

# THE WEEK:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

Fifth Year.  
Vol. V., No. 26.

Toronto, Thursday, May 24th, 1888.

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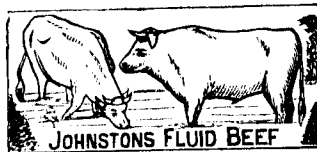
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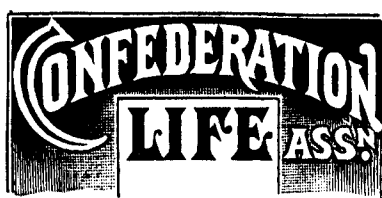
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

LORD LANSDOWNE'S statesmanlike speech at the Ottawa farewell banquet will be read with attention by all those in either hemisphere to whom the future relations between the colonies and the Mother Country is a subject of anxious thought. For Canadians the speech possesses additional interest as reminding them of the important events in their history which have occurred during His Excellency's administration. The North-West Rebellion and the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway are two incidents of very different character which will make the period memorable. The effects of the latter in hastening the development of the resources of the Dominion, and in strengthening the bonds which unite it to Great Britain, have, as Lord Lansdowne intimated, scarcely begun as yet to manifest themselves. The fact that he was making his farewell address gave the Governor-General a freedom which he could otherwise scarcely have used to express his views upon the two questions which are just now the most prominent in Canadian politics. It is noteworthy, and perhaps significant, that at a time when most of the public men of the country are in sympathy with one or the other of the two great projects to which he referred, Lord Lansdowne is unable to regard either with favour. Unrestricted Reciprocity with the United States would be condemned, he thinks, by British, Imperial Federation by Canadian public sentiment. The one would be taken as a "moral affront" to the people of the Mother Country, the other would involve a diminution of the power of self-government, which would in the end be deeply resented by the people of Canada. His Excellency's views on both those points are entitled to much weight, as coming from one having special facilities for independent observation, though they will no doubt be unacceptable in their turn to the advocates of either scheme.

It is not wholly unfortunate that the Report of Mr. Clarke Wallace's Committee on Combines is submitted too late to admit of legislation during the present Session. The whole subject is a most difficult one, and is likely to become, at no distant day, the *bête noire* of legislators. In this case, though prompt and vigorous action to put a stop to a few of the

grosser abuses may seem desirable as much good as harm may result from a year's deliberation upon the evidence presented. Some of that evidence is certainly startling, or would be, were not the facts already, to some extent familiar. Much weight is added to the strong expressions of opinion with which the analysis of the evidence is accompanied by the unanimity of the members of the Committee. It is possible that the Report itself and the publicity it gives to the workings of the various combinations, may anticipate in some degree, the effects of the proposed legislation. The matter may, perhaps, appear in a new light to some of the more conscientious of the members of the combinations, and lead to a voluntary modification at least, of the more objectionable methods. Others less scrupulous may still profit by the warnings conveyed in the Report of the Committee and the tone of public discussion.

A SLIGHT study of the Bill which Mr. Clarke Wallace has submitted in pursuance of the recommendations of the Committee of which he was Chairman, will serve to show the difficulties in the way of legislating upon the subject. The Bill, which is admirably short and pointed, enacts penalties for offences which it constitutes and enumerates under six subdivisions. The first two of these are directed against different forms of the boycott, and will probably occasion little discussion as the principle involved is already pretty well established in legislation. The third and fourth, which forbid "unreasonably enhancing" the market price of a commodity, and "unduly restraining" traffic in it, are obviously and perhaps unavoidably vague, and open up the way for any amount of litigation, to determine the proper meaning of the terms "unreasonably" and "unduly," in the connection. Numbers five and six, which make it unlawful to limit, lessen, or prevent the production, manufacture, sale, or transportation of any article, or to prevent or restrict competition in such production, manufacture, sale, or transportation, open up a wider field of debate in regard to the principle involved as well as to the just application of that principle. It is probable that the framers of the proposed Act purposely and wisely avoided attempting clear definitions and limitations, leaving these to be determined by the courts in specific cases in which actual circumstances, causes, and effects can be taken into the account. In this way a set of precedents might soon be established which would largely guide future action. Still the need of careful consideration before the enactment of an Act so indefinite and so sweeping in character is obvious. There is otherwise, danger lest in guarding the rights and interests of consumers, those of producers and traders may be unjustly affected.

ONE or two of the more glaring defects in the North-West Territories Act were remedied on motion of the Premier, on the second reading of the Bill in the Commons. The forcible objection arising out of the absence of any Executive responsible to, or in any way representative of, the people was partially met by an amendment providing that the Lieutenant-Governor is to appoint four members of the Assembly to constitute with himself an advisory Committee, without whose consent no money vote can be initiated in the Legislature. As these advisers are in no way responsible to the Council, it is evidently within the power of the Lieutenant-Governor to make such selection as may still enable him to maintain, for the Ottawa Government, virtually absolute control of the expenditure and policy of the House. Mr. Watson's proposal that the Members of this Committee should be elected by the Assembly is rather un-English and was, perhaps for that reason, rejected by the Premier. In other respects it commends itself as reasonable and would have removed an objection which may at any time prove serious. If, as appears to be the fact, the people of the Territories shrunk from the ordinary form of responsible government through dread of its expense, this simple expedient would have given them the substance of responsibility free from that serious drawback. It seems a pity that North-West voters alone should be deprived of the ballot in elections. It is obvious that the circumstances under which the prairies are being settled, place the settlers in a position in which they specially need the protection of secrecy to render them independent of Government influence. Striking evidence of the truth of this statement was afforded by a document used during the last election, which was read by Mr. Watson in the course of the debate. The ballot too, was rejected on the score

of expense, but surely the cost of distributing ballot boxes need not be so enormous as to prove an insuperable obstacle. North-West emancipation has, it would seem, to be wrought out by piecemeal.

Not much harm can result from the determination of the Dominion Government to hold over its Copyright Act for another Session, and it is possible that important modifications may yet be made without detriment to the just principle which underlies the measure. The passage by the United States Congress of the International Copyright Act now before it would materially change some of the conditions of the problem, and as that Act has passed the Senate with a large majority, there seems good reason to hope it may be accepted by the other House, and so become law. Apart from this contingency and its bearing upon the question of the importation of foreign reprints of British works, which is forbidden by the proposed Canadian Act, there are others of its provisions open to discussion on their merits. It may be questioned, for instance, whether any principle of equity makes it incumbent upon Canada to guard the copyrights of British or foreign authors for a longer period than that for which it grants the same right to its own subjects. Not much, perhaps, can be said on the grounds of abstract justice in favour of making it a condition of protecting a foreign author's property, that the work be printed or published in Canada, however desirable such a condition may seem from the point of view of the Canadian printer or publisher. That is, perhaps, one of the circumstances that might safely be left to adjust themselves. The whole question demands fuller discussion than it has yet received in this country.

THE very grave charges brought by the new Provincial Treasurer of Manitoba against the defunct Government demand, and it may be hoped they will receive, strict and impartial investigation. If substantiated, they reveal a state of affairs worse than could have been thought possible in any provincial administration. It is to be hoped that Premier Greenway's very violent denunciations of his predecessor, in bad taste under any circumstances, will be found unmerited so far as they impeach the personal honour of the late head of the Government. Those who had faith in Mr. Norquay's honesty of purpose will prefer to believe, until the contrary is proved beyond possibility of doubt, that he was beguiled and betrayed, rather than that he was consciously unfaithful to the high trust reposed in him, and a partner in crime with embezzlers of public funds.

On the grounds both of public policy and of humanity the question of the future of the North-West and British Columbian Indian merits more attention at the hands of Canadian statesmen and philanthropists than it has yet received. The reservation system cannot surely be contemplated as permanent, or a few industrial schools as the goal of effort for the amelioration of their wretched condition. The report of the late Minister of the Interior expresses the opinion that the Indians will not succeed as farmers or stock raisers. This is, it may be hoped, a needlessly pessimistic view. It was hardly to be expected that the nomadic habit, or the nomadic instinct, could be eradicated in a single generation. The simplest dictate of wisdom would seem to be to do the best possible for the adult Indian without expecting too much, and to take vigorous and comprehensive measures for the training, especially the industrial training, of the children. To this end provision should be made for the education, voluntary if possible, compulsory if necessary, of every boy and girl on every reservation. If white parents are compelled to send their children to school there could be no great hardship in requiring Indian parents to do the same. Probably with judicious kindness very little compulsion would be necessary. Every Indian school should, as a matter of course, be largely occupied with manual training. Under present circumstances the Government and the teachers are afraid to have the few children educated in the Industrial Schools return to the reservations because they are almost sure to lapse into barbarian habits. This is no doubt largely due to the fewness of their numbers. Make the training of the young the rule, not the exception, and they would soon become the majority and civilization would predominate. Many adults might be induced from time to time to avail themselves of the means of instruction provided for the children. And all should be done with a direct view to the early breaking up of the reservation system. A few of the Senators have discussed the Indian Question with interest and intelligence, but it does not seem to be thought worth mentioning in the Commons. Can it be because the North-West Indian has no vote? An influential body of voters might soon be trained up. Would it not be a grand and worthy object for some talented Commoner, desirous of serving his country, to take up the

question, study it thoroughly, and devote his energies to working out a much needed reform in the Indian policy?

IF, as is possible, the British Government either needed or wished to have a popular warrant for largely increased military expenditure, it may consider itself as having received it. It is not, however, at all likely that the armaments of the nation which expends so large a sum annually for military purposes are in so dilapidated a condition as some of the sensational statements, even of men in authority, would imply. No doubt a good deal has been done, and is constantly being done, which is not published to the world. To fail of a reasonable vigilance and energy in keeping up the national defences would be a crime of which no Government, and least of all a Tory Government, with some Jingoistic tendencies, is very likely to be guilty. At the same time it would be a calamity, not only to the nation but to the world, if through the professional enthusiasm of her generals or any other influence, England should catch the contagious militarism which has turned the territories of the Great Powers of Europe into vast military camps and recruiting grounds, and is constantly grinding their people between the upper and nether millstones of taxation and drill. The day is, it may be hoped, past when British soldiers can be marched to the shambles of European battle fields, in support of any visionary "balance of power"; and the day will be long in coming when Britain will fail either to maintain her supremacy on the high seas, her native element, or to repel any invader who may have the temerity to attempt a landing upon her soil. Probably sober second thought will convince her people that the latter danger is far too remote to justify any very elaborate precautions at present.

AN important discussion recently took place in the British House of Commons, on the subject of Secondary Education. Mr. Ackland, a distinguished Oxford don, who was formerly a clergyman, introduced the question in a speech, full of facts and quotations, showing the defects and the needs of English middle-class schools. Mr. Ackland reckons that there are in England and Wales over half a million of middle-class children, and that to give them a proper schooling would cost £10 a piece annually. Of this the parent has to pay at present nine-tenths. Mr. John Morley, who followed in a very effective speech, quoted the late Matthew Arnold's declaration that "the English middle-class is the worst schooled in Europe." Mr. Morley affirms that in England all good secondary education is intolerably dear, and all cheap secondary education is intolerably bad. There is perhaps a good deal to be said in favour of his appeal that the State should aid the middle-class as well as the working-class parent in bearing the cost of the child's education; but it is to be hoped that Mr. Morley would not advocate, nor other representatives of the middle-class for whom he speaks support, any proposal even glancing in the direction of an imitation of Germany, which, as he told his hearers, entirely inverts the English system, by giving no State grant whatever to elementary education, but only State supervision, and reserves all her pecuniary assistance for the higher education alone. The German plan is evidently designed to perpetuate the classes, the English to elevate the masses.

MR. BRADLAUGH's article on "The Civil List," in the *Contemporary Review*, is likely to attract a good deal of attention amongst English taxpayers. Even the most ultra Loyalists will hardly deny that it would be a right and proper thing for the people to be enabled to know exactly what amount is annually paid to members of the Royal Family. This, it appears, there is at present no means of ascertaining. There are various items scattered throughout the Estimates, which can only be discovered by the aid of skilled knowledge and official guidance, and no unofficial member of the House of Commons can do more than guess at the gross total. We are told, for instance, that some members of the Royal Family, who are in receipt of definite annuities, also "receive emoluments from the amounts voted for the forces." Mr. Bradlaugh combats what he terms the "widespread delusion" that the grant for the Civil List is in lieu of certain crown lands, or their income, surrendered to the public by the sovereign. Mr. Bradlaugh's extreme radicalism will no doubt cause his views and statements to be received with a good deal of caution in many quarters; but, as an English contemporary observes, "it is against the interest of the Royal Family themselves that so much mystery should surround the matter, for it encourages exaggerated speculations as to the cost of maintaining the Monarchy."

