perceval, le chercheur du bassin*. He, too, was poor and the son of a widow, and half starved and kept in ignorance of his mother . . . but nevertheless . . . in the end he became possessed of that sacred basin, *le saint Graal*, and the holy lance, which, though Christian in the story, are manifestly the same as the talismans which appear so often in Gaelic tales and have relations in all popular lore—the glittering weapon which destroys, the sacred medicinal cup which cures." Mr. Nutt modestly adds that his studies are "but an amplification of Mr. Campbell's statement. Had the latter," he continues, "received the attention it deserved . . . there would in all probability, have been no occasion for the present work." After a careful perusal of his painstaking setting-forth of his theory and the grounds on which it rests, I am sure that not many will complain that the task was reserved for Mr. Nutt. It is not at all likely that in other hands it would have been discharged more satisfactorily. His treatment may, in simple truth, be qualified as thorough, and if any of his readers remain unconvinced (and doubtless some of them will be reluctant to part with cherished beliefs), it certainly will be from no lack of *pièces justificatives*.

The origin of the word "Grail" is still disputed. It is generally accepted as having the meaning of a vessel of some kind, almost invariably a vessel of mystic power. "Grazal" in the sense of a "drinking vessel," is one of the words to which, according to Fauriel, the Provençal and the Basque can both lay claim. By some it is considered to mean a cup, such as would be used for wine; others regard it as a dish, adapted rather for solid food. It might be one or other, according as the tradition of the Christian origin of the legend made it the vessel from which the paschal lamb was eaten, or the chalice from which the wine was poured. Diez has suggested the diminutive *cratella*, from Greek and Latin *crater*, as the word of which "Grail" is a corruption. M. Paulin Paris assigns *gradalis* (i.e., *liber*) or *gradale* (for *graduale*) in

the sense of a collection of texts from the Psalms or other books of scripture to be chanted *in gradibus*, on the steps of the altar, as the priest passes from the epistle to the gospel side. At first, on this hypothesis, it would have meant not the sacred vessel, but the mysterious book in which the story was revealed. In some of the early versions—the metrical Joseph of Arimathea and the Didot Perceval—the "Gaal" or "Gréal" is supposed to be so called from its power of gratifying (Latin *gratum*, French *gré*) all who saw it. The change from "San Gréal" into "Sang Réal," with the unauthorized interpretation of "Real Blood," contributed to the dissemination of certain popular views as to the source and drift of the legend. "To some readers," writes Mr. Nutt, "it may have seemed well nigh sacrilegious to trace that

Vanished vase of Heaven
That held like Christ's own heart an Hin of blood,

to the magic vessels of Pagan deities. In England the Grail legend is hardly known save in that form which it has assumed in the Quest. . . . In our own days our greatest poet has expressed the quintessence of what is best and purest in the old romance in lines of imperishable beauty. As we follow Sir Galahad by shrine and lonely mountain mere until,

Ah! blessed vision! blood of God!
The spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides
And starlike mingles with the stars,

we are under a spell that cannot be resisted. And yet on the two main paths which the legend has trodden, that of Galahad is the least fruitful and the least beautiful. Compared with the Perceval Quest in its highest literary embodiment, the Galahad Quest is false and antiquated on the ethical side, lifeless on the aesthetic side."

The legend of the Holy Grail consists of two distinct portions—the Early History and the Quest. Do these two parts (though more frequently found asunder than combined) form one organic whole, or is one of them to be regarded as an explanatory and supplementary afterthought? If the former hypothesis be accepted, the fullest and most orderly will also be the oldest form of the legend and the source of the other versions. If the latter be correct, the most perfectly fused would be the latest version. Again, if the Early History be an integral part of it, the Holy Grail is probably a Christian legend and the advocate of its Celtic characteristics can, at most, hope to show that it has been affected by Celtic traditions. If, on the contrary, the Christian legendary be the intruding element, "the aim of the Celtic partisan will be to disengage the present versions of the Quest from the traces left upon them by the Early History, and to accumulate as many parallels as possible between the residuum and admittedly genuine Celtic tradition."

Mr. Nutt accordingly proposes to investigate two points—the relations to each other of the two portions, and, if the Quest be proved the older, whether the Grail belongs to it or its presence be due to the Early History. In order to enable the reader to judge as to the probabilities of one or other of these hypotheses, he has given a *catalogue raisonné* of the various forms in which the legend has come down to us, as well as clear and detailed summaries of the most important versions. These are Le Conte del Graal of Chrestien de Troyes (the prologue to which is by another hand), with continuations by Gautier de Doullens, Manessier and Gerbert; the Joseph d'Arimathea and Merlin, in one metrical version and three prose versions; the prose romance of Perceval (Didot Perceval); the *Queste del Saint Graal* (prose romance edited by Furnivall for the Roxburghe Club); *Y Seint Graal* (Welsh translation of the Quest, edited and Englished by the Rev. Robert Williams); the so-called Grand Saint Graal ascribed to Robert de Borron; the *Parzival* of Wolfram von Eschenbach (German metrical romance); *Perceval le Gallois* (prose romance, vol. 1 of Potvin's *Conte del Graal*; in Welsh and English in Williams's *Y Seint Graal*); also two versions of the Perceval legend from which the Grail legend is absent—the *Mabinogi* of Peredur, the son of Evrawc, in Lady Guest's *Mabinogion*, and *Sir Perceval of Gales*, an English metrical romance, edited by Halliwell and printed for the Camden Society; and finally, an independent German version of certain adventures, the hero of which, in the *Conte du Graal*, in Wolfram and in the *Mabinogi*, is Gawain—the *Diu Crone*, of Heinrich von dem Türlin.

From intrinsic evidence Mr. Nutt concludes that a great body of romance, of which only a portion has come down to us, came into existence during the fifty years between 1170 and 1220—some of it in France, some in England, some in Germany. After a careful examination of the versions cited, he is led to conclude that the Quest is originally independent of, and older than, the Early History. He then proceeds to inquire whether the Grail itself really belongs to the original form of the Quest, or has been introduced into the Quest versions from the Early History. At the outset of the inquiry the author gives a sketch of the previous literature of the subject which, though necessarily brief, is the most comprehensive synopsis of arguments and conclusions touching the source and meaning of the entire legendary cycle under review that has yet been laid before the world. In so doing he candidly sets forth opinions at variance with his own, and the reasons on which they are based, so that the reader has full opportunity of testing by adverse criticism the soundness of the views which he is asked to accept.

Beginning with the researches of Villemarqué, who was "the first to state with fulness and method the arguments for the Celtic origin of the legend," Mr. Nutt follows the ebb and flow of opinion over nearly half a century of critical development. The Grail, according to

the author of the "Contes Populaires des anciens Bretons," is that Druidic basin, mentioned by the Welsh bard Taliessin, which on those who revered it conferred the boon of poetic inspiration, endowed them with the knowledge of the future, disclosing for their benefit the mysteries of nature and placing the whole treasure of human science at their disposal. As his interpreter in England, the author of "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages," won wide acceptance for Villemarqué's view of a christianized pagan tradition, undoubtedly Celtic. Mr. Halliwell (Phillips) combated that view. A hint given by Simrock, whose translation of the *Parzival* of Wolfram von Eschenbach followed that of Schultz, as to the resemblance between the hero's early career and the succession of events in the Great Fool folk-tale, might, but for the critic's ignorance of Celtic tradition, have led some way towards the solution of the problem. The passage in which that hint occurs has been selected by Mr. Nutt to serve as a companion motto to that from Campbell already quoted. "It is hard to say," wrote Simrock, "what people possessing this tale brought it into contact, either by tradition or writing, with the Grail story, but that people would have the first claim among whom it was found in an independent form." An important stage in the discussion was reached when, in 1861, Mr. Furnivall's publication of the Grand St. Graal "provided students with materials of first-rate importance." In the following year Mr. Campbell brought out the second volume of his "Popular Tales of the West Highlands," which contained the passage already reproduced and to which reference has just been made. The critics of that time were, however, in the main, opposed to the Celtic hypothesis and so his suggestion failed to receive justice. In his "Romans de la Table Ronde," M. Paulin Paris ascribed a considerable place to Celtic tradition. He saw in the early history a reminiscence of a religious struggle between Britain and Rome. Bergmann, in his "Enquiry," rejects the theory of Celtic origin but incidentally accepts the authenticity of the Mabinogi of Peredur and admits that the framework of the story is Celtic. Wolfram's, one of the latest, most highly developed and most mystical of the versions, the same author paradoxically put forward as representing the common source of them all. In his arguments he makes gratuitous assumptions, as where he would have the "fisher King" (*roi pêcheur*) to be a mistake for "sinner king" (*roi pécheur*). Equally removed from true criticism, in Mr. Nutt's judgment, are certain speculations of Prof. Skeat, in his *Joseph of Arimathea*, edited 1871, for the early English Text Society. According to M. Hucher, the Grail is Celtic and could be seen figured on pre-Christian Gaulish coins. Though he failed to discern the significance of many of the facts that he brought to light, he rendered good pioneer service. To Zarncke belongs the merit of the first attempt to construct a working hypothesis of the growth of the cycle, but for his pupil, Birch-Hirschfeld (whose theory, despite its learning and acuteness, Mr. Nutt is forced to reject) it remained to produce the most searching and exhaustive survey of it. Martin accepts Von Hirschfeld's conclusion as to the priority of the *Queste* over the Grand St. Graal, but disagrees with his view of the development of the legend in other respects. In his opinion there is no doubt as to its Celtic basis, and a like assurance is implied by some of Hertz's admissions.