It has not often happened in modern times that a once independent nationality has been forced by stress of circumstances to sign away its



autonomy to such an extent as the Republic of Peru is now about to do, if the cabled reports of the arrangement made with the Grace Syndicate prove correct. The English holders of Peruvian bonds seems to have completed the work of humiliation so effectively begun by Chili in the late war. According to the statement ascribed to the legal advisers of the English Bondholders' Association, of which Sir Henry Tyler is Chairman, Peru assigns to the new Syndicate the right to work for a long series of years its silver, coal, cinnabar, and other mines, and its valuable guano deposits, the right to construct quays, roads, etc., at pleasure, also the right to work the ten existing railroads, to further commerce in cocoa, coffee, wheat, maize, to receive percentage on all customs, in a word to farm nearly all the available resources of the State. It is highly probable that those resources will be developed, and the trade and commerce of the country expanded by this powerful Syndicate of British capitalists, on a scale hitherto unknown. But it is also evident that the compact must make the country virtually a British dependency; while, as the possession of a company, its status will be much worse in many respects than that of a self-governing colony under the British Crown. The consent of Chili was of course necessary to the scheme. Whether the fact that that consent was obtained through the agency of the British Minister to Chili connects the British Government in any way with the affair does not appear. This undertaking by a company of private individuals to manage the commerce and farm the revenues of a whole State is one of the most stupendous enterprises on record since the days of the East India Company.

EMPEROR FREDERICK seems to have rallied in a wonderful manner during the last few weeks, though we suppose there is no room to hope that the improvement is more than temporary. A remarkable feature of the case is the utter inability of physicians, even with the aid of the most minute and painstaking scientific investigations, to determine the nature of the disease. Professor Virchow frankly admits that he is still uncertain as to whether the particles of diseased matter submitted to his analysis are cancerous or not. This admission will no doubt be useful in helping Dr. Mackenzie to stem the tide of German national prejudice, as will also the marked improvement in the Emperor's condition. The latter seems certainly to indicate skilful treatment. Meanwhile it is sad to think that the respite is in all probability but for a brief period, and that the fatal termination cannot be long delayed, and may come at almost any moment.

AN international question of considerable interest, and one that might in other days have become serious, has arisen between France and the United States. It is a form of the old dispute as to the effect of American naturalization of a foreign-born citizen. The French Government maintains that an American citizen of French nativity, taken for military duty, has redress only through the French courts. President Cleveland's Administration hold that a foreign-born citizen once naturalized in the United States, his status becomes exactly that of a native-born citizen; that he cannot thereafter become liable for any obligation to any government other than that of the United States; that papers of naturalization duly executed must be accepted as conclusive by foreign Powers; and that American consuls must extend diplomatic protection impartially to all Americans, naturalized or native. There can be little doubt that if this statement of the case, which is from an American source, is correct, Secretary Bayard has the best of the argument. The doctrine he maintains seems soundly democratic, and France as a democracy, will scarcely be able to controvert or resist it.

#### OTTAWA LETTER.

By the time this reaches the dignity of print and the eye of the reader the end of all things will be upon us. That most gorgeous and comfortable of legislative halls, the Senate Chamber, will have witnessed the ceremony of prorogation and the last official appearance of Lord Lansdowne. The Parliamentary Janus, whom the dwellers in the Capital delight to honour and to whom they frequently pray, will have turned the double incandescence of his countenance upon his constituents for a season, and his temple will have been abandoned to the civil servant and the occasional visitor. And Rideau—Rideau will be in the hands of the planers and the joiners, and the burden of conformity to the requirements of the Canadian Court will be lifted for a time from Ottawa society.

The coming exodus seems to be regarded with feelings of mingled regret and relief by the resident population. The excitement of the year is over when the Session closes, and most of its opportunities. It is something to go day after day to the galleries and watch the great national

game played out at such close quarters with the players; it is something more to have the chance of observing and comparing representative Canadians from classes of people so distinct as those which occupy Her Majesty's territory between the Atlantic and the Pacific. The stimulus which their presence gives to social intercourse is something, too; the experienced critic of Belier's *entremets* will tell you it is a good deal. All this is over when the House prorogues, as well as the very limited and infrequent amusements afforded by our ugly little Opera House, the most uncomfortable seats of which must have been constructed during the period of the legitimate drama, and never modified since to suit the broader views of modern theatre-goers. On the other hand, there is the desire for repose after a period of unwonted activity and excitement. The people of Ottawa do not habitually sit up till three and four in the morning to sympathize with the overwrought legislator who nods uneasily over his desk below; neither has it yet been established that any mesmeric influence proceeds from the House of Commons which disturbs the peaceful slumbers of the Capital, yet the nervous organization of the whole place is wrought up by the proceedings of Parliament to a pitch which finds their cessation very welcome. Nor can it very easily be believed, although one hears it on every hand, that Ottawa is in a state of general collapse when the Session closes. Its resident society has that interest and agreeableness which is the result of a fixed amount of leisure and the absence, to a greater extent than elsewhere, of the commercial spirit. Drawn as it is from every part of the Dominion and from almost every class of people, its contrasts are worth studying and its individual developments extremely entertaining. There is very little display; people are content to live within their incomes, for the very excellent reason, as the old resident cynically remarks, that everybody knows them to a dollar. Thrown upon their own resources, in a measure, the people of Ottawa discover that they have resources denied to others. There is no Canadian subject that one cannot master here with the assistance of the Library, the Geological Museum, the Archives, the Fisheries Exhibit. In the winter there is the Art School, in the summer sketching clubs, ever with us the nucleus of a National Gallery, often on exhibition at Topley's or Wilson's. Something good and new from artists like Brymner, Moss, Pinkey or Brownell, all of whom have identified themselves with the Capital by living and working in it at least for a time. Then there are social reading clubs, and the Ottawa "Field Naturalists," who deserve an article all to themselves. To say nothing of the situation, the boating, the franking privilege, and the Royal Society. So Parliaments may come and go, Sessions may wax and wane, Ottawa can very well live and move and have her being along a very comfortable plane of social and intellectual achievement with comparative indifference.

In every way the Session has been a quiet one. The only daring political move its records show was made by the Liberals when they staked their all upon Unrestricted Reciprocity, and their conduct since has been chiefly marked by a determination to rub in the principles laid down in Sir Richard Cartwright's magnificent presentation of the case upon every possible occasion—which shows faith and courage at all events. The Government's policies have not been radical in any respect, and have been acceded to with more complaisance than usual by the Opposition; even the claims of the C. P. R., thanks to the skilful management of the difficulty by the Government, and the extravagant predictions of the Liberal press, failed to precipitate the inevitable conflict which the three letters suggest so vividly to the student of Canadian affairs. It may be the growing influence of the noble courtesy which looks out of the face of the Liberal leader, and which his whole manner expresses even in the hottest of debates, but the Session has been marked by very few scenes in the House. In fact political amenities have been rather the order of the time, and the dinner-party in the Senate restaurant has often been taken from both sides of the Speaker.

With everything else the Saturday night Liberal receptions have come to an end, after serving the party most acceptably. The good fellowship they have engendered is valuable in itself and invaluable as a political bond. Its value is a face value however, very simple and very open. The reception has not been, so far as could be observed, a force in any subtly influential sense. It might be, and very legitimately; one could almost wish, for the excitement and interest of the thing, that it were. I heard the idea of making converts by means of the reception discussed by a couple of ladies matrimonially attached to the party one day, however, and they seemed to regard it with a kind of horror. I remember they used the word "proselytizing." So long as this sentiment obtains the enemy need fear very little from the weekly encampment without the gates. To make the institution powerful in this way, however, the control of a vigorous and tactful feminine personality is necessary, such a personality as is possessed by only one lady in political circles whom I have had the

good fortune to meet, and whose support has long been enlisted on the "other side" of the Parliamentary struggle.

The farewell reception to Lord and Lady Lansdowne was of course a brilliant affair, and marked by rather less formality than might have been expected. The proverbial sardine was comfortable and happy in comparison with the social body of Ottawa as it was represented in the drawing-room of the Russell House on the evening of the fifteenth, when His Excellency, still smiling at the enthusiasm which greeted his admirable speech, walked in with Lady Lansdowne on his arm. The evening was divided between farewells and ices, and did not last long. Next morning, however, its chief feature was repeated in the *Citizen*, to the great satisfaction of those who missed the opportunity of observing at the banquet how large a scope the Governor-General's office affords for a sound and comprehensive yet graceful and sympathetic speech, and how thoroughly capable our departing Governor is of availing himself of it. It is very doubtful whether an utterance of the sort, so complete in construction, wide in range, literary in form, appropriate in sentiment, and discriminating and delicate in expression, has ever been made before by a representative of Viceroyalty in Canada. It is safe to say that Lord Lansdowne's speech on this occasion was calculated not only vastly to enhance Canadian respect for himself, which was not necessary, but for his office, which was and is increasingly necessary.

SARA J. DUNCAN.

### COME BACK AGAIN.

CHILD-THOUGHTS, child-thoughts, come back again!

Faint, fitful as you used to be;  
The dusty chambers of my brain  
Have need of your fair company,  
As when my child-head reached the height  
Of the wild rose-bush at the door,  
And all of heaven and its delight  
Bloomed in the flowers the old bush bore.

Come back, sweet, long-departed year,  
When sitting in a hollow oak,  
I heard the sheep-bells far and clear,  
I heard a voice that silent spoke,  
And felt that both were dear and real,  
And both were mingled in my dreams,  
As leaves that viewless breezes feel,  
And skies clear mirrored in the streams.

Child-heart, child-thoughts, came back again!  
Bring back the tall grass at my cheek,  
The grief more swift than summer rain,  
The joy that know no words to speak,  
The dandelions' wealth of gold,  
That strives to reach my hands in vain,  
The love that never could grow old—  
Child-heart, child-thoughts, come back again!

A. ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

### CRITICISM OF THE BENCH.

THE question that is being discussed by the Canadian press, in regard to public criticism of judges and their judgments, is of interest, not simply to judges themselves, but to the whole community. If we attempt to answer the question on theoretic grounds solely, it is not difficult to arrive at a conclusion. Judges are public servants, and, generally speaking, public servants are peculiarly liable to public criticism, and if that criticism be fair and unbiassed they have no grounds for complaint.

Leaving theory aside, however, and looking at the question with a practical eye, the difficulty that was apparently evaded when theory alone is in question confronts one again. As a matter of fact, every one who reads newspapers at all knows that with hardly an exception their criticisms of men and things are not fair and unbiassed. Religious newspapers are moved by prejudices peculiar to themselves, and political newspapers have their peculiar prejudices; and legal decisions generally possess so little interest for the public that neither religious nor political papers would discuss them unless impelled by that very prejudice which is fatal to honest criticism, and judges and judgments are viewed not in the sober light of reason but under the more brilliant but less truthful light of religious or political opinion.

There is another argument against criticism of the Bench that is almost more serious. As only the professional man can adequately criticise, or even discuss, legal decisions, it is almost impossible that the newspaper which seeks to do so will succeed, however eminent the ability of the writer. He would find it easier by far to criticise the motives which led to the judgment being given, or would use his skill to show why public weal required that judgment should have been given for the other side; and although it is no flattery to Canadians to acknowledge that they do not believe everything that they read in newspapers, or in any other printed form, it cannot be denied that newspaper editorials influence public opinion. A judge whose motives are censured by the press, or even by a part of the press, will almost certainly suffer in the eyes of those who are adherent of the newspapers who are the attacking force, and public confidence may be shaken simply because something has been done which a particular journal thinks ought not to have been done. A system of intimidation is inaugurated which is not likely to be healthful for the

Bench itself. Judges should neither be leaders of nor led by public opinion, however fit it may be that that potent force should be the main-spring of the politician's life and action.

That some occupants of the Bench have been and still are unreasonable and arbitrary; that acts of discourtesy on the part of judges should be criticised by the public and commented upon by the press; that judges should remember that they are servants, though drawing larger salaries, enjoying greater privileges, and invested with higher responsibilities than other public servants—all this is true, but the moment that religious or political prejudice breaks down the barrier that has separated a position on the Bench from that of the office won by popular favour, that very moment the due administration of justice is endangered. After all, the hopes of the people, as far as the meting out of justice is concerned, rest upon the character of the individual judge, and not at all upon the critical powers of the mighty public press.

B.

### MONTREAL LETTER.

As Professor Felix Adler arrived in Montreal late last evening, and his lecture on "The Religious Outlook" will not be delivered till to-night, I can give you but a synopsis of some deeply interesting theories. This man, to whom New Yorkers in particular owe so much, comes here at the invitation of the Pioneer Free Thought Club.

Glancing through John Morley's tempting *Diderot and the Encyclopedists*, while awaiting Professor Adler's return from a morning's constitutional on our mountain, I came across some remarks refuting the assertion of man's total depravity. Well, it is upon the assumption that humanity has been painted in far darker colours than its hopeful complexion warrants that the members of the Society for Ethical Culture have seemingly founded many of their theories.

From the inconsistent old gentleman at Chelsea, damning the first practical hero-worshipper he saw, down to those fashionable ecclesiastics who take up their cross in the shape of an income of \$15,000 and \$20,000 a year, you must see how, with most, deed and creed keep up but a bowing acquaintanceship. Professor Adler is a bright and particular exception. Without being striking in appearance at sight, from the moment he speaks, we feel that confidence, that instinctive charm, only intelligent honesty and thorough unselfishness can inspire. Picture a Hebrew physiognomy, keen yet gentle, intellectual yet sympathetic, thoughtful yet noticing everything, a pale face with kindly, far-seeing eyes, mobile nostrils, and firm mouth, and you see a man of whose works you will not be surprised to hear nothing but praise.

The Society for Ethical Culture has the mother house, so to speak, in New York, and four branch societies, respectively, in Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, and London, England. The latter, known under the name of the South Grace Ethical Society, had for lecturer Moncure D. Conway, whose post Dr. Stanton Coyt now holds. The Society's motto is "Deeds not Creeds," and its aim, to unite men, no matter what their religious belief may be, to work for their own moral improvement, and that of humanity. It numbers among its members theists, positivists, pantheists.

"Our own opinion," said Professor Adler, "is that people spend far too much time in discussing doctrines, far too little in doing practical work." Then, briefly, he continued, "Intellectual differences are certainly on the increase, and it would be useless to demand that all men should agree; nevertheless, such diverse creeds need not interfere with ethical interests, were there to be union in doing good instead of argument."

The Society's aims are threefold: the education of children; the elevation of the labouring classes, and the elevation of women. "But what incentive to this work do you offer people?"

"Doing good will interest a man in doing good. I look upon a picture of Raphael, it pleases, it satisfies me. If such is the effect of the beautiful, why can't that of virtue be the same?"

Professor Adler, in answer to my queries concerning his work in New York, said that the Society had there founded the first Jew Kindergarten, and the first manual training school, where ordinary studies as well as handicrafts were taught. These are supported by voluntary contributions at a cost of \$20,000. Furthermore, it was the first to send out trained nurses to take care of the poor; first to start model tenement houses for the labouring classes.

From a friend who lately visited Prof. Adler's wonderful institution I learned that not one of the 375 poor children taught there reading, writing, solfeggio, besides sewing, modelling, carpentering, and many other useful trades, pays a cent!

Whatever we may think about this man's theories, there can be only one verdict upon his practice.

Of course it is consoling to know that despite all the old fogies in Christendom effete conventionality must die, and bloodless systems crumble, nevertheless are the toothless, old school opinions extremely exasperating. Last Sunday evening we were told that "female labour in the sphere of men means the reduction of wages for men to that point which will render it out of the question for many men to form and sustain new homes." But why take account of the worker, if the work can be well done in the prescribed time?

Church concerts become more and more popular. On Tuesday evening if you chose to pay twenty-five cents at our Cathedral door, you were admitted to hear Haydn's *Creation*, produced by the choir. Some people think it is time the impish things forming so original a characteristic of the noble pile's exterior ornamentation, and gazing disparagingly upon secular humanity, should turn their goggle eyes inwards. LOUIS LLOYD.

## LONDON LETTER.

LIKE a valueless rough stone framed in the finest setting, Bushey lies among these lovely uplands and delicately-tinted woods, as much out of place as would be a Yorkshire village if carried from bare moors swept by North-East blasts to trim shady meadows through which I am sure only the gentlest of South winds ever venture to sigh. Those gaunt gray cottages in harmony among desolate hills and dales are here out of character, and their bare walls unadorned with any sort of creeper afford unbecoming backgrounds to the æsthetic young men and maidens who are very much *en evidence* this delightful summer afternoon. A second Bedford Park should arise, the only fit abodes for these *pince-nez*ed students, who must endure bitter pangs indeed at being forced to inhabit such congenial homes which even the useful draperies of honeysuckle and roses, morning glories and clematis, would fail to make artistic. Miss Greenaway should design and Mr. Edis should build model red-brick cottages for these Mallaises and Orchardsons, Miss Montalbas and Madame Canzianis of the future. It is not right that they should be asked to grace with their presence these battlemented small villas or unpretentious six-roomed little houses, where any one without the least knowledge of art might be content to live; and though they make the best of their surroundings with Liberty curtains, black-framed mezzotints and the like, still the most casual unsympathetic passer-by must feel that Cockney roadside dwellings are hardly worthy these enthusiastic young people, who have dressed their part with all propriety, learnt their words, and are only lacking the set scenes, the suggestive interiors, necessary to make their existence complete. The carriages, full to overflowing with Professor Herkomer's guests, toil up the long hill, passing by the way the pretty old church with the tranquil village pond lying at its feet, passing the charming Queen Anne Manor, and so, in the heart of the straggling sheet, halt at the gates of the theatre (once the dissenting chapel), where the play is about to begin. Into the midst of this quiet-looking colony London has sent representatives a hundred and twenty-five strong, ready with townbred straitness, maybe to laugh at, certainly to criticise everything we see and hear, and London pouring into this small oblong room where shrouded electric lights gleam and scroll-work and carved pillar decorate, settles itself comfortably, ready for any sensation which kind fortune may have in store.

The programme (a wonderful portrait, photogravured, of Miss Gilbert, "The Sorceress," forms the frontispiece) occupies our attention first; the Argument is read, and then as the first bar of the music is heard from below the stage, our fluttering papers are laid down, our busy chatter is stilled, and we concentrate our attention on the golden-brown curtains which are just about to part.

At last they swing aside. The camp fire gleams in our attentive faces as we watch the group of gypsies lying sleeping, lights the figure of the Sorceress Queen ("lithe as panther forest roaming") wandering hither and thither, impatient for the return of the child, and by its fitful glare throws into deeper shadows that part of the wood it fails to touch. Across the lake that "orb'd maiden with white fire laden" (the most realistic of moons, beating the famous "sweet regent of the sky" who looked down in the days of long ago on the attempted murder of dear Colleen Bawn) throws her fair beams a-glint on the sleepy water and on the drapery athwart the Queen's tent; and the Wagnerian music throbs on; and the Sorceress paces to and fro among her subjects. Anything more effective than the shadowy scene and the weird music cannot be imagined; it was emphatically the real thing; but the charm was rudely broken by some one, far from where the supposed singer was standing, giving us an incantation hymn, Miss Gilbert coming in a trifle late with appropriate gestures. After that shock the action became brisker, and a lullaby (all out of tune) was followed by a serenade from Mr. Wehrschmidt, in which ridiculous words wedded to charming music were chanted in a peculiarly spiritless fashion; then, after a few fair choruses, a good dance, and one or two songs (still out of tune) the gypsies at the approach of dawn gather up their belongings and wander off, with their Queen and the stolen child in their midst.

Then came what to me, after that silent admirable opening, was by far the best thing in the whole performance. The camp fire has been stamped out, the colour of the sky has altered, for the sun is near at hand; light breezes seem to blow through the wood, cleansing it from any taint of that noisy, drinking crew over whom the Sorceress reigns; one almost hears the awakening notes of the birds. The character of the music changes; it's fainter, sweeter, more tuneful. To this spot strays a shepherd—in whom one has no difficulty in recognizing the Professor—fearful of advancing too quickly, unaware if, as yet, the tribe has left the country side. After a charming short dance, through the music of which you catch the irregular tinkle of the sheep bells—the most graceful of light measures—the shepherd is joined by a shepherdess, to whom he presents a necklace of barbaric beads (a gipsy girl's property, discovered at the foot of a tree) and to whom he sings a verse or two full of quiet tenderness. "For all our life's dear story, give us love and give us peace," and with this sentiment set, to be sure, to a few harmonious simple chords any one with the least ear for music can play, the Fragment ends. As the curtains slowly swing together the lovers wander away, hand in hand, into Arcady, while an old shepherd on a knoll by the river turns to look after them, and listening again to the never-to-be-forgotten piping air, leans, with a world of meaning in his attitude, on his crook. The figure of the white-bearded old man is the last we see. The strains of the love song are the last we hear.

From the theatre we went to the great studio where, to the clink of coffee cups, we talked over our entertainment. Browning was there, and Madame Antoinette Stirling, Fuller Maitland, Alfred Scott Getty, Mrs.

Garrett-Anderson and Mrs. Faucit, and from the walls Mr. Archibald Forbes looked on, and Mrs. Craik (an admirable portrait) and Ruskin kept watch over us. Through the pretty gardens we strayed, first to one workshop and then to another, and so to the inner sunny room where the printing is done, and where hangs an exquisite mezzotint of Lord Heathfield clasping the key of Gibraltar (do you recollect Hazlitt's favourable opinion of this piece seen by him first at the Angerstein collection?), and not far off an etching of Walker's "Philip at Church." As I look at the beautiful composition—Philip as you know shares the prayer book with his children, the Little Sister sits with clasped hands and bent head near by: the background differs from the illustration done for the novel. I think of a paragraph in a well-known essay:—"I own that I am disposed to say grace upon twenty other occasions in the course of the day besides dinner. . . . Why have we none for books, those spiritual repasts—a grace before Milton, a grace before Shakespeare—a devotional exercise proper to be said before reading the 'Fairy Queen'?" and to these I should like to add, for my part, a grace before Thackeray. One does not continually prate, I think, of the affections which lie deepest, and among the many writers whom one criticises continually the author of *Vanity Fair*, of *Pendennis*, of *Esmond*, is never much discussed; but none the less, "for ever echoing in the heart and present in the memory" are the matchless pages of English literature he has signed with his name. The shelf in the library to which most of us turn oftenest is the shelf from which we take those living picture books—like those in Andersen's fairy tale—in which, beneath the trees on the Castlewood lawns, in the shining candle-lighted drawing-rooms in Curzon Street, in the half-deserted Bloomsbury Square, in the cool shadow cast by the Greyfriars' wells, we can listen to and watch those men and women who are made of flesh and blood, not paper and ink. Lucky indeed are we to have in our possession such fairy gifts as these. Who can be lonely when from these magic leaves Beatrix and Mary, Clive and Ethel, Dobbin and Emmy Sedley (dear Emmy, 'tis the young and foolish only who call thee insipid) are ever ready to be our companions? Their talk seems to alter as we alter; we misunderstood or only half heard when first we listened to them; now as the years go on all they say becomes clearer, and of different meaning; actions, blamed or praised when first we watched them have at last their true value, and we understand these many many friends to whom the great writer has introduced us, as we must come to understand, even the stupidest of us, the people with whom we have lived all our days. "We have been young and old [writes Andrew Lang to Thackeray, in the *Letters to Dead Authors*], we have been sad and merry with you, we have listened to the midnight chimes with Pen and Warrington, have stood with you beside the death-bed, have mourned at the yet more awful funeral of lost love, and with you have prayed in the inmost chapel sacred to our old and immortal affections, à léal souvenir." Was ever writer so adored as is the creator of Colonel Newcome, with a love that, as I have said, his disciples talk little off, for, like all true affection, it lies too deep for many words?