Having summarized the literature of the Grail cycle, Mr. Nutt proceeds to inquire whether the Grail is an intrinsic feature of the *Quest*, with the result that he finds it absent from what is apparently the oldest Celtic form of the tradition. Examining the Lay of the Great Fool, he finds that it has points of similarity with the Grail legend as given by Chrestien. Comparing certain necessary features of the myth, which had hitherto puzzled the commentators, with incidents of early Celtic romance—the sword, the lance, the mystic vessel, the visit to the bespelled castle, the magic words of release—he reaches the following conclusion: "The history of the legend of the Holy Grail is thus the history of the gradual transformation of the old Celtic folk-tale into a poem charged with Christian symbolism and mysticism. The transformation, at first the inevitable outcome of its pre-Christian development, was hastened later by the perception that it was a fitting vehicle for certain moral and spiritual ideas."

Poets and thinkers from mediæval times to our own days have used it as a type of the loftiest goal of man's effort." In his closing chapter Mr. Nutt points out in what manner Celtic tradition influenced mediæval romance. He dwells upon the individualism which characterizes them both. In neither have we a record of race-struggles (except in some of the pre-Christian annals of Ireland—for the most part euhemerized mythology) but the glorification of the individual hero. He places the fairy mistresses of Celtic tradition side by side with the *dames d'amour* of the romances of chivalry. He also traces the growth of the ascetic idea of perfection, and contrasts it with Wolfram's "true and noble sexual morality." It was, indeed, necessary to utter a protest against the anti-social tendency of *minnedienst*. But that protest should have been in the right spirit. "The true man *Parzival* should," Mr. Nutt thinks, "in the fitness of things, be the English hero of the *Quest* rather than the visionary Galahad." He claims the sympathies of the Laureate (although he has imparted to the Galahad standard all the beauty of holiness of which it was capable) for the same view. "The artist's instinct rather than the scholar's respect for the oldest form of the story led him to practically restore *Perceval* to his rightful place as hero of the *Quest*."

In summing up the whole argument, the main drift of which I have, though with conscious inadequacy, tried to lay before the reader, Mr. Nutt writes as follows: "Such,

all too briefly sketched, has been the fate and story of these tales, first shaped in a period of culture well-nigh prehistoric, gifted by reason of their Celtic setting with a charm that commended them to the romantic spirit of the Middle Ages, and made them fit vehicles for the embodiment of mediæval ideas. Quickened by Christian symbolism, they came to express and typify the noblest and most mystic longings of man. The legend, as the poets and thinkers of the twelfth century fashioned it, has still a lesson and a meaning for us. It may be likened to one of the divine maidens of Irish tradition. She lives across the western sea. Ever and again heroes, filled with mysterious yearning for the truth and beauty of the infinite and undying, make sail to join her if they may. They pass away, and others succeed them, but she remains ever young and fair. So long as the thirst of man for the ideal endures, her spell will not be weakened, her charm will not be lessened. But each generation works out this *Quest* in its own spirit. This much may be predicted with some confidence: Henceforth, whosoever would do full justice to the legend, must take pattern by Wolfram von Eschenbach rather than by any of his rivals; he must deal with human needs and human longings, his ideal must be the widening of human good and human joy. Above all, he must give reverent yet full expression to all the aspirations, all the energies of man and of woman."

JOHN READE.

SOME LITERARY MEN OF FRENCH CANADA.

F. X. GARNEAU

was born at Quebec in 1809, and died in 1866. He commenced his literary career by various poetical efforts, many of which ring out with a clarion sound, inspired by that ever-vivifying spirit of patriotism whose living fire burned within the writer's heart. *La dernière Huron* has been esteemed by some critics the finest poem ever produced by a Canadian. *Le père du Soldat* is an historical poem of some merit. *Les oiseaux bleus* and *Louise* are charming in form and sentiment. *Les Exilés* burns with a flame of purest patriotism. *Pourquoi désespérer* and *Au Canada* will long live in the hearts of his country people.

M. Garneau is best known by his *History of Canada*. In acting as pioneer in penetrating into the chaos of the Canadian archives, he conferred an inestimable benefit upon his country. Before this, we had, apart from a few fragments more or less complete, only the *Père Charlevoix's History*, which terminates at 1740, nearly a quarter of a century before the conquest. Simplicity and perfection of style, correctness of detail and conscientious research all have combined to render this work both valuable and interesting. It is characterized by a fairness and impartiality which is not to be found in the pages of Ferland and Taillon. Henri Martin in his *Histoire de France* alludes to the *History of Canada* in the most flattering terms and the Count de Montalembert observes concerning it, "I have been much struck by a work entitled, *Une conclusion d'Histoire*, by M. Garneau. I can willingly join this patriotic writer in exclaiming, 'May Canadians remain true to themselves,' and I may add that they can console themselves for having been separated from the mother country by the fortune of war, by the reflection that that separation has assured them rights and liberties which France has never been able either to practise or hold."

L'ABBE FERLAND

is the only historical writer who can claim to rival Garneau. In purity of style, grace of expression and dramatic interest, he may even be said to have excelled the national historian. Garneau, however, writes as a man of the world, while Ferland judges everything from the narrow standard of the priest. It is apparent that to the abbé Canada was simply a mission field for the Roman Catholic Church, while Garneau adopts the broader, more philosophical view of regarding colonization of the country as the foundation of a nation. Descended from an ancient family of Poitou, established from an early date in the settlement of the colony, in the Isle of Orleans, Jean Baptiste Ferland was born in Montreal, 1805, and died at Quebec 1864. He was Dean of the Faculty of Arts, and Professor of the *History of Canada* at the Laval University. Possessing the spiritual power which is the result of strong convictions, M. Ferland devoted himself to the study of his race, its language, literature and history, and his influence contributed materially to the advancement of the cause of education in the Province of Quebec. The good priest's devotion during the epidemic of 1834 was heroic. He wrote *Journal d'un voyage sur les côtes de la Gaspésie*; *Louis Oliver Gamache*; *Notice Biographique sur Mgr Joseph Octave Plessis, Evêque de Québec*, all of which give evidence of a talent of unusual distinction. His chief work, *Cours d'Histoire du Canada*, was the result of his lectures delivered at the University. He laboured at it for years with persistent industry, and visited Europe for the purpose of continuing his researches. The Abbé Ferland was just preparing to publish his second volume when the life so richly endowed was cut off in its prime. The work he accomplished has real and significant value, and one must feel a pang of regret in realizing the loss his country sustained from the fact that he was not enabled to terminate it. *Le Cours d'Histoire du Canada* extends only to the conquest.

ABBE TANGUAY'S

name is best known in connection with *La Dictionnaire Généalogique des familles Canadiennes*. The idea of this dictionary appears to be entirely original, in no other

country has such an undertaking ever been accomplished. It is a genealogical chronicle of the Canadian race, commencing at the year 1608, in which all French-Canadian families can, without trouble, trace their direct origin and descent. The patience, perseverance and courage required for a task so arduous are fearful to contemplate.

BENJAMIN SULTE

enjoys a well merited reputation. The cause of Canadian literature owes not a little to this writer. It is easy to perceive that his tastes have inclined more to Béranger and Desangiers than to Hugo and Lamartine. The song seems to be the expression best adapted to his talent. His style charms by its grace and correctness, its easy French, gaiety and exquisite delicacy of fancy. There is little passion or enthusiasm in these bright and sparkling strains. It has been remarked that the French nation have a keen appreciation of the ludicrous but absolutely no sense of humour. Combined with his airy lightness M. Sulte has quite an English sentiment of humour, which bestows upon his work a naive and original charm. He has published a number of poems, most of which have appeared in *La Revue Canadienne*, *L'Echo du Cabinet du Lecteur*, *Le Foyer Canadien*, *Les Soirées Canadiennes* and have been collected in a volume called *Les Laurentiennes*. *La belle Mennière* is considered the best of these poems. *Le fils du St Laurent*, *La vieille chanson*, *Le tombeau du marin*, *Le chanson de l'exilé* are all worthy of notice. M. Sulte's most serious work is *L'Histoire de la ville de Trois-Rivières et ses environs*.

PHILIPPE AUBERT DE GASPE.