As I turned into the village street I could see across the meadows into Hertfordshire, on the outskirts of which lies St. Albans, and I called to mind how, in a niche in a little church away from the cathedral town, there sits Sir Francis Bacon, watching over the tomb for which Aubrey wrote the epitaph. A walk of a few miles through the pleasant lanes brings one to the narrow chancel, worn by the feet of worshippers to the shrine of the author of those famous Essays in which (says Macaulay) Bacon talks to plain men in language which everybody understands about things in which every one is interested. An Italian is supposed to have been the sculptor of this somewhat clumsy figure, which gives one but a small notion of what the statesman must have been like. From the church it is only a stone's throw to the park, where are still the ruins of the house built by Sir Nicholas in order to entertain his Queen with all propriety, and where, across by the monks' fish-pond, is the site of the delightful small home Sir Francis designed for himself. The windows of the present dwelling of the Venetians shine in the evening light as I turn down the avenues to go back to the great city which lying so near to this country solitude, yet seems so far; and glad though one always is to return to "the sweet security of the streets," I think even the most inveterate Cockney cannot help feeling vaguely that in the peaceful charm, full of memories, of such a spot as this there is something quite indefinable, some wild flower scent, peculiarly the property of these lovely meadows and fields.

Flowers in great banks lined the staircases on the Private View day at Burlington House, and servitors in furred red gowns (*tempe* Sir Joshua) handed catalogues to the Quality who elbowed their way to the brilliant rooms. On all sides one hears, as one always has heard ever since I can remember, denunciation of the show as being the worst that has been seen for years, a remark most of the papers repeated next day. But if Orchardson is disappointing one finds Vicat Cole astonishing—like one of the dead landscape painters, a genuine Old Master—and from Goodall it is easy to turn to such excellent work as Boughton's, while among the many good outsiders a beautiful little Frank Calderon should delight you. There are interesting portraits, too, not a few, which should make up for Long's stuff, and Solomon's painful canvas, and from the pieces of such men as Millais, Pettie, Briton Rivière, Marcus Stone (for a wonder), Peter Graham, you can extract a reasonable amount of pleasure unless you are very hard to please, without grumbling over the mediocre pictures which are inevitable in such a gigantic exhibition. I saw that Agnew halted with Gladstone before only the twenty or thirty canvasses really worthy, through and through, of being examined; and this place is an admirable one to adopt, as thus you run no chance of wasting your time over indifferent and displeasing work.

WALTER POWELL.



## THE CLOUD.

A NEW-BORN cloud arose from out the west  
 All but invisible and on its way,  
 In morning robe of diaphanic gray,  
 Like some sweet dream, when love disturbs our rest,  
 Sped straight to land; at evening it was drest  
 In gold and crimson and in wondrous play  
 Of chasing colours fell, like aerial spray,  
 Around a hoary mountain's sun-kissed crest.  
 When rose the moon in all her glory bright,  
 'Twas clothed in silver, like a form divine  
 Holding a chalice at the sacred shrine  
 For sacrifice—and in the dead of night  
 Its love dissolved in sweet refreshing showers  
 And shed its blessing on a thousand flowers.

SAREPTA.

## EARLY PORTUGUESE SETTLEMENTS IN CAPE BRETON.

EVERY one familiar with Nova Scotian history as told in the pages of Haliburton, Murdock, Campbell, and Hannay has learned that the first settlement of Europeans in Nova Scotia was made by the French under De Monts at Port Royal in 1604-5. Brief notices of some former efforts at colonization or discovery by English and French navigators are given. The Cabots, father and son, are spoken of; so are Baron de Lery and the Marquis de la Roche; but one searches in vain for any fitting allusion to those early Portuguese explorers who, in point of time, came between the Cabots and Baron de Lery, or for accounts of the settlements they undoubtedly made more than half a century before De Monts feasted his eyes on the kingly beauty of Port Royal. Yet they are deserving of mention, if we read the records of their voyages aright, and in what follows an attempt is made to show the part they played in Nova Scotia's history.

In the opening years of the sixteenth century two voyages were made under the auspices of the King of Portugal, around which some mystery hangs. In 1500 Gaspar Cortoreal explored Nova Scotia and Newfoundland in search of a passage to India in northern latitudes. He made no settlement, but sailed along the coast as far north as the fiftieth parallel, where his further progress north was stopped by ice. From one of the countries he visited he carried off fifty-seven natives, resembling Micmacs, pronouncing them "admirably calculated for labour." This country he called Terra de Labrador—"land of labourers"—though that name was afterward transferred to a region farther north. If we examine a map we will see that the fiftieth parallel passes to the south of the peninsula now known as Labrador, which could not therefore have been the original "land of labourers." In Cape Breton there is another Labrador, though the spelling has been corrupted to Bras d'Or. In all the older maps and documents—from Denys' map compiled in 1672 to the census returns of 1774—the name is however spelled Labrador. Hence since Labrador cannot be of French origin, as *bras* is masculine and the corruption, if such there were, would be to *Lebrador*, and as the Labrador of to-day is too far north to have been visited by Cortoreal, we are forced to the conclusion that Cape Breton was the original Labrador—the land that Cortoreal desecrated with what Lord Brougham would call "the traffic in blood." There are beside other and perhaps stronger proofs than these: Nova Scotia (including of course Cape Breton) was sometimes known as Terras Corte Reales, and in old maps was represented with the Portuguese flag flying over it. Still further, authentic history tells us that Gaspar Cortoreal with three ships made a second voyage in the following year, but never returned. Tradition has it that this expedition was wrecked off the cape, Breton (the most easterly point in the island); that many of the men escaped to the shore; but among them the Micmacs recognized some of their betrayers of the previous year and massacred all. Even yet, in the long winter evenings, as Micmac families gather around the wigwam fires, patriarchal men may be found telling their grandchildren how their sires—if they did not slake "the ancestral thirst for vengeance"—partially repaid the heartless Southerners for their wanton cruelty.

In 1502 Gaspar's brother, Miguel Cortoreal, set sail with another expedition, and he, too, never returned. These are the only voyages made at this time of which we can with certainty speak, but the great probability is that there were many others. In some one of these the name Baya Funda—"the deep bay"—was given to that sheet of water lying between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. This name in a very slightly changed form it still retains, notwithstanding that the French settlers called it "Baie Francaise."

An old Spanish authority † describes the Portuguese as making in 1521 a settlement at Placentia in Newfoundland. This they were afterward compelled to abandon because of the severity of the climate. In doing so they coasted along the southern shores of that island as far as Cape Ray. Here they turned and sailed south to the first island, where, having lost their ships, they were obliged to remain. "We have had no news of them," says he, "except through the Biscayans, who are in the habit of going to that coast and procuring and exporting many things to be found there. They requested that we should be informed how they were situated, and they want priests to be sent thither; that the natives

were well-disposed and the land productive and good, as we know, and is stated by every one sailing thither." Now a glance at a map shows that, sailing south from Cape Ray, the first point where they would strike land would be Cape Breton, very near, if not exactly, at that part now called Ingonish. This name in its modified form of Niganis is familiar to every reader of De Laet\*; for that author tells us that "the Portuguese place Port Niganis from eighteen to twenty leagues to the north-west of Cape Breton, and that there they once had a settlement, which they have since abandoned." In and around Ingonish even to the present day there are many mounds, which, if Micmac tradition is to be relied on, were made by white men previous to the coming of the French. Only a few years ago, in Neal's Harbour (a little fishing village close beside Ingonish) while men were at work excavating, preparatory to laying the foundation for a church, a cannon, formed of bars of iron bound round with hoops or bands of the same metal, was unearthed. Every school boy knows that cannon of so antique a make was not in use after 1540, and probably not for nearly a score of years before. The only conclusion to be drawn from this evidence is, that early in the sixteenth century, possibly we may accept De Suza's date (1521), the Portuguese had a settlement at Niganis, now Ingonish, on the island of Cape Breton. What became of this settlement we cannot discover. Perhaps the cold of a Cape Breton winter proved too much for the Portuguese, accustomed to a summer climate, and they returned home. But though this effort failed, the idea of founding a colony in these northern latitudes was not wholly abandoned. On the contrary more than once were expeditions sent out with that object. † On one of these occasions they left cattle on Sable Island. ‡ "Sable," says Edward Hayes, master of the *Golden Hinde*, one of the vessels that accompanied Sir Humphrey Gilbert on his ill-fated voyage in 1583, "lieth to the seaward of Cape Breton, about twenty-five leagues, whither we were determined to go upon intelligence we had of a Portingall (during our abode in St. John's), who was himself present when the Portingalls (above thirty years past) did put into the same island both neat and swine to breed, which were since exceedingly multiplied." § "Some sixty years before," says Champlain under date 1604, "they (the Portuguese) left some cattle on Sable Island." || Charlevoix states emphatically that the convicts left by the Marquis de la Roche on Sable Island met with the wrecks of Spanish ships that had been sent to make settlements in Cape Breton, and while they used the wrecks to build houses for themselves, they found cattle which had escaped the wrecks and multiplied on the isle. Before this zest for colonization in the north had died away, the Portuguese succeeded in forming a settlement in Cape Breton and spent at least one winter there. We quote from Champlain: ¶ "In this place (Cape Breton) there are several harbours and passages where they catch fish, viz.: English Harbour (Louisbourg), distant from the Cape Breton about two or three leagues; and the other Niganis, eighteen or twenty leagues to the north. The Portuguese at one time wished to inhabit this island, and spent one winter there, but the severity of the season made them abandon their settlement." That the Portuguese only remained one winter, we are hardly prepared, despite Champlain's authority, to admit. Anthony Parkhurst, an English navigator of some repute in a letter dated 15th November, 1578, \*\* writes: "I could find it in my heart to make proof whether it be true or no, that I have read and heard of Frenchmen and Portugals to be in that river (St. Lawrence) and about Cape Breton. If I had not been deceived by the vile Portugals descending from the Jews and Judas kind, I had not failed to have searched that river, and all the coast of Cape Breton, which might have been found to have benefited our country." Further on he states that the French, Portuguese, and Spaniards carried on the fisheries on the Grand Banks, and that generally there were as many as fifty Portuguese vessels thus employed. It is quite possible that these "vile" persons who deceived this Bristol merchant were the Portuguese fishermen who frequented the Banks and coast of Cape Breton during the fishing season and returned home each fall, or whenever they had obtained a sufficiently large catch, but such men would not have so much reason to deceive as men who had actually settled. And there is this other fact to be remembered. What is now known as Sydney Harbour was for many years, dating from about the middle of the sixteenth century, called Spanish River. If tradition is accurate the Portuguese (Portugal had been annexed to Spain in 1580, hence the name Spanish) had here for some years a colony, which, owing to the severe winters, they afterward sold to the English.

The conclusion from what we have written is that the Portuguese in three waves visited Cape Breton. Under the Cortoreals they came simply as explorers, not with a view to settlement. Some twenty years later they planted a colony probably at Ingonish—this colony they subsequently, perhaps because of the severity of the climate, abandoned. About the middle of the sixteenth century they made repeated efforts at colonization, all of which eventually failed. On one occasion they succeeded in making a settlement, at what point is uncertain nor can it be fixed: and again the cold (according to Champlain), or British gold (if we accept tradition), induced them to seek new possessions elsewhere.

GEORGE PATTERSON, JR.

\* *Novus Orbis of Johannes de Laet*. Antwerp, Lugdun, Batav. apud Elzevirios A<sup>o</sup>. 1633.

† *Novus Orbis*, etc., p. 36.

‡ 2 Hackluyt, p. 684.

§ 1 Champlain, p. 41.

|| 1 Charlevoix, p. 169. We have taken for granted that Charlevoix meant Portuguese ships; for when he wrote there was no difference, Portugal and Spain being united.

¶ Champlain, Vol. II., Chap. xvii.; Vol. IV., Chap. vii.

\*\* 2 Hackluyt, p. 684.

\* See Bryant, *Pop. Hist. of U. S.*, Vol. I., p. 140.

† De Suza, writing in 1570.



## "UP."

SOME years ago I was strolling down Tremont Street, Boston, one clear, cool winter evening, and while passing one of the brightly lighted restaurants, then to be found on it, observed a *gamin*, about ten or twelve years old, planted before the window, gazing intently at the enticing edibles within—so near and yet so far. Just at this moment, a pair of working girls—as I judged from their looks—coming up the street, neared the shop. Noticing that the youngster's whole soul was seemingly centred on what he saw, and thinking doubtless to startle him in his reverie, one of the girls bent towards him as they passed and exclaimed, "Chipper up, sonny!"

Turning towards her instantly, with all the readiness of his class, he flashed out, "Up where?"

Needless to say the girl was completely taken aback, and as much nonplussed as would be more than half of those who daily drag this little word into their speech, if asked to give a reason for doing so. But the spoken word often slips out unawares; we do not aim to be so nice, nor so guarded, in what we let the lips utter, or the tongue tell, as when we put our thoughts on paper, or expect to see them in print. Forgiving, then, the tricks of the tongue, what excuse can be pleaded for the frequent, and by many the constant use of "up," when it can add nothing in meaning or force to the term already written? For instance, why will writers persist in telling us that the hero of the tale rose *up*? Clever, active, skilful as he may have been, could he have risen in any other direction? Even those airy nothings we call ideas, so little subject to rule or guidance, so fitful in their movements, must rise up when they spring into being.

Nor is it only the penny-a-liners who thus express themselves. Only the other day I met the phrase "risen up" twice, on the same small page, in a book by Sir Arthur Helps.

Gross as is this example of superfluous use, it has become so common as to seem less absurd than many others. Our good friends across the line seldom separate anything into parts without dividing it *up*, whether it be a cave or a cake, a cheese or a chapter, and in their characteristic haste, sparing neither words nor effort, they exhort to hurry *up*, although the command may mean the pulling down of a house, or jumping into the water.

But we do not need to look abroad for examples of making this monosyllable do useless work. We are not content to bury an article in the ground, or to hide it beneath something else, or even to conceal a feeling in the depths of the heart, we must cover it *up*, we are not satisfied to complete a work, it is finished *up*. "Move up," "close up," are the commands, when no change of level is meant, or even possible. To raise, as well as to rise, gets but half way unless *up* be added. A hole down which material has been crammed is said to be plugged *up*, or a drain which ceases to discharge freely is suspected of being choked *up*. We don't begin at the foot of the page to read, nor at the bottom of the sheet to write, and yet, in preparing an essay, one reads up the subject and then proceeds to write it up.

To the *profanum vulgus* the little word is verily a "without which, not," deprived of its use they would be much like beavers shorn of their tails. Examples here would be as odious as comparisons and may therefore be omitted. By the slang-makers and slang-users—those debasers and counterfeiters of the coin of the realm—it is used in almost every phrase they introduce, from "liquor up" to "dry up," in order, as they would doubtless say, "to round it up."

What is the reason of the preference given to this particular monosyllable? Why is it made to serve so often, and in so varied relations? Why tacked to an expression already complete in sense? Is it an outcropping of the tendency to make amends for the scarcity of ideas by a surplus of words? Or is it an evidence of want of language, and an ignorant contempt for the niceties of expression and shades of meaning? Or does it rest upon the false belief that simple statements do not impress the mind, but that verbiage adds weight to them, because adding sound?

Or, on the other hand, is it an unconscious proof of the force our native tongue puts into the smallest terms; of the wonderful pliancy with which they can be bent to different uses; of the fact that a whole sentence may be compressed into a single word?

Of the actual value of the frequent and varied use of "up," a page of almost any book, a column of any newspaper, dealing at all in idiom, will not fail to give examples, while the least amount of observation is enough to show the ease and persistency with which it enters into our daily, familiar speech. This very frequency of use accounts, no doubt, for the frequency of abuse to which it is here sought to draw attention. The great master of words has told us that "there is a soul of goodness in things evil"; will it be too great a stretch of fancy to credit the evil usage here spoken of with a blind reaching after something better, since we all agree in looking above us for examples of good, and offer all our prayers *up*?

W. A. S.

WHEN the play, *The Lady of Lyons* was first brought out it was not known that Lord Lytton was the author. Between the acts, Dickens met Lytton and asked him what he thought of it. Lytton pretended to think but slightly of the production, and mentioned some of its shortcomings. "Come, now," replied Dickens, who was enthusiastic over it, "it is not like you, Bulwer, to cavil over such small things as those. The man who wrote the play may have imitated your work here and there, perhaps, but he was a deuced clever fellow, for all that. To hear you speak so is almost enough to make one think that you are jealous." In a fortnight Lytton's authorship of the work was published, and Dickens felt cold the next time he met him.

## JOE.

(A SKETCH FROM MEMORY.)

A MEADOW brown, across the yonder edge  
A zigzag fence is ambling, here a wedge  
Of underbrush has cleft its course in twain,  
Till where beyond it staggers up again,  
The long, gray rails stretch in a broken line  
Their ragged length of rough, split forest pine,  
And in their zigzag tottering have reeled  
In drunken efforts to enclose the field,  
Which carries on its breast, September born,  
A patch of rustling, yellow, Indian corn,  
Beyond its shrivelled tassels—perched upon  
The topmost rail—sits Joe, the settler's son,  
A little semi-savage boy of nine.  
Now dozing in the warmth of Nature's wine,  
The sun has tampered with his face, and wrought,  
By heated kisses, mischief, and has brought  
Some vagrant freckles, while from here and there  
A few wild locks of vagabond brown hair  
Escape the old straw hat the sun looks thro',  
And blinks to meet his Irish eyes of blue;  
Barefooted, innocent of coat or vest,  
His grey checked shirt unbuttoned at his chest,  
Both hardy hands within their usual nest—  
His breeches pockets—so he waits to rest  
His little fingers, somewhat tired and worn,  
That all day long were husking Indian corn;  
His drowsy lids snap at some trivial sound,  
With lazy yawns he slips toward the ground,  
Then with an idle whistle lifts his load  
And shambles home along the country road  
That stretches on fringed out with stumps and weeds,  
And finally unto the backwoods leads,  
Where forests wait with giant trunk and bough  
The axe of pioneer, the settler's plough.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

## ROSEDALE IN EARLY MAY.

So when "sumer is a-comen in," and "loud doth sing cuckoo," those who are wise in their generation, whether they be children of the light or of another dynasty, troop off in expectant crowds to the woods. Behold, when they get there, the ground naught but one great flat drab or brown cracking cake, the trees the same unsightly spectres of the winter months, forest ships that know as yet no swelling sails of palest green, but only the stiff, brown rigging that rears an unclothed-upon network of dry branches to the sky—the sky itself a lowering March vault, gray and leaden in hue, that matches not with the season nor with the heart. There is certainly a gleam of green grass away to the left in an open place where suns have shone and the little rain that may have fallen has fallen, and so the children run to it of course, expecting to find a Golconda of growth, vegetable, animal, and mineral, but though grass is always unspeakably precious and beautiful, and most of all now, we did not come here to-day to consider grass. It is, however, young and fresh, and short and moist, exquisitely green, with the true spring yellow at its roots, but we give one wistful look at it, and no more. We are concerned chiefly with this great, flat, brown, throbbing, cracking, and splitting cake of earth just immediately under our feet. Keep your eyes open, any moment we may see a flower. Keep your ears open, too, for verily the force that can push this cold, dry earth up, up, up, and finally shake it off altogether can hardly be a noiseless one. While we step carefully along, straining our eyes for the sight of the first green shoot above the numberless cracks in the stale crust, somebody, with a whoop and a cry, descries great distant clumps of rich green only a few yards away in the swamp, and directly we are all on the spot. They are about four inches high and are scattered all over the marsh in bright, round patches. With buds, too, upon them, like little green capers, the broad crenate leaves very waxy and fresh. This is the *Caltha palustris*, Goblet of the Marsh, or, as we tell the children, the "brave marsh marybuds" of Jean Ingelow's sweet poem. It is a well-known perennial, and later on possesses the loveliest big yellow flowers—that is, when these same little green capers or buds shall grow large and golden, and although only sepals, present a perfectly flower and petal-like appearance. We pick some of them; the stems are quite hollow and the leaves heart or kidney-shaped. In about a fortnight the marsh will be a mass of yellow blossoms, and those of us who are lovers of the Laureate will recall the place where he says that the

—Wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows gray.

Then we go back to the cracking cake and kneeling down peer between the cracks. There is certainly a gleam of green underneath. The temptation to accelerate growth arises and is irresistible. We break away accordingly a huge piece of the caked earth, and there, revealed to us, are countless little plants, seedlings of oak, maple, evergreen, violets, trilliums, and wintergreen, harboured in a rich, black, moist, warm soil. We find no sign of the hepatica, no sign of the *urularia*, nor of the mottled lanceolate

leaf of the dog's tooth violet. But down in the swamp, half buried in wet mosses and decaying wood and fungi, is one solitary rootstalk of the curious *Arisæma triphyllum*, or Indian turnip. Where there is one there will be many, and in another week or fortnight there will be plenty of these strange hooded things that some people will insist upon calling pitcher plants. The Indian arum or the *Arisæma* is a perennial herb sending up in early spring a slender scape surrounded with veiny leaves, and with the hooded spathe turned over, flattened, and often spotted and striped with purple, puce, and brown. We leave this solitary specimen where he is, there being hardly enough of him as yet to carry away. And look as closely as we may this is the extent of our discoveries. Now we cross the road, and passing the open grassy glade that pleased the children so, strike into a low copse carpeted with oak leaves and pine tassels to the depth of a foot and more. We stop and pull away the year's accumulated rubbish and find that we have narrowly escaped crushing to death a delicate specimen of the *Anemone nemorosa*, a poor little stray blossom that stands alone in the wood. And now, scraping away in all directions the mass of decayed and decaying leaves, sticks, and grasses, we find scores of little fluffy, downy points coming up everywhere under the rubbish, each of which means the dainty blue or bluish-white flower of the future. The whole matter is the absence of rain. Let a good rain come, washing down the old decomposing matter into the roads and marshes, and after, let one good day's sunshine light up even the darkest corners of the wood, and we shall have all the anemones we want. And besides the tender trouble of the rain the wind, too, is needed; that kind of freshening, blowing, tumultuous spring wind that shakes the dried white leaves from off the trees and presses open the fast-locked blossoms of the lowest little flower. When it is only sunshine that is at hand to help, the growth will be tardy, the resurrection incomplete. Already, however, the willows make a golden haze when we stand at a sufficient distance from them, and one elm begins to show some feathery fringes in place of the mere pencilled branches of the winter. In the big swamp that goes down to meet the stream the reeds are shooting up, pale greenish-white and hollow, and as the children stand and poke at them, a kingfisher darts out and flies into the wood. Blue against the leaden sky, he is yet dark and dingy compared to a broken egg-shell that has fallen from a robin's nest, and which we pass on the ground as we turn to go home. SERANUS.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

"CYMBELINE."

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—The discussion of Shakespeare's text is always a pleasant and invigorating exercise when it is undertaken by honest enquirers, and not by dogmatists. And the letter of E. A. Meredith in your issue of to-day is particularly agreeable, since it deals with so delightful a subject as *Cymbeline*.

I am led, however, to dissent from the correctness of your correspondent's corrections of Shakespeare's text, and beg to give my reasons. In the First Folio (reduced fac-simile. Funk and Wagnalls, 1887) I find the lines emended by Mr. Meredith, to read thus, the punctuation being different to the Dyce text and the copy he quotes:

Qui. Were you a woman, youth,  
I should woo hard, but be your groome in honesty:  
I bid for you as I do buy.

Which means, in my estimation, "Whether you be a woman or a man my sudden affection is so great that I am willing to give as much of it as will buy your love in return, even though it be as great as the greatest of all prices, the love of a man for a woman." Guiderius was evidently smitten as a youth of his age, cut off from the companionship of the other sex, was sure to be, with the evident *feminine* graces of the stranger. And from the fullness of a sensitive nature was ready to give all to get all, let that all be what it might, and to my mind it is pretty clear, that though he outwardly accepted the statement of the stranger that she was of his own sex, and submitted to the adoption of that statement by his older and younger—consequently less impressionable—companions, in his heart he retained a doubt, born of natural instinct, and cast his throw accordingly.