Born at Quebec 1786, died 1871. Seigneur of St. Jean de Port Joly, born only twenty-eight years after the conquest, belonging to the old nobility of Canada, deeply interested in all the social and political movements of the day, thoroughly knowing the working and agricultural classes, a keen observer and accurate judge of human nature, M. de Gaspé was eminently well fitted to become the chronicler of his age. His pretensions to literary fame rest upon the "Memoirs" and his romance, *Les Anciens Canadiens*. The memoirs extend over a period of seventy years and *Les Anciens Canadiens* is certainly the best description of life in the early colonial days that has ever been written. History and romance combined, it is a dramatized chronicle of the times, enlivened by keen human interests. M. de Gaspé possesses the "story-telling faculty," combined with the learning of the antiquarian and archæologist. There is a spontaneity, a vivacity, a felicity of description about his style which renders both his books excessively interesting.

M. GERIN-LAJOIE

is favourably known as the author of *Jean Rivard* a story which as a picture of Canadian domestic life, has been much appreciated. This writer excels in the art of word-painting. He has a brilliant imagination, and the spontaneity of his poetic gifts endows him with the power of expressing his thoughts with force and interest. The tragedy of *Le jeune Latour* was composed at eighteen years of age when the poet was a student at the College of Nicolet. While displaying faults of immaturity which detract from its dramatic merits, this is really a remarkable production written with a good deal of dash and vigour. *Le salut aux exilés* gives evidence of genuine talent, but M. Gerin-Lajoie's most perfect composition is certainly *Le Canadien errant*, a strain so simple and pathetic that it has become one of the most popular of Canadian songs. Wherever Canadians wander that touching ballad may be heard. It has been hummed in the streets of Paris and has awakened the echoes of the Rocky Mountains, it has been shouted by the voyageurs on the Nile, and sung in chorus by the volunteers in the North-West.

HON. C. B. DE BOUCHERVILLE

in the brief intervals of leisure, amidst an extremely busy life, has written a brilliant romance, *Une de perdue, deux de trouvées* which is certainly the best book of its kind ever published in Canada. Resembling somewhat the works of Paul Féval, the book is strong in dramatic interest. The scene glows with local and historic colouring, there are pages that move one to tears, others that thrill one with horror. The delineations of character are vigorously drawn, the tableaux arranged with dramatic skill, the striking nature of the situations portrayed, the singularly direct style, a fine sense of the pathetic and humorous, a delicate poetical sentiment, most truthful in its simplicity—these are some of the literary characteristics of *Une de perdue, deux de trouvées*. Some of the episodes founded upon the Rebellion of 1837 are most touching. This work can challenge comparison with the works of established French writers and one cannot but regret that the pressing cares of practical life should have prevented M. de Boucherville from cultivating his literary talent.

M. FAUCHER DE ST. MAURICE

has all the qualities requisite to a good writer—extensive information, a pure purpose and high ideal of art, constructive power to render his plots unusually good, a keen talent for the portrayal of character. His felicity of expression and aptitude for story-telling are of the highest order. His style is in sympathetic harmony with the character of the work; delicate, subtle touches retain the interest of the reader. Fine as is his analysis there always lies behind it a reserve of conscious power. No other Canadian writer is so thoroughly French as M. Faucher de St. Maurice. His lightness of gaiety and wit, his epigrammatic phrases are essentially Gallic in spirit, though he is quite capable of deeper accents. *De Québec à*

Mexico, Les larmes du Christ, Les blessures de la vie, La femme à l'aiguille are highly appreciated by numbers of Canadian readers. The highest perfection of the writer's talent appears in *De la Brunante*, a collection of Canadian legends. These stories bear some resemblance to Hoffmann's *Contes Fantastiques*. Wild, weird, grotesque pictures of the glamour and enchantment of *faërie*, a border land of misty phantoms, wherein fact and fancy are inextricably blended, the author displays the magic of his power, the iridescent play of imagination in dealing with ancient superstitions, visions of ghosts and witches, Will o' the wisps, imps and were-wolves. These legends are strikingly original and national. The best of the collection are *La belle aux cheveux blancs, Le Fantôme de la roche*, both tales that are capable of making the reputation of any writer.

Montreal.

BLANCHE L. MACDONELL.

BALLADE OF THE MODERN TIME.

MEN may talk as they will of the days
When the world was far better than now;
They may boast of its wonderful ways,
And a great many things I'll allow;
An unfortunate thing is a row,
And there shouldn't be jarring in rhyme,
But I'm satisfied quite, Sir, I trow,
With the ways of this modern time.

As it's only the vanished they praise,
With their placid and innocent brow,
One can't judge of the reason they raise
Such a mighty, almighty pow-wow;
To superior wisdom I'd bow,
But if blind, Sir, you'll think it no crime
That my faith I should blindly avow
In the ways of this modern time.

Of this luckless, perennial craze
I know not the why nor the how,
But I doubt very much if it pays
To lie down in Despondency's slough;
Let the youth turn his promising prow,
Put about for a happier clime,
And the waters of gladness 'twill plough,
In the ways of this modern time.

ENVOI.

Brother, 'tis thine to endow
The years with a purpose sublime;
For thine own of the ways seek thou,
The ways of this modern time.

Univ. Coll.

J. J. FERGUSON.

TORONTO AS OTHERS SEE IT.

THE authors of *B. C. 1887*, a very interesting record of the travels, observations and experiences of three young Englishmen in British Columbia, devote a chapter to Toronto where they tarried some days *en route* to the Pacific Province. We quote the whole chapter.

All this time we are forgetting Toronto; but our stay there was short. If the reader will kindly imagine two days of really hard shopping—groceries, cartridges, a tent, fur-rugs and blankets being the most important requisites—he will get a pretty accurate idea of what we saw of the town. It is, however, a first-rate one as towns over here go, barring its mud, which appears to be composed of Portland cement and glue in equal proportions. It would, according to our notions, be an improvement to the appearance of the streets if a glimpse of the sky were here and there allowed to be caught through the fabric of electric wires which pervade the atmosphere. The very sparrows have given up trying to fly and now cautiously walk about from place to place on the net-work like Wainratta.

One evening we boated upon the lake and crossed over to an island—"The Island," in fact—which is opposite the town, where dancing, singing and high jinks and junketings generally seemed to go on with great spirit. But as Mr. Burne Jones says, "How they vex the soul!" They did ours, for we lost no less than two shillings in trying to perform an absurdly easy feat which we have never seen at English festivities of a like nature. A table is marked out with many circles about six inches in diameter, as closely as they can be drawn. The player is provided with half-a-dozen metal discs of the same size as the circles, and all he has to do—a ridiculous all—is to cover up one, only one, and any one out of all those circles with his six metal discs, throwing them from about a yard away. When other trades fail, we know a certainty now, which is to be a proprietor of one of these unhallowed boards. We suppose there is not a more impossible thing to do in this wide world than to obstruct the view of even half one of those magic rings; and yet it seems so easy.

Toronto is characteristically English as compared with the utterly French Quebec and the Anglo-Frenchness of Montreal. It is a nice place to stay at: there is plenty of society more nearly approaching to that of home than, as far as we know, any other Canadian city can boast, though any traveller knows what a vast difference there really is between the social composition of England and that of even the closest imitation, not always, however, in favour of England. There is tennis and boating in summer, and in winter ice boating, snow-shoeing, tobogganing, and all the well known sports which we associate with the name of the Dominion.

Jarvis Street is one of the very prettiest roadways in the world: an avenue of well-to-do dwelling-houses all standing back a long way from the road, with the sweetest of English gardens and lawns in front, no two houses being alike, and all vying with each other in quaintness and picturesqueness of design. On a blazing day, such as was now making life almost insupportable and very thirsty, it was a real treat to walk down this shady street for a mile, or so, and gaze at the refreshing green lawns and bright flower beds, from among which often came the tinkling splash of a little fountain, while from lattice and verandah dense masses of cool feathery climbing-plants hung in festoons, lighted up here and there by brilliant clusters of blossoms.

Nor must we omit the important fact that they have—or had—a pack of hounds. A good many years ago we were here during the season, and hearing that a hunt was to take place, we went forth to the chase, let it be whispered only in a "shay." The meet was fixed for 3.30, to suit the convenience of business men, and was at the only real public-house that we ever saw in Canada, with a real sign board swinging in the breeze—a most unique specimen, for here every pot house calls itself an "hotel," and most of the first-rate hotels are dignified by the title of "house." There were about thirty horsemen, and a few other shays had come like us to see the fun. There are no bad horses in Canada, and though those at the meet were not hunters, they were a very neat and shapely lot of good-looking hacks: but the men—ah me! Tautz and Lock would have torn their hair with envy and despair; and the fancy-free methods of equitation of some of them were indeed a wild weird sight. The master was correctly costumed in pink, and riding a bay horse lately imported from Ireland. And now we must confess that the object of pursuit was not invariably a fox, but when it was a fox, then he was brought in a bag, as the lateness of the hour gave no time for drawing coverts, or any subterfuges and interludes of that nature. On this occasion the more humble red herring was, we believe, the quarry we were after.