And if we take the Dyce text, or as quoted by Mr. Meredith,

In honesty  
I bid for you, as I'd buy,

such a meaning as I have stated still holds: "Whatever love you have to give, even so much, I am ready to give too, let the amount be whatsoever it may."

In the second emendation suggested by Mr. Meredith, I am sorry to say I see no improvement on the text. The meaning of "pervert" is evidently, in this case, merely to turn aside—not corruptly but in any way, so that the dire event so plainly foreshadowed by Posthumus' distraction may be warded off. The vile conspirators saw that they had worked enough evil, the result was more dread than even they had anticipated, and they were willing to soften matters. In the terrible agitation into which Posthumus had fallen, to prevent some strong action on his part would have been impossible, but if they could only throw the fierceness of his anger out to another object, they would avert a disaster they feared. Thus they would, of course, as Mr. Meredith writes it, *prevent* the catastrophe, but the use of the word "pervert" suggests all to the imagination that the poet would express. I am, sir, yours faithfully,

S. A. CURZON.

## RENAN'S HISTORY OF ISRAEL.\*

CONSIDERING the wide popularity of M. Renan's *Origins of Christianity* and his own deep interest in the subject, it is quite natural that he should have carried his researches back into the history of the religion which was, at least, an historical preparation for the Gospel. It has been said that this new work of the brilliant French *littérateur* has met with less success than the *Vie de Jésus* and subsequent volumes of the series on Christianity. How this may be we have no means of knowing; but we see, on the title page of the volume which lies before us, the words *sixième édition*; and we fancy there are few writers who would regard it as a sign of failure if their book came to a sixth edition within two or three months of the day of publication.

Any one who had a tolerably extensive acquaintance with the writings of M. Renan could have given an estimate of his present work, before reading it, which would have needed scarcely any revision or correction after a perusal. M. Renan is as charming a writer as ever, as graceful, as witty, as epigrammatic, as he has been any time these twenty or thirty years. But he is also as unscientific, as arbitrary, as unsatisfactory as ever. As it was in his *Vie de Jésus* and his *Origines* generally, so it is here. M. Renan's inner sense, rather his caprice, is the rule for the acceptance, rejection, or interpretation of any portion of the sacred narrative. The critical *prolegomena* are promised to appear hereafter, but no explanation of his principles can bring consistency into a work which indicates results like those which are recorded in the present volume. The whole work, we may remark in passing, is to consist of three volumes, and will contain the whole history of Israel to the time of Christ. This first instalment brings it down to the reign of David.

M. Renan decides that the early history of Israel is, to a certain extent, historical, and he institutes an ingenious contrast between the patriarchal age of the Israelites and the golden age of the Aryans. "It is," he says, "in the patriarchal age that the destiny of Israel begins to be written: nothing in the history of Israel is intelligible without the patriarchal age. This age, like all infancies, is lost in night; but the duty of the historical inquirer into causes is to break this darkness by the help of psychology and philology. It may be said that the Aryan golden age has as much documentary evidence as the patriarchal age; and that the golden age is a mere dream. But there is no real analogy. The patriarchal age had a real existence: it still exists in the countries in which the nomad African life has preserved its purity."

M. Renan's method of treating the sacred records is illustrated by a passage of the Abbé Barthélemy, in which the latter summarizes the history of Æneas as given by Virgil: "At that time there lived a man called Æneas: he was illegitimate, religious, and cowardly. These qualities procured for him the esteem of King Priam, who, not knowing what to give him, bestowed upon him one of his daughters in marriage. This history begins on the night of the taking of Troy. He left the city, lost his wife on the way, went on board ship, had an amour with Dido, Queen of Carthage, who lived four centuries after him, held very entertaining games at the tomb of his father Anchises, died in Sicily, and finally arrived in Italy near the mouth of the Tiber, when the first object that struck his sight was a sow which had just littered thirty white pigs." . . . "I think, with Barthélemy," says M. Renan, "that we do as great wrong to history by robbing it of such fine stories." Perhaps so; but let us be quite sure that the things we remove from the page of history belong to the same class. It can be no one's interest or business to perpetuate a belief in contradictions and impossibilities. On the other hand, it is a cruel and ruthless thing to ridicule ancient stories which have become dear to many hearts, unless very good reason be given for treating them as legendary or mythical.

The account which M. Renan gives of the origin of the human race would be very droll, but for considerations such as those to which we have adverted. We will only say further, that it is purely subjective and speculative. There is a good deal that is interesting and partially true in the description which he gives of the different tendencies of the Aryan and Semitic races. When, however, he tells us that, while the Aryan religion was polytheistic, the "Semite patriarch had, from the most ancient times, a secret tendency toward monotheism, or, at least, toward a worship that was simple and comparatively reasonable," we know quite well the motive of such a remark. He is insinuating, at this early place, a suggestion of the naturalistic explanation of the Hebrew history. He admits, further on (p. 42) that the causes of the Semitic monotheism were not simple. Perhaps they are to be found in the nomadic life rather than in Semitic blood. Of course, he entirely ignores or explains away the frequent lapses of the Hebrew people into polytheism, and of course believes nothing of their restoration to the true faith by Divine judgments. It was merely the vulgar who fell away into the worship of "gods many." He does not instance the case of the Arabs who were brought out of polytheism and idolatry in the seventh century of the Christian era. As regards a belief in gods in general, he quotes with approval the saying of Petronius: *Primus in orbe deos fecit timor*. It is, he says, a formula which is admirably true. Mr. John Mill held a different opinion of that formula; and thought the belief in question, although he did not show it, had a much nobler origin.

It is curious how, in his chapter on the Sons of Jacob or of Israel (*Les Beni Jacob ou Beni-Israel*), he accepts substantially the account given in Genesis. One wonders how such a destroyer can have anything of a record which he handles so unceremoniously. The reason is partly that

\* Histoire du Peuple d'Israel. Par Ernest Renan. Tome i. Paris, 1887.

## SOCIETY IN ROME UNDER THE CÆSARS.\*

M. Renan likes this portion of Israelite history, partly that the sojourn in Israel, for example, left traces on their national character and institutions, partly that it is, in some measure, corroborated by contemporary records and monuments. Indeed he traces various religious institutions which were held most sacred by the chosen people not to any divine appointment but to Egyptian influence. A good deal, however, of what he writes on the subject of Egypt may be read with interest and advantage.

"All is doubtful," says M. Renan, "in these remote times, for which Israel has only legends and misapprehensions." One thing is certain: Israel came into Egypt under a dynasty favourable to the Semites, and left it under one which was hostile. This is exactly what the Old Testament tells us; and if it speaks the truth on this point, why should it be untrustworthy on others of the same kind? M. Renan even records something which sounds like a passage of the Red Sea; but he reassures his readers by explaining that at certain places it was possible to cross without even wetting one's feet; at the same time the sea was so capricious that any one attempting to cross might be overtaken by the waves and drowned; so that ample provision is made for the escape of Moses and the Israelites, and for the destruction of Pharaoh and his host! Let the reader turn to Milman's account in his *History of the Jews*, and he will learn the difference between an historian and a novelist. M. Renan relates with great gravity and with quite an air of historical solemnity, a number of the incidents connected with the life of the Israelites in the desert. Events enshrined in their poetry, their faith, their worship, most probably had some actual historical being; moreover, many of them are picturesque; and the good M. Renan will not spoil his story, which, after all, is a very pretty one, by omitting all these charming legends, which, if they are not literally true, yet do illustrate the history of this interesting people; and so we go in "with a hop, skip, and a jump," with airy unconscious levity, (*leviter et audacter*), as Harnack unkindly says of this brisk and brilliant Frenchman, and we are so much amused that we can hardly feel it in our hearts to be angry.

When we come to Sinai, we are, of course, conducted into the realms of mythology. Here the supernatural meets us face to face, and the supernatural M. Renan cannot away with. "This God of Sinai," says our airy expositor, "was in any case formidable, and could not be disturbed in his retreat with impunity. If you met him in the passes of his mountains, he endeavoured to kill you." What stuff is this! There is no hint that the God who met Moses and the Israelites in the wilderness, was regarded as a local deity. But M. Renan goes on quite cheerfully: "Such appears at least to be the explanation of the strange episode of which we must be content to give a translation, for the true sense of it escapes altogether." And then he gives the account of the mysterious encounter recorded in Exodus iv. 24-26. After this introduction we are quite prepared to hear Sinai spoken of as the "Olympus of Israel, the point of departure of the great luminous 'apparitions' of Jahveh."

In the same manner every incident is treated. Thus, in speaking of the well at Beer, mentioned in Numbers xxi. 15, he remarks: "At Beer, the discovery of a spring, by means of the divining rod, produced the following song, which we must suppose to have been sung in chorus;" and then he quotes the lines, "Spring up, O well, etc;" and adds: "This song was subsequently the origin of miraculous stories. It is pretended, in fact, that Moses made the water come out of the rock by striking it with his rod." Here we have the true rationalistic spirit exemplified. There is not the slightest connection between the rock in Horeb and the well. It is not stated or implied that the discovery of the well was miraculous. But M. Renan must show his ingenuity, which, after all, is here not very considerable. How much prettier it would be to follow the mythical method, as indeed has already been done. But alas, that too has failed; and so M. Renan is doing for the history of Israel what he attempted with the history of Christ. He is sewing together a coat of many colours, made of patches drawn from the rationalistic and mythical store-bags, and drawing them out somewhat indiscriminately.

M. Renan follows the history very much as it is given in the Pentateuch. He tells the story of Balaam, he gives a good account of the country to the East of Jordan (p. 222 ss.), of Jerusalem (p. 240 ss.). When he comes back to theology, and tries to give an account of the growth of religious opinion in Egypt (*développement du Jahvéisme matérialiste*), he becomes absurd again. Of one thing only are we sure, that, whenever an incident is rendered which would throw any light upon the development of Divine Revelation, M. Renan finds that it is of little consequence, or legendary, or obscure; but whenever he meets with any material which is susceptible of artistic treatment, he sets to work *con amore* and gives us a delicious idyl. In this connexion we might refer to the charming, if also provoking chapter on the Song of Deborah.

But it is useless to go further. M. Renan's book may charm some students of the graceful language which he employs with so much skill; it may please some of those who are determined to find nothing supernatural in human history; but it will hardly disturb the faith of the weakest Christian, and it will do nothing to advance the cause of Biblical science.

MANNERS among the more refined and cultivated nations alter to a certain extent like fashions, only their variations are not so sudden and ephemeral as those of the latter, and of course the changes can only be slight deviations from the main lines of civility and courtesy, from men to women first, and then from all to all. The modes of expression may be different, but the principle remains always the same, and the edifice of good manners stands on its original foundation, though the ancient walls may be a good deal obscured by modern growths which have sprung up round them.

THIS essay obtained the Hare Prize at Cambridge in 1886, and is now republished with a few alterations and corrections. The subject assigned by the examiners was "The Social life of Rome in the First Century, A.D." "Thanks," says Mr. Inge, "to the labours of scholars and archaeologists in Germany and elsewhere, we can picture to ourselves many scenes of Roman life with as much clearness and accuracy as those which we see around us. The dress which the Roman citizen wore, the structure and furniture of the house in which he lived, the library in which he studied, the banquets in which he shared have been described with a minuteness which leaves little to be added. With equal accuracy and exhaustiveness, the names and functions of the various slaves, the ceremonies attending marriages and funerals, the position of the various buildings of public resort at Rome, have been discussed and determined till there seems little left for ingenuity to effect in the work of reconstruction, except by compelling the earth to yield up more of the treasures which she still hides beneath her surface." Perhaps Mr. Inge felt himself fettered by certain limitations imposed by the competition. His work is scholarly, comprehensive and accurate. What it lacks—colour, glow, atmosphere—is owing, no doubt, to the conditions under which it was written; but in a new edition these defects might have been, to a great extent, supplied. Yet within the limits of a moderate sized volume he gives a very concise and interesting account of the religion, philosophy and morality of the Romans under the Cæsars—how they were governed, their daily life, their amusements, and the unexampled luxury in which the wealthy classes indulged. The old religion of the Roman people, which "found its noblest expression in patriotism," had declined and become discredited in the last century of the Republic, and it was, in the first century of the Empire, openly scoffed at by the educated and enlightened, though upon the lower classes it still maintained a considerable hold. "In most cases the simple faith of former days was as completely obsolete as the fare of the citizen-farmer. The belief in immortality was openly ridiculed. In Cicero's time hardly an old woman . . . could be found who trembled at the fables about the infernal regions." Even boys, according to Juvenal, disbelieved in the world of spirits. "The existence of the gods was commonly treated as an open question, and one not of great importance. The rites of religion were either neglected or performed in a perfunctory and contemptuous manner. . . . The old religion, as a moral force, seemed quite spent and gone." But as the writings of Herbert Spencer, Matthew Arnold, and many others would not be considered to fairly express the religious beliefs of the great mass of English-speaking people, so the statements of Roman writers whose works have come down to us must not be taken unreservedly. "The leading writers of any age," says Mr. Inge, "are seldom the honest exponents of the beliefs of the masses. The attacks of free thought and materialism seldom reach the uneducated. . . . There are many indications that upon the lower classes at least religion still had a considerable hold." If, however, scepticism prevailed among the educated classes, superstition still maintained a strong hold on their minds and imaginations. If Cato wondered how one augur could meet another without smiling, "the most absurd and childish superstitions are recorded of men of strong sense and practical ability." Under these circumstances it was not remarkable that "men turned to Stoicism and Epicureanism to supply them with a rule of life which they could not find in the worship of the gods." The influence of philosophy on thought and conduct and on public opinion was shown in many ways, and especially in the more humane treatment of slaves. Christianity too, though at first its consolations were sought by "the slaves, the poor, the unprivileged, the expatriated," gradually carried its teachings into the libraries of the learned, and exerted a potent if unrecognized influence in many ways, and is very noticeable in some of the literature of the period. "The gentleness which tempers the stoicism of Seneca, the almost feminine sweetness of Epictetus, the affection and resignation of Quintilian under domestic bereavement, the complaints of Juvenal of the spread of Jewish and Oriental superstitions, the edicts banishing Jews from Rome, are signs of various kinds which might escape our notice if we had not later events to help us. With those events we need not hesitate to ascribe them to that influence which . . . was at last to overthrow the temples of the Pagan gods and establish Christianity as the religion of the Empire."

"The Romans of the Republic prided themselves greatly on their honesty and truthfulness," but honesty and truthfulness had become things of the past long before the Empire was established. "Passionate love for money had overcome all respect for right and justice." Crimes committed for the sake of profit were of frequent occurrence, and legacy-hunting was the most lucrative profession. Boodlers were not unknown, but not much is heard "of dishonest contract work or fraudulent adulterations, . . . and credit seems to have been fairly good."

Humanity was not a Roman virtue, but in the period under consideration the condition of the slave was greatly improved and in many respects was even better than that of the negro in the Southern States before the Civil war. Slaves had opportunities under the Empire not only to better their condition but to acquire their freedom and attain eminence in some of the professions. Slaves held public offices in the State and discharged duties committed in our time to Cabinet Ministers, secretaries, and chiefs of departments. Field labourers had doubtless a hard life, but domestic slaves, those who served in the household were treated fairly well and their condition was not by any means intolerable.

\*Society in Rome under the Cæsars. By William Ralph Inge, M.A., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and Assistant Master at Eton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.



It would occupy much more space than is available to describe even in the most sketchy way many of the phases of Roman life presented in this volume. The Court which was characterized by a "republican avoidance of titles and court etiquette," the system of education, which was not much worse than our own, the freedom of speech and criticism which appears to have been, in some respects, entirely untrammelled—even Nero suffered himself to be *pasquinaded*—the professions and trades, the gradations in society, the luxury of the wealthy, the poverty of the poor, the *status* of women, and the treatment of children—these and many other matters are described at considerable length in this very entertaining volume; and to it our readers must be referred for an exceedingly interesting account of a period, at the close of which, according to Gibbon, the human race "was more happy and prosperous than at any other period of the world's history." But with Gibbon's opinion few will now agree. "With all its brilliancy" the civilization of the early Empire "lacked the vital spark; it was soulless, faithless, and essentially unprogressive. Rome had outlived her ideals; her patriotism and her religion had alike become obsolete, and the renovating principle was not to be found within her own pale. It is only indistinctly that we can trace, in the first century, the growing influence of that contact between the religious consciousness of the East and the intellectual activity of the West, which was destined to determine the character of individual and modern civilization."

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

CHRIS. By W. E. Norris. New York: Macmillan and Company.

This story has just been concluded in *Macmillan's Magazine*, "Chris," the heroine, is a young girl of seventeen who is presented to the reader sitting on the low garden wall of a villa in Cannes dangling her legs contentedly in the sunshine. She is inexperienced, unconventional, but thoroughly good, resembling in many respects some of Rhoda Broughton's heroines. Her father, a clever, popular literary man, with a good deal of perhaps unconscious selfishness in his disposition, dies suddenly of heart disease, leaving Chris with an income quite inadequate to maintain her in the social rank she has hitherto enjoyed. Then began her troubles through which she bore herself right nobly, though we can scarcely forgive her friendship for, and entanglement with, such an unmistakable cad as Mr. Valentine Richardson, who is represented at the start as a handsome young man who "did not look quite like a gentleman." Chris's good nature prompts her, and her motherless inexperience permits her to make a conditional engagement with Richardson. This engagement leads to a great deal of trouble which, however, is at last happily ended. Mr. Norris does not in *Chris* come up to some of his previous novels, though he tells a very interesting story which displays some of his best characteristics.

We may add that this is the second in Macmillan's "Summer Reading Library," the first of which was F. Marion Crawford's *Marzio's Crucifix*, reviewed some months ago in these columns.

LED HORSE CLAIM. By Mary Hallock Foote. Boston: Ticknor and Company.

Those who read this novel when it came out as a serial in the *Century* require no critical commendation to confirm the opinion they must have formed as to its merits. Those who have not yet read it, and want to do so, will find not only a story of more than ordinary interest, but a work of literary art that will compare very favourably with some popular novels by eminent writers dealing with somewhat similar scenes and characters. It presents a picture of mining life in Colorado. The characters introduced, the incidents related, the colour and atmosphere surrounding the scenes described, display not only the ability of the writer but her local knowledge and personal familiarity with the sort of life she has so picturesquely portrayed in this interesting volume.

In the May number of the *Canada Educational Monthly*, Rev. Prof. Wm. Clark's admirable paper on "Our Work, and How To Do It," is concluded.

"BEAUTIFUL Mrs. Thorndyke," by Mrs. Poultney Bigelow is the completed novel in *Lippincott's* for June. "A Little Treatise on Plagiarism" is a pleasantly written essay in the same number by Louise Morgan Guiney.

We have received an excellent map of the city of Toronto from William Bryce, the publisher. It shows not only the city but much of the country around it, including High Park, West Toronto Junction, Carlton, Mount Pleasant and Todmorden.

*American Notes and Queries* is the title of a new magazine of which we have now received two numbers. It is published at Philadelphia and is edited by William S. and H. C. Walsh, the former of whom is the editor of *Lippincott's Magazine*. It promises to be a very interesting and useful periodical.

"A VISIT to Fort Qu' Appelle" is one of the most attractive features of the June number of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Sunday Magazine*. "Bow Arrow Point and the American Canoe Association," and "Our Summer on Lake Champlain" deal with interesting features of Canadian water and landscape.

THE *Atlantic Monthly* for June opens with the first chapters of a new novel by J. P. Quincy entitled "Miser Farrel's Bequest;" "A Literary

Career in France," by Theodore Child, and "The Queen by the Throne," the latter a very interesting chapter in Spanish history, by Ellen Terry Johnson, are papers of more than ordinary interest.

HINCHBROOKE, originally a nunnery, afterwards the property of Cromwell and now belonging to the Earl of Sandwich, one of whose ancestors bought it from Sir Oliver Cromwell, uncle and godfather of the Protector, is the Old English Home described by Elizabeth Balch in the *English Illustrated Magazine* for May. An interesting sketch of this historic house is embellished with portraits of Oliver Cromwell and his mother and with a portrait of the first Earl of Sandwich, who after serving gallantly under Cromwell, assisted in effecting the Restoration and was rewarded with the title his descendant now bears.

#### LITERARY GOSSIP.

*Tilting at the Windmills: a Story of the Blue Grass Country*, by a new writer, is announced by D. Lothrop Company.

THE *Autobiography of Solomon Maimon*, by Prof. J. Clarke Murray, is to be published shortly by Messrs. Cupples and Hurd.

WALTER SCOTT, London, is about to publish a selection of religious verse, entitled *Sacred Song*, edited by Mr. S. Waddington. Amongst the authors represented in the volume are Dr. George MacDonald, the late Dean Stanley, Mr. Gladstone, Archdeacon Farrar, Miss Christina Rossetti, Mr. F. T. Palgrave, Cardinal Newman, Prof. Dowden, Mr. R. L. Stevenson, and the Rev. Horatius Bonar.

*Slips of Tongue and Pen*, a useful little book, by Mr. J. H. Long, M.A., LL.B., Principal of the Peterborough Collegiate Institute, was published here a few years ago by Messrs. Hunter Rose and Company, but we have not heard that a second edition has yet been called for. In the United States, however, where the work was published by the Appletons, it has run through several editions within a very short time, and has been noticed by the press in terms of high commendation.

#### ART AND MUSIC.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN ACADEMY OF ARTS.

[Second Notice.]

WHETHER or not it be true that art is the objective expression of the moral sense of the community (and if the public taste is first consulted by the artist in the painting of his pictures with the ulterior end of selling them, the argument would almost amount to a truism), it must be confessed that the present exhibition is noticeably wanting in character. The best pictures, the product of French schooling, have no national character; others have been stolen bodily, or adapted from French and American engravings; others again may be national, but, to accord with the notions of practicality which we Canadians assume to possess in a pre-eminent degree, are treated topographically. However, as the Spaniards say, "If we do not get what we like, we must like what we get," and there is sufficient of good, honest work with distinctly artistic aims in the room to prevent one falling into a condition of hopeless misanthropy.

Mr. Dickson Patterson's portrait of Colonel Gzowski (167), raises our hopes in this respect; it is well posed, and declared by those whom it most concerns, to be an excellent likeness; the painting, compared with the Glazebrook portrait, is hard, flat, and dry. The Sir John A. Macdonald (91), after the numerous notices of commendation and approval that one has read for the last two years, is a disappointment. It may be a good enough likeness of the Premier in an unusually serious mood, but we can conceive of nothing short of the imminent defeat of the Government to make him so black in the face. There is a want of confidence in the whole work—an agony of effort without the requisite knowledge to complete a subject of exceptional difficulty. We can be truly thankful for the agony; some painters never feel it. The painter of "Eveline" (85), probably was never dissatisfied with his work, or saw how it could possibly be improved. The leading element in that sort of work is perseverance, a clawing, smoothing and polishing till the end of the day: colour, texture, tonic values and atmospheric condition are altogether ignored in the determination to cover this large canvas, and make everything as soft and nice as possible. The thing is utterly without artistic value, and would have been less objectionable had it been much smaller. Mr. Forbes has several other pictures, all on the line, all painted in the same manner; a manner from which he never varies.

Any one desirous of knowing the difference between manner and style, may look at Dr. Richardson (152), and compare it with Jacob Spence (149), or "Pearl" (178) with (179), a portrait by R. R. Sinclair, a new name in the catalogue, who promises to be an acquisition. His portraits are strong and off-hand, as far as they go, although he shows an inclination to quit before finishing his work. That he can finish, however, "Portrait" (193) fully attests. Mr. W. Brymner is a man of great capabilities, and not adequately represented. In (123), "Pas Derrier chez mon Père," the proper relation of sunlight and shadow is very true, and the movement of the chickens is first-rate. "Un Jour de Fête" (136) is hung too high to be seen properly. Martin, however, appears to be a hard worker—an unnecessarily hard worker—as most of the details with which he struggles would be obliterated by the use of a minifying glass. His landscape work, "In the Wilds of Algoma" (138), for instance, is wanting in comprehensiveness. As a mere question of scale, it is not possible to reduce fifty feet of nature to one of canvas and preserve all the details that one



sees. Something must be sacrificed. His values are not correct, and, possibly from the mere fact of his striving after detail, the effect of daylight and air, a larger and more indispensable fact in the making of a picture than the mere delineation of twigs, is completely lost. We feel inclined, however, to base our judgment of a man on the work he does best. His painting of the textures of hair and feathers in dead game is unexcelled. His "Pigeons" (307) and "Wild Swan" (271) are very good water-colour examples of his talent in this respect. In such pictures as the "Dead Deer," "The Scare" (214), his love of detail and extreme conscientiousness find a subject of legitimate choice. Mr. Matthews has been badly treated by the hanging committee, so badly treated, indeed, that we cannot, in justice to him, notice his large oil pictures (128) and (126). His pictures, as a rule, are very literal, characterized by a careful attention to detail, and are consequently quite lost when hung near the roof.