Another difficulty in carrying out the sport in old country fashion is the form of fence peculiar to the country. They are composed of several heights of huge split rails, and present insurmountable obstacles to any jumping horse. We think the object of their existence must be to prevent any creature getting over them—unlike our English fences, which we believe to be constructed entirely for the maintenance of gaps, for there can be no question that the day which sees the last fence will also witness the extinction of that great institution the gap. Therefore the sportsmen who run the drag take care to remove a certain number of the rails of each fence they cross, so that every jump is made of a legitimate and convenient elevation—in fact, not too much obstacle, but just obstacle enough.

Soon after we arrived on the scene, an agreeable old gentleman of sportsman-like appearance came up and entered into a description of the whole proposed run for our benefit. We soon discovered that he imagined we were two direct descendants of Pomponius Ego, and were out here for the special purpose of describing for an English newspaper a run of the Toronto Hounds. The *Daily News*, of all papers, we believe it was! It was of course useless to deny it: he politely assented, but continued in his description of all the principal performers, and kept close to our carriage all the afternoon, so that we might always be in the best place for observing the chase. This benevolent intention we regret to say caused considerable ill-feeling between him and our driver, who imagined he knew quite as much about the matter as his self-appointed mentor.

The hounds went straight away for a quarter of an hour's sharp burst at the start, then there was a short check, and amid frantic excitement they went off at score again. Our old friend, after galloping madly up and down the road for some time, and quarrelling with our driver till we were nearly dead of suppressed merriment, selected a spot where he had ascertained the drag had crossed and the fences were reduced to a practicable condition. Then presently we were gratified by the sight of the whole field, who, led by the master in a most masterly manner, leaped into the road with an air which showed that they felt that the eyes of England (as represented by two *Daily News* reporters) were upon them. And then as a fitting climax the first whip jumped off his horse and handed down his hat to the spectators in the carriages, as who should say, "Now don't that beat a circus? But you don't see all that for nothing you know." We drove home much impressed by the sport of Canada known as "foxhunting," and wished that the *Daily News* myth had had a solid foundation, for truly the experience was well worthy of a penny-a-liner's attention. Doubtless things have changed much since those days; they have a knack of doing most things well in Canada now.

One noticeable feature everywhere is the absence of mongrel dogs: dogs are plentiful enough but, almost without exception, seem to be exceedingly well-bred English types. Setters are the commonest, Irish, Gordons and Laveracks; pointers fairly numerous, mostly the old liver and white; spaniels we saw of several kinds, the Irish water spaniel and Sussex being the most popular; and a few terriers, retrievers and collies, but not a bad bred dog among the lot. And this is a pretty good illustration of the modern Canadian method. They believe in their country, and think that any money spent now in pushing her to the front will be a safe and, before long, paying investment.

It is a pity that all English Prime Ministers are not compelled to visit our colonies, and thus get to understand for themselves the strength of the love for the old country,

which, like some of our native trees, seems to flourish in the new soil with a vigour unknown at home. We did not come out to talk politics, but could not help hearing the opinion of many Canadians; and the intensely loyal and patriotic feeling common to all classes would surprise our "Perish India" school of politicians. We did meet one specimen of the "Down with heverythink" and "Rightly struggling to be free" type, but we do not know whether even this man's opinions were the same when he was sober, for we only saw him twice. To us who know the devoted reverence with which Mr. Gladstone is still regarded by numbers of his fellow countrymen, it was strange to notice his universal unpopularity (to use a mild term) here. The desertion of Gordon seems to be the unforgivable offence which has aroused and kept alive so long the indignation of a warm-hearted people, in curious contrast to the apparently slight effect it had at home. We came on a lonely hunter in the heart of the Rockies who was what they call "ripping and cussing around" in a very excited state, and we found he had only just heard the story of the Egyptian Expedition from one of the voyageurs who took the boats up the Nile. He wanted to know what England had done about it, and why somebody responsible hadn't been hanged; but as we could not enlighten him on these points, we fear he is still in the same unpleasant state of mind.

Art is the great agency for refining and subduing rugged natures. We are not quite sure that we were the discoverers of this truth, but it was irresistibly borne in upon us at the Queen's Hotel. On the walls of the entrance hall were many paintings, exceeding fine and large, and of surpassing interest. A Yankee, who, like us, was reposing after the fatigues of luncheon, suddenly got up and critically surveyed one of these pictures with an admiring eye. Then he stuck both his hands as far as possible into his pockets, and pushing the inevitable quid over into his left cheek, turned to the Skipper and said, "That, sir, is a remarkably fine work." The Skipper not venturing to disagree, he continued, "Jest observe that light in the top of that light-house; looks nat'ral now, don't it? Wal if that ain't high art, I'm beat." After this, he gravely retired, and whistled softly to himself; and as we watched him gazing vacantly at his boots, we felt that the light from that painted beacon had penetrated his very soul, and in conjunction with the contemplation of the blacking filled his troubled breast with a calm which the quid alone had failed to induce. And he returned to the consumption of his tenth "whiskey sour" with a placid joy hitherto unknown to him.

The system of checking baggage, though we by no means regard it as an unalloyed blessing, is certainly carried to great perfection. Each piece has attached to it by a strap a disc of brass with a number on it and the name of the station to which it is consigned, while the owner is provided with a corresponding disc, on production of which the property will be delivered up to him at his destination. At many of the good hotels you can check your baggage to another hotel, say 1,000 miles away, and thus remove all thought and anxiety on its account from your mind till you find it safely reposing in your next bedroom. The only inconvenience that this causes is that you cannot get at your property anywhere between the two ends of the checked journey, but a man soon learns to obviate this by packing all that he can possibly need in one bag and taking that "right along on the cars."

There is nevertheless another really really terrible objection to the American management of baggage; it is that only trunks which are constituted of about the same durability as a burglar-proof safe have any chance of surviving even one journey. It is a solid fact that a new leather portmanteau is sometimes reduced to a mere shapeless mass of pulp and rivets in about 1,000 miles, if changed fairly frequently from one line or even from one baggage-car to another. The men who look after this part of the business hurl things about in the most light-hearted and unsparing way and we think the check system is to some extent responsible for their conduct. No man with a heart could behave so were he surrounded by the appealing and agonizing faces of portmanteau proprietors, as he necessarily would be if travellers were obliged to keep an eye on their belongings. Moreover those travellers would be willing to give untold largesse rather than see their beloved treasures catapulted about exactly as if they had been intended by nature for destructive missiles.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE RAILWAY ACT.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Referring to the article in your number of November 29, respecting the case now pending in the Supreme Court between the Canadian Pacific Railway Company and the Province of Manitoba, I think you should acquit the Dominion Government and Parliament of any intention to re-establish, under the provision in the Railway Act, the monopoly they had abolished in the preceding session. It is only reasonable to believe that the Government and Parliament held that the provision of the Constitutional Act respecting the effect of a declaration that any provincial work was one "for the general advantage of Canada," was not intended to prevent a Province from constructing a railway wholly within such Province, but to enable the Dominion Parliament to make such railway, or to subject it, when made by a Province, to such provisions as might be established for the government of railways generally, as the Railway Act does; and under this inter-

pretation of the Imperial clause the Government, acting, of course, under the opinion of their Attorney General, must have acted in allowing the Provincial Acts cited by Mr. Mowat in his address to the court. The Dominion Parliament never claimed the power of preventing the construction of a railway by a Province within its limits, and when the Government declined to prevent the construction of certain railways, as not consistent with the general advantage of Canada, the Act passed for the purpose only declared that such construction would not be sanctioned; and this declaration was acted upon by the exercise of the power of disallowance. The Railway Act does not forbid such construction or require such disallowance, and therefore does not re-establish the monopoly you so justly denounce as inconsistent with good faith and equity. Abiding by their consistent interpretation of the Imperial provision, the Government was not bound to call the attention of members to the possibility of a pretension on the part of the C.P.R. Company, invalid in law, and which seems only to have been raised for the sake of profitable delay. How far the managers of the Company are justified in not having called attention to this point when the Railway Act was under discussion is for them to show. The Company, and not the Government, is contesting the right of the Province to make a railway declared to be for the general advantage of Canada. W.

"THE SILENCE OF DEAN MAITLAND."

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—The following, taken from *Appleton's Literary Bulletin*, will, I think, have interest for general readers. "Miss Uttiet, better known as 'Maxwell Gray,' is the only daughter of a physician at Newport, Isle of Wight, and is a hopeless invalid. It is said that when *The Silence of Dean Maitland* was published Lord Tennyson read it with great interest, and was anxious to know the author. He wrote to Miss Uttiet, inviting her to visit him at Freshwater, but she was too ill to do so. Thereupon, he drove over to Newport and called upon her. The author's new novel, *The Reproach of Annesley*, is now in course of publication in *Murray's Magazine*, and will appear in book-form early in the spring."