In the water colour section the mountaineers monopolize the wall. The admissibility of mountains as a pictorial element, is associated with art in its infancy. New York has outgrown Bierstadt, as Paris has long since outgrown Calame. The pictures before us, however "striking" the scenic effects may be, have all the faults of mountain pictures. They contain too much and insist on the most maplike composition. There are over fifty pictures of mountains, and, excepting that Mr. Bell-Smith displays the most facility and does by far the better work in the scenic line, they are all pretty much alike, the same rocky formation, the same trees, and all possessing the peculiarity of that "mounting" described by Artemus Ward "the highest part of it is the top," as Sam Weller's pie-man, to suit the taste of his customers, could convert a "weal" into a "am" or a "am" into a kidney or all into a mutton, when really they were all cats. There is as much variety in the peaks and gorges of the Rocky Mountains named and designated to suit the inordinate vanity of the directors and projectors of the C.P.R. It is perhaps a pity that the president's example was not generally followed in exhibiting these tourists' pictures privately. At all events the number might have been limited to twenty. Mr. Ede's "Peril on Route" (35) although only a suggestion is more of a picture than anything on the wall. It is a long way short of completion. We do not know whether the society accepts the other two pictures of Mr. Ede as copies, "coincidences," adaptations or what. Every year we see some wonderfully striking "coincidences" which cannot but be known to the hanging committees.

Fowler and Jacobi are represented by fair examples of their respective mannerisms.

There are throughout the gallery some very good and promising pictures by young men and students, as well as some atrociously bad things by Royal Academicians and amateurs who assume to have been created by Royal warrant, and rely on it as justification for their exhibiting at all.

Probably the encouragement given to amateurs and academic toadies is the main reason why some of our older and abler artists, Mr. Perré for instance, should have retired into that condition of chronic apathy that prevents him exhibiting work worthy of himself. His pictures have been regarded as features in exhibitions held hitherto, and are rather regretfully missed.

SINCE the last Exhibition the Academy has lost two conspicuous exhibitors, Mr. Harlow White and Mr. Edson. Of Mr. White's early life but little is known in Canada. After receiving a thorough training in his profession, practising as a teacher and exhibiting in many of the leading exhibitions of London, including the Royal Academy, about the year 1870 he came to Canada with a nephew and settled in the bush, in one of the townships west of Lake Simcoe, where his talents were effectually concealed from the people of Canada, though he still occasionally appeared in London catalogues.

On the formation of the Ontario Society of Artists, however, in 1870, or thereabouts, being by some means apprised of the event, Mr. White contributed several works, which added much to the interest of the exhibition held that year in the new gallery just built for the accommodation of Messrs. Notman and Fraser, the eminent photographers. From that time until his death, which occurred in the Charter House, London, England, last fall, he was a faithful member and constant exhibitor at the Society's Annual Exhibitions. He was also one of the mainstays of the Art Union Portfolio, a large number of his charming sketches being yearly distributed among the subscribers. By a curious coincidence his life and that of the sketch plan of the Art Union ended simultaneously. He was elected an Honorary non-resident Academician in the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts' and some of his most noticeable works have appeared on its walls whence they will henceforth be missed. The deceased artist's age was some seventy-six years. Those who are fortunate enough to possess any of his works will likely find them increase in value as time goes by, for by no class were his merits more thoroughly appreciated than by his brother artists.

Next week we will endeavour to give some account of Mr. Edson and his work.

THE ART FAIR.

THE GREATER Art Fayre is not yet over as we go to press. It has been so far very successful, but we must reserve a fuller description of it for another week.

MESSRS. ROBERTS AND SONS' SALE.

MR. ROBERTS' collection of pictures this year is a great improvement upon his former efforts, and we congratulate him upon the appearance of

his rooms. He does not pretend to give masterpieces for the prices which a Toronto audience is willing to bid, but his pictures seem to have been carefully selected for this moderate priced market. Such names as Truesdell, Monticelli, Ernest Parton, W. E. Norton (who shares a studio with Homer Watson), Jacque (a master in sheep and fowls), etc., should find a ready sale. We hope to see a large audience at the sale on Saturday, and spirited bidding for the works offered.

THE CHORAL SOCIETY.

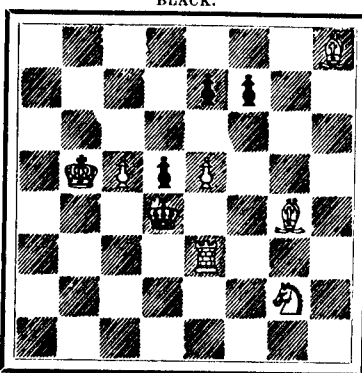
A COMPLIMENTARY concert to Mr. Edward Fisher will be given in the Pavilion on Tuesday evening, the 29th inst.

MR. FIELD'S PIANO RECITAL.

MR. H. M. FIELD'S first concert since his return from Germany will be looked forward to with interest. It will be given in the Pavilion on the 30th inst. Miss Agnes Huntington, the eminent contralto of New York, will assist.

CHESS.

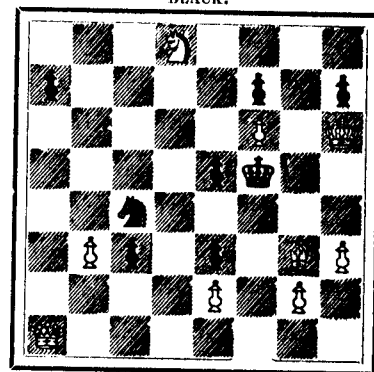
PROBLEM No. 255.  
By J. MCGREGOR, T. C. C.  
Composed for THE WEEK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 256.  
By RODGER BONTEMPS.  
Composed for THE WEEK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

NOTE.—Problem No. 253 was incorrectly set up, the proper position is: White—K on K R 8, Q on Q R 1, Kt on Q R 2, B on K B 1, P on Q Kt 3; Black—K on Q R 6. White to mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

- |                   |                        |                  |                       |
|-------------------|------------------------|------------------|-----------------------|
| No. 249.          |                        | No. 250.         |                       |
| White.            | Black.                 | White.           | Black.                |
| 1. Kt—Kt 5        | K—B 1                  | 1. R—R 8         | B moves.              |
| 2. B x P +        | moves                  | 2. R x P +       | K x P                 |
| 3. R—K 5 mate.    | If 1. B x P            | 3. R—Q R 8 mate. | If 1. or 2. P x R     |
|                   | moves.                 |                  | 2. or 3. P—Kt 3 mate. |
| 2. B—R 3 +        |                        |                  |                       |
| 3. P or Kt mates. | Other variations easy. |                  |                       |

Correct solutions received to Problems 249 and 250 from Rodger Bontemps.

Game played in the Toronto Chess Tournament for 1888, between Mr. W. H. Cross and Mr. Wm. Boultsbee:—

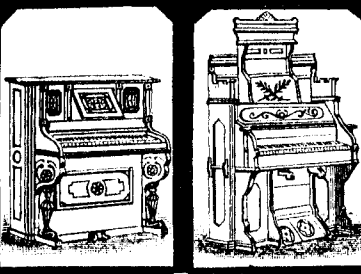
Cross.	BOULTSBEE.	Cross.	BOULTSBEE.
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. P—K 4	P—K 3	21. P—K R 4	Kt—K 3
2. P—Q 4	P—Q 4	22. Kt—Kt 5	Q—Kt 3
3. B—Q 3	P x P	23. P—R 4	B x Kt (a)
4. B x P	Kt—K B 3	24. B P x B	P—Q R 4 (b)
5. B—K B 3	P—Q B 4	25. P x P en pas	R x P
6. B—K 3	Q—Kt 3	26. B—B 4	Q—R 1 (c)
7. P—Q Kt 3	Kt—Q B 3	27. P—Q R 5	Q—B 3
8. Kt—K 2	B—K 2	28. B—Q 5 (d)	Q—B 1
9. Castles	Castles	29. Q R—B 1	Kt—Q B 2
10. P—Q B 3	P x P	30. Q—K 4	R x P
11. Kt x P	Kt x Kt	31. B x Kt P	Q—Kt 1
12. B x Kt	Q—B 2	32. R—Q 7	B—Q 1
13. Q—K 2	Kt—K 1	33. Q—Q Kt 4	Kt—K 3
14. P—Q B 4	Kt—Q 3	34. R—Q B 8	Q—R 2
15. R—Q 1	P—B 3	35. Q—Q 6	P—R 3
16. P—Kt 3	P—K 4	36. Q x Kt	R—R 8 +
17. B—Q 5 +	Kt—K B 2	37. B x R	Q x B +
18. B—Q Kt 2	B—Q 2	38. K Kt 2	Q—R 4
19. Kt—B 3	K—R 1	39. R—Q 5	Q—Kt 3
20. P—Q R 3	Kt—Kt 4	40. Q x Q	And Black resigns.

NOTES.

- (a) Bad; B—Kt 5 appears to be the better move.
- (b) Again bad; B—B 4 is better.
- (c) Black should have played R—R 4.
- (d) Very well played; White makes the most of his attack from this out.

The prizes are to be presented to the winners in the Toronto Chess Club Tournament at the Club Room, Athenaeum Club, on Saturday evening, the 26th inst. The prize-winners are:—1st Class—1st Prize, Mr. A. T. Davison, champion for 1888; 2nd Prize, Mr. H. J. Hill. 2nd Class—1st Prize, Dr. G. W. Strathy. The 1st Prize in each class will be a handsome gold medal; the 2nd Prize will be chess books to the value of \$5.00.

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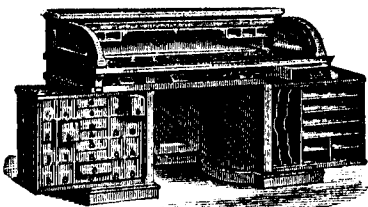
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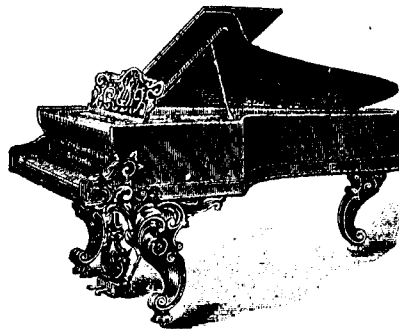
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CLARENCE COOK, Managing Editor.

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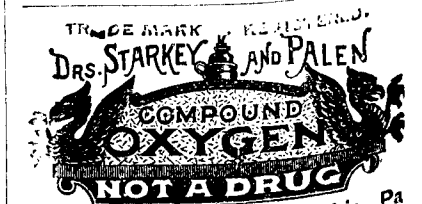
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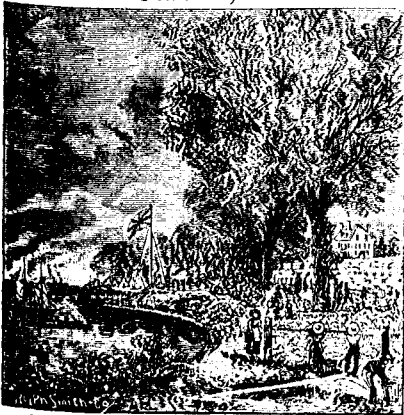
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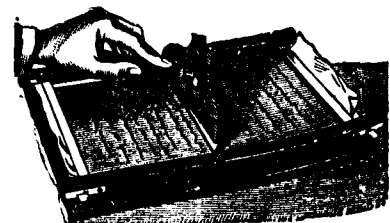
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