It may be remembered that in the notice of the former novel which appeared in THE WEEK, the opinion was expressed that it was the work of a feminine hand. The "Maxwell Gray," with the evident ring of an assumed name, on the title page of the book, afforded no clue. We now know that Alma Lee, with her lapse from chastity, made prominent as the foundation of the plot, her inexpressible iniquity, with all its ingratitude and cruelty, accomplished by means of perjury—bearing false witness against her neighbour—is the creation of one of her own sex.

Faithfully yours,

D. FOWLER.

METHODS OF M'GILL.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—In a recent issue of THE WEEK I published a contribution discussing the question which has now become known as the "difficulties" at McGill University. In a following issue my statements were declared by a Governor of that Institution to be "downright lies." As I did not think that an assertion from that gentleman, even if upright instead of downright, could be accepted in preference to an assertion of mine, I was compelled to call upon the parties interested to prove or disprove that Governor's accusations by publishing the official correspondence. Prof. Clark Murray, two weeks ago, acknowledged my right to do so, by publicly authorizing the publication of his part of the correspondence, and I have allowed what may be considered ample additional time for the Board to reply.

It is useless to suggest to the readers of THE WEEK the peculiarities of the two attitudes. Such a suggestion would merely expose myself and them to further insult, without in any sense serving the interests of justice and truth.

The question originally was:—

1. Whether a professor in McGill University is to be excluded from the privileges of freedom of speech enjoyed by mankind;
2. Whether, if he should not possess and inculcate individual thought and opinion, his existence in the University be not an absurdity;
3. Whether, by expressing an individual opinion, he should bring himself under the penalties of the statutes of the Institution he is serving;
4. Whether, when he is imagined to have expressed some such individual opinion, the occasion is one for unearthing a statute possibly embodied to cover the most distant possibility of a crime represented rarely in the lowest of our jails;
5. And whether, when the Board discovers that it has made a hideous blunder it can be permitted to make the *amende honorable* à la Mr. Hague?

The question now has acquired wider issues, namely:—

1. Whether THE WEEK is to be exposed to rash statements from "Medicus" or any one else;
2. Whether its contributors are to be attacked by "responsibility," under cover of irresponsibility;
3. And whether its readers are to be subjected to the treatment which McGill's Governors evidently think good enough for its professors?

In these circumstances I have but one course open to me. Prof. Clark Murray's letters by themselves will not satisfy myself or THE WEEK, whose interests Mr. Hague has implicated, and any statement from him to make them

intelligible might be submitted to the *uprightness* by which I have suffered.

I must, therefore, with the most emphatic insistence, demand from Prof. Clark Murray the publication of his entire correspondence, without a remark from him, except what of an introduction is required for the fullest and fairest comprehension of the question from both sides.

MEDICUS.

THE FISHERIES QUESTION.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—In my last communication I gave extracts from a report submitted to the United States Senate and Congress, on the question of the fisheries. I also referred to the absurd statement that American fishermen did not require to fish in Canadian waters, and that they had a superabundance of bait on their own coasts.

Time works great changes, and from the opinions of the politicians of the present day let me revert to the same subject—the fisheries—but of an earlier period, and while doing so let it not be forgotten how immeasurably more valuable the fisheries of Canada have become, not only because of the continuous protection that has been given since 1857, but in the more than doubled increase in population, both in the States and Canada, and from the facilities afforded for the transit of fresh fish.

No wonder our neighbours so much desire "open ports," for the transit of their cargoes of fresh fish, for the boon to them would be priceless.

And now let us see what was the opinion of American statesmen as to the value of the British fisheries at the time of the Reciprocity Treaty.

Diplomatic correspondence had taken place, and discussion had arisen in the United States Senate on the importance of passing a treaty that would give to the American fishermen a concurrent right to fish in Canadian waters. Mr. Seward and other members of the Senate and Congress frankly admitted that the right of fishing in British waters, and within the three miles limit, would be a most valuable concession to American fishermen, and should be acquired, if possible, at howsoever great a cost.

Such was the expressed opinion of Mr. Secretary Seward, while other members used more expressive language, for they affirmed that without such a privilege their fishermen would be ruined, and their vessels seized and sold. Indeed, so depressed had become the fishing interests on the New England coasts that Congress came to the relief of the fishermen, and granted them large subsidies, in the shape of bounties, out of the public chest.

This evil they had brought on themselves from the injudicious use of "trawls," "seines," "trapnets," and such other destructive appliances.

The New England papers gave the sound of alarm, for the fishing ports were in a fair way of being shut up. Trade of all descriptions was stagnant, so that it was necessary that something should be done to relieve the fishing interests. Hence the bounty relief. Hence the agitation for the passing of the Reciprocity Treaty.

It was during the administration of Lord Elgin that this treaty was carried, and one of its provisions gave to the American fishermen the boon they had so long urgently sought for, viz., the concurrent right to fish in British waters, and as an equivalent for this concession there was a rearrangement of fiscal duties, etc.

Upper Canada and the Maritime Provinces may have benefited by the treaty. The fishing interests of Lower Canada were largely in the hands of the Robins, the Le Boutilliers, the Fruens and others, who shipped their cargoes to the Mediterranean ports, to Portugal, to the West Indies, to Brazil, etc.

Thus it was that Lower Canada was benefited only to a minor degree by the passing of the Reciprocity Treaty.

This it was that induced your correspondent to urgently pray for some assistance to our Lower Canadian fishermen, for they were being driven out of their own markets, being handicapped first, by French fishermen, with their bounty of ten francs per quintal, and again by American fishermen, with a bounty of four dollars per ton, an equivalent almost equal to the selling price of the fish in the Quebec and Montreal markets at that time.

And now commenced a new era—the treaty had opened up our coasts to American fishermen, and soon their vessels were to be seen in all our waters.

The results of the Reciprocity Treaty, and the benefits derived therefrom by the New England States, will, perhaps be the subject of another communication.

Ottawa, Dec. 10, 1888.

SPECTATOR.

P.S.—Will you please make a correction in my last letter. The conclusion of the last sentence on page 10 should read: "Mr. Bayard appears to have been led to make some very erroneous statements, in the interests of designing men," not "of a designing man." There were too many designing men surrounding him, and that may have led him to the shade of retired life. S.

MUSIC.

THE Campanini Concert on Monday evening was not nearly as well attended as its excellencies merited. It was, taken altogether, a concert of undoubted and even value. Signor Campanini was in good voice, and sang with all the artistic effect that has made his reputation a world-wide one. He gave a splendid rendition of Gounod's "Salve Dimora." Signorina De Vere was a strong attraction. She has one of those fluent voices which seems to find no difficulties, and certainly shows none in the

work it undertakes. The *floriture* in the rondo from "Lucia" and in the "Shadow Song" from "Dinorah" were sung with exquisite fidelity, every note coming out crisp and distinct, yet most beautifully joined to its neighbour. Especially was this the case in the chromatic passages. Mlle. Groebel sang neatly and conscientiously, a trifle too much like an amateur perhaps. She has a contralto voice of agreeable quality and considerable volume. The gentlemen in the company, after Campanini himself, were headed by Signor Carbone, who is a splendid Italian buffo. One wishes to see him in some opera, such as "Christino," where his powers could find full play. The basso, Signor Bologna, was exceptionally good, and made a very able *Mephistopheles* in the Faust selection, which closed the concert. Signor Stehle, in spite of his Germanic name, sang his Italian very well. He has a fine robust tenor voice, and uses it well, but does not moderate its force at all. That absurdity, an act of opera in costume on the concert platform, was the final passage of the concert, and was as satisfactory as it could be under the circumstances. B NATURAL.

VOCAL SOCIETY'S CONCERT

THE Toronto Vocal Society's concert, to be given at the Pavilion on Tuesday next, December 18, will, no doubt, afford a treat to our music-loving citizens. In addition to a fine selection of choruses and concerted pieces given by the society, the following soloists have been engaged: Ovide Musin, Whitney Mockridge, and Annie Louise Tanner. See advertisement in another column.

ART.

MR. BRUENECH'S RETURN.

MR. G. BRUENECH, who has returned from his recent tour through Europe, has opened a studio in the Union Loan Buildings, 28 Toronto Street, where his sketches, comprising views in Great Britain, the Channel Islands, France, Sweden and Norway, are now on exhibition, and where his friends will be cordially welcomed.

ARTISTS' SALE.

A COLLECTION of oil and water colour paintings by well-known Canadian artists will be offered for sale at McFarlane's to-morrow afternoon at three o'clock. The collection comprises not only much of the present season's work, but also many pictures that have been admired at art exhibitions in Toronto. Among the artists represented are Perré, Hannaford, Matthews, Homer Watson, Fraser, Harris, Ede, Sherwood, T. M. Martin, Bell-Smith, Humme, Baigent, Gagen, J. Smith, Coleman, G. H. White, and many others.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF BOSTON. Ticknor's paper series of choice reading. Boston: Ticknor and Company. Pp. 481. 50 cts.

The popularity of this clever, anonymous novel is evinced by the fact that it has reached a fifth edition. The heroine tells her own story, which is one of great interest, told with wonderful art. The plot is ingenious and the narrative abounds in description and clear-cut portraiture of character.

SARA CREWE, or What Happened at Miss Minchin's, and EDITHA'S BURGLAR. By Francis Hodgson Burnett. London and New York: Frederick Warne and Company.

Sara Crewe, which was originally published in *St. Nicholas*, and has since passed through several editions, requires no special notice. *Editha's Burglar* has been its constant companion, and is equally well known. This edition is beautifully printed on heavy paper and is embellished with numerous illustrations by Reginald B. Birch. It is an excellent gift book for the holidays.

THE FATE OF A FOOL. By Emma Ghent Curtis. New York: John A. Berry & Co., 12 mo. cloth \$1.00.

The scene of this novel is in Colorado. We do not know whether the picture of western life presented by the author is a true or distorted one; but it is certainly repulsive. Mrs. Curtis has written this novel "with a purpose." She describes it as a cry of "alarm and shame at the boldness of an evil which mankind should have long since lived down." The work is written with vigour and earnestness; but we doubt very much if a book of this kind will have very much influence in suppressing or even lessening the evil against which it is directed. As a novel it is worthless, as a tract on morals it is a mistake.

THE SECRETS AT ROSELADIES. By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Pp. 187. \$1.00.

This story first appeared as a serial in *Wide Awake*, and is now issued in attractive book form with numerous illustrations by W. A. Rogers. The book is rather disappointing. The secrets are not very important, one of them being that of "Cousin Sarah," a girl of seventeen, who is still addicted to the childish habit of playing, surreptitiously, with dolls, and the boys' secret society of "Heroic Diggers," organized to investigate the mysteries

of an Indian burial mound which Uncle Roseladies' grandfather had promised the Shawnees should never be disturbed as long as grass grew and water ran. There are many amusing incidents in the book, which will doubtless please the boys and girls for whom it was written, although it gives no indication of the ability which the author displays in the *Romance of Dollard* and other works.

THE BOOK OF CHRISTMAS—Descriptive of the Customs, Ceremonies, Traditions, Superstitions, Fun, Feeling and Festivities of the Christmas Season. By T. K. Hervey. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

The Book of Christmas is a collection of the Christmas lore of all ages, put together cleverly and with a tender hand by a true lover of the season and all its accompaniments. The book is divided into two parts. The first, after an introductory chapter, contains an account of the Christmas season, its mingled origin and celebrations, ancient and modern; reflections on the feelings of the season, religious influences, church services, &c.; also domestic preparations; carols, decorations, and many curious customs. The second part is devoted to the festal days in particular as they come, from St. Thomas' Day on the 21st December, to Twelfth Night on the 6th January, this period being the acknowledged "Christmas Time." The book as a whole will be found most valuable for reference, and is besides most entertaining and pleasant reading. It is well got up, with numerous illustrations by R. Seymour.

PRINCE VANCE. The Story of a Prince with a Court in his Box. By Eleanor Putnam and Arlo Bates. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

This very pretty fairy story tells of a little prince, "only son of his parents, and sole heir to the kingdom," who neglects his lessons, refuses to learn obedience, boxes his tutor's ears "because the poor old man wanted him to learn the boundaries of what would some day be his own kingdom," and behaves so outrageously that his good fairy godmother left him, declaring he should not look upon her face again until sorrow had made him wiser. The prince said he would not miss her very much, with her scoldings and fault-finders; and soon after made the acquaintance of the Blue Wizard, who gave him a box of bon-bons by which he was enabled to play a sad trick on his royal parents and the whole court, changing them to pigmies—a change which the Blue Wizard coolly tells him can be undone by nobody but the Crushed Strawberry Wizard. In his search for the Crushed Strawberry Wizard the prince has some rough experiences, in the course of which he learns many salutary lessons. The story is a veritable fairy tale, charmingly told. The numerous illustrations are by Frank Myrick, and in binding, paper, and typography the book is everything a holiday book should be.

ALDEN'S CYCLOPAEDIA OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE. Vol. XI. New York: John B. Alden.

The new instalment of this handy Cyclopaedia of literature deals with a section of the letter H., and as the work goes on it becomes increasingly valuable to the literary student. As we have said hitherto, in speaking of this work, it is not only a biographical and critical dictionary of authors, but a store-house of excellent selections from the writings of the authors represented, and a selection that gives the student a fair idea of the author's style and work. The present volume deals with some seventy-five literary men of all ages and countries, among whom are Herodotus, Homer, Horace, Hesiod, Hood, Horne, Houghton (Monkton Milnes), Howells, Howitt, Hook, Holmes, Holland, Hogg, Hobbes, Heyse, Herrick, Herschel, and Hervey, a goodly array of notable men in the different departments of literary work. Nothing could well be more useful to the student of literature than this popular and readily accessible publication, and its speedy completion will doubtless be looked for eagerly and with interest. Each volume is an excellent half-dollar's worth. Cheapness is not always a desirable gain in literary enterprises: here, however, it is combined with positive merit, with regard both to the excellence of the editor's work and to that of the enterprising publisher.

THE STORY OF BERYL. By Charles Woodward Hutson. Cloth, pp. 157, 30 cents.

A SEA ISLAND ROMANCE. By William Perry Brown. Cloth, pp. 161, 50 cents. New York: John B. Alden.

These are both stories of South Carolina. In the first, Prof. Hutson presents a very pleasing picture of Southern life before the great Civil War. In the second we are shown some aspects of social life in the Palmetto State after the war had freed the slaves and left the planters impoverished but irreconcilable. The interest in *The Story of Beryl* hinges somewhat on an old family feud which was happily healed by the marriage of Beryl La Clide and Philip Brailsford; in that of *A Sea Island* on the pride of a once opulent planter and his stubborn prejudice against the "Yankee," both of which are completely broken by the wreck of the "Mist" leaving him, as he thought, childless and hopeless in his old age. Both are love stories, but of the wholesome sort, without a suggestion of coarseness or of the sensuousness so common in modern novels. Nor is there any lack of incident. In *The Story of Beryl* the chapters describing the highwaymen's attack on young Ramsay and the latter's pursuit and capture of the survivor

of his assailants are stirring and animated and not wanting in humour. There is perhaps more of humour and of pathos too in *A Sea Island Romance*. The gloom which settles down on the old planter's home and on that of his objectionable Connecticut neighbour after the disastrous Christmas pic-nic affects even the critical reader and is only dispelled by the general happiness with which the story closes. This is said to be Mr. Brown's first novel, and if so some very superior work may be expected from him hereafter.

B. C. 1887: A RAMBLE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA. By J. A. Lees and W. J. Clutterbuck, authors of "*Three days in Norway*." London: Longmans, Green & Co. and New York.

B. C. 1887 is not an abstruse archaeological work, as its first title would suggest, but a very interesting and amusing account of the rambles of three Englishmen (by two of their number) in British Columbia, in the summer and autumn of 1887. In the introduction, the *raison d'être* of the book is set forth under the heads, "Who, Why, Where, How, and What," and the first chapter describes the embarking of the party at Liverpool in the *Sardinian* of the Allan line. The description of an Atlantic voyage does not give much scope for originality; and the first impressions of the travelling Englishman respecting the St. Lawrence Gulf and River, Quebec, Montreal, Toronto and, in fact, Canada generally, have been graciously bestowed upon a long suffering (if somewhat ungrateful and wholly unregenerate) country *ad nauseam*. But our present authors have steered entirely clear of all the old sand-banks, and in knowing, as it were, "when to stop" have managed to invest even that time worn and thread-bare subject, "An Atlantic Voyage" with a freshness and interest quite uncommon. The Allan line (and apparently with much reason) comes in for a share of adverse criticism; while the most interested promoters of the C.P.R. could hardly express a firmer belief in the future of the road, or more admiration for the enterprise and engineering skill which has given to this young Canada of our's the greatest railway of the age. The scene of the rambles proper is the south eastern portion of British Columbia, from the railway to the boundary line, which the rambles cross, and taking the Northern Pacific Railway to the coast, thence by sea to Victoria, return via C.P.R. With the account of the rambles themselves, the reader cannot fail to be charmed. Being undertaken chiefly for the purpose of sport, they are almost entirely on foot or by canoe, and make us familiar in a very real and delightful measure with the beauty and vastness of the Pacific Province. In the last chapter the authors say: "This simple account of our commonplace doings in the west has been written in the belief that by it a better idea of what life in the country is really like, and what the facilities for travel, sport, and farming are, than from any work which simply aims at telling the reader like a dictionary all that can be said on those subjects." Which half apology is in our opinion wholly unnecessary; as having read *B.C. 1887* with much interest and even more entertainment, we can only say to all "whom it may concern." "Go thou and do likewise."

TURBANS AND TAILS: or, Sketches of the unromantic East. By Alfred S. Bamford, B. A. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

The contents of this entertaining volume of Sketches of the East are classified under two headings, one, "The Mild Hindoo," dealing with humanity in the East Indies; the other, "The Man of Han," dealing with life in China among the "Celestials" of the Flowery Land. The writer, who is a keen and practised observer, introduces us to scenes in the east a little out of the way of the ordinary traveller and "globe-trotter." He writes brightly and entertainingly, but at the same time manages to impart a good deal of instruction to the reader on a variety of topics in the interesting countries visited by the author. Occasionally, a quiet humour is manifested, which gives spice to the narrative, as in the following incident, describing how a Bengal student at the University of Calcutta fooled the academic Dons and obtained the papers set for examination by a bit of native nonchalant cleverness. Says the author: "The Bengali is allowed by all to have a certain smartness, and this is too often seen in the skill with which he will reap that whereon he has bestowed no labour. Some years ago the questions for the various examinations were lithographed in the city, and innumerable were the tricks of fertile brains by which the candidates obtained illicit knowledge of them. One of the examiners in the art course told me of an ingenious youth who, by some means having gained access to the room where the lithographing was going on, seized a favourable opportunity of sitting down upon the stone, and walked home in the happy consciousness that on his own person he bore a private printing-press with which he might print off the secrets of the dread examiners. The University now attempts to secure itself against such tricks by obtaining the questions from the examiners in time to permit of their being sent to England to be printed, the printed copies returning by post direct to the hands of the authorities." The author gives us other amusing instances of oriental craft, as well as of other characteristics of a people whom he has evidently studied closely and well. Equally entertaining are the chapters devoted to a study of the "Heathen Chinese." The social life of these children of Han is capably depicted, and the reader will gather a very vivid idea from the author's sketches of life in the Flowery Land. The picture of "Chinese official-

dom" is a picture hardly less true of the official corruption which prevails nearer home. Bribery and extortion flourish apace in China and official greed is not a pleasing study there for the moralist. The salaries of officials, remarks the author, are in China the smallest part of their income and the least worth thinking about. "Courtesy demands," he adds, "that they accept what the government pays them; but the exigencies of their position demand that they pay themselves. The only thing that is really required of them is that they pay themselves discreetly: that they set a tolerable limit to their squeeze. As long as they do this, every one is satisfied; the people below submit cheerfully, and the greater men above in their turn squeeze comfortably and proportionately. But were a mandarin squeezes so inconsiderately and recklessly as to provoke discontent, he is imperilling the peace of the empire, and it will go hard with him."

The publishers of *The Canadian Advance* (Toronto) have issued a neatly-bound volume of 250 pp. containing over twenty of the Sunday morning sermons delivered by Rev. Joseph Wild, D.D., during the past year, and not heretofore published. The contents comprise a wide range of subjects of general religious interest. The price of the work is \$1 and can be obtained from the publishers of *The Advance*.

Mr. C. C. BLAKE, the weather prophet of Kansas, sends us a pamphlet containing his tables of weather predictions for 1889. The table of precipitation in rain and melted snow includes every State in the Union and the Canadian Provinces of Ontario, Quebec and Manitoba, but in the table of temperature Ontario and Manitoba seem to be omitted. Mr. Blake predicts a severe drouth next year throughout the New England, Middle Atlantic and Western States, abundant rain and good crops on the Pacific Coast and a superabundance of rain in the Southern States. The coming winter will not be a mild one. It will be a good, steady, old-fashioned one, moderating in February, through snow, sleet and rain, to warmer temperature.

We have received from the author *Facettes of Love: From Browning*, being the introductory address of the Browning Society of the New Century Club of Philadelphia, November 12th, 1888. It is a thoughtful study of Browning's treatment of the master passion—

The gem
Centuply angled o'er a diadem.

The author quotes from the poet "detached passages of concentrated passion," but adds, "you cannot name me a single whole poem, short or long, which breathes this spirit throughout. Somewhere in it there is sure to be a note of coldness which jars. This is not an idiosyncrasy of mine. The general public feels it. I do not know any one song of his which is popular as a love ditty. All his dramas turned on love, yet every one of them failed to win applause, because it failed to touch the heart of the audience. This is the real reason why Browning is not read but by a limited class. It is not his obscurity, as is generally supposed, but because his intellectual nature constantly interferes with the full and free expression of the emotions." Browning is seen at his best in the portraiture of the "intellectual facettes of love," to which the author devotes a considerable portion of his address.

The Nineteenth Century for November devotes considerable space to education questions. "The Sacrifice of Education to Examination" is the subject of a numerous signed protest and of articles by Professors Max Müller, Freeman, and Frederic Harrison, followed by a very sensible paper on "The Cry for Useless Knowledge," by Lord Armstrong; "Frederick the Third and the New Germany" by R. E. Prothero; "The memoirs of Comte de Brienne," by Baron Ferdinand Rothschild, and "Queen Elizabeth and the English Church," by Mr. Gladstone, are some of the other important papers in this number.

Saturday Night was born about a year ago, and now celebrates its second Christmas season by the publication of a handsome Christmas number. Mr. E. E. Sheppard contributes "The Dance at Deadman's Crossing, a Christmas story of the Canadian North-West," and Mr. H. K. Cockin a short sketch, "Christmas Eve in a Madhouse," and two poems, "Christmas Tide," and "How the Children Saved Naumburg." Professor Goldwin Smith has a neat translation from Martial, entitled "A Roman Gentleman's Idea of Happiness." Other contributors of prose and verse are Hon. Wm. Macdougall, A. F. Pirie, Ethelwyn Wetherald, E. W. Sandys, Minnie Irving, Isabel Holmes, E. Pauline Johnson, Henry Pica, John R. Robinson, Esperance, Helen M. Merrill, and E. F. Clarke, M.P.P. Two fine pictorial supplements, "Summer Pastimes" and "Winter Sports," are given away with the number. 25 cts.

The Christmas number of the *Globe* deserves special commendation. It is highly creditable to the publishers both for its typographical appearance and for its artistic and literary excellence. They have procured stories, sketches, and poems from some of the very best of Canadian writers, most of whom are well known contributors to *THE WEEK*. We need only mention such names as George Iles, Wilfred Chateaucclair (W. D. Lighthall), Seranus, Louisa Murray, William McLennan, T. G. Marquis, and Bel Thistlethwaite (whose tender and perfectly finished sonnets appear from time to time in *THE WEEK* over her own name), to indicate the literary quality of the number. In addition to the illustrations throughout the text there is a fine reproduction of Mr. L. R. O'Brien's "Stanley Park, Vancouver, B.C.," and two smaller plates,

"A Good Catch," and "Lake Rosseau (from Eagle's Nest), Muskoka." Pp. 38. 25 cts.

Blackwood for November has a very interesting sketch of Major-General Sir Charles Macgregor, K.C.B., who died last year after a useful and distinguished career in India. Other articles in the number are "On the Dark Mountains;" "Scenes from a Silent World," by a Prison Visitor; "Professions for Dogs," by C. F. Gordon Cumming; "On the Wallaby Track," by Jack the Shepherd; "The Catrail, or Picts' Work Ditch: an old Problem revived," by John Russell, and a review of Mrs. Oliphant's life of Principal Tulloch.

In the November *Fortnightly* "What our Navy should be" is discussed by the Editor, and by Admirals Sir Thomas Symonds, Sir G. Phipps Hornby, and Lord Alcester; Canon Taylor has an article on "Missionary Finance;" "Where is Stanley?" is the subject of a paper by H. H. Johnston; William Morris writes on "The Revival of Handicraft," and Earl Compton on "Palmyra: Past and Present." An unsigned article on "Our Task in Egypt," Frederic Harrison's "Apologia pro Fide Nostra," and "Mr. Haggard and his Henchman," by the writer of "The Fall of Fiction," make up the number. The last article is a reply to Mr. Andrew Lang's defence of Haggard in the October *Contemporary*.

The *Contemporary Review* for November opens with an article on "The Emperor Frederick's Diary," by Archibald Forbes, in which he discusses, and somewhat reluctantly admits, the genuineness of the diary, and traces the inception and growth of the "Imperial idea." This is followed by an article "Impressions of Australia," by R. W. Dale. "Kakatoa" is an account of the disastrous volcanic eruption which occurred near Java in August, 1883. "Robert Elsmere" is still further advertised by a paper on "The Religious Novel," by the Dean of Windsor. In "The Genesis of the Puritan Ideal" Principal Fairbairn ably and acutely analyses the character and work of Luther, Calvin and other leaders of the Reformation. "Report of the Education Commission," by Canon Gregory; "The American Tariff," by Albert Shaw; "Hamdi Bey," by J. Theodore Bent, and "Irish Land Question Statistics," by Archbishop Walsh, are the other articles of the number.

The *New Princeton Review* opens with a biographical and critical study of Matthew Prior by Austin Dobson. Charles Elliot Norton writes of "The Intellectual Life of America," and Charles G. Leland has a thoughtful article entitled "New Principles of Education," in which he strongly insists on the importance of training the memory. "The Renaissance of Barbarism," by George R. Stetson; "The Education of the Masses," by James P. Munroe; a thoughtful study of "Matthew Arnold as an English writer," and a very appreciative sketch of John Richard Green, the historian, by W. J. Loftie are the other articles in the number.

The *Political Science Quarterly* for December contains among its leading articles: "A Study of the Influence of Socialism upon English Politics," by William Clarke, an Oxford graduate and a London journalist; "An Argument for Private Enterprise versus Public Business Management," by Prof. Arthur T. Hadley; "A Discussion of the Legality of Trusts," by Prof. Theodore W. Dwight; "An Analysis and Criticism of the Law of 1887, regulating the Electoral Count," by Prof. John W. Burgess; "An Account of the Practical Operation of the Official or State Ballot System in England," by Mr. Edwin Goodby, a prominent Liberal politician, and "A Summary of the Legal Questions which have arisen under the English Ballot Act," by Mr. H. H. Asquith, M.P.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

In *Far Lochaber*, by William Black, is one of the latest issues in the Harper's "Franklin Square Library."

J. THEO. ROBINSON, Montreal, has issued *John Ward, Preacher*, by Margaret Deland, author of *The Old Garden*.

Galloping Days at the Deanery, by Chas. James, and *A Dangerous Catpaw*, by David Christy Murray, have been copyrighted by William Bryce.

A WHOLLY new addition of *Worcester's Academic Dictionary* is promised by J. B. Lippincott Co., with full etymologies, additional words, and fresh illustrations.

H. H. BOYSEN, J. T. Trowbridge, Margaret Sidney, and Jessie Burton Fremont will contribute tales and several stories to *Wide Awake* for 1889. Jean Ingelow and Andrew Lang will also be contributors.

ROWSELL & HUTCHISON have now in press and will have ready early this month, *The Lives of the Judges of Upper Canada and Ontario*, by David B. Read, Q.C., which will be of interest to the legal profession.

THE Christmas number of *Harper's Weekly* issued December 12, consists of twenty-four pages. It includes pictures by C. S. Reinhart, Charles Graham, W. A. Rogers, Charles Mente, Gilbert Gaul, and Henry Sandham. Among the literary features of the number are short stories by Hezekiah Butterworth, Maria L. Pool, M. E. Seawell, Sophie Swett, and others. It also contains an interesting sketch of Christmas customs in Germany, by the Countess von Krockow.

Messrs. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., will publish immediately *The Despot of Broomsedge Cove*, by Charles Egbert Craddock, (Miss Murfree); *Poems of Emma Lazarus*, with biographical sketch and portrait; *The Soul of the Far East*, by Percival Lowell; *The Witch in the Glass*, by Mrs. M. B. Piatt; *Andrews' and Stoddard's Latin Grammar*,

revised by Prof. Henry Preble; *Senator Bird and other Dialogues*, selected from the writings of Harriet Beecher Stowe by Emily Weaver.

HART & COMPANY, Toronto, will publish this month, in time for the holiday trade, a book that promises to have quite a large sale. The book is written by Mrs. Forsyth Grant, daughter of the Hon. John Beverly Robinson, late Lieut.-Governor of Ontario. It is entitled *Scenes in Hawaii*, and gives the writer's experience of three years' life in the Sandwich Islands. Parts of the book formed a series of letters in THE WEEK during last year, and at the solicitation of friends the writer was induced to bring them out in book-form considerably enlarged and in more readable shape. The book will be bound in a very novel and taking style, something very different from anything got out in Canada before.

APART from the Queen's representatives, the "first lady" in Canada is the wife of the Premier. Lady Macdonald will be remembered by many in Washington, whither she accompanied Sir John at the time of the last commission to settle the fishery question. In appearance she has altered very little since then, except that her dark hair has turned a snowy white, and this, rolled back from her forehead, gives a look of softness and gentleness to a face more expressive of purely intellectual qualities. Lady Macdonald is a remarkable woman, even in this age of remarkable women. Her mind has the masculine qualities of breadth and grasp and accuracy and logic, yet she is capable of the tenderest expression of womanly sympathy, the finest tact and the keenest feminine appreciation. But for the service she has rendered the country in being the stay and support, the intelligent and capable companion of her husband through so many critical years of his public life, Lady Macdonald would have had no province in Canada. Either in England or the United States such a personality as hers would have found a more interesting environment and wider appreciation. Here her superiority in knowledge of public affairs and general intellectuality over every other woman whose husband is in Parliament is so marked that comparison is out of the question.—*Dominion Illustrated*.

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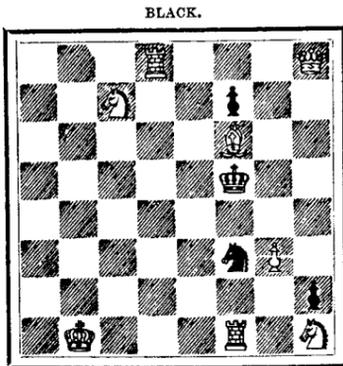
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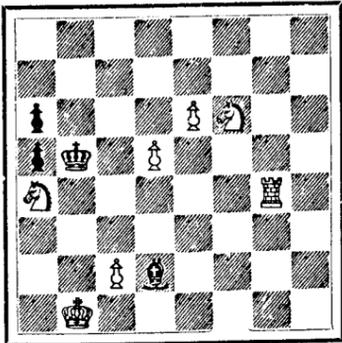
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Five hundred years have elapsed since England beheld the first marriage of a Prince of Wales. Indeed, there have only been four such marriages in England, and one abroad. The preliminaries of marriage have often been made, but these were in such cases carried out after the Prince's accession to the throne. The first marriage to which we allude was that, in 1361, of Edward the Black Prince with the "Fair Countess," the buxom, warm-hearted, regal Joan of Kent. That was a rare love-match, albeit the bridegroom was over thirty years of age and his brilliant English wife was the young widow of a former husband; but there was "heart" in the whole matter. England had known of no such hero as Edward, from his youth up, since the days of King Arthur, and all the realm of beauty, it is said, would have been hard put to it to produce altogether such a peerless lady as Joan—a little too sharp, perhaps, with her wit, which sometimes made good Queen Philippa look serious. But England loved the pair, and the pair loved one another. What joyous house they kept—not in Pall Mall, but in their princely mansion between Crooked-lane and Fish-street-hill! What gay and rather costly doings—for Joan, it must be said, was a lady who loved such doings—went on at their palace at Berkhamstead! What ridings and joustings, and laughing, and love-making, about that smaller bower they built at Princes Risborough! The moat near the little Buckinghamshire church there marks one part of the site where dwelt to gether in love and mirthfulness the first of our married Princes and Princesses of Wales. The next case of marriage was, according to some, a love match, too, but, according to others, and far more probably, a match of convenience—namely, that of the fugitive Prince of Wales, Edward, son of Henry VI., with that wealthiest and most hapless of co-heiresses, Lady Ann Neville, daughter of Warwick, the king-maker. This wedding was celebrated at Amboise, in France, with great outward show of rejoicing, in which England here took no part. A few months later, in 1471, the Prince of Wales came hither to win back a crown for his father and a home for his wife; but the young husband, not yet nineteen, fell at Tewkesbury, and the young Duke of Gloucester, then of the same age, subsequently took the widow unto himself, and proved not so indifferent a husband as romance and history would have us believe. The next bridegroom-prince was younger still than the last. Arthur, son of Henry the Seventh, was but fifteen years of age when, in 1501, he married that vivacious Katharine of Arragon, who had been six months on her journey between the Alhambra and St. Paul's. All London was in wild hilarity at this Spanish match; the City, drinking, dancing, and dressed in its best, celebrated it by night and by day; the Court kept up the wedding festival for a whole brilliant, weary, and dissipated fortnight; while the Church seemed to have tumbled from propriety in the excess of its orthodox jollification. Had this newly-married Prince and Princess of Wales gone down to young Arthur's moated manor at White Waltham, good might have come of it. They repaired to Ludlow Castle, and there the young bridegroom—what with study, and state solemnities, and tiring ceremonials, and Katharine, who was imposing, exacting, super-vivacious, able to dance down a dozen of such gallants as her husband, and always oppressive—fairly died of it all in five months, as might well have been expected.

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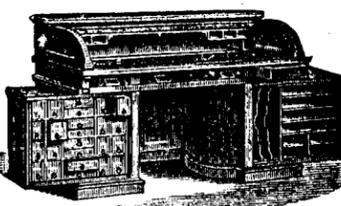
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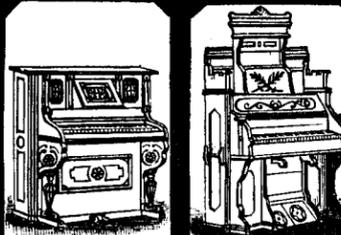
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